REVIEW OF REVIEWS
FOR AUSTRALASIA

The Dead Queen Memorial Number.

FEBRUARY - 1901 PRICE - NINEPENCE

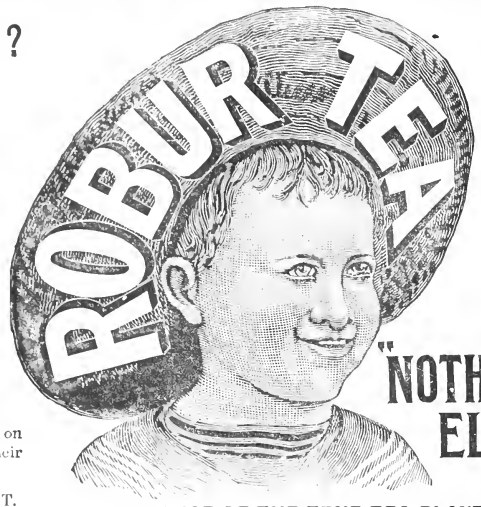
HAVE YOU TRIED IT?
NO!
THEN YOU OUGHT!

We do not
Endeavour
To influence you
By what we could
Ourselves say.
We simply
Ask you to

READ THE FOLLOWING

Testimony of the Leading Experts on Food Products in these colonies; if their opinions will induce you to try it,

THE TEA WILL DO THE REST.



"NOTHING ELSE"

"THE LEAF OF THE TRUE TEA PLANT."

Government Analyst, Vic., reports—

Melbourne, 30th May, 1893.

I hereby certify that I have made an analytical examination of "Robur" Teas taken from stock, and found them to be of superior character, strong and rich in extract, of very pure flavour, and well blended. From the results obtained I can recommend these teas to public confidence. C. R. BLACKETT.

Laboratory, 369 Swanston-st., Melbourne, 21st June, 1900.

After a lapse of a period of seven years I have again (in my private capacity as Analyst) examined samples of "Robur" Tea taken from stock by myself, and endorse my formerly expressed opinion of same. I found the Tea in packets identical with that in tins.

C. R. BLACKETT, Analyst.

Public Analyst, Melbourne, reports—

From my analytical and microscopic examinations I am enabled to testify that the "Robur" teas are of excellent quality, pure, strong, and fragrant. The samples I operated upon were selected by me personally from a large stock, representing between twenty and thirty tons. JOHN KRUSE, Public Analyst.

Public Analyst, N.S.W., reports—

A careful chemical analysis of each of the four samples of "Robur" Tea, marked "Special," No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, show them to be strong and rich in extract, free from adulteration, lead, and impurities; the aroma and strength are directly in the order given.

W. A. DIXON, F.I.C., F.C.S.

FOUR GRADES,

VIZ.,

Special.
No. 1.
No. 2.
No. 3.

Government Analyst, W.A., reports—

I have carefully tested and analysed the three samples of "Robur" Tea you sent me, and find, under the microscope, that they consist of the leaves of the TRUE tea plant, and by analysis that they contain a high percentage of extract, and are free from artificial colouration and other adulterants, while the infusion proves that they are excellent in flavour and aroma.

BERNARD H. WOODWARD,
Government Analyst.

N.B.—The method of packing in stout 1 lb. tins is especially advantageous for this colony, and ought to commend itself to all those travelling in the bush, for the tins preserve the quality and prevent the danger of lead poisoning which might result from the use of that metal.—B.H.W.

Government Analyst, Queensl'd, reports—

I, the undersigned, Government Analyst for the Colony of Queensland, do hereby certify that I received samples of "Robur" Tea and have analysed the same, and declared the result to be as follows:—The "Robur" Tea is the genuine leaves of the tea plant; it is exceptionally rich in extractive matter, and of the highest standard for purity and strength.

J. BROWNLIE HENDERSON.

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In TINS and ODOURLESS VEGETABLE PARCHMENT PACKETS.

Ask your Grocer to get it for you if he has not already got it in stock.

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Teacher "YOU WILL HAVE TO BRING ME AN EXCUSE FOR YOUR ABSENCE YESTERDAY FROM YOUR FATHER."

Willie "AW! HE AIN'T NO GOOD ON EXCUSES, MA CATCHES HIM EVERY TIME."

FAIR WARNING.

Jones (whose wife has told him to give the cook notice, and has been having rather an unpleasant time in consequence): "Take care, Maria, don't presume too far upon being a weak woman, or I may forget my strength!"

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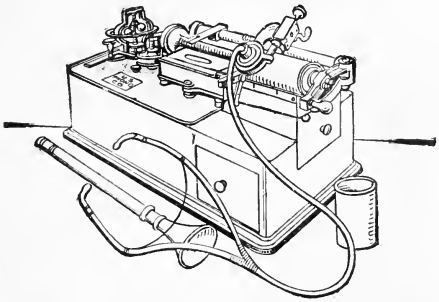

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE
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Full Description and Direction for use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

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"Bulletin."

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General Servant (of Sydney, Aus.): "Can't say I have."

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Double-barrelled 12-Gauge Breech-loader

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THE BEST VALUE FOR THE MONEY IN THE WORLD.

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The **Imperial Gun** is our latest bargain offer to sportsmen. It is the production of one of the **best known** and **largest firearms manufacturers in Europe**, with whom we have contracted for a very large number and the extent of our order has enabled us to procure these **splendid weapons** at a figure which enables us to sell them at the **ridiculously low price** of only **£2 12s 6d.** each, carriage paid to any part of Australia, Tasmania or New Zealand. The excellence of each weapon permits us to give to each purchaser a **guarantee** that the weapon is all we claim it to be and to allow a **fair trial** with each, ensuring **satisfaction or refunding the purchase money.** We claim that the **Imperial Gun** is quite equal in appearance, workmanship, and shooting qualities to any weapon sold anywhere **at double the price.** It is made on a perfect model and the barrels are constructed of **first class metal** on a principle ensuring great **strength** and **durability.** Perfect balance has been secured so that each gun "**comes up**" **quickly.** Every pair of barrels is **twist browned** and connected by a **beautifully engine-turned rib and extended rib,** fitting firmly and unshakeably into the breech. The action is **well bolted and top lever** and the breech is so formed as to hold the barrels as though "side clipped," in addition to the other grips thus ensuring **great rigidity** equal to the most costly weapons. The locks are **splendidly** made and are **rebounding.** The hammers are **low, out of line of sight.** The stock is of **walnut,** beautifully polished and has **pistol grip** and **embossed** vulcanite heel-plate. The boring of the barrels has been done with a view to **very hard and close shooting** and are very substantial permitting use of heavy charges, and with duck shot will kill well at **80 yards.** Please bear in mind that we are selling the **Imperial Gun** at a very low price and our intention is to thus call the attention of the shooting public to the **excellent weapons** we sell. We shall not supply dealers nor agents with this line, as we intend it as a great advertisement for our firm, the **entire number** to be sold singly, and under no circumstances shall we supply more than one to an individual purchaser and this advertisement, which may not appear again, must be cut out and sent with the order not later than 31st May, 1901.

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To each purchaser of an **Imperial Double-barrelled Breech-loading Gun** whose order is sent not later than **31st May, 1901,** we will present, **absolutely free** and carriage paid, a **full set of cartridge making tools.** The order must be accompanied by remittance for **£2 12s 6d.,** and this advertisement is to be cut out and forwarded with order. Send remittance by Cheque crossed London Bank of Australia, Melbourne, Cash in Registered Letter, P O O., or P.O. Write your name and address clearly. If you are in Melbourne we will be pleased to have you call and inspect the Imperial Gun, or to send a friend to do so. Address— **THE VICTORIA MANUFACTURING AND IMPORTING COMPANY**

(Established in Melbourne 1889), 237 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

THE

COOTAMUNDRA LIBERAL.

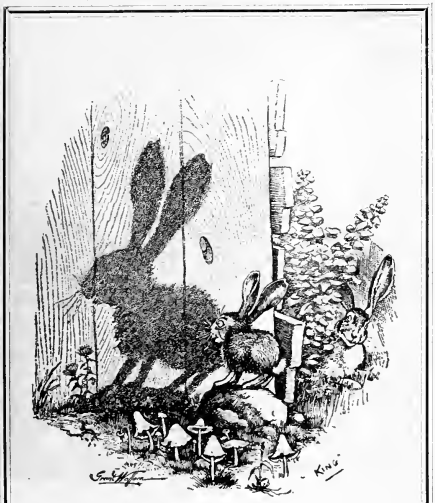
(N.S.W.)

Published Wednesdays and Saturdays.

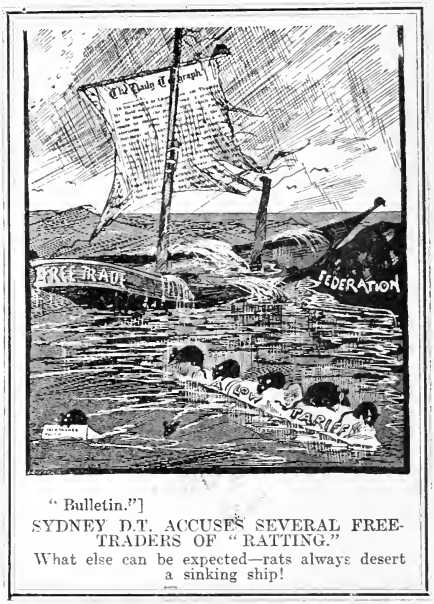
Circulating freely in Cootamundra, Gundagai, Wallendbeen, Bethungra, Mostfield, Stockinbingal, Springdale, Jugiong, Jindalee and West Jindalee, Temora, Adelong, Muttama, and many other places.

EDITOR, E. DOIDGE,

Author of "Father and Son," "The Daughters of Eve"—a tale of the Maori War, "The Mystery of Mervellien," "Marian Gonisby," "Piwee, Daughter of Taranui," &c.



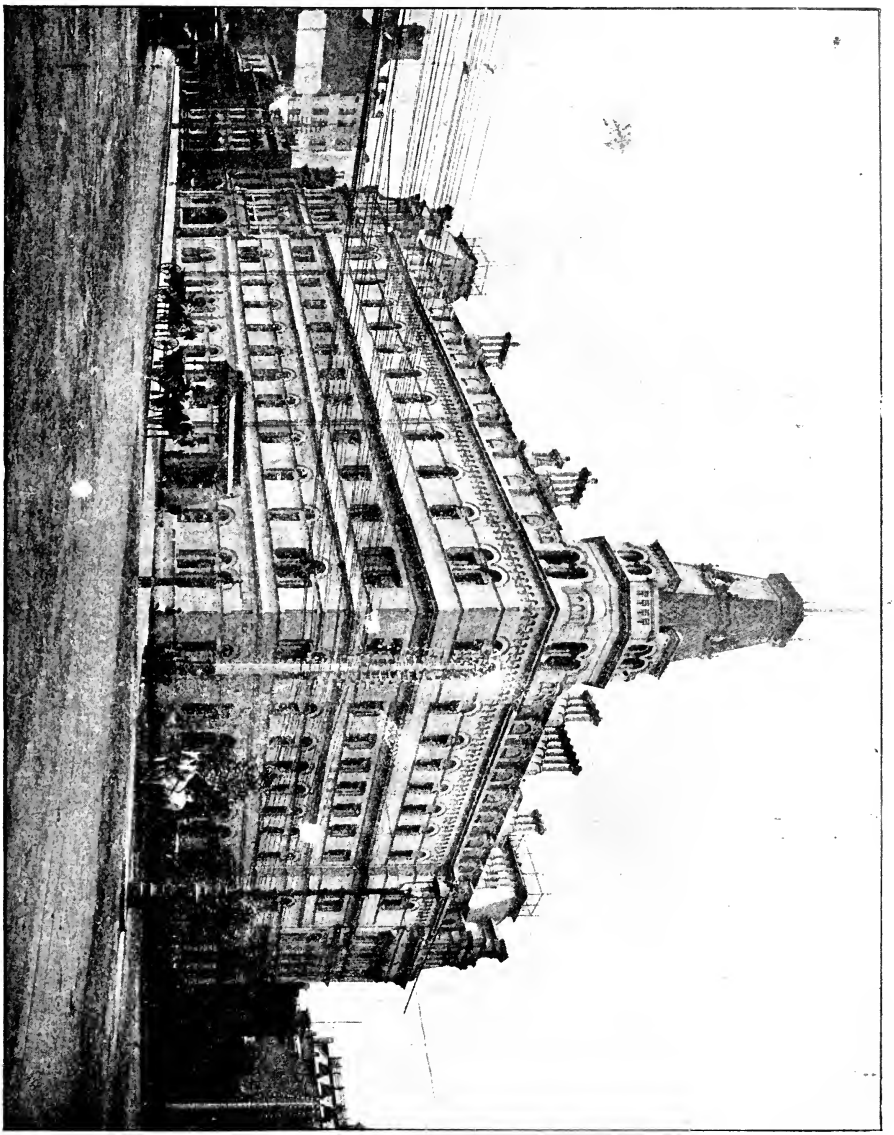
"OH, MOMMY, COME HERE, QUICK! I'VE GROWN SO BIG THAT NO DOG WOULD DARE TOUCH ME NOW."



"Bulletin."]
SYDNEY D.T. ACCUSES SEVERAL FREE-TRADERS OF "RATTING."
What else can be expected—rats always desert a sinking ship!

BLOGGINS' OPINION.

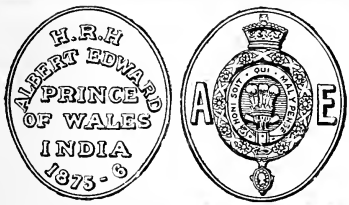
Councillor Bloggins (addressing ratepayers of Coppertown): "Gentlemen, I maintain that hif we 'ad a better plant up to the waterworks it would be better than the one we 'ave; and I further hadmit that two wrongs don't make a right."



MENZIES' HOTEL, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

INTIMATE.

She "I HEAR YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED."
He. "NOT AT ALL, I ASSURE YOU."
She "THEN YOU ARE ENGAGED TO MISS JONES, AFTER ALL!" —"KING."



CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1901.

THE QUEEN'S CENTURY COMMEMORATION MEDAL.

The "Daily Chronicle" publishes a facsimile of the century medal which Her Majesty had designed for her own personal use. It is a commemoration medal, marking the reign of Queen Victoria at the end of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth, and will be, no doubt, to a future generation a cherished royal heirloom.

The design is of a symbolic character, executed with great refinement by Mr Emil Fuchs, the sculptor. It represents on the obverse an excellent profile of the Queen, which is a striking likeness. The tracing of the laurel leaves beneath the crown, and of the lines of the lace on the dress, minute and delicate as they are, contributes to make the face of the medal a very beautiful piece of work. The only inscription upon it is "Victoria R.I., 1900."

The reverse side of the medal portrays the Angel of Victory, announcing the name of "Victoria" to the new century. The figure, designed with great taste, appears hovering over the globe, and out of a suggestion of atmosphere the form of the African Continent is visible in the foreground, with the name "Africa" written in small characters. The prominence given to this part of the world is not so much due to the present campaign as to the fact that it is in Africa that the largest accessions of Empire have been made during Her Majesty's reign.

The figure holds aloft a tablet, inscribed "Victoria R.I." This inscription is an exact reproduction of the Queen's own handwriting. It was written expressly for the guidance of the sculptor, and every curve of the letters has been faithfully reproduced. Although it is not the Queen's usual signature, having been written solely with a view to clear reproduction on a small surface, it is one which all will be glad to see preserved.

To future generations the medal will have an historic value of considerable importance. It was Her Majesty's intention to reserve the medal for her own private use, and only a few impressions will be taken.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

HEAD OFFICE - - 167-169 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

Editor: W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. Manager: T. Shaw Fitchett.
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VOL. XVIII. No. 2. FEBRUARY 20, 1901. PRICE, NINEPENCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

The Queen's Death

The death of the Queen, after an illness so brief, cast on the Empire a shadow like the blackness of an eclipse, and nowhere was that shadow darker than in Australasia. Few Australians had ever seen the Queen; the number of those who have spoken to her might almost be counted on the fingers of two hands. Yet, by some strange magic, the Queen touched the imagination of all Australians in a degree which no other human being ever approached. Her sex; her quick pity; her simple goodness; her fine loyalty to duty; her passionate affection for her subjects; the romance of her life—stretching from the slender girl-queen of 1837 to the venerable figure, with its crown of white hair, and its face deep-lined with many years and many sorrows—all this made the very name of the Queen a charmed sound in Australian ears. Then, too, she was the symbol—the human embodiment—of the Empire. The Empire itself seemed to take visible form in her. Her personality was one of its great unifying forces. She was, in a sense, its voice; she could make its emotions and aspirations audible. And for so long had she been part of the history and life of the Empire that her subjects—in Australasia, at least—had almost forgotten she was mortal. So there was a touch of astonishment in the grief which swept over these States when the news came that the Queen was dead.

The Day of Mourning

The universality of the grief awakened by the Queen's death is happily expressed in some fine verses published by one of the most promising of Australian poets, Mr. John Sandes:

Deep as the seas that spread,
Wide as the winds that blow,
Is the grief for that noble head,
In death brought low.

Not in her realm alone
Are the carolling joybells dumb;
Not only upon her own
Hath the sorrow come;
The North and the South foredone
Have mingled their tears in vain;
The West and the East are one
In a world-wide pain.

"The Adelaide Advertiser."]
BRITANNIA MOURNS.

That "world-wide pain" found world-wide and very impressive expression on the day of the Queen's funeral in England. The royal funeral was one of the stateliest functions recorded in history. In part it was the funeral of a sea-king. What sea-king, indeed, was ever borne to his grave with such sea-pomp as was supplied by the double line of iron-clads, stretching from Cowes to Portsmouth, and filling sky and sea with the mournful thunder of their minute-guns, while the yacht bearing the Queen's coffin steamed slowly betwixt their grim hulls? But in Australia and New Zealand, too, the day of the Queen's funeral was marked by the most impressive tokens of grief and honour. A sort of Sabbath of grief lay over continent and island. Everywhere the Queen's statues were half buried in flowers. In New Zealand all the trains were arrested simultaneously for thirty minutes at the time —as nearly as could be calculated—when, on the other side of the world, the royal coffin was borne into St. George's Chapel. If the Queen helped powerfully to hold her Empire together during her life by the love she inspired, her death serves still further to strengthen its unity by the common kinship of grief into which it draws every part of that Empire.

Edward VII.

It cannot be doubted that, with the death of the Queen, a great steadying, political force has been withdrawn from the Empire; a force that made for stability, and that served to knit its strange tangle of creeds, and races, and discordant types of civilisation into unity. But there is every reason to hope that the new monarch will fill with high nobility of purpose, and with amplest efficiency, the great office laid upon him. It is not for nothing that in his veins runs the blood of so many kings; that he is the son of Albert the Good and of Queen Victoria. The new monarch has plainly a touch of his mother's gift, the faculty of frank, sincere, and happy speech. Royal utterances are too commonly made up of frosty syllables, sometimes without meaning, not seldom without grammar, and always without any thrill of personal and human feeling. But the new king's address to his Privy Council, and his message to "my people beyond the seas," are fine utterances, simple, spontaneous, human, and vibrating with lofty purpose. Edward VII. solemnly vows before his Empire that he will walk in the footsteps of his mother, and, like her, will live for the welfare of his Empire. He will "follow the great example which has been bequeathed to him, and will solemnly work for the promotion of the common welfare and security of the great Empire over which he is called to reign." We on this side of the world can ask from our new sovereign no nobler pledge.

The Imperial Troops

The Imperial troops have made a brief, dazzling appearance on the stage of the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, and will soon be on their way homeward. It was a happy thought to mark the birth of the Commonwealth by the visit of a body of troops who, in the most dramatic and concrete form, might remind Australians and New Zealanders of the scale, and the many-coloured splendour of the Empire to which they belong. In every city they visited, the Imperial troops feasted both the senses and the imagination of the crowds that cheered them. The brilliant colours of the uniforms, the historic associations of the various regiments, the contrast of the dark-faced and stately Indian warriors, the kilted Highlanders, the gay Hussars, the huge Life-Guardsmen, the serviceable-looking gunners and Riflemen, the picturesque Irish Fusiliers —all this delighted the eyes and flattered the national pride of the crowds. The fervours of popular enthusiasm, indeed, constituted no small peril for the discipline and sobriety of the troops who had to pass through them. That they survived that test is the best proof of their discipline. Popular affection for the troops sometimes took odd forms. In each port, as the Britannic lay alongside the pier, all sorts of gifts—ranging from bottles of beer and packets of lollies to parrots in cages—were thrust through its port-holes. In Melbourne, as Colonel Wyndham complained, half-humorously, the larrikins were prepared with equal zeal to either fight every Imperial soldier they met, or to shout for him. Each process, it may be added, was a pure expression of delighted affection!

The Federal Cabinet

The Federal Cabinet has been completed by the inclusion of Mr. Drake, of Queensland, as Postmaster-General; Sir John Forrest, by his own wish, taking the portfolio of the Minister of Defence. Mr. Drake is an energetic man, with a certain faculty for enthusiasm not common amongst politicians. He fought the battle for Federation in his own colony with courage and loyalty, and now has his reward in finding a place amongst the group of able men who form the first Cabinet of the Commonwealth. Mr. Drake is a Protectionist, and so, in a sense, he increases the

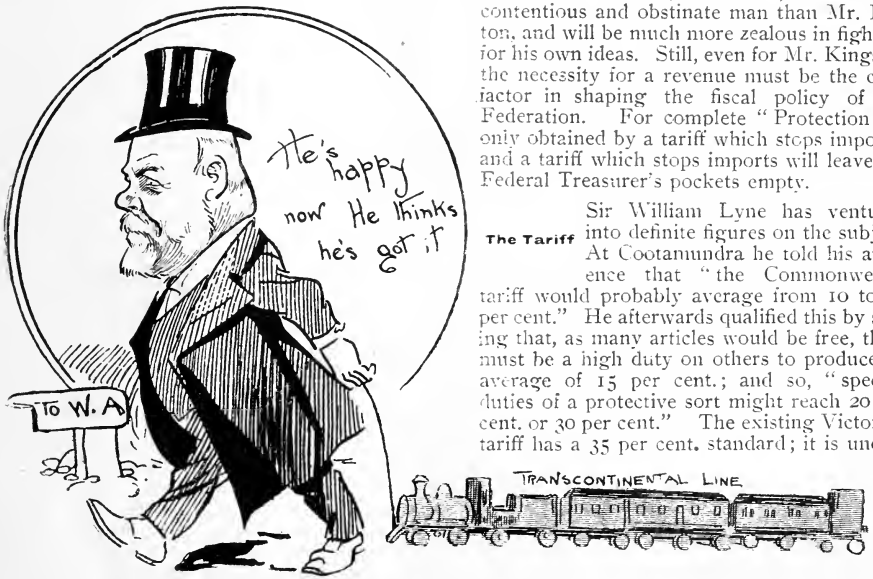
partisan colour of the Cabinet, and he is one more lawyer added to a Cabinet already almost too rich in gentlemen who are entitled to wear wigs. But his activity, his openness of mind, and his capacity for enthusiasm promise to make Mr. Drake a Ministerial success. Western Australia learned, with something like a sigh of regret, that Sir John Forrest had allowed the Federal Post Office to pass out of his hands. While he held that post the interests of Fremantle, as a port of call for the mail-boats, were safe. But Sir John Forrest will make an admirable Minister of Defence; and, incidentally, will be able to effectively serve the scheme of a transcontinental railway, in which he is deeply and almost passionately concerned. That railway has, no doubt, great strategic value, and Sir John has already publicly explained that his position as Minister of Defence will "give him the right to urge strongly the connection of the railway systems of South and Western Australia."

Mr. Barton

Mr. Barton has delivered a series of addresses during the month at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Ballarat, etc., and has very favourably impressed public opinion. His gifts are more for counsel than for oratory; and he has, indeed, some serious limitations as a speaker. He has no sense of humour, or, at least, none which flavours his public speech. He cannot strike out an impressive and memorable phrase; and sometimes a vivid and quotable phrase—which condenses a situation into a sentence—has all the effects of logic. He is apt as a speaker to tie himself up in a mere tangle of parentheses. But he has a resonant voice, a fine presence, and all the visible characteristics of a powerful and trained intellect. His earlier speeches erred by an inevitable vagueness. They gave the impression that Mr. Barton was trying to walk on both sides of the road at once. He would satisfy both Protectionists and Free Traders, etc. But Mr. Barton's later utterances have been more definite. The supreme question is, of course, the fiscal policy of the Commonwealth. Mr. Barton told his audiences frankly that neither Melbourne nor Sydney could hope to enjoy its present tariff under the new regime. The Commonwealth needs revenue; and so it must have a revenue tariff. But Mr. Barton, and most of his Cabinet, are Protectionists, and so a revenue tariff is also to be Protectionist. Only it will be "Protection without destruction." What the new tariff will be probably depends more upon Mr. Kingston than on Mr. Barton. Mr. Kingston is a Protectionist by conviction, and he is, in addition, a much more contentious and obstinate man than Mr. Barton, and will be much more zealous in fighting for his own ideas. Still, even for Mr. Kingston the necessity for a revenue must be the chief factor in shaping the fiscal policy of the Federation. For complete "Protection" is only obtained by a tariff which stops imports; and a tariff which stops imports will leave the Federal Treasurer's pockets empty.

The Tariff

Sir William Lyne has ventured into definite figures on the subject. At Cootamundra he told his audience that "the Commonwealth tariff would probably average from 10 to 15 per cent." He afterwards qualified this by saying that, as many articles would be free, there must be a high duty on others to produce an average of 15 per cent.; and so, "specific duties of a protective sort might reach 20 per cent. or 30 per cent." The existing Victorian tariff has a 35 per cent. standard; it is under-



"S.A. Critic."] SIR JOHN FORREST AND HIS RAILWAY.

"Bulletin."]

stood that the Manufacturers' Association of that colony demands a Federal tariff with a 45 per cent. basis. So that Sir William Lyne—himself an ardent Protectionist—contemplates a Federal tariff of a very moderate sort as compared with these. It seems clear that out of the £8,000,000 annually the Commonwealth will need, more than one-half can be levied on spirits and narcotics, on which the duties run up to 100 per cent. Sugar duties will vanish, but there is sure to be an excise duty on sugar, which will, in part, take their place. Then, a 15 per cent. tariff, with a free list including all raw materials, tools of trade, agricultural implements, etc., would yet give the Federal Government all the revenue it needs. On the whole, all the probabilities are in favour of a moderate tariff.

Mr. Reid

The Free Trade party is organising itself with much energy. It will command a respectable support in Queensland, in Victoria, and in South Australia; it will be strong in New South Wales; it will almost sweep the field in Tasmania. It has able representatives in all the States. The ablest political brain in South Australia—that of Mr. Holder—is on the side of Free Trade. In New South Wales Mr. Wise is in favour of what may be called a tariff truce, but Sir William McMillan and Mr. Bruce Smith are flying the Free Trade flag. Mr. Reid, of course, is a platform force of the highest quality in favour of Free Trade; but he is apt to turn aside from a contest of pure principle to some personal issue. Thus he told a great audience in the Sydney Town Hall, "I am going to see whether the people of Australia will choose between Mr. Barton and myself for the office of Prime Minister of Australia." A crowd delights in courage, and "tremendous cheering" followed that utterance. Nevertheless, that sentence lowers the scale and seriousness of the contest, which is one, not of persons, but of principles.

"Bulletin."]

THE CHICKEN THAT LOST ALL ITS FEATHERS: MR. REID'S POLITICAL CONDITION.

The Press

The press throughout the Commonwealth is almost equally divided on the fiscal question, and on both sides the battle is being fought with great skill and courage. All the humorous journals, by some odd chance, are, however, in favour of Protection, and the caricaturists extract measureless amusement from Mr. Reid. His eye-glass, his countenance, his dog, the generous curves of his physical system are a perpetual joy to them. And caricature counts as a force in politics. Mr. Reid, however, is a formidable enemy, and he knows how to hit his foes exactly where a blow will do most damage. His duel in Victoria is with the "Age," which fights the battle for Protection with great skill, and with a courage which rises to the point of audacity. Mr. Reid, in his speech at Richmond, urged the point that the "Age" took care that protective duties should be laid on goods which other people used, not on those used by itself. Here is a passage from Mr. Reid's speech:

If protection is such a good thing, why has no effort been made by the "Age" to derive the benefit of the national policy? Why were brown papers taxed? Because the "Age" was not printed on brown paper. (Laughter.) Two kinds of printers' ink were imported—black, which the "Age" used, and coloured, which the other fellows used. (Laughter.) How was it that Victoria had Free Trade in the ink the "Age" used, and 25 per cent. on the coloured article? Two kinds of blankets were used in Victoria. The kind that the poor man had to use was taxed up to 25 per cent., but another description of blankets, such as the printers used, was allowed into the State duty free. (Laughter and applause.) The type used by the "Age" also came in free of duty, so that the "Age" was making money out of both Free Trade and Protection.

It must be admitted that this is the sort of hitting that delights a crowd. It is understood that the great "dailies" of Australia—Free Traders and Protectionists alike—have agreed to demand that in the Federal tariff all articles necessary for the production of a newspaper shall be untaxed. They even demand, it is rumoured, free newspaper postage throughout Australia. This—on the part of the Protectionist journals—is a delightful bit of inconsistency.

A "White" Australia

Mr. Barton has outlined the general policy of the Federal Cabinet. It includes adult suffrage for the Commonwealth, a general old age pension scheme, and a "white" Australia. Australia is to be resolutely protected from the invasion of the coloured races. This end is desirable, but there is need for cool wisdom in the method of securing it. Queensland has built up its great sugar industry, in part at least, on the basis of Kanaka labour. Whether that industry can exist without coloured labour is a point keenly disputed. The geography of Australia has to be reckoned with. More than a third of the continent lies sweltering under the tropics. The mean summer temperature of Melbourne is 65.3, of Sydney 71. When the thermometer registers a temperature of from 80 to 85 degrees this represents sub-tropical conditions. But in Australia there are nearly 2,000,000 square miles of territory with a summer temperature that runs

"Bulletin."]

BARTON AND A WHITE AUSTRALIA.
A matter of time and elbow-grease.

up from 85 degrees to the fervours of, say, an anthracite furnace! Queensland alone has accomplished a successful white settlement under the tropics, and this has been done with the help of Kanaka labour. Mr. Barton's ideal of painting the whole of Australia white is admirable; but he will have to exercise both judgment and patience in the application of the whitewash brush to tropical Australia. Mr. Philp, the Queensland Premier, puts the case happily: "The white race," he says, "would always dominate in Australia. The time would come when they should require little or no coloured labour. In the mean-

time, let them give the people engaged in the sugar industry a fair show."

Sir William Lyne

It is the nature of Sir William Lyne to be obstinate, and he clings with curious stubbornness to his post as Premier of New South Wales, as well as to his portfolio as a member of the Federal Cabinet. He explains that, though he holds two offices, he draws only one salary, and announces his determination to keep the State Premiership until he has made certain important appointments—to the Harbour Trust and the Board for City Improvements, etc. But Sir William Lyne runs some peril of injuring both his own reputation and the interests of New South Wales by clinging too obstinately to the State Premiership. The validity of his position is, at least, doubtful; and so, as a result, may be the appointments he makes. New South Wales, too, wants a State Cabinet with a Premier of its own, and suffers by having a Premier with a divided allegiance and a doubtful title. The Cabinet cannot seriously frame a State policy of its own until it has a Premier who owns no divided responsibility, and can give his undivided energy to the service of the State. The popular mind, it may be added, is apt to prove unkind to the politician who shows himself too covetous of power.

Political Re-adjustments

Only Victoria, as yet, has begun to adjust the scale of its Cabinet to the new political conditions created by the Commonwealth. Mr. Peacock took the place of Sir George Turner as Premier, but no addition was made to the Cabinet. Three great branches of administration—Defence, Customs, and the Post Office—are transferred to the Federal Government, and each State Cabinet might well reduce the number of its members by three. The State Parliaments ought, of course, to shrink in something like the same proportion. But to pass any self-denying ordinance of this character—reducing both the scale of its own membership and the size of its Cabinet—is an effort almost too much for the virtue of any State Parliament. The work will be done as late, and as lingeringly, as possible, and only under the prick of external public opinion. And yet, if the State Parliaments and Cabinets are not generously pruned, one immediate and practical gain of Federation will be lost. At present, 4½ millions of people require 14 Houses of Parliament for their government! Federation has increased the number of these Parliaments; it certainly ought to have the effect of reducing their scale.

The New Contingents

The sixth Australasian contingents have sailed for the Cape. In numerical scale they exceed all the preceding contingents; while, as far as physique goes, they are, perhaps, the best fighting material of the whole. The rush to fill these contingents has been nothing less than wonderful, and proves—amongst other things—how rich in martial resources both New Zealand and the Australian Commonwealth are. Finer men than these last

L.B.M.: "Look, here, old fellow, I don't mind sending more Bushmen to be made permanent invalids of in Africa, but for goodness sake don't let Kipling turn loose any more "Absent-Minded Beggar" verses.

"Bulletin."]

AUSTRALIA AND JOHN BULL.

contingents—young, sturdy, active, hardy—no State ever sent out to war. As one watched the far-stretching files, with their resolute faces and elastic tread, they suggested the fine and familiar verse:—

> These are men in whom the blood
> Of Empire, red and splendid, runs;
> Bred in the land of fire and flood,
> Of larger fields and fiercer suns,
> Of nature in her wildest mood—
> They will not fear to face the guns,
> Who conquered worlds by hardihood—
> The Younger Sons! The Younger Sons!

The Australian Governments have refused to allow the recruiting sergeants for Baden-Powell's police to visit these shores, but they have given of their best blood to the cause of the Empire without stint. The total number of the contingents from New Zealand and Australia approaches 20,000, or nearly 2½ per cent. of the total adult male population of Australasia. This is a larger proportion of its fighting strength than even Great Britain has given to South Africa!

A Scandal

New Zealand has been overtaken by that rarest form of scandal, a scandal affecting the judicial Bench. Mr. Justice Martin was the youngest member of the New Zealand judiciary. Why he was made a judge at all was of the nature of a puzzle, and his tenure of the judicial office has closed in a very black scandal. Judge Martin had outlived his heady and effervescent youth; he is forty-five years of age, and has a wife and family. He suddenly disappeared in company with somebody else's wife; herself the mother of a family. The standard of character, as well as of ability, in the Australasian Bench is very high. A scandal of this quality amongst its members is absolutely unique. One no more expects to hear of a judge eloping with another man's wife than of a bishop performing the same surprising feat. Mr. Justice Martin has tendered his resignation as judge, and has notified that he will not offer any defence to divorce proceedings; but he will long live in evil fame as a judge who brought shame on his own great office, and scandal on the general community, under the basest of all passions.

Mr. Seddon

Mr. Seddon has returned to New Zealand, and everywhere throughout Australia he was the object of eager hospitality and of much admiring curiosity. He is, on the whole, the most vigorous, striking, and successful figure on the stage of Australasian politics. He was questioned keenly in Melbourne as to the prospects of New Zealand entering the Federation; but, though nobody could well be less diplomatic in manner than Mr. Seddon, no one possesses in a higher degree the diplomatic art of evading inconvenient questions, or of talking much without saying anything. He had, he declared, on the whole subject, "an open mind," and the Commission appointed to enquire into the subject was as open-minded as himself. But Mr. Seddon was out-spokenly angry on the insufficient place given to New Zealand views in Australian journals. Australian ignorance of New Zealand, he complained, was nothing less than lamentable. "How can you possibly expect a community that you know nothing about," he enquired, indignantly, "to join in a scheme of Federation?" Australian editors must mend their ways, and enlarge their New Zealand telegrams, before they can hope for political wedlock with New Zealand.

N.Z. and the Pacific

On the question of the Pacific, Mr. Seddon is energetic and plain-spoken. The French are seizing ever new points in the Pacific, and Mr. Seddon sees that when the Nicaraguan Canal is cut our main trade-route to Europe will be commanded at a score of points by islands under the tricolour. As Mr. Seddon sums up the situation: "The position at New Hebrides is the same as formerly existed at Samoa, and ultimately the group will be ceded to France, on the grounds that French interests are paramount, although the paramountcy will have been brought about by the inaction of those in power, whose policy is 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.'" Mr. Seddon, however, does not propose to allow Imperial statesmen, who will nod drowsily while Australasian interests are being betrayed, to enjoy much "peace." And, with Mr. Barton speaking for the Australian Commonwealth, and Mr. Seddon for New Zealand, the Pacific question will be argued from the Australian side in quite new accents.

The Duke of York's Visit

A great sigh of relief breathed over the whole of Australasia and New Zealand when it was learned that the Duke of York is, after all, to pay his promised visit. The King has explained that the visit was the wish of Queen Victoria, and he saw no reason why private sorrow should arrest the discharge of what was a public duty. A fine thing is thus to be done from a fine motive. The Duke comes as an act of loyalty to public duty, and to the wish of the dead Queen. For the sake of calm seas the Duke is to come via Torres Straits, and one wicked cablegram announced that he was to land first at Sydney. This intelligence proved quite too much for the philosophy of Melbourne, and the Victorian Premier at once began to discharge hasty and anxious cablegrams at the Colonial Office. Sydney has enjoyed a monopoly of Lord Hopetoun; but that it should "bag" the royal Duke in addition, Melbourne felt was too much. A soothing assurance that the Duke

"Bulletin."]

THE RECKONING.

"No funds available."—Vide daily paper correspondence.

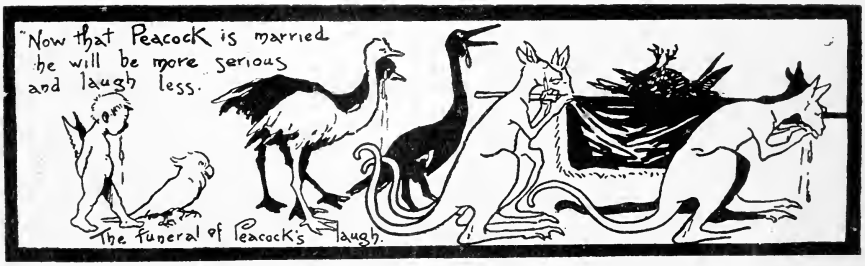
would land first in Melbourne came in due course, and that city breathes again. The relentless etiquette of court mourning may perhaps rob the royal visit of some gleams of splendour; but it need not be doubted that throughout Australasia the visit of the Duke and Duchess will be the signal for wonderful feats in the way of city decorations, and will evoke very striking expressions of royal sentiment.

State Adjustments

The State Governments are adjusting themselves to some of the personal changes made by Federation. Mr. Peacock takes the place of Sir George Turner as Premier of Victoria, while Mr. Throssel accepts the arduous task of succeeding Sir John Forrest in Western Australia. Mr. Throssel is a man of ability and high character, and may be expected to prove a success. It is customary to describe Mr. Peacock as "the luckiest of politicians," and his "luck" is undeniable. It has literally pursued him throughout his public career. Soldiers like a "lucky" general, and to have the reputation of being a "lucky" politician is really a political asset of value. Some cynics explain Mr. Peacock's phenomenal success by his laugh, rather than his luck. Certainly Mr. Peacock's laugh is phenomenal, explosive, almost Gargantuan. It identifies him in any meeting. It is welcomed by a Victorian crowd as a familiar friend, and does, undoubtedly, form part of Mr. Peacock's political stock-in-trade. But Mr. Peacock has serious merits as a politician. He is able, energetic, with a capacity of enthusiasm which belongs to him by virtue of his youth; and he certainly has a great opportunity.

Old Age Pensions

Sir George Turner's plunge into philanthropy—in the shape of his Old Age Pensions Bill—was singularly crude and hasty; and, as the hard logic of facts is already demonstrating in a very unpleasant fashion, was unwise, both in its arithmetic and in its methods. A guess—made incredible in advance by New Zealand experience—fixed the number likely to apply for the pension at 6,000; and as Sir George had a sum of about £75,000 which he was able to ear-mark for the purposes of the Act, he felt that he had covered the whole ground. A politician must take short views! But already the number of pensioners exceeds 6,000, and to what scale the army of the pensioned will grow no one can tell. Sir George Turner himself declares that, at the present rate, they will grow to 15,000, and this will involve a charge on the State of £300,000 a year! The pension scheme, moreover, acts as a dangerous solvent to family ties. It threatens to create a new scheme of domestic ethics. Why should even an able-bodied and well-to-do son support his aged parent when the State



"Bulletin."]] MR. PEACOCK'S LOST LAUGH.

will benevolently undertake that task for him? Victoria has not solved the Old Age problem by its ill-conceived Act; it has, on the whole, rather added a new perplexity to that problem.

The Pacific

Mr. Barton takes his office of Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Commonwealth quite seriously, and he finds in the Pacific a tempting field for the duties of that novel office. The French, without being a colonising race, have a keen appetite for colonies, and show much ingenuity in acquiring them. The tricolour gleams from a score of island peaks in the Pacific, and it will not be the fault of French diplomacy if it does not fly over the New Hebrides. The French are persuading themselves that this group is the necessary complement of New Caledonia. New Caledonia has mineral wealth, but no agriculture; whereas the New Hebrides group is a sort of tropical garden. Under the present joint protectorate no provision is made for the settlement of land disputes, and the French are buying, or extorting, from the natives a more or less plausible title to half the soil of the group! On these titles will be built a claim to fly the French flag over every island in it. But Australasia watches the whole process in a mood of angry disquiet. The Australasian Churches have spent large sums in evangelising the New Hebrides, while Australasian merchants have a keen sense of the trade value of the group. Mr. Barton has made strong representations to the Imperial Cabinet on the subject; and the voice of the Commonwealth will have, for Imperial ears, an urgency and an authority no single colony could have possessed.

The Adelaide Hospital Dispute

That ancient, obstinate, and mysterious quarrel, the hospital dispute in Adelaide, has been happily settled. Australian history has known no other dispute which sprang from an origin so petty, was waged with a temper so fierce, or attained to dimensions so vast. It began over the appointment of a nurse; it wrecked the medical school of the University; it put the entire medical profession in quarrel with the hospital; it divided society; it threatened to overturn a Ministry! It is probable that if Mr. Kingston were still Premier of South Australia a truceless war would still be raging round the Adelaide Hospital. But Mr. Kingston has betaken himself to a larger field. Mr. Holder is cool-headed; Mr. Gordon, the Chief Secretary, is a man of tact. Dr. Ramsay Smith, who had been imported for hospital use, and who was looked upon as a medical outlaw by his brother physicians, went to South Africa with the fifth contingent. So peace has fallen at last on this ancient field of strife, with much benefit to the good name of the colony, and much gain to the comfort of the public at large.

How Australia was Saved for the Union Jack

The new interest in Australia felt by European journals has revived one curious story as to the narrow chance by which Australia escaped being—over one-half its area, at least—a French colony. The Paris correspondent of the "Daily News" tells how he heard the late Prince de Joinville declare that "the great mistake of his father's reign was in letting 'a presumptuous dwarf' beat back France from appropriating a great part of the island continent of the Southern Seas." In 1838 the British flag was flying in New South Wales and Tasmania; but the rest of the Australian continent was No Man's land. The Prince was on fire for a voyage to Australia, that he might hoist the French flag on part of its vast territory. Louis Philippe, however, insisted on the French Ambassador sounding the Melbourne Government on the subject first. Lord Palmerston was approached, and promptly turned his interlocutor over to Lord John Russell, who had charge of the colonies. Lord John was seen, and here is the story of what followed:—

> The conversation was turned on Botany Bay, the Pacific Islands, and Laperouse, who had certainly touched at different parts of Australia that were not, up to 1838, under the British flag. "Australia is more than an island," said Lord John Russell's visitor, "it is a continent." "I know that," said Lord John, crustily. "I want to know," continued the visitor, "to how much of that continent Great Britain lays claim." "To the whole of it," was the answer, in a tone so dry and harsh that it left no room for further talk. The French Ambassador met Palmerston on the evening of the same day at dinner. "Have you seen John Russell?" he asked. "Yes." "What did he say?" "Just two brief sentences." "Was there a lot in them?" "Well, yes. Lord John is a regular gamecock." "I can guess what you said, and how he received it. I tell you what it is—he would declare war to-morrow on France rather than let your King take hold of the smallest bay on the Australian coast."

Australia, it is clear, owes something to that "presumptuous dwarf," Lord John Russell!

LONDON, Jan. 1.

The New Century.

The incoming of the Twentieth Century has been accompanied by much more evidence of self-consciousness on the part of the human race than was visible at the beginning of any previous century. The papers have been full of meditations upon the past and

"Westminster Gazette."]

John Bull: "It's certainly a Kangaroo, but it's uncommonly like a Lion."

speculation as to the future. The Americans, as usual, when they have set about doing a big thing, have done it in much greater style than any of the other nations. The ingenious idea occurred to an American citizen of collecting wishes for the New Year from all the notables of the world, and having them read simultaneously at watch-night services all over the Union. Thanks to the kind co-operation of American Ambassadors, many crowned heads contributed to this collection, which is unique in the history of the world. In this country the task was left to the newspaper editors, who did their best, but who cannot be said to have extracted much material of importance from those whose wits they laid under contribution. On the whole, it is evident that the more thoughtful in Great Britain are inclined to take a somewhat sombre view as to the future of their country. The heaping up of responsibilities, the increasing of taxation, the addition of debt, are all of evil omen for the success of our countrymen in the struggle for existence, which promises to be much more keen than in the century which has just closed.

John Bull as Foolish Virgin

It will be regarded as a paradox, but it is probably true, that the chief element of hope as to the future of our nation lies precisely in the darkness which at present overshadows us. The chief difficulty that we have to contend with is the apathy and indifference and general stolid, fat-headed contentedness of our people. Trade has been good for some time past, and they have lulled themselves into the conviction that as it is, so it will be. Nothing will rouse John Bull from this dangerous delusion but the sharp pinch of adversity and the purifying influence of disaster. The danger is that the awakening may come too late, and that we may discover, like the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps, that we have overslept ourselves, and that the day of grace is past. When the foolish virgin is sleeping, her only chance of being roused betimes is a copious application of a douche of very cold water or the rattling peal of a thunderclap. Neither is agreeable, but either or both are infinitely preferable to the comfortable sleep which ends after the door has been shut.

The Nicaragua Canal

The vote of the United States Senate, which by a two-thirds majority passed the treaty providing for the American right to defend the Nicaragua Canal, is very significant. The facts of the case are very simple. In 1850, the United States, being then comparatively insignificant as a world Power, concluded with us what is known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which provided for the neutralisation and internationalisation of any canal across the isthmus. Fifty years have passed since then, and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has become an anachronism. When it was negotiated, it was assumed that the canal, if it were made, would be an international undertaking, and therefore due provision was made for its internationalisation; the United States have far outgrown the swaddling clothes of 1850, and now the Americans propose to cut their own canal at their own expense. They propose to do this chiefly for the purpose of increasing their own naval strength, to enable them to reinforce their fleets without sending their warships round Cape Horn. The making of the Nicaragua Canal, therefore, must be regarded as primarily intended to increase the fighting strength of the United States. Shrewd observers at the English Admiralty gravely doubt the expediency of spending fifty millions sterling in cutting a canal to send their fleet in war time through the isthmus. The canal is regarded as practically useless in time of war, but the danger there is nothing compared to that in Nicaragua.

What Lord Salisbury Should Do

It is stated in quarters which are very well informed that Lord Pauncefote never insisted upon any provisions limiting in any way the liberty of the United States to protect the canal. Mr. Hay drafted the treaty as it stood when it went to the Senate, and England accepted it. The Senate considered that it was necessary to safeguard the right of American citizens, and to protect the canal in which they had invested their money, by the introduction of a clause textually reproduced from the Suez Canal Convention, reserving their full liberty of action in protecting the canal in case of war. Having done this, they went further, and declared the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty suspended. To this great objection is taken by the "Times," and many are now clamouring for the rejection of the treaty which President McKinley has presented for our acceptance. It is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury will turn a deaf ear to their clamour. It is our interest to stand in with the United States, and to encourage them to make the canal. In peace we shall profit by it more than any other nation, and in time of war it will be of no use to anybody. If Lord Salisbury is so ill-advised as to refuse to accept the amendments introduced by the Senate, the treaty will drop, and Congress may proceed to pass the Bill authorising the construction of the canal without regard to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which will be said to have lapsed. No doubt an excellent case can be constructed in favour of maintaining our rights under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; but as those rights are not worth anything to anybody, the only effect of insisting upon the letter of this antiquated instrument will be to inflame public spirit against us in the United States, without our obtaining any compensating advantages whatever. Our true policy is to repudiate any desire whatever to interfere with the full freedom of the United States to do what it pleases in the way of canal-cutting, and to accept the amended treaty as it stands.

Ministers and the Stock Exchange

One of the recent Ministerial appointments, that of Lord Hardwicke as Under-Secretary for India, led to a debate in the House of Lords on the incompatibility of the duties of an Under-Secretary and those of a member of the Stock Exchange. Lord Hardwicke, being an impecunious peer, wisely set about earning his living, and selected as the field for his exertions a partnership in a firm of stock-brokers in the city. As he has no other means of livelihood, he declined, on accepting office, to sever his connection with the firm in which he earns his daily bread. During such time as he draws a salary at the India Office, he will abstain from taking any direct part in the stock-jobbing business. Lord Hardwicke's explanation was very straightforward and satisfactory so far as it went; but the remark made by Mr. Lecky about the Jameson raid—that the trail of finance is over it all—ought not to be applied to an Imperial Administration. If Lord Salisbury had spoken in the debate raised by Lord Rosebery on the subject of the Hardwicke appointment, he would probably have remarked sardonically that, after all, some allowance must be made for ordinary mortals. "We could not all marry Rothschilds." As Lord Salisbury had already spoken, however, this remark could only have a private circulation.

Mr. Chamberlain and His Companies

In the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain's connection with joint-stock companies, either direct or indirect, was the subject of an animated debate opened by Mr. Lloyd-George. Mr. Chamberlain made a spirited fighting speech in defence of his investments, and endeavoured to make out that it would soon become impossible for anybody who had any money invested in anything to take part in the administration of the Empire. There is this to be said on behalf of Mr. Chamberlain—that the Government of Britain was for many generations exclusively in the hands of the landed gentry, whose interest it was to keep up the price of corn; but the fact that they did so, however much to the detriment of the general community, although a precedent, is also a proof of the disadvantage of choosing Ministers whose incomes rise and fall according to the policy of the Administration. Mr. Chamberlain, when attacking the appointment of Lord Rosmead to the High Commissionership of South Africa, set up the standard of Caesar's wife. Judged by that standard of his own making, he cannot be said to have emerged triumphant from a debate in which otherwise he acquitted himself with customary skill.

The Cursing of Tim

The most conspicuous feature of the meeting of Parliament was—to perpetrate a bull—the people who were not there. The reconstituted and reunited Irish National Party decided that they would take no part in the discussion at Westminster, and would employ themselves by meeting in convention at Dublin for the purpose of pronouncing a sentence of major excommunication upon Mr. T. M. Healy. The convention met, passed a strong resolution repudiating all responsibility for the war, and condemning the atrocity with which it has been conducted. Then, having disposed of this as a kind of hors d'oeuvre, they settled down to the great business of the meeting, the excommunication of Tim. Tim, like the jackdaw of Rheims, listened to the terrible curse, and did not seem a penny the worse. On the contrary, he spread himself at Westminster as the sole representative of the Irish Nationalist Party. He made two speeches full of mordant force, and made several interjections which produced even more effect than his speeches. One of these, which will not soon be forgotten in the House of Commons, was the question which he asked immediately after the returns had been read to the House as to the number of horses and mules which had been sent to the seat of war. Tim rose without a smile, and before anyone could divine what he was after, he convulsed the House by asking:

"Will the right. hon. gentleman say how many asses have been sent out?"

Alas! materials for all other returns are provided in abundance, but for the return for which Mr. Healy's soul yearned the War Office has provided no statistics.

Count Von Bulow in the Ascendant

Count von Bulow last month distinctly advanced his already high reputation by the speech which he made in defence of the Kaiser's refusal to see President Kruger. Nothing that the Emperor has done for some time has so much affronted German national feeling, and it has found vent in various methods, some Parliamentary, and others of a more popular nature. It fell to Count von Bulow's lot to defend his Imperial master in the Reichstag, and he did so with singular success. If Count von Bulow can keep it up in this style, he will soon be recognised as a new Bismarck, much more genial and less imperious, but not less capable, than the great Chancellor who did so much to unify Germany.

Poisoned Beer

In the North of England last month a panic set in among beer-drinkers, which illustrates in a very striking manner how absolutely dependent we are upon the chemist. A strange epidemic seemed to have broken out in Manchester, the symptoms of which were soon discovered to be practically identical with those of arsenical poisoning. For a time its origin was wrapped in mystery, but on investigation it was discovered that all those who suffered (numbering thousands, while about a hundred died) had been in the habit of drinking beer supplied by one brewery. On the analysis of this beer, it was found to be heavily charged with arsenic, and, on pressing the inquiry further, it was discovered that the brewers had used, in the manufacture of their beer, glucose and invert sugar, in the preparation of which the use of vitriol is indispensable. Now, the vitriol used in preparing this glucose used by these brewers was, on analysis, found to contain arsenic, which is often present in sulphur pyrites. The unfortunate firm appeared to have taken all the usual precautions, and had submitted their glucose to chemical analysis, and, as the certificates of the analyst were in order, they naturally assumed that all was right. Unfortunately, all was wrong, and the mistake of the analyst has cost as many lives as a pitched

battle in South Africa. As the question of responsibility is likely to come before the courts, it would be wrong to venture upon any comment on the case; but it illustrates in a very marked manner what widespread devastation might be wrought by a single blunder of the scientist, upon whose accuracy and care may hang the lives of hundreds and thousands.

The Maiden Tribute of Modern Berlin

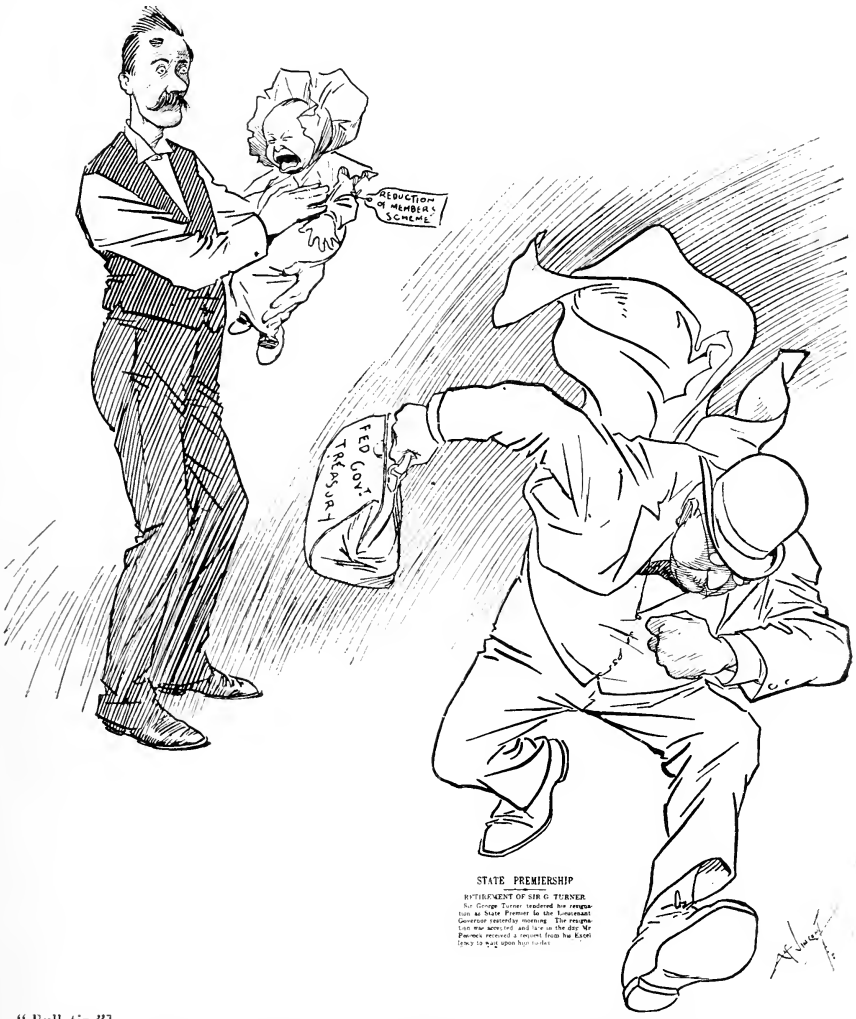
Fifteen years ago I literally scandalised the world by the publication of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." To this day there are probably millions who are under the impression that in the exposure which was made in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of the criminal vice of London, I had been guilty of exaggeration, and that I had overstated the horror of the traffic in child life, which is one of the most terrible and appalling crimes of modern civilisation. None of those persons, however, could indulge in that pleasing delusion if they were to take the trouble to read the reports of the cause celebre which last month resulted in the consigning of a well-known Berlin banker to two and a half years' imprisonment. Sternberg, the banker in question, was an even greater monster than the man whose hideous vice I described in 1885 under the title of the Minotaur of London. The London Minotaur, fortunately, is dead and gone to his last account. Sternberg, his Berlin prototype, was proved in court, on the testimony of innumerable witnesses, to have employed his vast wealth in the corruption of young girls. The whole machinery which exists in every capital for the purveying of victims to the modern Minotaur was set forth on sworn evidence given under cross-examination in the Berlin Criminal Court. Nearly every feature of this infernal traffic, which I was the first to bring into the glaring light of day in London, was proved to be flourishing in the capital of Germany. Our newspapers have printed little or nothing of the details of the trial, excepting those which relate to the corruption of the police; for Sternberg, to secure himself immunity in the indulgence of his horrible appetite, spared no expense to corrupt the detectives and to buy the silence of the chiefs of the police. If it had not been for the staunch fidelity of one officer, who was more fortunate than ex-Inspector Minahan, whose career was spoiled because of his refusal to wink at the misdeeds of keepers of fashionable houses of ill-fame in the West End, Sternberg, might have gone unchecked till his death. One of the incriminated parties committed suicide when the verdict was pronounced, and the action of Sternberg's counsel is to be investigated, for they are under grave suspicion of having tampered with witnesses to defeat the ends of justice.

The Powers and China

After endless discussions at Pekin, the representatives of the Allied Powers have succeeded in drawing up twelve "irrevocable" conditions, which they presented to the Emperor of China as "indispensable reparation for the crimes committed and in order to prevent their recurrence." These conditions have been accepted en bloc by the Emperor of China; but between such general submission and the fulfilment of the obligations implied in such acceptance there is a wide gulf fixed. What the Chinese expect is that the foreign devils will quarrel among themselves, as soon as they come to practical details. We may take it for granted that there will be no difficulty in the erection of expiatory monuments in Pekin or elsewhere. Neither will there be any trouble about the maintenance of Legation Guards in Pekin, and the fortification of the diplomatic quarter, for the Allies are already in possession, and can do as they please. The same remark applies to the stipulation about the destruction of the Taku forts and the military occupation of the points necessary to secure safety of communication between Pekin and the sea. But the moment the "irrevocable" conditions pass beyond the sphere in which the Allies are all-powerful, we fail to see what security they possess for enforcing their demands. Take, for instance, the fifth condition, "the importation of arms or materials, and their manufacture, are to be prohibited." Now, the Allies might possibly, although this is very doubtful, prevent the importation of arms; but even if they were all of them acting together with the single will of one man, they could not prevent the manufacture of arms within the vast intact world of the Chinese Empire. It would appear that the Chinese, by accepting the irrevocable "conditions," have put the Powers in a fix. If the Emperor had rejected their conditions, they might have declared war, or could have seized territory; but now that they are accepted in principle, the question will turn upon the guarantees for their fulfilment, and every separate clause of the twelve will afford the Chinese ample opportunity for profiting by the divisions of their invaders.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

"Bulletin."] THE IMPERIAL WETNURSE.—A VALENTINE.



"Bulletin."]

HOW SIR GEORGE TURNER SETTLES A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

"Bulletin."] MAKING FUN OF MR. REID.

"Punch."] SIR JOHN TENIEL'S LAST DRAWING FOR "PUNCH."
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SCENE FROM A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME WE DON'T WANT REPEATED.

London "Punch."] (IN SOUTH AFRICA.)
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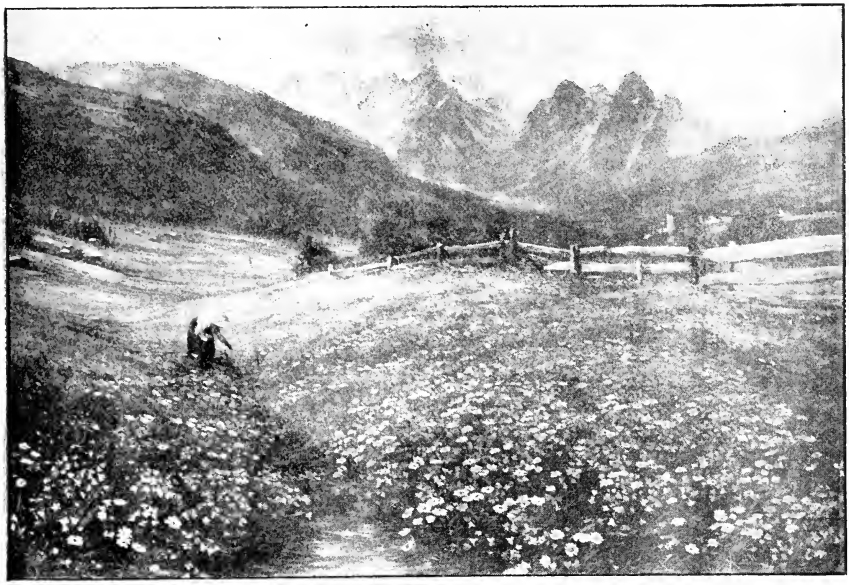
COMPLETION OF THE MASTERPIECE ART SERIES.

If we are to have Art for the People, we must render Art accessible to the people. If the influence of pictures is to sweeten and sanctify our daily life, we must have pictures that we can see every day. This, no doubt, is a truism, but is it not time that something was done to render it possible for everyone, even the poorest of us, to have an Art Gallery in every house—nay, to have a Picture Gallery in every room of our house? As an effort towards meeting this want, the Proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" are glad to be able to announce the completion of the **Masterpiece Art Series.** This Collection of Pictures consists of Five Portfolios (containing over 50 pictures in all), and Five large and very beautiful Collotypes—a process that, in the opinion of the Art Director of the National Gallery, surpasses in faithfulness of interpretation and delicacy of detail either steel engraving or photography. From all parts of the world we have received letters from artists and correspondents of every station in life in praise of these Works of Art.

The set of **Ten Parts** will be sent, post free, to any address in Australasia on receipt of **20s.** in money order or postal notes. Single Portfolios will be forwarded to any address for 2s. in cash or money order, or 2s. 3d. in stamps or postal note. Single Collotypes will be sent to any address for 2s. 6d. in cash or money order, or 2s. 9d. in stamps or postal note. In the following pages will be found small reproductions of some of the pictures and a brief description of each of the ten parts of the series.

Address all communications to T. SHAW FITCHETT, "Review of Reviews" Office, 167-9 Queen Street, Melbourne.



JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.
By J. McWhirter, R.A.

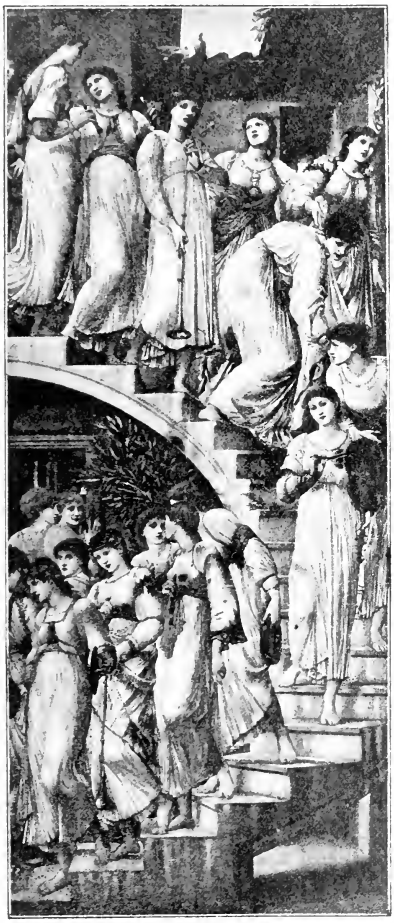
Original is a beautiful Collotype measuring 20 x 25 inches. It forms Part 8 of the Masterpiece Art Series sold for 20s. This picture is sent to any address in postal tube for 2s. 6d. in money order (stamps or postal note 2s. 9d.)

MASTERPIECE ART SERIES.

PORTFOLIO No. 1: MODERN PICTURES.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 19 x 10 inches.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.



THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, R.A.

Collotype Presentation Plate with Portfolio No. 1.

No. 1 consists of a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a special process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture-gallery in miniature, containing many specimens of some of the best work of our best known modern painters. Although published in a portfolio, they are primarily designed for exhibition upon the walls. They are the simplest, cheapest, and best form of mural decoration published to date. The selection of pictures which are produced in this portfolio have all been chosen from modern painters. They are widely varied in their scope. One or two of them may be thrown out by some which would be favourites with others, but we venture to think that no one could put them all up on a bare wall and live in front of them for a week or a year without finding benefit therefrom.

In order to ensure the immediate success of the project, we have added to the twelve pictures constituting the two-shilling Portfolio, a presentation plate of one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The picture is that of "The Golden Stairs," and has hitherto been unprocurable, excepting as a 10s. 6d. photograph, or as a reproduction not exceeding in dimensions six by two-and-a-half inches. This collotype reproduction measures ten by nineteen inches, and places, for the first time, one of the favourite pictures of this great modern artist within the reach of everyone. This in itself is worth the price of the Portfolio.

Portfolio No. 1 contains pictures by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Millais, Leader, Gilbert, Constable, Tissot and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

MURILLO FOR THE MILLION. PORTFOLIO No. 2.

6 Plates measuring 13 x 16 each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 12½ x 10 inches.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

By the kind permission of Mr. Alfred Beit, we have been permitted to reproduce the famous set of pictures by Murillo, illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, as Portfolio No. 2. These formerly belonged to Lord Dudley, and were bought by Mr. Beit. One of them was for many years regarded as one of the chief treasures of the Vatican. There is no doubt as to the Murillo pictures of the Prodigal Son being Masterpieces. They tell the whole story of that marvellous parable with great feeling and dramatic force. From first to last all the pictures are instinct with life, and as you pass from picture to picture the whole parable unfolds itself before the eye.

As these pictures are produced on a large scale than those in the first Portfolio, we are only able to issue six of them, together with the presentation plate of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," that perfect embodiment of womanly beauty, of maternal love, and of childlike grace and glory.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS. PORTFOLIO No. 3.

18 Plates measuring 12½ x 7½ each, printed in different tints.

Post Free to any Address in Australasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presentation plate,

we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the six extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Ronner's inimitable cats and kittens, the right to reproduce which was graciously conveyed to us by the artist herself. Besides the Landseers and the Ronners, the portfolio contains pictures by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Paul Potter, J. H. Herring, and F. R. Lee.

This portfolio includes a wide range of animal life. Looking over the eighteen pictures, we find that they include pictures of horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, lions, bears, cattle, sheep, apes, geese, and pigeons. Children, as a rule, like animal pictures best of all; and for the decoration of rooms, whether children's bed-rooms, or nurseries, or school-rooms, this series of eighteen pictures will be found invaluable.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

PORTFOLIO No. 4.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, printed in different tints, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 10 x 16½ inches.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

Our fourth Portfolio is devoted to types of female beauty. The presentation plate is Mr. Edward Hughes' celebrated portrait of the Princess of Wales (now Queen Consort), and there are twelve pictures, reproducing some of the most famous paintings of beautiful women by English and foreign artists.

Such artists as Greuze, Mme. Lebrun, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, are represented in this Portfolio.

"BLOSSOMS." By Albert Moore, R.A.

Original is a beautiful Collotype nearly 20 times as big as this, forming Part 6 of the Masterpiece Art Series. Post free, 2s 6d.

PORTFOLIO No. 5.—Two fine Collotypes.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

CONTAINING

"The Cherub Choir," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., measuring 16 x 13½ inches.

"Venice," a picture of world-wide fame, by J. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 13½ x 9.

PARTS 6 TO 10—COLLOTYPES.

Parts 6 to 10 of the "Masterpiece Art Series" consist of very beautiful single Collotype Pictures. It is impossible here to give any description of each beyond repeating the opinion of the Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, that they surpass photographs or steel engravings. The Director of the Queensland National Gallery also writes: "I should consider them cheap at four times the price." Small reproductions of some of these pictures appear in these pages, and a full-page reproduction of Part 9 appears as a frontispiece to this Review. The following are the titles of the five parts of the Masterpiece Art Series, each of which may be had for 2s. 6d. in money order, or 2s. 9d. in stamps or postal notes.

COLLOTYPES (2 6 each in M.O., or 2s. 9d. in Stamps or Postal Notes).

Part 6.—"Blossoms," by Albert Moore, R.A. Measuring 28½ x 11½ inches.

Part 7.—"The Fighting Temeraire," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Measuring 20 x 25 inches.

Part 8.—"June in the Austrian Tyrol," by J. McWhirter, R.A. Measuring 20 x 25 inches.

Part 9.—"A Summer Shower," by C. E. Perugini. Measuring 20 x 25 inches.

Part 10.—"Britain's Realm," by John Brett. 14½ x 25 inches.

WHY NEW ZEALAND ADOPTED PENNY POSTAGE.

BY THE HON. J. G. WARD, POSTMASTER-GENERAL, NEW ZEALAND.

To answer the question, "Why did New Zealand introduce penny postage?" it is necessary to recapitulate personal reminiscences and other incidents ranging over nearly a decade.

Our penny post narrowly escaped coming into operation as long ago as 1891. On assuming the office of Postmaster-General that year, in the Ballance Ministry, I found that, although the question of penny postage had been before Sir Julius Vogel in 1884, and had received some consideration by successive Postmasters-General, it had never been publicly announced as the policy of any New Zealand Government. From the Post Office standpoint the question was one merely of ways and means; but no Government, apparently, had found itself in a sufficiently strong financial position to risk any substantial diminution of revenue derived from the Post Office. As late as 1890 arrangements were in progress to bring Australia and New Zealand within the Universal Postal Union, but although this was to involve the reduction of the letter postage to the mother country and foreign countries from the rates which then existed—from 6d. to 1s. 2d.—to a universal rate of 2½d., the Atkinson Government was decidedly averse to any change in the inland rate until there was a general public demand for it.

Educating Public Opinion.

I am generally considered to be of a temperament which, perhaps, leads me to consider it to be the duty of a statesman to inaugurate reforms without waiting for public pressure, rather than to indulge in a policy of inactivity. This being the case, and as one article of my political faith is that no revenue-producing department should be used as a taxing machine, it only required the concatenation of such links as my appointment as Postmaster-General, the fact that the Post Office was turning over to the general revenue large sums in excess of its expenditure, and my objection to such a method of taxation, to make the establishing of penny postage a foremost object of my political life.

It is curious now to look back upon the doubt and hesitation with which the proposal was greeted ten years ago; and to contrast the growing demand of the last year or two to bring the Act of 1891 into operation, with the Cassandra-like warnings of the newspapers of that earlier period. I am inclined to think that the people require to be educated even to securing a convenience at fifty per cent. less than they have been accustomed to pay. Remembering the very kindly reception by the newspapers of the colony of the scheme just inaugurated, it would be ungracious, although perhaps instructive, to quote the comments of some of them as expressed nine or ten years ago.

Financial Considerations.

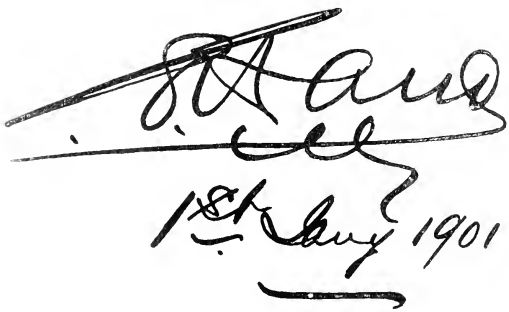
After all, the financial obstacle was not insurmountable. I calculated in 1891 that we should lose £40,000 for the first year, and that the revenue would recover itself in about three or four years. This, however, was for an inland penny post only, as compared with the universal rate with which our Post Office commenced the new century, and which may result in a loss of about £80,000 for the present year. The reason for making the concession universal was twofold. In the first place a medium of communication between colonists and the people of older lands at the trifling cost of one penny is necessarily calculated to bring more closely together the ties of kindred, while the indirect effects of cheap postage with distant parts must obviously do a great deal towards bringing the colony more prominently under the notice of older countries. Secondly, on deciding to grant penny postage within New Zealand, it was seen that, were the rate applied universally, the additional amount involved was so insignificant from a revenue point of view as not to justify a halt. Indeed, with the universal application of the penny rate, the chances were largely in favour of a more general use of the post beyond the colony and, therefore, larger postage returns.

I have mentioned that in 1891 the Post Office was turning over large sums of surplus revenue to the Consolidated Fund. The strong position of the Department may be gathered from the fact that the balance of revenue over expenditure had increased from £1,237 in 1881-82 to £72,732 in 1890-91, the five years to 1885-86 showing an increase of revenue over expenditure of £63,763, or an average of £12,752 per annum, while the succeeding five years showed a total surplus of £239,814, or at the rate of £47,962 yearly. Under the then existing conditions the revenue had risen from £234,529 in 1881-82, to £335,329 in 1890-91—an increase of £100,800—while the expenditure had advanced by £29,365 only.

Wrigglesworth and Binns,] [Photo.

HON. J. G. WARD,

Postmaster-General and Electric Telegraph Commissioner, New Zealand.



Frost, Photo.]

MR. J. K. LOGAN,
Superintendent of Electric Lines, New Zealand.

As the figures are instructive, I give them below in tabulated form, as well as similar information for the succeeding nine years:—

Statement Showing Revenue and Expenditure of the Post and Telegraph Department of New Zealand for the Nineteen Years Ended March 31, 1900.

Year.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Balance of Revenue over Expenditure.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1881-82 ..	234,529 8 0 ..	233,291 10 4 ..	1,237 17 8
1882-83 ..	264,634 18 2 ..	254,547 10 3 ..	10,087 7 11
1883-84 ..	269,181 7 4 ..	252,097 14 9 ..	17,086 12 7
1884-85 ..	284,245 2 9 ..	256,497 16 11 ..	27,747 5 10
1885-86 ..	297,375 10 10 ..	289,771 14 5 ..	7,603 16 5
1886-87 ..	306,469 13 7 ..	292,292 13 8 ..	14,167 19 11
1887-88 ..	311,608 19 0 ..	270,635 10 10 ..	40,973 8 2
1888-89 ..	319,840 8 2 ..	261,384 13 3 ..	58,455 14 11
1889-90 ..	327,916 9 0 ..	274,431 11 0 ..	53,484 18 0
1890-91 ..	335,329 7 5 ..	262,596 14 6 ..	72,732 12 11
1891-92 ..	320,058 1 3 ..	268,343 1 1 ..	51,715 0 2
1892-93 ..	318,758 10 4 ..	278,394 9 1 ..	40,364 1 3
1893-94 ..	344,676 12 3 ..	293,704 7 3 ..	50,972 5 0
1894-95 ..	357,449 14 9 ..	299,971 1 4 ..	57,478 13 5
1895-96 ..	365,727 6 5 ..	332,325 4 8 ..	33,402 1 9
1896-97 ..	392,117 1 0 ..	353,699 14 5 ..	38,417 6 7
1897-98 ..	408,333 15 3 ..	364,403 3 1 ..	43,980 12 2
1898-99 ..	445,770 7 1 ..	390,197 8 6 ..	55,572 18 7
1899-1900	488,245 16 4 ..	390,448 1 7 ..	97,797 14 9

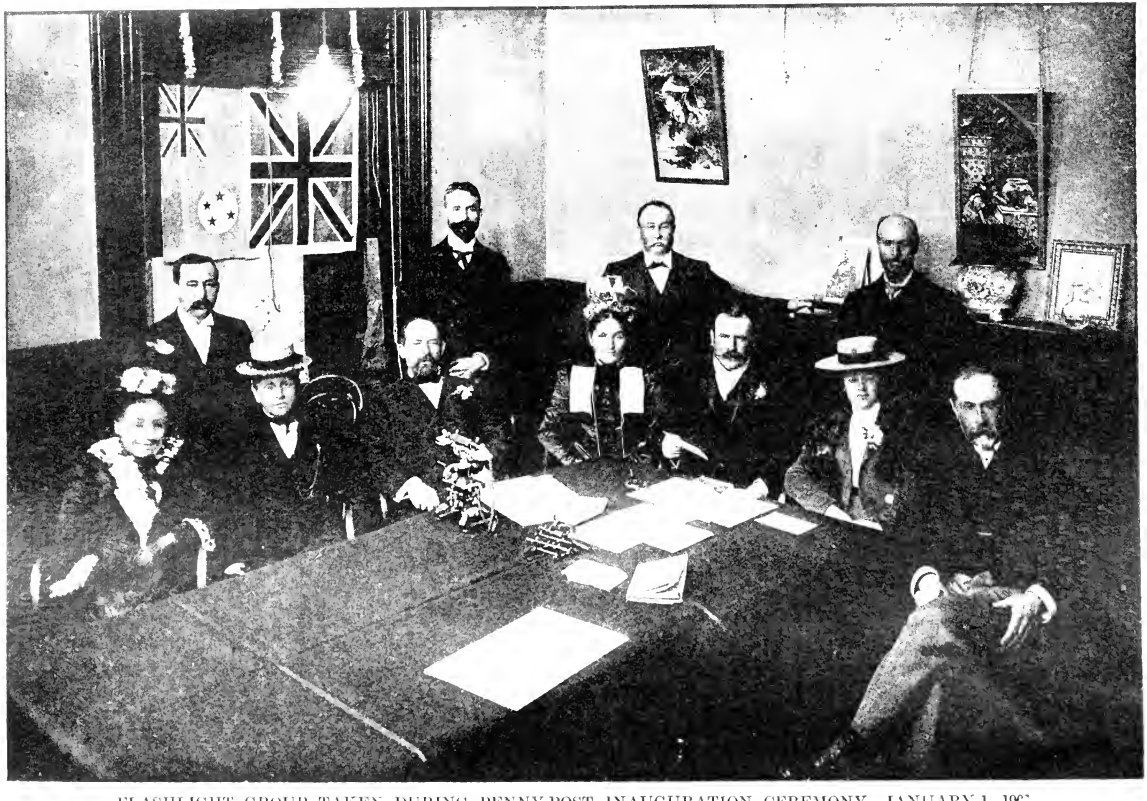
The Post Office had thus unconsciously become a taxing machine, and the time appeared to be ripe to free, to some extent, the users of the post; or, rather (as they would naturally write more letters), to give them more direct value for their money. How many more letters the people of New Zealand would write time alone would show. In the meantime, I was confronted with the fact that, although the community here was well educated, the number of letters posted per head of the population was 34.37 only, as against 43.5 in the United Kingdom. I believed, and still hold the belief, that, under similar conditions as to rates of postage, the average number of letters per head of the population should be at least ten per cent. higher than in the mother country. In point of fact, the average has risen in New Zealand, even under the twopenny post, to 46.31 in 1889, as compared with 55.3 in the United Kingdom.

An Historic Debate.

The Post Office Bill of 1891, introduced into Parliament by me, provided for the adoption of penny postage at a time to be fixed by Order in Council. The Bill passed its second reading by a large majority, after a fairly long debate, which was remarkable for the good feeling displayed. In the course of the debate the veteran Sir George Grey—himself a noted postal reformer of the early days of the colony—did me the honour to say that "a more logical argument, or more businesslike speech, was never made in Parliament." Of the measure itself he said, "I think it is one of the wisest measures proposed for a long time. It will relieve everybody—more or less—and produce for us a much greater revenue."

Wrigglesworth and Binns.]

MR. W. GRAY,
Secretary Post and Telegraph Dept., New Zealand.



FLASHLIGHT GROUP TAKEN DURING PENNY-POST INAUGURATION CEREMONY, JANUARY 1, 1901.

1. Mrs. J. K. Logan.
2. F. Hyde, Private Secretary to Postmaster-General.
3. Mrs. C. H. Mills.
4. Hon. C. H. Mills.
5. F. V. Waters, Second Clerk, G.P.O., Wellington.
6. Mrs. Thomas Rose.
7. W. Gray, Secretary, Post and Telegraph Dept.
8. Hon. J. G. Ward, Postmaster-General and Electric Telegraph Commissioner.
9. Miss Ward.
10. J. K. Logan, Superintendent of Electric Lines.
11. T. Rose, Assistant Secretary, and Inspector, Post and Telegraph Department.

The opponents of the scheme had but few logical objections to advance. The debate could hardly have been expected to proceed without reference to the sweeping reforms of the postage rates, or taxes as they were then familiarly called, with which the ever-to-be-remembered name of Rowland Hill is so inseparably associated; but opposing members had mainly in mind the place in history of the opponents of his scheme. There was less desire to repeat Lord Lichfield's remarkable opinion that "of all the wild and visionary schemes he had ever heard of, this (the penny post) was the most extraordinary," than to agree with Lord Ashburton that he thought the old postage rates to be "one of the worst of our taxes," or with Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who regarded a tax on correspondence as he would a tax on speech; letters were only a mode of speaking and hearing at a distance.

The reference to Rowland Hill's reform was practically confined to the financial result; and much was attempted to be made of the fact that it took Great Britain twenty years to recoup the loss of revenue caused by the adoption of penny postage. When the reduction was made the number of letters posted was 75,908,000, the gross revenue received being £2,390,764, and the cost of management was £756,999, leaving a net revenue of £1,314,898. The increase in the number of letters sent during the first year of the reduction was 25 per cent. In the second year, in addition to that of the first year, it was 16 per cent.; and during the fifteen years, from 1843 to 1857, the average yearly increase was 6 per cent. And, notwithstanding the increase in the number of letters sent after the reduction had been in force for seventeen years, the net revenue received was £320,000 less than it was in 1840—before the reduction; and it was not until the reduced rate had been in force for over twenty years that the loss in revenue was made up.

It seemed extraordinary that in 1891 such an argument should be seriously put forward. Picture for a moment the conditions of fifty or sixty years ago, as compared with those now existing. Consider the state of education, of trade, and of social life; of the means of locomotion as existing in New Zealand at the present day with those of Great Britain in the forties. The desire for letter-writing in those times had been choked, or rendered more or less impossible of satisfaction, by the high postage rates, and it took nearly a generation to restore to the people their need for "untaxed speech." The world in fifty years has been practically turned upside down, and we live, as it were, in a new age, where almost our every act demands ever-increasing facility of communication, not only among ourselves, but with every nation of the earth. It was urged that penny postage would mainly benefit banks and merchants, and be of little relief to the rest of the community; and that a reduction of the duty on tea would be of more extended application and better appreciated than the facilitating of communications. I was able, I think, to prove the fallacy of the first argument, which implied that banks and merchants were beyond the influence of ordinary trade competition, and unlikely to take advantage of cheapened postal communication for the purpose of extending their operations.

The Gain of "Untaxed Speech."

That the workers must ultimately reap advantages in the shape of increased employment and better wages, as a result of cheapened postal rates, is beyond dispute. What was said by the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1837 is still pregnant with suggestion. "For upon such management and regulation of the rates of postage depended in a great measure," said the Select Committee, "the entire correspondence of the country; and in that correspondence is involved whatever affects, interests, or agitates mankind: private interests, public interests, family, kindred, friends, commercial business, professional business; literature, science, art, law, politics, education, morals, religion. Every rank and class has an interest—more or less immediate—in the safe, speedy, and economical transmission of Post Office communications."

As to the duty on tea, the Nestor of our House of Representatives, Mr. Alfred Saunders, who, by the way, had had personal experience of the change to the penny post in Great Britain in 1840, pointed out that 1d. a letter taken off postage would as quickly benefit the small storekeeper and his customers as a reduction on any article in which they dealt. Mr. Saunders' concluding remarks are worth quoting. He said:—"The infallible action of free competition will insure the same results in either case; but there is this vast difference in the effect on the population: that the increased facilities afforded for correspondence, and for social and commercial communication, will be a great educational boon in this country—one that would very much benefit the community, and in the best possible way; whereas, if you take 3d. off the pound of tea, and enable persons to take more of it, you entice them to inflict upon themselves and their descendants a weaker constitution, and a fatal craving for stimulants and narcotics."

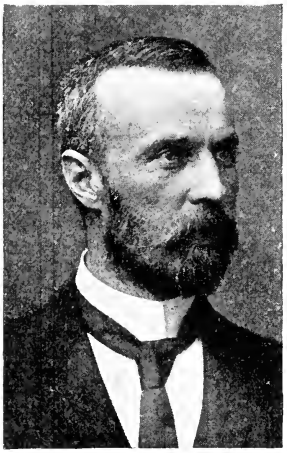
Courage in Reform.

But the crux of the whole matter was avoided by the opponents of the Bill. They made no refer-

ence to the well-known fact that the cheapening of a service in everyday use by everybody will, if the process be boldly carried out, result in a vastly increased use of that service. As applied to our Post Office, the marked success of the halfpenny post for circulars and such-like articles, and general experience elsewhere, show that if the reductions made from one rate to another are of a sweeping character, new business is induced, and the initial loss the more speedily recouped to the Treasury. An ideal Post Office would be one which carried letters for nothing. Figure the volume of mail matter which it would handle! And consider how much business should be done when the postage is, as we have fixed it, next to nothing

lower rates have not only prevented any loss, but have increased the revenue in seven months by £10,636. During that period there has been an increase of 461,370 passengers, and an increase of 11,079 season tickets, so that we get the astounding result that, instead of losing at the rate of £60,000 per annum, or £5,000 per month, we have already increased the revenue beyond that amount by £10,636, as compared with the same period of the previous year. If the anticipated loss of revenue be calculated at the rate of £5,000 per month, it will be seen that already the greatly increased number of passengers has made up £45,636 more revenue in the seven months than was collected during the corresponding period last year, when the higher rates existed.

Kinsey, Photo.]
MR. T. ROSE,
Assistant Secretary and Inspector, Post and Telegraph Dept., New Zealand.



Kinsey, Photo.]
MR. D. ROBERTSON,
Chief Clerk, Post and Telegraph Dept., New Zealand.

Wickens, Photo.]
MR. F. HYDE,
Private Secretary to the Postmaster-General, New Zealand.

I may here be permitted to cite the recent reductions in the rates for the carriage of passengers over our railway lines which, as Minister of Railways, I was recently able to introduce, as an instance of the success of low charges and a favourable augury for the successful outcome of the penny post.

It is about seven months since our passenger rates were reduced about 35 per cent. It was estimated by the Railway Department that the reductions would involve a loss of revenue to the extent of £60,000 per annum; but the results have been quite to the contrary. The enormously increased numbers of passengers that have travelled over the lines since the initiation of the

The New Policy.

The intention in 1891 was to bring the penny post section of the Act into force from the commencement of the following financial year; but the gravity of the commercial outlook which culminated in the financial panic in Australia and New Zealand made it imperative that every penny of revenue should be conserved. The reduced rate of postage had, perforce, to be postponed, and, although I succeeded in lowering the charges for telegrams from 1s. to 6d. in 1896, I was unable to introduce the penny post before I resigned the office of Postmaster-General in the following year.

I have elsewhere alluded to the penny post scheme as my first political ambition, and it can

be well understood that when I resumed control of the Post Office at the end of 1899, my first care was to re-examine the question in all its bearings. In the meantime, a change of great importance—an Imperial Penny Post—had been adopted, but from this Imperial scheme the Australian colonies and New Zealand held aloof. New Zealand had been inclined to favour it, but, out of deference to Australia, postponed taking any action.

The revenue of the Department had risen from £335,229 in 1890-91, to £488,215 in 1899-1900, and the balance of revenue over expenditure from £72,732 in the former year, to £97,797, and this notwithstanding that, as already mentioned, the rate for telegrams had been reduced from 1s. to 6d. The general revenue was never more elastic—there was a surplus of over half a million for the financial year ended last March—and the success of the sixpenny telegrams and the general increase of receipts had removed a load from the shoulders of the Post Office by considerably reducing the net loss on the working of the Telegraph Branch. In 1891, I would have been satisfied with an inland penny post; but, after waiting nearly a decade, the people, it seemed to me, deserved something more, and when it was my privilege and pride to announce the new scheme, it was not merely a reduced rate inland or within the Emipre, but a penny post to every country in the world which would accept our letters. The prospective loss for the first year, under this scheme, as already stated, is about £80,000, but there is every reason to think that the revenue will recover itself in a few years.

An Ungracious Attitude.

The action of Australia in declining to receive and deliver our penny paid letters without a tax of 2d.—I use the good old word "tax" in this connection—appears to be a regrettable one. No loss of revenue could result to the Commonwealth if we were allowed to send our letters to Australia for a penny, and it would be no breach of any existing regulation were this done. Neither—in my opinion—should this courtesy on the part of the Federal Government derogate in any degree from any future decision respecting the adoption of the penny post within the Commonwealth. I sum up the position in this way: If it costs the Post Office of Australia nothing to allow us the satisfaction of having our own sweet will in respect to universal penny postage, then, in the name of national brotherhood, the least we should expect is to be allowed to avail ourselves of the right to carry out our own postal policy until such time as the Commonwealth may cast in its lot with us by establishing a similar reform within its own territory. Already the effect of the reduction to the penny post has been marked by the enormous increase in the number of letters now posted daily in New Zealand. The people throughout the colony have taken the deepest interest in the reform, and I feel very confident that I am not wrong in my assumption that the people of the Australian Commonwealth, who have already evinced a keen and intelligent interest in the adoption of the penny postage scheme here, will not rest until a similar reform has been introduced throughout Australia and to New Zealand and other countries.

In my opinion, there are few nations that would reap greater benefits from the adoption of a penny post than the great Australian Commonwealth. With the exception of a comparatively few centres, its large territories have a scattered population, and a means of cheap communication by post is even more essential upon the continent of Australia than in compact countries like Great Britain and New Zealand. Although the introduction of the reform may be temporarily delayed, public opinion will, I feel certain, force the hands of the statesmen who at present are hesitating to effect it. I predict that the people of Australia will not have to wait long before they see the consummation of this great reform in their own country. In the meantime, I reiterate that, because the Commonwealth is not prepared to make the concession to its own people is no reason why it should debar friendly New Zealand from sending its letters at the penny rate to Australia, particularly when the cost to the Commonwealth would be nothing.

THE DEAD QUEEN: A CHARACTER SKETCH.*

By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D.

What may be called Court literature is, for the most part, miraculously poor stuff. There is no salt of humour in it, no sense of reality, no breath of honest thought, no vision of the relative sizes of things. More admiring ink was shed upon the Queen's head during her life-time than on any other member of her six since the art of writing was invented. She became the centre of a sort of semi-idolatrous literature, made up of books which contained more twaddle, if not downright drivel—to the square inch than any others which have ever afflicted mankind. Who wrote these books is a puzzle; who read them was a still more wildly insoluble conundrum. Anyone who undertook the process would emerge from it "drowsed with the fumes of poppies and of mandragora."

THE QUEEN, AGED EIGHT.

This is specially true of the books which deal with the infancy and upbringing of Her Majesty. The royal life in later years takes the scale and seriousness of history. Sorrow ennobles it. Great duties, loyally fulfilled, give it dignity. The Queen becomes part of events which affect the fate of nations, and even the course of civilisation. But about the books which deal with the infancy and childhood of Her Majesty it may be confidently pronounced that they, for the most part, are amongst the silliest specimens of literature extant. The same trivial stories form the staple of them all. Thrilling accounts of how the royal infant once fell down on a garden lawn; or, in later years, climbed up an apple tree, and did not know how to get down. Solemn records of how the infant fingers of the Princess Victoria once plucked some hairs out of the head—the benevolent mind will hope it was only the wig—of a bishop. Admiring reflections on the youthful but Spartan virtue which led the Princess at some great civic feast, when red-faced aldermen were busy absorbing turtle soup, to sternly demand the simplicity of rice-pudding, etc.

But why should literature, when it has to deal with Courts, suddenly acquire the grimaces of a dancing-master, the simper of a waiting-maid, or the servility of a footman? Carlyle says somewhere that, after reading certain French Memoirs, the self-respecting reader ought to bathe seven times in running water, and count himself ceremonially unclean for seven days. And after wading through a hundred books or so, describing the early life and exploits of Her Majesty, one feels that he needs to bathe himself in the masculine prose of Thackeray and Macaulay, of Ruskin and Newman, of Stevenson and Kipling, to restore his literary self-respect.

There is, of course, no reason why books about Her Majesty should be, on the whole, of this inane character. The Queen, in intellect and character, deserves to stand amongst the great figures of history. Her true scale will be seen more clearly, perhaps, a century hence than it is to-day. She was, to quote Macaulay's fine phrase, "a wiser, gentler, happier Elizabeth," and the period her reign covers, measured by any known test, is one of the greatest in human history. The sixty years that followed the battle of Salamis, or of Pharsalia, or that followed the invention of printing, or the discovery of the new world, cannot compare, for speed and splendour of growth, with the sixty odd years which make up the reign of Queen Victoria. The Greek Empire did not grow faster under Alexander, or the Roman Empire under the Caesars, than the British Empire grew under Queen Victoria. It is a great tale, and needs only to be simply told, to stir the imagination and quicken the blood

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of the whole English-speaking race. No attempt is here made to give any formal "history" of the reign. All that is offered is a series of separate and quick-following pictures from the story of the best-loved monarch, and the longest and noblest reign, in British history.

A Girl Queen.

The story of how they brought to the Princess Victoria the news that the crown of three kingdoms was hers is as classic and familiar a bit of English history as, say, the story of how King Alfred burnt the cakes, or King Charles lost his head. William IV. died at Windsor Castle shortly after midnight on June 20, 1837, and in the dewy June morning, with the stars yet shining faintly in the summer skies above them, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain were knocking at the door of Kensington Palace with the tidings. With some trouble they obtained an entrance, roused the sleepy attendants, and insisted on the Princess being awaked. No one knows exactly why these dignitaries were in such a hurry, or what grave political disaster would have followed if the Princess, thus suddenly transfigured into a Queen, had been allowed to finish her morning slumbers in peace. Miss Wynn, in her "Diary of a Lady of Quality," has described the manner in which the new Queen of England made her first appearance to her subjects. She came softly, and unattended, into the room where the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain were awaiting her—a girlish figure in "a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders; her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." Greville, in his Diary, adds "a dressing-gown" to the simplicity of the new Queen's robes. The Queen came in, the Lord Chamberlain told him, "wrapped in her dressing-gown, and with slippers on her naked feet." The Queen's own account, given to Dean Stanley twenty-six years afterwards, is:—"It was about 6 a.m. that Mamma came and called me, and said I must go and see Lord Conyngham directly—alone. I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and went into a room, where I found Lord Conyngham, who knelt and kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death."

All the details of that scene are picturesque. The Archbishop addressed her as "Your Majesty," and this was the first hint the girl-Queen had of the change in her rank. But so ready of thought and so perfectly drilled in the ceremonial of a Court was this girl of eighteen, that she instantly presented her slender hand to be kissed in acknowledgment of her queenship before the Archbishop was allowed to say another word. The first words spoken by the Queen, after listening to the tidings brought by her visitors, were:—"I ask Your Grace to pray for me." The little group knelt down, the Archbishop prayed, and when the Queen rose tears were running down her cheeks. "So was begun," says one writer, "with the tears and prayers of a pure young girl, the glorious reign of Victoria."

He must be dull of imagination, indeed, who is not stirred by the dramatic quality of that picture. Out of the realm of sleep and dreams this girl of eighteen was suddenly called to sit on the proudest throne on earth. The weight of this great office might well have tasked the brain of a statesman or the courage of a soldier. It was laid thus abruptly on the slender shoulders of that fragile figure, with naked feet and eyes still dewy with sleep. The contrast betwixt the scale and splendour of the great office, and the domestic simplicity and girlish weakness of the person called to fill it, is nothing less than startling. If painted as a scene in a romance, it would be regarded as a creation of pure genius, so picturesque and, in a sense, pathetic, is the spectacle offered to us. Yet it is a bit of the sober prose of history. And what strong-brained statesman, or tried and gallant soldier, in all the three kingdoms could have filled the great office of monarch with a loftier fidelity, or a serener wisdom, than did the half-weeping girl, whose slender hand the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain kissed in the dimly-lit room in Kensington Palace that June morning?

The Royal Kinsfolk.

It is curious to remember how many streams of royal blood converged and met in Queen Victoria. It is unnecessary to attach much weight to the courtly genealogists who trace her ancestry up to "Odoacer, a warlike chief of the Heruli," who helped to pull from his throne the last Roman Emperor of the West. How the Queen, again, came to be a Guelph, or, rather, an Este-Guelph, does not much concern "the man in the street." It interests him more to know that, on the Coburg side, the Queen's ancestry ran back to that Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, who rocked the cradle of the Reformation; while, on the purely English side, it ran up to Alfred the Great. The Queen was eighth in descent from James I., fourteenth in descent from Edward VI., twenty-eighth in descent from Henry I., thirty-fifth in descent from Alfred the Great, and thirty-seventh in descent from Egbert. This is a line of ancestry stately enough to content the imagination of a Caesar, or the pride of a Hapsburg!

But it must be confessed that the immediate ancestors of Her Majesty were of a singularly unkingly

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1859.
(After the painting by Winterhalter.)
This Picture is the one usually copied for Presentation to Ambassadors.

sort. No one can be enthusiastic over the four Georges, and the last of the four—the "fat Adonis" of Leigh Hunt—was immeasurably the worst of the dingy quartet. The sole useful act recorded of him is the invention of a buckle! For the rest, he illustrated every vice and practised every baseness possible to the average human male. Thackeray dissolved him in the cruel alembic of his satire, and vowed that, when reduced to his elements, the "first gentleman of Europe" consisted of nothing but "a bow and a grin!" "I take him to pieces," wrote Thackeray, "and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs, and a fur collar, a brown wig, reeking with oil, a set of teeth, a huge black stock, under-waistcoats,

THE HEAD OF THE QUEEN.

(From a painting by William Fowler.)

more under-waistcoats, then—nothing! . . . . I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them."

The Father of the Queen.

A more unlovely group than the sons of George III., taken together, it would be difficult to imagine. They had neither manners nor sense. They quarrelled with their father; they hated each other. They were in love with all other wives except their own. They broke the ordinary rules of morality. Of William IV. it was said that when he was in a good humour he "swore like an admiral," and when he was in a bad humour he "swore like our army in Flanders." His wit was coarse and loud, and sometimes rank with indecency. His intelligence may be judged from the fact that he persuaded himself that he had taken part in the battle of Waterloo, and actually led the charge of the Household Brigade in that great fight! He was accustomed to appeal to the Duke of Wellington for confirmation on this point, and His Grace used to reply, "I have often heard Your Majesty mention the circumstance." At his last birthday dinner, before a hundred guests, William IV. made an outrageous attack on the mother of the Princess Victoria, who sat by his side, and in stentorian tones announced that she had "grossly and continuously insulted him."

The Duke of Cumberland had the manners of a boor, and a half-lunatic fire sometimes flamed in his passions. So heartily was he hated that when on the accession of Queen Victoria, Hanover, whose crown was held under the Salic tenure, passed to him as the next male heir, and he departed to take possession of his kingdom, a medal was struck, and widely circulated to celebrate the delightful circumstance! The English nation was glad to be quit of Hanover; it was still more heartily glad to be rid of the Duke of Cumberland. Of the Duke of Sussex, who, with an air of great cheerfulness, gave away the Queen on her marriage day, the leading English Conservative journal offered the comment that "His Grace was always ready to give away what did not belong to him"! There has seldom, in fact, been a less attractive human circle than that formed by the sons of George III.

But of the group, the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen, was by far the most respectable member. His intelligence need not be ranked very high; his public career was troubled. His father hated him, his brothers quarrelled with him. He had the family gift for running into debt. But his private life was clean. His sympathies were generous. His character was domestic and affectionate, and, perhaps, alone amongst the grandchildren of George III., the Queen had no reason to blush for any act or word of her father.

When the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., died, after her brief wedded life with Prince Leopold, the prospect of the succession to the throne opened to the younger sons of George III. Of the five brothers, two were married and childless, and there is something amusing in the

haste with which the others—three stout, middle-aged men—betook themselves to wedlock in the hope of providing an heir to the crown of Great Britain. The Princess Charlotte died on November 6, 1817. On May 7, 1818, the Duke of Cambridge married the Princess of Hesse Cassel, and the Dukes of Clarence and Kent were both married on July 11 of the same year, the latter to the Princess of Leiningen, sister of Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. Of this marriage was born Queen Victoria.

A Queenly Mother.

The Queen was singularly happy in the character of her mother, though her mother's life itself can scarcely be described as a happy one. She was a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and was married, a dainty and slender girl of seventeen, to the Prince of Leiningen, and suffered eleven years of wretched wedlock with him. He died in 1814, leaving two children. Four years of peaceful widowhood followed the agitations and distresses of her married life, and then the Duke of Kent, anxiously looking for a wife who might be the mother of a future English monarch, persuaded her to marry him. She was a comely woman, brown-haired, brown-eyed, fair-skinned, of an unconquerably cheerful spirit; truthful, unselfish, and brave, and for all her soft affectionateness a Princess to her finger-tips. She found the Duke of Kent a devoted, not to say uxorious, husband, and when the birth of his child was approaching, and, determined that it should be "Briton born," he took his wife to England, he solemnly drove her the whole land journey with his own hands!

The Duke's wedded life was very brief. He died January 23, 1820; and afterwards, the Duchess wrote about herself and the baby-girl destined to be Queen of England, "we stood alone—almost friendless and alone in this country. I could not even speak the language of it." The Duke bequeathed to his widow little but his debts, and she surrendered the whole of his property to his creditors, and so left herself without furniture or home. Her sole income was her jointure of £6,000 a year, and this, through some legal flaw, was not available for months. Prince Leopold, who, as the husband of the Princess Charlotte, had a British jointure of £35,000 a year, settled £3,000 of it upon his sister; but a not unwholesome frugality was in this way made a condition of the early years of the Queen's life. The death of the Duke of Clarence's children one after another made it clear that the child of the Duchess of Kent must succeed to the throne, and in 1825 Parliament made a grant of £6,000 a year, to be expended on her education as the heir-apparent.

How a Queen was Trained.

For the devotion and intelligence with which the Duchess discharged the great trust of training the child who was to sit on the throne of Great Britain no praise can be too great. Till she became the Queen of England her daughter never slept but in the mother's room. She was taught those homely virtues which make up the enduring fabric of a pure and strong character; to hate a lie, to be considerate for others, to make duty the law of conduct, to be simple in manner and taste, to do things thoroughly, to scorn make-believe. The hands of that faithful mother shaped

PRINCE ALBERT.

(From an Engraving by F. C. Lewis after F. Winterhalter.)

the character of the future Queen, and no one can measure the effect of her training on the Court of England, and even on the character of the British people.

It is possible that, at one point, the Duchess' training erred by excess. She never forget that her daughter was to be a Queen; and though the knowledge of how near she stood to the throne was kept from the child till she was nearly twelve years of age, yet, after that period, she was so

drilled in what might be called the ritual of royalty—was so elaborately taught, that is, what she must do, and how bear herself when she wore a crown—that there is some justification for the charge that when the crown came to her the Princess forgot the daughter in the Queen. It was characteristic of the Duchess that when the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain that June morning came to tell her child she was a Queen, she sent her in alone to receive the tidings. Self-effacement does not often err by excess; but it may be doubted whether the mother would not have acted more wisely, for her own happiness, at least, if she had asserted a mother's office at that moment. Ought the ceremony that hedges a Queen to come betwixt mother and child? From that period the Duchess had to stand aloof, with hands robbed of their task, and see her child pass to the care of other counsellors.

When the Queen came into residence at Windsor Castle, and modelled her household after her own tastes, she always "invited" her mother to the royal table. The Duchess, we are told, "never approached the Queen unless specially summoned." Greville is a witness not always to be trusted; there is too much gall in his ink-pot! But, writing on July 30, 1837, when the Princess had been Queen only a few weeks, he records that the Duchess of Kent was "overwhelmed with vexation." "Her daughter behaves to her with kindness and attention, but has rendered herself quite independent of her mother, who painfully feels her own insignificance." Her child, that is, had passed out of her life and her hopes. In the dazzling splendours which lie about a Queen there was left no space for a mother's office! The hopes and dreams of eighteen years were at last fulfilled; and their fulfilment left her wretched. Human nature, and the irony of human life, in cottage or palace, it is clear, are exactly the same.

The Duchess of Kent lived to be seventy-five years of age, dying in March, 1861. She watched, for nearly a quarter of a century, her daughter wearing the crown of Great Britain; but during those years she herself had almost faded from human memory. When her patient and gentle spirit found rest, the Queen's diary shows how genuine was the Queen's grief at her mother's death; but Prince Albert's entry in his diary on the subject has a curious significance. "Her grief," he wrote, "is extreme. . . For the last two years her constant care and occupation have been to keep watch over her mother's comfort, and the influence of this upon her own character has been most salutary." But why that reference to "the last two years," and that hint as to the "salutary" effect of a daughter's affection on the Queen's own character?

Was the Queen Beautiful?

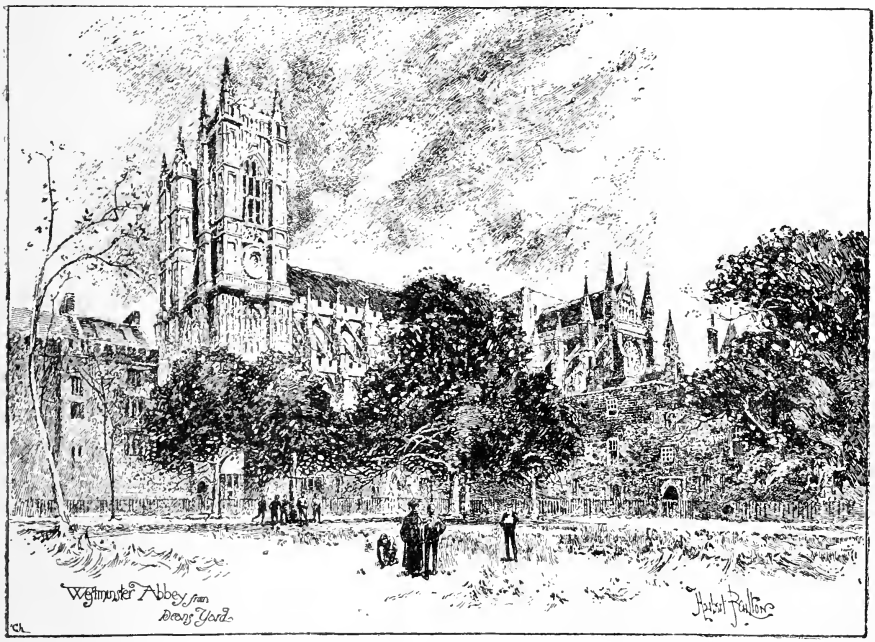
It is clear that the future Queen of England was a child of rare grace and charm. In the sombre and heavy face of later years, crowned with snow-white hair, framed in widow's weeds, there were, no doubt, strength and sense in amplest measure. Sixty years of royalty shaped the countenance into lines of womanly command. But sorrow and toil effaced the charm of earlier years. The German strain in the queenly blood became visible in the Queen's features in her last days. There was something Hanoverian in the full curve of the throat and chin, and in the pendulous cheeks. It was difficult for the imagination to see behind that strong, heavy, grave, not to say sad, countenance—the face, with colour as of a blush rose, and half-angelic brightness, which belonged to the "Drina" of seventy years before.

The testimony of simpering lady's maids and sycophantic poor relations may, of course, be dismissed. One enthusiastic critic of the period declared that, as a girl, Princess Victoria "bore a strong resemblance to all her royal uncles"!—a circumstance which, if true, would prove that she must have been about absolutely the plainest child in the three kingdoms! But better testimony is available. Mrs. Oliphant, who saw the Queen as a little girl, tells how "the calm full look of her eyes" impressed her. "Those eyes were very blue, serene, still; looking at you with tranquil breadth of expression, which, somehow, conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness quite poetic in its serious simplicity." Miss Porter, the author of "The Scottish Chiefs," describes her as "a beautiful child," with shining ringlets; "her complexion was remarkably transparent, with a soft and often heightening tinge of the sweet blush rose upon her cheeks." N. P. Willis, a well-known American writer, who saw the Princess, a girl of sixteen, in 1835, describes her as "unnecessarily pretty and interesting." Miss Tytler dwells on "the soft, open face, the fair hair, the candid blue eyes, the frank lips, slightly apart, showing the white, pearly teeth."

Perhaps the best witness is the painter Wilkie, to whom the Queen sat for the famous picture of the First Council. "She is eminently beautiful," wrote Wilkie; "her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face, in a most simple way, glossy and clean-looking." Fanny Kemble, the actress, is an equally good witness, and she fell in love with "the serene, serious sweetness of" the Queen's "candid brow, and clear soft eyes, and the gracefully-moulded hands and arms." The Queen, too, had always

the charm of a melodious voice, with accents of crystalline clearness. Fanny Kemble listened when the Queen read her first speech, and she listened with an artist's jealous criticism. "The Queen's voice," she says, "was exquisite; nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more ex-

to the pure simplicity of the girl-Queen, was startling. Crowds hung round the gates of Buckingham Palace to see her drive out. Eyes grew moist at the sight of her. "Mothers loved her," says Mrs. Tooley, "because she was such a good daughter. Girls adored her because she was one of themselves; and they smoothed and braided their hair to look like the Queen, adopted her favourite colours of pink and blue, and thanked their good fortune if they chanced to be fair, blue-eyed, and petite; while the tall, dark girls were correspondingly unhappy. . . . The con-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

cellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

It is no wonder that, when to face and voice so sweet was added the glitter of royalty—when to the girl's slender figure, with its candid eyes and smiling lips, was added the state and splendour of the Queen—a strange enthusiasm of admiration gathered round the new occupant of the British throne. The transition from George IV., with his padded body and satyr-like face, or William IV., with his loud "damns" and forecastle manners,

dition of susceptible young men was indeed tragic. Some shot themselves, and some went mad—all for love of the Virgin Queen." Charles Dickens, it is well known, had a bad attack of the "Queen fever."

English Queens.

"The English like Queens," wrote the shrewd old Duchess of Coburg to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, when her child was born; and that is perfectly true. No Norman, or Tudor, or Plantagenet of them all—not Richard the Lion-hearted, nor Ed-

ward I., nor Henry V., nor William of Orange—has impressed the popular English imagination, for example, like Queen Elizabeth. She was a shrew and a termagant. She could even swear like her father, bluff King Hal himself, upon occasion. She could box her courtiers' ears, and stab with venomous feminine stings her waiting-maids' hearts. She had a more than feminine love of dress, and a feminine habit of flirting. And yet, in defiance of sex, we may say that she was the greatest Englishman of her time, perhaps even of all times. In an age of great men—"with Shakespeare"—to quote George Dawson—"for her dramatist, Bacon for her philosopher, Spenser for her poet," and, it may be added, with Drake for her sailor, Sidney for her model of knighthood, Raleigh as her gentleman adventurer, and Burleigh as her statesman, she stood amongst them all, of equal stature with the tallest of them, and equal daring with the bravest. A woman who was fit to be the Queen of Shakespeare and Spenser, of Drake and of Raleigh, and whom Bacon pronounced "the greatest woman I ever knew," must have had regal qualities. The long line of British kings is, in a sense, a procession of shadows; and the most vivid, real, and commanding figure amongst them all is that of Elizabeth. And popular feeling about her has crystallised into that historic phrase, "Good Queen Bess."

Yes! "The English like Queens." No Salic law puts its clumsy masculine barrier round the British throne. In some respects a woman's sex is a qualification for sovereignty. It has its special risks, no doubt, but it has many compensations. It is a silent and perpetual appeal to chivalry. Rough voices must grow soft in a woman's presence, and angry passions gentle. Loyalty is more easily possible to a woman than to a member of the other and rougher sex. The imagination puts a nimbus of sentiment round a queen. Her very weakness of body is a title to service. There is something, too, in the functions of a constitutional monarch to which the woman's temperament—in some respects, at least—lends itself. Her will can be more pliant to other wills than in the case of a man. And certainly Queen Victoria, though in another way, stands as high on the great stage of history as Queen Elizabeth. She had not, perhaps, the imperious Tudor faculty for command Elizabeth possessed, and her courage had a little less of the sparkle of the sword-edge about it. As a woman she was incomparably gentler and more lovable than the shrewish daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and as a Queen she had a gentler will and less of pride. But in the serene intelligence with which she read her duty as monarch, and in the lofty and unfaltering fidelity with which she discharged that duty, Queen Victoria may well challenge comparison with Queen Elizabeth.

The First Day of Queenship.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of June 20, 1837, the girl-Princess learned she was Queen of England. Her first act as Queen was to write a letter of loving sympathy to the widow of William IV., from whom, with the dawn of that day, husband and crown had both passed. She addressed the letter to "Her Majesty the Queen," and someone said it should be addressed to "The Queen Dowager," and added, "You are the Queen now." "Yes," said this Queen of an hour, "I know Her Majesty's altered position, but I will not be the first person to remind her of it!" At 9 o'clock the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, came; at 11 o'clock the first Privy Council of the new reign was held. The great bell of St. Paul's was tolling for the dead monarch, while all the great personages of the realm were swearing allegiance to his successor!

Nothing could well be more picturesque or characteristic than that first Privy Council. All the great figures of the realm were there—the Iron Duke, Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham; the royal dukes, great soldiers, famous statesmen, the representatives of half the noble houses of Great Britain. The Queen had been asked what attendance she would have when she entered the council. Should the great officers of state accompany her? No; she replied. She would enter alone. The Privy Council sat waiting, when the door opened, and the child-Queen, a slender, girlish figure, clad in black, entered alone. The members of the council rose to their feet, and with modest self-possession this maiden of eighteen bowed to the lords and moved to her seat. Elizabeth was twenty-five when the crown came to her, Mary was thirty-seven, Anne was thirty-eight. They were women, that is, familiar with the world and with life. But Queen Victoria passed at a single step from the simplicity of a girl's life to the full-orbed duties of Queen, and did not lose in the process her serene composure or her girlish modesty. Yet, to pass from playing with "Dash" to presiding over a council of statesmen at an hour's notice was a transition which might have tried the nerve of a soldier!

The First Council.

Greville has left a picture of that memorable first Council which will be historic. "Never," he says, "was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise which was raised about her manner and behaviour; and certainly

not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for." He tells in what clear and bell-like tones the Queen read her declaration to the Council, prepared by Melbourne, and with what girlish naturalness she signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, and how she bore herself when the Privy Councillors took the oath of allegiance. The two royal dukes were first sworn, and, says Greville, "as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her."

THE QUEEN.

(Engraved by Forester after a Painting by Winterhalter.)

The succession of men famous in war or in statesmanship who knelt to kiss her slender hand in that scene sometimes bewildered the Queen, and she looked occasionally to Melbourne for instruction. But, for the rest, her perfect self-possession, as she sat with modestly-bent head, never failed. Peel told Greville how "amazed" he was at her manner and behaviour, the queenly firmness and strength which were visible beneath her girlish modesty. The Duke of Wellington, grimly reticent of praise, was thawed into a quite unaccustomed enthusiasm. If she had been his own daughter, he said, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

The truth is that, when the girl-Queen, her slender figure clad in black, entered unattended that first Privy Council, a new force entered into the public life of Great Britain. The crown was cleansed at a breath from the vices and the scandals, the ignoble follies, the selfish ambitions, which for a whole generation, at least, had gathered round it. It became a centre of gentleness and of purity. The figure of the girl monarch was a constant appeal to all that was most chivalrous and least selfish in her subjects. A new air breathed through the not too cleanly realm of politics. It is a quaint illustration of the new and more harmonious chord struck in public feeling that Daniel O'Connell, in his stentorian tones, announced in a speech, delivered at the time, "if necessary, I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to de-

fend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled." What figures could express the gain which England made by exchanging a George IV. or a William IV. for the purity and the sweet simplicity of a girl-Queen?

How a Queen is Crowned.

It is so long since England saw a coronation that the public imagination quite fails to realise what a glittering and majestic function it is. The story of the Queen's coronation, indeed, with its many-coloured glow of silks and jewels, its pomp of music and of ritual, its antique and semi-feudal ceremonies, is like a page of the "Arabian Nights." It is true that some of the details of the coronation were softened down to suit the new monarch's sex. All the lords, spiritual and temporal, for example, were entitled to kiss the new monarch's left cheek, and 600 kisses in public, from as many masculine faces of all ages and complexions, and penetrating quality of beards, formed a somewhat alarming prospect for a maiden of eighteen!

Parliament, too, like John Gilpin's wife, although on pleasure bent, was of a decidedly frugal mind. It cost the nation the modest sum of £238,000 to put the crown in due form on the empty head of George IV., and the House of Commons refused to vote more than £50,000 for the coronation ceremony of Queen Victoria. The actual cost, it turned out, was £69,000. Then, too, the crown worn by George IV. and William IV. was both too large and too heavy for a maiden's brow. It weighed seven pounds, and the Queen, if she had worn it, would have resembled a boy adorned with the beaver hat of his grandfather. So a new crown and a lighter sceptre had to be made. There was to be no procession of the estates of the realm. The champion of England was not to throw down his gauntlet in defence of the rights of the new monarch, and challenge a hostile world to take it up. The ceremony was thus robbed of some of its picturesque elements. Yet it remains one of the most stately and impressive scenes in British history.

The crowds to watch the ceremony were gathering in the streets all through the night of June 27. On the first gleam of white light in the east on the morning of June 28—or at seventeen minutes past 3, to be exact—the deep voice of cannon announced to London that the day for crowning a new English monarch had dawned, and from every church tower and steeple, not merely throughout London, but throughout England, the bells broke into joyous clangour. At 5 o'clock the doors of Westminster Abbey were thrown open. Its ancient walls and aisles burned deep with the colours of crimson and purple hangings and cloth of gold. There were galleries for ambassadors, for members of Parliament, for famous visitors. The altar gleamed with gold plate. In front of it was placed the Chair of St. Edward, with the celebrated "Stone of Destiny," of unknown but mysterious history, beneath it. In the choir, on a platform covered with cloth of gold, stood the great Chair of Homage. On either side of the nave were lines of Life Guards, with glittering breastplates and white plumes. The entire transept was filled with peers and peeresses. Trumpeters were perched aloft; the white-surpliced choir stood in close ranks.

At 5 o'clock the doors of the Abbey rolled back, and the stream of guests quickly overflowed the great building. All that was fairest, richest, and most distinguished in the three kingdoms was gathered under the ancient roof of the famous Abbey. Soon through the stained windows the glory of the morning sun broke, and, as the many-coloured lights played on aisles and galleries, on steel helmets and cloth of gold, on rich costumes and glittering jewels, the sombre Abbey was turned into a mere flame of splendour. Harriet Martineau sat in one of the galleries, and, with a woman's instinct, watched the effect produced when, about 9 o'clock, the sunlight in slanting lines fell upon the great parterre of peeresses. "I had never before seen," she said, "the full effect of diamonds. As the light travelled, each peeress shone like a rainbow. The brightness, vastness, and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness."

The Queen's Entrance.

At 10 o'clock the thunder of guns told the world that the Queen had left Buckingham Palace. Greville says that the sum of £200,000 was paid for seats or windows along the line the Queen took. In her train rode, amongst many other stately figures, two whom the crowd welcomed with shouts nearly as deep and ringing as those aroused by the sight of the girl-Queen herself. They were the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult! They had contended against each other on many a battle-field, and now rode in peace, side by side, in the train of a monarch of England. A British crowd is, somehow, quick to see the dramatic or picturesque element in any spectacle; and the sight of these war battered soldiers together stirred the great crowds immensely.

At 12 o'clock the great procession moved up the nave of Westminster Abbey, while organ and choir broke out into the anthem, "I was glad when

they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." A group of Bishops escorted the Queen. Eight girls, each the daughter of a duke, carried her train. Fifty stately English dames, members of the Queen's household, followed, and behind them a great company of princes and ambassadors. Great officers of state bore the regalia before the Queen. But the central figure was the young Queen herself. As one who looked on the spectacle describes her:—"A royal maiden of nineteen, with a fair, pleasant face, a slight figure, rather small in stature, but showing a queenly carriage, especially in the pose of the throat and head."

The Queen advanced to the Recognition Chair beside the altar, and then knelt in silent prayer, while the great audience hushed down into reverent sympathy. When she rose, with a thrilling tumult of fresh, boyish voices the Westminster boys shouted, "Victoria! Victoria! Vivat Victoria regina!" The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the girl-monarch to her subjects with the ancient formula:—

"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

Thrice, to the nave and to either transept, that appeal was made, the Queen facing each quarter in turn; and thrice to the Abbey roof rang the answering shout, "God save Queen Victoria." For long that wave of human sound rolled through nave and transept, and, as it died away, from the galleries above the blast of trumpets answered; the martial roll of drums was added to the tumult, and then the great organ commenced to peal out the National Anthem, into which thousands of human voices melted.

Next followed the almost inaudible Litany, with a wholly inaudible sermon. Then came the actual ceremonies of coronation. The Queen was placed in the historic chair of Edward I., while four knights of the Garter held a cloth over her head, and her head and hands were anointed by the Dean of Westminster with oil. She was invested with the royal robe, girt with the royal sword. The crown was placed on her head. Lord Melbourne, according to an ancient custom, "redeemed" the sword by "a hundred shillings," duly paid on the spot, in current coin of the realm, and thenceforth carried it unsheathed before the Queen. When the crown was placed upon her head while she knelt, one of the spectators records that at that exact moment "a ray of sunlight fell on the Queen's face, and being reflected from the diamonds, made a kind of halo round her head." At that moment, too, all the peers put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, etc., and the whole assembly took a new splendour. When the sceptre was placed in the Queen's hands, she whispered to Lord John Thynne, "What am I to do with it?" "Carry it, Your Majesty," was the reply. "Am I?" whispered the Queen, "it is very heavy." On that slight figure, indeed, the paraphernalia of royalty pressed heavily, and it was noticed that the Queen, more than once, lifted with both hands the heavy robe of cloth of gold from her shoulders, as though its weight overpowered her. When the coronation ring was placed upon the Queen's finger, it was found that it was too small, having been made for the little finger instead of the fourth; but, with unfeeling fidelity, the Archbishop insisted on forcing it upon the proper finger, with somewhat serious injury to it.

Then came the ceremony of enthroning and of homage. The Archbishop of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and for the lords spiritual. The royal dukes and the temporal peers, each class in order, ascended the steps of the throne, removed their coronets, and repeated the oath of allegiance in ancient Saxon form:—

"I do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folk, so help me God!"

Each peer then, in turn, touched the cross on Her Majesty's crown as sign of allegiance; seventeen dukes, twenty-two marquises, ninety-four earls, twenty viscounts, and ninety-two barons went through that process. The ceremony was lengthy. In fact, as Miss Greenwood puts it, "Her Majesty spent nearly five hours in being finished as Queen!"

The ceremony of homage was not without its element of burlesque. Lord Rolle, who was nearly ninety years of age, and both fat and gouty, tried with imperfect success to climb the steps to the coronation chair. Harriet Martineau shall describe what followed:—

> The large, infirm old man was held up by two peers, and had nearly reached the royal footstool when he slipped through the hands of his supporters, and rolled over and over down the steps, lying at the bottom coiled up in his robes. He was instantly lifted up, and he tried again and again, amidst shouts of admiration of his valour. The Queen at length spoke to Lord Melbourne, who stood at her shoulder, and he bowed approval. On which she rose, leaned forward, and held out her hand to the old man, dispensing with his touching the crown. He was not hurt, and his self-quizzing on his misadventure was as brave as his behaviour at the time. A foreigner in London gravely reported to his own countrymen, what he entirely believed on the word of a wag, that the Lords Rolle held their title on the condition of performing the feat at every coronation!

Through what a tempest of cheers the Queen drove back to Buckingham Palace may be guessed. It is on record that as she entered the palace

court she heard the barking of her favourite dog, Dash. The Queen, in a moment, was lost in the girl! "There's Dash!" she cried, eagerly, "I must go and give him his bath." Thomas Carlyle's comment on the whole ceremony is worth quoting. "Poor little Queen," he wrote, "she is at an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink."

Lord Melbourne.

The Queen had, of course, to serve an apprenticeship to royalty, and her political tutor was also her first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. "I have no small talk," said the Duke of Wellington, "and Peel has no manners, so the Queen must be left to Melbourne"! At first sight, indeed, Melbourne might have seemed pre-eminently unfitted for the task of training in royal duties a pure-minded girl, brought up in almost cloistered seclusion. A certain note of off-handedness—not to say roughness—was his chief characteristic. He pretended to play at politics; and, with a sort of inverted hypocrisy, affected vices he did not possess, as other men assume the show of virtues to which they have no claim. His speech was punctuated with "damns" as profusely as though he had served with the army in Flanders. The shadow of a scandal lay on his private life. His domestic relations had been singularly unhappy. He is the one Prime Minister of the Queen's reign who figured, justly or unjustly, in a divorce court. Melbourne, however, was, in spite of superficial faults, an English gentleman to his finger-tips.

He was singularly handsome, graceful, and easy in manner, with a gift—in private, at least—for pungent and lucid speech, though that faculty usually forsook him in public. And this blase man of the world, bankrupt in his own domestic happiness, had beneath his affectation of cynicism a wealth of chivalrous and even half-romantic sentiment, to which the Queen's youth and innocence and helplessness appealed with resistless force. Amid the jostling hates and greeds and plots of the public life of that day the Queen stood, almost like the lady in "Comus," amid the rabble at that strange feast which Milton painted. To the young Queen, in her first uncertain steps along the slippery and obscure paths of that dim realm, Melbourne was "a strong siding champion." He had to teach her the very alphabet of politics, as politics present themselves to a constitutional sovereign—how to be loyal to all parties, yet belong to none; how to suppress self; how to become the voice and instrument of the policy which other brains had shaped; how to understand and administer that ancient, shapeless, unwritten, mystical thing, the British Constitution. Such a task, with such a teacher and such a pupil, was never before undertaken in British history!

But Melbourne did his work, not merely with an absolutely flawless loyalty—his chivalry as an English gentleman ensured that—but with a diligence which a German professor might have envied, and a tact and skill which no other figure at that moment in British politics—perhaps no other diplomatist or statesman in Europe—could have rivalled. Perhaps no man before or since, says Brett, "has quite filled the place that Lord Melbourne occupied in the life of a girl who was not his wife or his daughter." For four years he saw the Queen every day, and was with her for hours of every day. All public business filtered through his lips into her mind. He had to give advice on every detail of the Queen's life, of her correspondence, of her household, of her public duties. And in the language of Mr. Brett, "he never betrayed his responsibility, nor presumed upon his position."

Melbourne was a Whig, but he knew and taught the Queen the lesson that she must neither be Whig nor Tory. Wherever the Queen went during those four years, through all functions, and in all scenes, there never failed to be seen the figure of Lord Melbourne, walking half a pace behind her on her right, stooping a little, so as to be quite within ear-shot. He rode beside the Queen whenever she went out on horseback. He sat beside her every night in the drawingroom at Windsor Castle. "He is at the Queen's side," wrote Greville, "for at least six hours every day—an hour in the morning, two on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. Melbourne's manner to the Queen," adds Greville—a quite competent judge—"is perfect." But he goes on to say—"It is marvellous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. . . . Never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations and habits! Instead of indolently sprawling, in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language, interlarded with 'damns,' is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle."

All the other work of Melbourne's life has perished, and is forgotten. What he did in shaping the Queen's political character, and so colouring her whole reign, can hardly be computed. Who can imagine how different might have been the history of these sixty years if, as Brett puts it, Queen Victoria had exhibited "the obstinacy of George III., or the partisanship of Queen Anne, or the unconscientious neglect of duty so conspicu-

ous in George IV."! Melbourne was sixty-three years old when a change of Ministry took him from the Queen's side; and when the Queen passed out of his life, his existence practically ended. A strange sadness fell upon him. He who in youth had been noted for his gay recklessness fell suddenly into a mood of senile melancholy. "Hearts break oftener than is generally supposed," says Brett, "and they are cleft in curious and unnoticed angles." And he hints that the strange shadow which lay upon Melbourne's last days is explained by the circumstance that he was broken-hearted by his separation from the Queen! The average politician's heart is so tough an organ that the idea of any loss—even that most desperate of all calamities, the loss of office—breaking it seems humorous! Yet there is some real justification for the belief that when Melbourne had to give up his place at the Queen's side to his political rivals, the success with which Her Majesty practised the lesson he had himself taught her, of exchanging advisers with smiling serenity, broke his heart!

A Lady's Will in Politics.

The Queen had always a vehement and womanly will of her own, and Melbourne did not find her an invariably docile pupil. In some moment of weariness or vexation, indeed, he is reported to have said that "he would rather manage ten kings than one queen"! And the famous "bedchamber" quarrel is an illustration of troubles caused by the introduction of a girl's vehemence into the grave business of politics.

The Melbourne Ministry resigned office on May 7, 1839, having been beaten on a bill for the government of Jamaica. The Queen sent for the Duke of Wellington, who advised her to send for Peel. He duly formed his Cabinet; and, when submitting the list to Her Majesty, asked for the dismissal of certain ladies in the Royal household, who were closely related to some members of the late Cabinet. Peel looked at the matter as a politician, the Queen as a woman, and, it may be added, a somewhat vehement woman. If the wives and sisters of his chief political opponents were to be the ladies closest in attendance upon the Queen, Peel believed that his work as Prime Minister would be seriously hindered. The Queen, on the other hand, wrote to Melbourne, "They want to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and housemaids. They wish to treat me like a girl; but I will show them that I am Queen of England"!

Both Peel and Wellington remonstrated with due official gravity with the Queen: but in vain. "You may take my lords," she said, with a touch of feminine passion, "but not my ladies!" This Queen of nineteen, in brief, was strong-willed enough to overturn a great Ministerial combination. Peel resigned his task. "I have stood by you and you must now stand by me," said the Queen to the leaders of the Whig party: and they agreed that, though constitutionally they were hopelessly wrong, yet "as gentlemen" they were bound to stand by the Queen! And the Whigs returned to office, and continued two years longer in power, on the strength of that very un-Whiggish cry of the Sovereign—"I will show them that I am Queen of England"!

How the Queen "Proposed."

"Nice customs curtsey to great Kings," as Shakespeare teaches us; and great Queens, like great Kings, have, no doubt, exceptional privileges. Whether the power of turning all years into leap years, and of "flinging the handkerchief," Sultan fashion, to the objects of their affections, is included amongst these privileges may, perhaps, be doubted. But that the Queen proposed to Prince Albert, and not the Prince to the Queen, is certain; and there is a world of natural curiosity—not all of it feminine—as to how she did it, and why.

No male lover would willingly have the words in which he "proposes" to the object of his affections taken down in relentless shorthand, and printed in unsympathetic ink. If they were thus treated he would probably be amazed at their gasping clumsiness, their imbecility, their grammar, or, rather, their want of grammar! Many stories are current as to the manner in which Her Majesty "popped the question." One story runs that on three days successively the Queen asked the Prince "whether he liked England," and on each occasion he answered, "Exceedingly." After her third enquiry, the girl-Queen, with downcast eyes and a soft blush, replied, "Then it depends on you to make it your home!" A proposal, however, distributed over three days sounds rather chilly, and Prince Albert must have been a very dull-witted and faint-hearted lover if it took three days of maidenly hints to bring him to the point.

As a matter of fact, however, we are not left to mere guesses on this interesting subject. We know the exact day and manner in which the Queen proposed, thanks to the fierce light which beats on even the private correspondence of royalties. The date of the interesting event is October 15, 1839. The Prince and his brother had just come on a visit to Windsor, and older and wiser heads had determined that the Prince and the Queen should "come to an understanding"—as the phrase goes—during the visit. Early in the morning the Prince rode out to a hunt, and on his return the Queen sent for him to her room, and, with characteristic warmth and frankness, pro-

posed they should enter wedded life together. "The Queen," wrote Prince Albert to his grandmother, three days afterwards, "sent for me alone to her room, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her supremely happy if I would make the sacrifice of sharing her life with her. For, she said, she looked on it as a sacrifice. The only thing that troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me." What could a youthful Prince, into whose tingling ears a girl-Queen poured these words, with softly-flushing cheeks, and eyes love-lit but tear-wet, reply? "The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this," wrote Prince Albert, "quite enchanted me. I was quite carried away by it."

The Queen, slightly more energetic than the Prince, wrote the same day to her uncle, King Leopold. "My mind," she said, "is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection. . . . I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice—for such in my opinion it is—as small as I can." To Baron Stockmar—that wise counsellor of kings—she wrote the same day, "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning; I feel certain he will make me happy. I wish I could feel as certain of making him happy." These are sentiments which become a Queen as much as a milkmaid, at such a maidenly crisis!

The Sober History of It.

There is, of course, a history behind that tender scene at Windsor Castle on October 15, 1839, which explains it. Prince Albert was the cousin of the Queen, born three months later than her; and from their very babyhood such far-seeing matchmakers as Leopold and the Dowager Duchess of Coburg had planned the wedlock of the pair. No word of love was spoken betwixt the youthful cousins, but august relatives discussed the proposed alliance, and ingeniously trained the princely pair for it. The union became a question of high politics when the Princess blossomed into Queen. All the unmarried royalties of Europe watched, with eager eyes, the girlish figure, who had just ascended the greatest throne in the world. No less than five royal suitors, at a more or less advanced stage of affection, were in sight. King Leopold had discussed the proposed marriage frankly with Prince Albert; and, more diplomatically, with the Queen herself. The Queen, in reply to a direct question as to whom she would wish for a husband, said, jestingly, the only person she could think of accepting was "Arthur, Duke of Wellington"!

There is no doubt, however, that from her early girlhood the Queen regarded the Prince with much more than cousinly affection. But the intoxication of royalty, the sense of freedom and of power, which came upon her on her accession to the throne, the thronging delights of her great position, filling every sense and faculty, thrust maidenly love for a while completely in the background. Early in 1838 she told King Leopold that she was "too young to marry," and the Prince was still younger. His English, too, was imperfect. He lacked experience and self-reliance, etc. These are very frost-bitten arguments to come from a girl's lips when talking about her future husband! But the Queen was tempted to postpone softer feelings to queenly pride. She would enjoy her splendid life for three or four years, and then add to the jewelled crown of a Queen the plain gold ring of a wife!

Love's Self-Reproach.

As a matter of fact, the Queen discontinued writing to the Prince after her accession. Prince Albert, on learning the Queen's proposal of a vague and lengthy postponement, plucked up self-respect and courage sufficient to insist that the matter must be either on or off. He was willing to wait, he said, provided there was a definite engagement; but "if after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a ridiculous position."

The Queen, in after years, was very severe upon herself for that disloyal pause betwixt love and mere splendour. In a note to the "Early Years of Prince Albert" she wrote:—

> Nor can the Queen now think without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry. The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her.

Prince Charming.

The Queen's hesitation, it is clear, vanished before the charm of Prince Albert's presence when he came on his visit to Windsor in October, 1839. And, in truth, the Prince had all the qualities of body and mind necessary to make him an ideal suitor, and to kindle the white flame of love in any maiden's bosom. He was tall, erect, graceful,

clear-complexioned, with regular features, hair of a light and silky brown, grey-blue eyes full of expression, and set beneath dark eyebrows; an intellectual brow, and a mouth of singular sweetness, with perfect teeth. A little comeliness, of course, goes far on royal features; but, says Justin M'Carthy, "had Prince Albert been the son of a farmer or a butler he must have been admired for his singular personal attractions." The Queen herself wrote—"Albert's beauty is most striking." A lady's judgment on the looks of her lover ought, of course, to be liberally discounted; but Caroline Fox, who contemplated male beauty with the prim austerity of a Quakeress, writes in her Memories: "The Prince is certainly a very beautiful young man."

He had, however, better gifts than those of form and feature. He was pure-minded, affectionate, loyal to duty, taking grave views of life, and resolute in his hate of wrong. He was, perhaps, over-educated; for, as Justin M'Carthy says, he had been brought up "as if he were to be a professional musician, a professional chemist or botanist, and a professor of history, belles-lettres, and the fine arts!" His chief intellectual defect was a certain want of the sense of humour, and this, in spite of the fact that, when young, he showed a remarkable talent for mimicry of the grotesque type.

A Model Lover.

But, taking Prince Albert's character as a whole, Tennyson's famous lines in the dedication of the "Idylls of the King" are scarcely an exaggeration:—

> And indeed he seems to me
> Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,
> "Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
> Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
> Who loved one only, and who clave to her—"
> Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
> Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
> The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
> Darkening the world.

To wear, unstained, the white flower of blameless life in the murky atmosphere of a Court, before a "thousand peering littlenesses," and

> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
> And blackens every blot,

is a great moral and intellectual feat; and Prince Albert is one of the few characters in history that have accomplished it.

Perhaps Prince Albert's best qualification for a happy life as Prince Consort was the wealth of affectionateness which characterised him. There are two unlike sides to the German nature. One is hard as steel and greedy as the sea. The other is sentimentally affectionate to a point which the more reserved Englishman thinks slightly ridiculous. And it was this latter side of the German character which, qualified by grave sense, was predominant in the Prince. His affection for his elder brother, Ernest, for example, was of a quality which suggests the fables of classic times, and is tragically rare in royal houses. When contrasted with the vulgar and loud-voiced hates which raged among the sons of George III., it shows of what a different moral stock came the husband of the Queen and the father of the future kings of England.

Betrothed Royalties.

Love ran its usual course, and produced its usual emotions with the betrothed pair. The Queen and Prince sang sentimental duets together, and took moonlight walks in the stately gardens of Windsor Castle, as though they had been shepherd and milk-maid. The Queen's pen never tires in telling to all her correspondents how perfectly happy she is. "The days," she writes, "go past like dreams! God grant," she adds, "that I may be the happy person—the most happy person—to make this dearest blessed being happy and contented." When the Prince, after a month of stately love-making, left for the Continent, the Queen drooped in the most orthodox fashion. She spent much of her time in playing over the songs they had sung together, and in gazing at her lover's portrait. The Prince, on his part, writes exactly as a sentimental German prince ought to write. "What you say," he wrote to the Queen's mother, "about my poor little bride sitting all alone in her room, silent and sad, has touched me to the heart. Oh, that I might fly to her side and cheer her!"

It had been agreed that an early marriage was desirable, and on November 23 the Queen announced her intended marriage to the Privy Council, and afterwards to the House of Lords. Both were somewhat trying experiences for a mere girl; but, as the Queen herself confided to the Duchess of Gloucester, "neither of them was half so trying as having to propose to Albert!" The Queen left on record the circumstance that, when she entered the Council Chamber, which was crowded, and read her declaration of marriage, she noticed only two things. One was Lord Melbourne's eyes, "looking kindly at me, full of tears;" and the other was the portrait of her lover, which she wore on her wrist! Greville says that the Queen acted with great decision and independence in settling the business of her own marriage without consulting Melbourne at all on the subject. The Prime Minister, he says in effect, heard the news of the engagement first by rumour, and on asking the Queen, was told that "she had nothing to tell him." A fortnight afterwards she informed him

the whole thing was settled! If this be true, Melbourne showed great magnanimity, as he simply told the Queen, "Your Majesty will be much more comfortable, for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be." Yet Melbourne must have known that the Queen's husband must thrust him from that unique position of influence and friendship he held in the Queen's life.

Crumpled Rose Leaves.

The marriage took place on February 10, 1840, or after an engagement of only four months. A bill for the naturalisation of Prince Albert was passed through both Houses, and the title of His Royal Highness, with the rank of field-marshal, was bestowed upon him by royal letters patent. The Prince was, for his rank, a poor man, with a modest income of only £2,400 a year; and even of this he divested himself before sailing for England to become the Prince Consort, and the House of Commons settled upon him an allowance of £30,000 per annum. General Grey and Lord Torrington were despatched to Coburg to invest the Prince with the Order of the Garter, and accompany him to England.

The preliminaries of the marriage were not settled, however, without some unpleasant squabbling. The announcement to the Privy Council and to Parliament omitted to state that the Prince was a Protestant, and the rumour spread wide and fast that the Prince was, in fact, a Roman Catholic! A debate on the subject took place in the House of Lords, and the Duke of Wellington carried an amendment inserting the word "Protestant" in the address in the reply to the Queen's message. Lord Melbourne had argued that, as the law forbade a sovereign wedding a Roman Catholic, the statement that the Prince was a Protestant was unnecessary. Any other marriage would be illegal. Brougham, in reply, told Melbourne he was mistaken as to the law. "There is no prohibition as to marriage with a Catholic," he said, "it is only attended with a penalty. That penalty is merely the forfeiture of the crown!" Prince Albert's Protestantism, in fact, was of quite heroic quality. He was a descendant of Frederick the Wise of Saxony, Luther's friend and protector; and, as the Prince himself wrote to the Queen—"There has not been a single Catholic Princess introduced into the Coburg family since the appearance of Luther in 1521."

A more serious dispute arose over the precedence to be accorded to the Prince Consort. The Queen herself desired to make him King Consort, and to give him precedence next to herself, but this was vehemently resisted. The Duke of Wellington, curiously enough, headed the opposition, on the ground that "it would be unjust," and the clause giving the Prince this status had to be withdrawn from the Naturalisation Bill. The Queen at last cut the knot of the difficulty by issuing a royal patent, declaring it to be her royal pleasure that her husband should enjoy precedence next after herself. When the Queen prorogued Parliament, after her marriage, the Prince sat on a seat of honour by her side, and even the Duke of Wellington was satisfied. "I told you," he said, "that was the best way to settle the dispute. Let the Queen place the Prince where she thinks fit." The Duke, with equally blunt common sense, settled a similar question of social privilege. Lord Albemarle, as Master of the Horse, claimed the right to sit in the Queen's coach on state occasions. Questions of Court precedence, the Duke held, were to be settled, not by acts of Parliament, but by the royal will. "The Queen," he said, "can make Lord Albemarle sit on the top of the coach, under the coach, behind the coach, or wherever else Her Majesty pleases!" Thus are nice questions of precedence dissolved in the alembic of common sense!

(To be continued.)

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

Will England Last the Century?

Perhaps. But Not Unless——

A writer, signing himself "Calchas," in the "Fortnightly Review," discusses this question, and his conclusions are worth considering. Every century, he says, has seen the rise of a new Power and the transfer of political supremacy. In the sixteenth it was Spain; in the seventeenth, France; in the eighteenth, England; in the nineteenth, Germany; and the broad question for the twentieth is whether Great Britain or the German Empire at the end of the next two or three generations will possess the relative ascendency in trade and its inseparable attribute, sea power. The Germans are convinced that their real difficulty will be with America, and that in the year 2001 England will be a bad third to the other two. "Calchas" does not accept this estimate, but he admits that it is very likely to be fulfilled unless we wake up and bestir ourselves:—

Our real task and our best chance of success, if we are thoroughly awakened in time, will be in the struggle with Germany for the second place. We have reached our limit. England can be but one among the workshops, the warehouses, and the transport managers of the earth. Our utmost pains and brains could not have prevented this development, and cannot avert it. The universal and automatic character of this mighty menace, far more than the superiority of our more fresh-blooded competitors in effort and technique, is what brings out the immense extent and urgency of the problem.

Still There is Time.

He does not think our chance is quite gone, for we have still time at least to make a good fight for our position:—

The British Empire as yet has time, time, time, to send the stimulus of a new national spirit, strenuous and keen, deriving its invaluable strength from its urgent sense of necessity, throughout every class of her people, from top to bottom, from her Cabinet to her infant schools. If we cannot keep our trade we cannot keep our Empire, and our population, should the commercial struggle become beyond our strength, would flock to Australia and Canada in numbers that would make at least the future of our colonies secure. The failure of our industrial greatness would make our dispeoplement like that of Ireland upon a greater scale. But our trade we shall not keep unless we intensify our education, quicken our application, harden our perseverance and evoke a renaissance of the national spirit in which every citizen shall work in the constant thought that England's place in the world will be presently at stake, and that it still depends upon herself whether she shall sink or stand.

A Drastic Plan of Salvation.

He draws up a programme under seven heads, which may be summarised as follows:—

1. Get the Premiership out of the House of Lords.

2. To raise the navy to a three-power scale, adding a North Sea Fleet to the Mediterranean Fleet and the Channel Squadron, is essentially more necessary than the reorganisation of the army.

3. Adopt conscription.

4. Make friends with Russia. To settle with Russia by withdrawing opposition in the Near East and in the Far East so far as Manchuria is concerned, would relieve to an extraordinary extent the sense of diplomatic pressure under which the nation and the Foreign Office live now. It would advance Russia's economic development by several generations, it would make a Continental coalition against us impossible, and it ought to be the grand aim of British policy.

5. Appoint the strongest possible Royal Commission to reduce our educational chaos to order, and compel our youth to substitute schooling for sport.

6. Grapple with the drink traffic and abolish the slums.

7. Adopt some system of protection, and introduce a system of bounties and subsidies.

If the strongest possible Royal Commission were to be appointed to sit in judgment on "Calchas'" scheme, it is very probable that on two or three of his recommendations the judgment would be that the remedy is worse than the disease. His article, however, is a noteworthy indication of the uneasiness which is beginning to prevail as to our ability to hold our own in the race.

Sir Robert Hart on China.

The "Fortnightly" is fortunate enough to have obtained a second article from Sir Robert Hart, which arrived after the body of the magazine had gone to press. It is, therefore, added on as a kind of appendix to the number. There is nothing in this article so sensational as that which appeared in the November issue, but there is much in it to provoke reflection. Sir Robert confirms the testimony of correspondents as to the atrocities which characterised the advance of the allies upon Pekin:—

From Taku to Pekin the foreigner has marched triumphantly; there have only been a few fights, and every foot of ground has not had to be contested, but yet every hamlet, or village, or town along the way has the mark of the avenger on it: populations have disappeared—houses and buildings have been burned and destroyed—and crops are rotting all over the country in the absence of reapers. Remembering how these places teemed with happy, contented, industrious people last spring, it is hard to realise that autumn does not find them there—they have all vanished, and that, along the hundred and twenty miles between beach and capital scarcely a sign of life is to be seen, and one cannot help sorrowing over the necessity or the fatality which brought about such woe and desolation.

"Looting and Vengeance Christian Virtues."

When the allied forces got to Pekin it was not the Christians, but the heathen contingent, which showed the greatest regard for principles of morality and justice:—

Strangely enough the quarter of the city governed by the Japanese was speedily seen to be the best administered. The men of one flag showed their detestation of the most ancient of civilisations by the wanton destruction of whatever they could not carry off—those of another preached the gospel of cleanliness by shooting down anybody who committed a nuisance in public—while those of a third spread their ideas on the sanctity of family life by breaking into private houses and ravishing the women and girls they found there: so said gossip; captured cities must suffer and the populations of wrong-doing cities must pay the penalty of wrong-doing, but there are ways and ways of exacting reparation and teaching lessons for the future—was this the best? Some missionaries took such a leading part in "spoiling the Egyptians" for the greater glory of God that a bystander was heard to say, "For a century to come Chinese converts will consider looting and vengeance Christian virtues!"

As for the argument which some use in defence of this policy of brutality, that it was necessary to strike terror and produce a summary impression throughout China, Sir Robert replies by saying:—

As for the teaching or terrorising effect that the march of the Allies has had, it has merely affected the borders of a road through two or three of the two hundred or more prefectures which make up the eighteen provinces, and the prevalent belief at a distance is that the foreigners have been thrashed, and are not victorious.

"The Only Practical Solution."

Passing on from a statement of what has taken place to a discussion of what ought to be done, Sir Robert sticks to his text that the policy of partition is impossible. He says:—

The only practical solution, in the interest of law and order and a speedy restoration of the tranquillity that makes life and commercial relations safe and profitable, is first of all to leave the present dynasty where it is and as it is, and let the people of China deal with it themselves when they feel its mandate has expired, and in the second place to impose on it as the condition of peace only such stipulations as are at once practical and practicable as well as just and justifiable. On the one side, then, China has to reconstruct her foreign relations—she has to apologise, make reparation, pay indemnities, and accept various new arrangements, and, on the other, sundry internal reconstruction has become a necessity, seeing that modifications are called for to guarantee financial engagements and insure full protection for merchants, missionaries, and ministers. The elaboration of all these points will take time, but each step will suggest the next, and new light will shine to guide at each turning.

Britain in a Back Seat.

Up to the date at which the article was written little or nothing was done to carry out even this moderate programme:—

Foreign troops have now held capital and vicinity for months, and as yet the negotiators have not had a single sitting; this delay is creating unrest where all was quiet before, and so the difficulty is increasing, far-away regions begin to be affected, trade is coming to a standstill, revenue is falling off, failure to meet national obligations and pay the interest on foreign loans is hanging over a Government that would scorn repudiation, native and foreigner at Pekin and Tientsin are alike feeling how military occupation can pinch, and some escape from a situation that is entailing so much and such wide-spread suffering and inconvenience is hourly more necessary.

The most remarkable feature of the complicated story I have endeavoured to unravel is the apparently subordinate role played in it by Great Britain. There has not been an important proposal which could be traced to her authorship, not one of the many circular notes which bears the imprimatur of Downing-street. Although her material interests in China are superior to those of all the other Powers combined, she has been almost as passive during the crisis as Austria or Italy.

What Partition Would Involve.

But although there may be difficulties and delays, he maintains that we must at all costs avoid a policy of partition:—

Whatever portion of China is ceded will have to be ruled by force, and the larger the territory so ceded the more soldiers will its management require and the more certain will be unrest and insurrection. The whole of a partitioned China will make common cause against its several foreign rulers, and, if anarchy be not its condition for years and from year to year, quiet, or the appearance of quiet will be nothing more than a preparation for the inevitable spring with which, sooner or later, sudden revolt will everywhere show the existence and strength of national feeling. Is the game worth the candle? On the simple ground of expediency such a solution is to be condemned, while, viewed as a question of right, fairness, or even philanthropy, every non-prejudiced mind must declare against it.

Mr. Chamberlain and Old Age Pensions.

Mr. John Hulme contributes to the "Temple Magazine" a sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., and certainly does not leave the warts out of the portrait. He professes great admiration for his subject, but says more or less politely that he is no speaker, has shown no knowledge of politics beyond South African affairs, is impatient of opposition, etc. But the passage in the paper which has already attracted most attention concerns Mr. Chamberlain and old age pensions. It consists of the report of a conversation in a saloon carriage between Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Crisp, and "a friend of my own who is an enthusiast on the question of supporting the indigent aged":—

One of the party said:

"Now, Mr. Chamberlain, seeing that your Party is once more in power, I hope you won't forget to deal promptly with the question of old age pensions."

"Of course they will," remarked Mr. Churchill, looking inquiringly at Mr. Chamberlain.

"I know of no more interesting or likely field of legislation," continued my friend the first speaker.

"It is certainly a very important one," added Mr. Churchill; "the visits I paid to the Oldham workhouse and the sights I have witnessed elsewhere having impressed me deeply on the matter."

The Master of Highbury turned his eyes upon both his questioners, knocked the ashes off his cigar, gazed forth into the night for a moment, then throwing himself back into his seat, he, with a good-humoured smile, and in a half-interrogative, half-exclamatory tone, said, "What! from South Africa to the Submerged Tenth!"

. . .

"Of course," said another member of the little party, "of course, Mr. Chamberlain will bring in a Bill dealing with the matter?"

But the Master of Highbury would promise to do no such thing.

"Why, the British people look upon you as pledged to the measure!"

"I know they do," said Mr. Chamberlain, rousing himself and becoming animated, "I know they do. And yet in no speech I have ever uttered will it be found that I have definitely pledged myself to any such thing."

"But how has the idea got abroad, then?"

"Well, it was just in this way: During the last time I was out of office, I began turning over in my mind this problem of providing for the declining days of the poorer class. I had no definite scheme of my own in view; but clung to the notion that if a number of capable intellects were brought to bear upon the question, something feasible might be evolved.

"So I began discussing the matter with several of my friends, and, after a while, succeeded in getting sanctioned the formation of a committee, which any member of the House of Commons who took an interest in the subject was asked to join. Now, how many of the Liberal Party do you think responded to the invitation?"

"I don't know."

"A solitary one!" said Mr. Chamberlain, throwing up his hands with a gesture of amazement. "However, we went on with our work, and no doubt you know all about our taking evidence from the representatives of Friendly Societies, and also from others. As a result of our labours I recommended the granting of five shillings a week by the Government to such as had attained a certain age, and shown themselves deserving of such aid by their own endeavours. This, however, did not, for some reason, meet with the approval of the Friendly Societies, and now, I acknowledge, I see no way out of the difficulty. Therefore, to say I definitely pledged myself to do anything in the matter is a mistake. I voluntarily grappled with the question to the best of my ability, but definitely pledged myself to nothing."

Mr. Churchill looked puzzled, but remained silent.

Mr. Churchill is not the only follower of Mr. Chamberlain whose one resource on this question has been to "look puzzled and remain silent."

The New Industrial Revolution.

When the Nineteenth Century began, the old industrial revolution was in process. It rooted in the discovery of the superior productivity of machinery driven by steam. It resulted in the great factory and in the crowded town. The beginning of the Twentieth Century sees another revolution under way. This springs from the discovery of the superior productivity of well-cared-for workpeople. Machinery still goes on multiplying, improving, producing: it makes use of new sources of motive power: but man has proved to be the finest and cunningest and most productive machine of all, and to be not less responsive to improved care and thoughtfulness. Moralists have long ago preached in this strain: governments have enforced a rudimentary recognition of the principle by peremptory Factory Acts. The new feature of the situation is the growing perception in the mind of the employer that this sort of thing is not merely good morals, and good politics, but good business as well. It pays to treat your employes well. It increases and improves output to feed and house them well, to keep them clean, and generally to make them comfortable. American manufacturers have taken an honourable lead in the new departure; though happily they do not stand alone. The printed organs of American capitalists are ever and anon insisting on the solid commercial advantage which accrues from taking the workman into consideration and into confidence. Keen, hard-headed Yankees write in a way which the old-fashioned British employer would denounce as "sentimentalism" and "philanthropic humbug," were it not that these same Yankees—who make friends of their workpeople, and ask their opinion and consult their comfort—are pushing him terribly hard in his own markets. The pinch of American competition will be a blessing in disguise if it presses into John Bull's slow brain the idea that disregard of the labourer's happiness spells bankruptcy. When it is once demonstrated clear as Euclid in the firm's ledgers that "'tis prosperous to be just" and humane, what paradises our factories will become! The application of steam to machinery will scarcely have produced as great a social transformation as the application of humanity in a large and generous way to the worker.

In Cleveland, Ohio.

This trend of magazine opinion and manufacturing practice is strikingly illustrated in the December number of "The World's Work." In it, Mr. R. E. Phillips writes on the betterment of working life, and argues that "philanthropy" has been "superseded by profitable mutual interest." He describes what has actually taken place in Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Dayton, Ohio. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee "to act as adviser on social betterment," with "a social engineer" as chairman. About thirty factories and stores in that city are now carrying out plans for improving the lot of their employes.

A Hardware Company.

The Cleveland Hardware Company, wishing to keep their men by them at lunch, provided a lunch-room and a more varied bill of fare. Then a branch of the Cleveland Library was established, and lends on an average more than a book per month for each man:—

Work and conditions suggested further improvements. In the rolling-mill, for instance, prostrations frequently occurred. A change was made in the time-schedule. For two shifts of 12 hours were substituted three of eight hours each. The result was, to the men, better health, fewer prostrations, and the same wages; to the company, greater output without added expense. By means of air-shafts over the furnaces all prostrations were finally avoided.

The company also started a benefit society, providing a hundred dollars initial capital and the services of a clerk to keep the books, leaving the workmen to manage and maintain it.

A Paint Company.

A paint company, in the same city, is cited as another proof of a successful humane policy:—

Employees brought their lunches and ate them where they could. . . . Then lunch-rooms were provided. . . . Here employees of all departments brought their lunches. The next question was, Why not provide lunches for them? . . . A good luncheon was thus arranged. One of the items . . . together with tea and coffee is served free of charge. The rest is served at cost. . . . Managers and employers often lunch with employees, thus meeting them on common ground.

"Health Pays."

The Company believes that health pays. Rest-rooms for all women employees have been fitted up and comfortably furnished with cots and chairs. Bath-rooms, equipped with tubs and shower-baths, are located in various parts of the factory.

Savings in Sick-Time.

In the dry-colour department shower-baths are compulsory, and a clean suit of clothes is provided for each workman every day. As a consequence of this plan—

during the four months since its adoption not a single case of sickness nor a symptom of poisoning has occurred. Formerly, at least 20 per cent. were constantly ill.

Formerly the average time in the dry-colour department was a month and a half. Since then, no one has left through sickness. "These results mean financial advantage, personal betterment, and working harmony."

Rest-Rooms for Men.

Rest-rooms for men have followed in the wake of rest-rooms for women. A street railway company in Cleveland used to leave its conductors and motormen to hang about outside the stables until the runs began. "Now a room inside has been fitted up and comfortably furnished," with a billiard-table among other things.

Whereof, electors of Councils which run their own tramways will do well to take note.

The Cleveland Twist Drill Company has provided a similar room, for smoking, reading, lunch; and pays for suggestions made by workpeople for improving their condition! Profits have been increased by these suggestions. For workers in front of furnaces, shower-baths were put in, and thirty minutes each day allowed for use. More work and better is done in nine and a half than formerly in ten hours. The baths, too, have made the men more fit and more accurate in their handling. Air-pipes put into the annealing-room have led to one-fourth greater output for the company.

A Factory Made Beautiful.

The story of the Dayton Cash Register Company reads like a romance. A consignment of cash registers valued at £6,000, and shipped to England, were all sent back on account of defective workmanship. The company set about improving its human machinery. It arranged classes, lectures, and printed matter, to instruct its employes in the details of the business. It offered payment for suggestions. Then it tackled their conditions:—

The first effort in this direction was to make the factory surroundings and working-rooms as attractive as possible. Flowers, shrubs, and vines were planted wherever possible, near the factory. A lawn of several acres took the place of weeds and stone. The appearance of the whole factory, from one of unattractive dinginess, was changed to most attractive brightness and cheerfulness. The next steps were to clean the factory buildings, to enlarge the windows, to paint the exterior a bright and attractive colour, and to provide a force of janitors, uniformed in white, to care for the factory and grounds.

Medicines and baths were provided free. Hours were reduced for men from ten to nine and a half, for women from ten to eight; and more work was done than in the longer hours. A "travelling" library is wheeled in once a week; the girls have learned to read better works; they have bought a piano for their rest-room. Whence enthusiastic as well as intelligent co-operation in the company's service. Absence of girls through sickness formerly averaged five or six out of fifty-two; now averages one out of 115.

What Back Yards May Become.

Here is an admirable device which has already been mooted in South London:—

The suburb in which the factory is situated was formerly known as "Slidertown." The people who lived there were for the most part poor, living in tumbledown huts and shanties. They cared little for making their homes attractive. . . . Through the initiative of the company's officers, the name was changed to "South Park." An effort was made to interest the people living there in its improvement. With this end in view a series of prizes, amounting to 250 dollars a year, was offered for the most attractive front and back yards, the best effects in window-boxes, and the most effective results in vine-planting. To show the people how to go about such improvements, lectures, illustrated by stereopticon views, were given by the company. In these, practical methods of gardening were indicated. . . . The result was that Slidertown began to justify its name of South Park. The entire aspect of the place changed. Flowers, vines, shrubs, were to be seen everywhere. One of the streets facing the factory was pronounced to be the most beautiful street in the world, considering the size of the lots and the houses.

A cottage was purchased by the company and made "a house of usefulness" for all manner of guilds and clubs, mothers' unions, kindergartens, Sunday-school, etc. Mr. Phillips adds:—

From every point of view the plan here outlined is a paying business investment.

The writer accompanies his description with striking pictorial illustrations of the change. In a word, the factory seems to be expanding into a social settlement, with results.

"The Submarine Has Arrived."

What Its Inventor says It Will Do.

Mr. J. P. Holland, the inventor of the famous submarine boat which bears his name, contributes to the "North American Review" a very optimistic article as to the immediate future of the submarine boat, which he thinks is soon going to revolutionise fighting in war and transport in peace. "The submarine," he says, "has arrived." It is now an accomplished fact, and can be already employed with a great deal more safety than any new invention on land or sea. Mr. Holland asserts that only one life has been lost in navigating submarines under water up to the present day, the other losses having been suffered through mishaps which occurred above water, or through ignorance of the crews. The submarine is indeed as safe to-day as the steamer or railway train.

In Peace.

So within the next ten years Mr. Holland expects to see submarine boats engaged in regular passenger traffic. Their advantages are great. Fogs, the difficulties of heavy traffic, storms, and seasickness will be practically abolished:—

The submarine will effectually remove all these objections. There will be no seasickness, because in a submerged boat there is absolutely no perceptible motion. There will be no smells to create nausea, for the boats will be propelled by electric power taken from storage batteries, which will be charged at either end. The offensive odour that causes so much discomfort in surface boats is due to the heated oil on the bearings, and to the escaping steam. There will be no steam on these submerged channel boats, and the little machinery necessary to drive them will be confined within an air-tight chamber.

There will be no collisions, because the boats coming and the boats going will travel at different depths—say, one at twenty, the other at forty feet. The water overhead may be crowded with large and small craft, but the submarine will have a free, unobstructed course. She will be kept absolutely true to this course by means of cables running from shore to shore. On these cables will run an automatic steering gear attached to the submarine. Storms and fogs will have no existence for the traveller, for weather cannot penetrate below the surface of the water. There, everything is smooth and clear.

Of course, this will only be for short distances, such as the English Channel. The ocean-carrying trade will always be carried on the surface:—

To cross the Atlantic and to make any sort of speed, a submarine boat the size of one of the surface greyhounds would have to carry electric storage batteries weighing about six times as much as the vessel herself. No other motive power has been found that can be employed under water so well as electricity. Liquid air has been suggested, but nothing has ever been accomplished with it. The expenditure for power, therefore, stands as an absolute bar to commercial traffic across the ocean under water.

The Submarine in Science.

In the domain of science the submarine will achieve new triumphs:—

With her aid, the bottom of the ocean will be safely explored at comparatively great depths. Just how far down we shall be able to go in her, no one at this time knows. Singularly enough, we have never ascertained the limit of safety—that is, the point where the weight of the water is so great that it will crush the stoutest submarine that could be built. It has been estimated that four hundred feet below the surface is the limit, but it may be a thousand feet, just as well, for all the definite information we have on the subject. Whatever the depth, it is certain to be much greater than any explorers have heretofore been able to reach in person, and the scientists are certain to take full advantage of the possibilities.

In pearl fishing, in saving the contents of wrecks, and in surveying harbours and shoals, the submarine will be equally useful.

In War.

The submarine in war is not such a pleasant picture:—

She will present the unique spectacle, when used in attack, of a weapon against which there is no defence. You can pit sword against sword, rifle against rifle, cannon against cannon, iron-clad against iron-clad. You can send torpedo-boat destroyers against torpedo-boats, and destroyers against destroyers. But you can send nothing against the submarine boat, not even itself. You cannot fight submarines with submarines. The fanciful descriptions of the submarine battle of the future have one fatal defect. You cannot see under water. Hence you cannot fight under water. Hence you cannot defend yourself against an attack under water, except by running away. If you cannot run away, you are doomed. Wharves, shipping at anchor, the buildings in seaport towns cannot run away. Therefore, the sending of a submarine against them means their inevitable destruction.

The Submarine a Sea-Devil.

New York and its shipping could be absolutely protected from the combined surface fleets of the world. But if the attackers had but one submarine, the city and its shipping would be absolutely at their mercy:—

No; as nearly as the human mind can discern now, the submarine is indeed a "sea-devil," against which no means that we possess at present can prevail. She can pass by anything above or beneath the waves, destroy wharves and shipping and warships at anchor, throw shells into the city, and then make her way out again to sea. She can lie for days at the bottom of the harbour, leaving only when she has used up all her stored power except what is required to carry her back to the open, where she can come to the surface a speck on the water. She would never have to expose herself for more than a second at a time during all her work of destruction in the harbour. This would be when she rose to discharge her gun to shell the city. The recoil of the gun would send her down again and out of sight. The chance of hitting her would be one in a million, even if the harbour was a floating battery, which it would not be very long while the submarine was at work. Her torpedoes she could discharge without coming to the surface at all.

Close blockades will be absolutely impossible, and even at the present day, says Mr. Holland, no fleet of warships could blockade the French coasts, small as her fleet of submarines is. The objection that the submarine can never be a sea-going boat Mr. Holland meets by declaring that one is now under construction which will cross the Atlantic to Lisbon, a distance of 3,496 miles. The crew of this boat will consist of seven men, and she will be ac-

companied by a steamer with an extra crew in case of emergencies. Altogether, Mr. Holland's picture of the invention he has done so much to perfect is very interesting, if a little too optimistic.

At the Meeting of the Centuries.

A POET'S VISION OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Mr. Stephen Phillips contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" a five-page poem entitled "Midnight—the 31st of December, 1900." He describes how "the Voice of the Lord" foretells what He will accomplish in the years to come. He will "come as a Healer of cities." The huge, ugly, industrial Babylons will be transformed into cities of wide and silent highways, with electric transit; "coloured peace, lucid leisure," mild climate: motive power will be supplied by the tides. Nation will be bound to nation: forces of annihilation shall be devised so potent as to make war impossible. Nations shall unite and use a common language. Men shall ride on the air and use the waves of the ether as wheels. Telephonic and other appliances shall make speech audible from India to England, and scenes in China visible in England. Men will not merely ride the air; they will walk the sea without fear. Then shall pass "the delusion of death": "ye shall shed your bodies and upward shall flutter to freedom." So, the Almighty proclaims, "the contest of ages is ending."

The poem may be described as a chapter out of Isaiah done into terms of modern science and then translated into rhythmical English. It will bear frequent quotation.

DREAMS OF MEN OF SCIENCE.

Mr. Frederick Dolman has been interviewing for the "Strand Magazine" some of the leading men of science of the day as to the dreams of the nineteenth which may become the realities of the twentieth century. The following were the answers received:—

Sir Norman Lockyer (South Kensington). The prediction, by means of sun spots of famine in India and drought in Australia.

Sir W. H. Preece (Inventor with Marconi of wireless telegraphy).—The unexpected which happens. A flying machine if based on some entirely new principle altogether out of our ken at present.

Sir John Wolfe Barry (Engineer of the Tower Bridge).—Storing of rain on Ben Nevis or other mountains, which would give an immense amount of hydraulic pressure and be one of the best ways of dealing with the problem caused by the increased cost of coal. Rolling platform for congested streets. An Irish tunnel.

Sir William Crookes.—A great multiplication of "twopenny tubes." Universal house to house extension of the telephone. Phonograph in common use. Aerial navigation.

Mr. J. H. Swan, F.R.S. (Electrician and Inventor).—Chemical production with consequent cheaping of electricity and extension of its use.

M. Berthelot (Sec. to French Academy of Science).—Chemical manufacture of food, and consequent disappearance of cook and restaurants.

Sir Henry Roscoe (Former President of the British Association).—Same as M. Berthelot, but less sanguine. "The harnessing of many Niagaras." The application of science to the benefit of humanity in general.

Mr. Thomas Bryant (President of the Royal College of Surgeons).—The cure of cancer and consumption by means of the study of bacteria. The prevention of malaria. The greater use of the Rontgen rays and hypnotism in medicine.

GREATEST NEEDS OF THE NEW CENTURY.

The "Temple Magazine" for January begins with a symposium on "The Greatest Need of the Century." What is this?

Dean Farrar answers: "More strenuousness, more self-denial, a deeper conviction of the truth that there is one thing only—Righteousness—which exalts a nation." F. C. Burnand, editor of "Punch," says "Money." Rev. Silas Hocking: "A genuine ethical revival." Rural Dean Grundy: "A sense of duty instead of a love of pleasure." Clement Shorter: To "solve the problem of the undeserved poor." Dr. Jessop: "That the financial position of the Church of England shall be very largely strengthened." Max O'Rell: "A Press upright and noble." Rev. A. Rowland: "Strenuous self-denial for the sake of higher aims in life." Canon Daniell: "More conscience for the founding and maintaining of our homes." Rev. H. R. Haweis: "More prophets, fewer parrots; more thought, less talk; more fact, less fancy; more faith, less form." Mr. H. W. Massingham: "To teach the Individual Truth, the State Justice, and the Church Christianity." Canon Hay Aitken: "Another Pentecost." Keir Hardie: "Men." Rev. F. B. Meyer: "A revival of the sense of reverence."

How Christianity Has Worked.

The "North American Review" for December contains a scathing article by Mr. Frederic Harrison on "Christianity at the Grave of the Nineteenth Century." The article might be even better described as "The Grave of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century," so unqualified is his condemnation.

How does Christianity work out at the end of the Nineteenth Century? Here is Mr. Harrison's answer: While all men are lost in doubt and apprehension as to what they are doing, the Church, become the domestic chaplain of the governing class, is ever ready to supply the majority with hypocritical glozings:—

> What have the Churches done to purify and check all this? Who would care if they did try? Who would believe them in earnest in doing so? What were they doing and saying yesterday? They were offering up, from ten thousand altars, prayers to the God of Battles to bless our arms—that is, to enable us to slaughter our enemies and possess their land. Not a voice comes from the official Churches to raise a doubt as to the justice, good faith, and Christian charity of those who have thrust England into a wanton

war of spoliation. Not a word is breathed from their pulpits of respect for the brave civilians who are defending their homes and their freedom. These republicans, we are told, gather round their hearthstones, whole families together, fathers, sons, grandsons, kneeling down in prayer—they do sincerely believe in their God and His readiness to hear them—and their wives, sisters, and daughters arm them for the front; and ere they engage in battle their camp rings with hymns of prayer and praise. At home our own preparation for war is sounded in slang from drinking saloons, which is echoed back in pale and conventional litanies from the altars of the State Church. This is how Christianity works out in practice at the close of the nineteenth century.

Past and Present.

Our present condition is merely the outcome of national decay in every department of life:—

Compare the early part and the middle of the reign of the Queen with the last two or three decades. Who will dare to say that its close can compare with its promise—in poetry, in romance, in literature, in philosophy, or in science? Allow what we will for the personal equation whereby the elder naturally looks back to the memories of the temporis acti, grant all the tendency we have to be slow to recognise latent genius in the budding, still it would be dishonest to claim for recent years an intellect as powerful and as solid as that which we knew in the middle of the reign. I insist on no particular writer, I rely on no special school. Names will occur to all—Dr. Arnold and his son, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Disraeli, Hallam, Milman, Freeman, Froude, Ruskin, the Brontes, George Eliot, Kingsley, Trollope. All the work, or all the best and permanent work, of these was completed and had passed into the fabric of English literature before the Imperialist era began some twenty-five years ago. Have their successors quite equalled them?

Manners and Morals.

In science, in philosophy, we have fallen as low. Our politics are degraded, and—

there has come over us a positive turn for vulgarity of thought, manners and taste. We seem to be declining on what the poet calls "a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart" than of old. It is a common observation that the widowhood and retirement of the Queen have been followed by a deplorable decline in the simplicity, purity, and culture which marked the dominant society in the days of her married life. Fashion, as it is called, is now at the mercy of any millionaire gambler, or any enterprising Monte Cristo from across the seas.

Our ideals have decayed together with our manners and morals:—

All this combined to materialise, to degrade, the national life. It is not so much that we have glaring examples of folly, vice, extravagance, brutality, and lust. There are such examples in most ages, and they may be personal, independent of any general cause. The gloomy feature of our time is the wide diffusion of these evils amongst all these classes, and, what is far worse, the universal dying down of high standards of life, of generous ideals, of healthy tastes—the recrudescence of coarse, covetous, arrogant, and braggart passions. We who live quiet lives, far apart from what calls itself the great world, have no direct experience of these things; but we cannot resist the common testimony of those who know that, during the reign of the Queen, wanton extravagance in dress, in living, in gaieties, has never been so crazy as now, with such sordid devices to scrape together the means for extravagance, such open sale of rank and person by those who claim to lead society and to dictate taste.

The Kaiser from the German Point of View.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, writing in the January "McClure's" on "The Kaiser as Seen in Germany," gives a very striking picture of that celebrated sovereign taken at close quarters. He says that most of William's photographs are so retouched that there is wholly absent the most impressive characteristic of his face—its singular sternness in repose. "Square iron jaws, thin, firm lips, a certain sharpness and leanness of visage, a penetrating eye, all speak of invincible determination, pride, and dignity. The Kaiser is less a great king than one has imagined, and more a great man." Mr. Baker says the Kaiser is most popular in his own capital, and he gauges his popularity by the number of photographs exhibited. These, he says, number now far into the thousands, and at a single shop there were no less than 267 different pictures of the Emperor, not including the scores of groups and family parties in which he appears.

The Emperor Talks Too Much.

Mr. Baker thinks that the greatest fault the Germans have to find with their energetic sovereign is that he talks too much. It is not so much that his sentiments differ from theirs as that he expresses them too loudly and readily. Another criticism, not heard now so often as formerly, and one to which the Kaiser is extraordinarily sensitive, is founded on the pro-English attitude of William. Germans cannot forget that the Kaiser is by birth half an Englishman. Many look with only half-concealed suspicion on his cordial relations with his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and his uncle, the Prince of Wales.

William a Student of English.

The Kaiser is an excellent English student, speaking and reading the language perfectly, and following English models in many of his most important departures. One does not forget that the Kaiser, as a boy, was especially fond of Captain Marryat's tales of the sea, and that, in more recent years, he was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of our own Captain Mahan's great book, "The Influence of Sea Power"—a book which he has used as one of his strongest arguments for a more powerful German navy.

The Navy His Present Hobby.

The German navy and the advance of German shipping are without doubt the Kaiser's strongest interests at present. Connected with this hobby, and growing out of it, is his deep enthusiasm for what is now the most striking feature of German development—commercial and industrial expansion. No other monarch in Europe takes such a keen interest in the industrial affairs and in the extension of the export business of his domain as William. This interest has arisen largely from the Kaiser's notable talent for taking a broad view of affairs, a talent developed by travel in other countries, and by persistently endeavouring to look upon Germany through foreign eyes. He and other great Germans have not been slow to see that the future prosperity of the country, with its ever-growing population, and its ever-insufficient agri-

cultural production, must needs depend largely on its success as a manufacturer and trader. Hence the Kaiser has taken the greatest interest in spreading industrial and technical education, and not long ago he shocked the conservative educational elements of the German universities by paying special respect and attention to the technical schools. For years without number all academic honours and degrees have fallen to the men who have come from the universities. Now degrees are given to certain technical-school graduates, and they are placed on the same level, in many respects, with the aristocrats of the universities. The Kaiser himself attended the recent celebration of this departure at the famous technical high school at Charlottenburg. Those who know how conservative Germany is in educational affairs appreciate the almost revolutionary effect of this departure.

Building a Capital.

One of the tasks before the Australian Commonwealth is the creation of a capital, in which its Parliament may find a home and its Administration a centre. There is special interest to Australians, therefore, in an article in the December "World's Work" on how the United States solved this problem.

The Site Selected by Washington.

The site of the present city, covering the lower portion of the district, was selected by Washington in January, 1791; but it had been admired by him many years before. When a boy, he saw it while riding the country on horseback, and he spoke of it when, as a young man, he camped with Braddock on the hill where the Naval Observatory now stands.

Washington, always more of a merchant and engineer than artist, had thoughts of a great commercial city there, with the navigable Potomac reaching to the sea to help it in the race for supremacy; and it was with more than his usual zeal and hopefulness that, in the early spring of 1791, Washington set about planning the future seat of government. The private owners of the land proved a source of vexation and of some delay. Many of these were the descendants of a little band of Scotch and Irish who had settled on the land a hundred years before, and had inherited from their fathers ability to drive a hard bargain.

Old David Burns and His Farm.

Aged David Burns, a justice of the peace, and a tobacco planter in a small way, proved the most stubborn and greedy of all. Even Washington was at first unable to do anything with "obstinate Mr. Burns," who did not want a capital at his front door, and did not care whether or not the seat of government came to the banks of the Potomac. Washington argued with him for several days, explaining to him the advantages he was resisting; to all which so the tradition runs, Burns made reply:

"I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you had not married the widow Custis?"

Burns at last capitulated, and transferred his 600 acres, which he did not wish to see spoiled for a good farm to make a poor capital, on the same terms that had been made with the other owners of the site—the government to have one lot and the original owner one lot alternately, the latter being also paid 125 dollars per acre for such part of his land as might be taken for public use. Burns stipulated that the modest house in which he lived should not be interfered with in the laying out of the city; and since this condition was agreed to by Washington, Burns' cottage stood until a few years ago, one of the historical curiosities of the capital.

The Designer of the City.

Washington chose Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant to lay out the plan. This skilful French military engineer, who had come to America in 1777, had the foresight to design a city on lines which would not be inadequate for the capital of an immense nation. The rather provincial taste of the American public men forced L'Enfant to lay the city out in squares, even Jefferson insisting on this unpleasantly rectangular scheme. But the engineer put in so many avenues running at acute angles that the monotonous effect was happily destroyed, and "the opportunity presented of making the capital the magnificent city it has since become."

The Designs for the Capitol.

For the Capitol, sixteen designs were submitted by as many architects; but all, after careful examination, were counted unworthy of serious consideration. Soon, however, Stephen L. Hallett, a French architect residing in New York, sent to the commissioners a sketch of a design which met with favour, and he was invited to perfect it. Hallett had not completed his labours when Dr. William Thornton, an Englishman who had lately taken up his residence in America, submitted a design to Washington and Jefferson which so pleased them that the President requested its adoption; suggesting that, as Thornton had no practical knowledge of architecture, the execution of his design be intrusted to Hallett.

Thornton's design thereupon was accepted by the commissioners, and Hallett was appointed supervising architect, with a salary of 400 dollars per year. The corner-stone of what was to be the north wing of the Capitol was laid on September 18, 1792, when Washington delivered an oration, and the Grand Master of the Maryland Free Masons an appropriate address. "After the ceremony," to quote a contemporary account of the affair, "the assemblage retired to an extensive booth, where they enjoyed a barbecue feast."

The National Capital in 1799.

When Washington last beheld the city which bears his name, shortly before his death, in 1799, it was a straggling settlement in the woods, almost wholly devoid of streets, with thirty or forty residences,—most of these small and uncomfortable,—and an unfinished capitol and President's house. Indeed, Washington long remained a sparsely built, unsightly city, and a comfortless place of residence. For more than a generation its growth in population was less than six hundred a year—a rate of increase that would now put to shame almost any village in the land; and so late as 1840 De Bacourt, the French Minister, could write that Washington was "neither a city, nor a village, nor the country," but "a building-yard placed in a desolate spot, wherein living is unbearable."

Demands for Administrative Reform.

A Plea for Efficiency.

In the "National Review" for January, Mr. Arnold White continues his campaign for administrative reform. He compares the state of Great Britain in 1900 with that of Prussia in 1806, after the defeat at Jena. The greatest praise that can be given to Lord Salisbury for his policy towards the European Powers is that given by von Bulow to Hangwitz in 1806. "First for avoiding war, for it would have been conducted without skill."

No Constitution.

Lord Salisbury attributed our failures to the defects of the Constitution. Mr. Arnold White puts them down to the absence of one. All we have now got are restraints upon the Crown, and that is the only form of restraint which we no longer want. The government of the Empire is no longer carried on by the estates of the realm, but by "the Cabinet, the Press, the Whips, the Trades Unions, certain social influences, Mr. Middleton, and Mr. Boraston." Lord Londonderry, as Postmaster-General, and Mr. Gerald Balfour, as President of the Board of Trade, would be impossible if we had undergone as great humiliations as Prussia in 1806. What we required was a greater calamity than the Boer War to waken us up. Nobody is responsible for anything:—

Our love of ease, the child of prosperity wedded to the individualism characteristic of an island race, is the obvious cause of our contempt for knowledge, general inefficiency, national extravagance, and administrative muddle. The Empire, however, is now embarked on an economic struggle of world-wide dimensions.

The Right of the Lay Critic.

Dr. Conan Doyle, in the "Cornhill Magazine," replies ably and temperately to his military critics in the "Times" and elsewhere. He argues that it is absurd to ignore civilian comments on military matters, in the face of Von Stein in Prussia, a mere civilian, M. de Bloch, another civilian, and even De Wet, Olivier and Botha, who have held their own against our generals, but have had no military training. Dr. Doyle considers that the actual landing of an invading force becomes every year more possible, though with reasonable precautions the chances of successful invasion may almost disappear. The universal application of the militia ballot, the substitution to a great extent of popular rifle practice for unpopular drill, and higher pay for a better soldier, are some of the changes urged. Quality before quantity, especially in modern war, says Dr. Doyle:—

By making the army a profession for life, not merely by better pay, but by more comfort and privacy in barracks, more intelligent drill, less polish and less pipeclay, you would cause a keen competition for entrance, and you would keep your man when you had him. The recruit would hunt for the sergeant, instead of the sergeant hunting for the recruit, and the dismissal of a worthless man would be a very real punishment.

Why the Army Loses Its Best Men.

Lord Ernest Hamilton contributes to the "Monthly Review" an article entitled "Brains in Arms," the chief point of which is that in the Army at present brains are at a discount. Lord Ernest Hamilton, who has served in the Army himself, does not spare the force in which he formerly held Her Majesty's commission. He says what is wanted is not drill-book pedantry, but native intelligence and common-sense. But common-sense is the one thing that is conspicuously absent in the training of the British Army. Lord Ernest says:—

Soldiering, as we experience it in England, consists of a dreary round of stables, foot-drill, and orderly-room, interlarded with countless inspections of all the odds and ends that hang upon a soldier's back.

The result is that all the best men leave the army. The following testimony is very striking:—

When I was in the Army, I became more or less intimately acquainted, during one period or another, with the officers of some seven or eight cavalry regiments. There were in these regiments, taking one with another, quite a considerable number of officers who were pre-eminently leaders of men—full of resource, prompt in conception, daring in execution. To-day a glance at the Army List shows me that—with scarcely one exception—these men have drifted from the pursuit of arms into some other sphere of life, having—as they themselves explain when questioned—"had enough of soldiering."

"It takes less than six years," says Lord Ernest, "to drive home the lesson that a life spent in the inspection of polished buttons and pipe-clayed belts is not a career for a man of intelligence. In the daily routine of regimental duties there is no scope for individual genius, and no prospect of advancement," except automatically, in which case the advancement is based not on brains, but on senility. "Prettiness in parade movements is the chief aim of all our military training," and until that is mended, there will be no improvement.

The Differences between Home and Abroad.

"Togatus" has an article in the January "Contemporary" on the War Office. The article is not so much a plea for any definite reforms as a statement of the present position of affairs and an outline of the various questions that must be dealt with as necessary parts of any scheme of reform. "Togatus" deals only with the question of the administration of the Army, and does not touch on the more vexed question of training of officers and men. The chief differences between British and Continental Army administration are, says "Togatus," as follows:—

1. The British War Minister is a civilian, and the German is not, because the House of Commons governs the Army and the Reichstag does not. Germany "n'est pas un pays qui a une armee: c'est une armee qui a un pays."

2. The British Commander-in-Chief is not the sole military adviser of the Government, because there is wisdom in council, and because, if he is to think out large questions, he must be relieved of smaller ones.

3. The British General Staff complains of civilian interference, and the German General Staff does not, because the latter devotes itself to military problems, and leaves business to business men, and the former does not.

4. British Army organisation is centralised, and German Army organisation is not, because the German Army is a federation of really local armies; while the British Army is territorially localised only in name, and, from the nature of its task, is one and indivisible.

The chief value of "Togatus'" article is to show, what is very often lost sight of, that War Office

Reform and Army Reform are two very different things, however interdependent they may be. But on the latter subject "Togatus" has nothing to say.

The Deserted Villages.

WHY OUR RURAL POPULATION DISAPPEARS.

"Rusticus," writing evidently from intimate knowledge of the country, contributes an excellent article, entitled "Farmers' Villages," to the "Contemporary Review" for January. The writer sets himself out to explain the depopulation of the country, the evils of which ought to be impressed upon us by our experiences at the hands of the Boer peasants.

Farmers Not Proprietors.

The supersession of the landed proprietor by the large farmer is the primary cause of many evils. The large farmer, who is the present employer of agricultural labour, expects to enjoy the deference and authority of his predecessor, but as a business man he does not consider that he has the same obligations to his employe. He treats his labourers with contempt and neglect, and the labourers in return lose their old independence and self-respect. As a consequence, the first ambition of the country lad is to become a townsman, and the recruiting sergeant now finds the hiring fair the best field for his operations.

Employment of Women.

The agricultural labourers resent the treatment they obtain from the farmers. They resent still more the treatment of their women, who are often forced to work in the field, not merely to help the family, but in order to please the short-handed employer:—

It is obviously to the advantage of the farmer that his men's wives should form a reserve of labour upon which he can draw on occasion, and which costs him nothing meanwhile to maintain. This is so much the case that it has come to be an implied condition in hiring contracts that the wife should come out when wanted for haying or harvesting. If there is any difficulty about it, the master "makes himself nasty." "Won't turn out, won't she? Just you make her turn out," he says, and his will generally prevails.

Discomfort at Home.

The domestic condition of the agricultural labourers is still worse. The farmers do not encourage the labourers to improve their condition at home, knowing that it will make them independent at work:—

A woman complains that the mortar has come out all round her window-frame, so that the wind is beyond the power of the usual rag-stopping to exclude. "Nothing like plenty of fresh air, Mrs. Hicks." Another solicits pitifully, "If you'd only cast a look on the bit of a room yourself, sir. It is not fit to put a pig in." "H'm. I've seen many pigs in worse places than that." The grate and the hearth have fallen so utterly to pieces that the kettle will not stand. "Well, if you want to roast a leg of mutton every day, you'd better find another place to do it in." Men will put up with much rather than encounter a jeer to which they must not reply. Once his character for contemptuous arrogance is established, the great farmer may say truthfully enough to the landlord's agent, "I hear no complaints about the cottages."

Decay of Domesticity.

Under the regime of the farmer, the domestic arts have, therefore, decayed:—

Women used to be able to make their husbands' shirts. Give nine cottage women out of ten nowadays a couple of dozen yards of calico, and they could no more turn it into shirts than they could turn a lump of pig-iron into a dinner-knife. Cooking, even in its simplest form, is being supplanted by the use of tinned provisions. To boil potatoes and bacon, or to fry a bit of meat in a pan, is about as much as the housewife can do. Women of the type of 'Lisbeth Bede have been discouraged out of existence. The cottage woman of to-day has her pride, but it is not in the home. She slaves herself to save her girls from what she and they alike have learned to regard as degrading drudgery, the necessary work of a house. All she can save goes on their backs. "Look at them when they go out," she says; "you couldn't tell them from the Miss Swetstones themselves."

Public-House Tyranny.

Still worse than the tyranny of the farmer is the tyranny of the public-house. There are twice as many liquor shops in the country as in London, and the village publicans dispute over their prey, the labourers, and by means of using old clients as decoys, force, by means of ridicule and threats, young men and women to drink against their will:

All occasions, domestic or national, are celebrated at the public-house. Wherever two or three are gathered together, there is the publican in the midst of them. The first verse of Coleridge's most exquisite poem may be made absolutely applicable by the substitution of the one word "Drink" for "Love." Under healthy conditions the public-house is a natural and useful appurtenance of the village. It is folk-moot and news-exchange in one, the open window which oxygenates the close atmosphere of monotonous toil. But it has been swollen by the discouragement of its proper counterpoise, the home, into a predominance that throws village life entirely off its balance. The drink-seller is pressed by his landlord on one side and by his rivals on the other. Simply to live, he must attract custom, and, consequently, intensify competition. He must force the sale of liquor, and of the liquor it pays him best to sell, by all means in his power. Spirits are increasingly drunk.

The General Shopkeeper.

The general shopkeeper practises the same tactics. He encourages scores, knowing that credit means big and constant orders, which he executes without fear of competition on the score of price and quality. The farmer encourages the publican and the tradesman, knowing that indebtedness is the best of labour recruiters:—

What ought to be consumed is known to an ounce, and the absence of an entry denounces an infidelity. "My hens know better than to lay in the fields," says the grocer, and a truant finds the inevitable return so unpleasant that an escapade is rarely repeated. "Payments off" are ready money under another name. They do not fluctuate so much as the ready money takings of unattached custom. And the shopkeeper who has the village in his books is not under the necessity of keeping abreast with the next

town in prices or quality. He can sell pretty well what he pleases.

The labourer who is deep in the grocer's books can neither demand anything nor object to anything. He is broken of the vice of independence, and his value as a working animal is increased.

Shipowners, concludes "Rusticus," have driven the English sailor from the seas. The big farmer is driving the labourers from the land! It is a melancholy spectacle. But as to how to improve it, "Rusticus" makes no suggestions. He evidently thinks the case is hopeless.

The Need for a New Irish Land Act.

By Mr. T. W. Russell.

The "Fortnightly Review" gives the first place in the new January number to a long and powerful article by Mr. T. W. Russell on the Irish Land Question. It may be regarded as Mr. Russell's manifesto in favour of a radical measure for the expropriation of the Irish landlords. Mr. Russell regards himself, not without reason, as the mouthpiece of the Irish members, with the exception of the members for Belfast, Derry, and Trinity College. The Nationalists are absolutely unanimous, and with the exception of the cities of Belfast and Derry, and Trinity College, the entire Unionist representation is united in favour of the abolition of dual ownership. The paper is a great vindication of what may be regarded as Mr. Bright's solution of the Land Question as opposed to that adopted by Mr. Gladstone.

What the Land Act Has Done.

Mr. Russell thus summarises the result of the attempt to settle the question by the establishment of the Land Commission for fixing fair rents by judicial decision:—

It is impossible that things can remain as they are at present. The reduction in rents—taking the rent as it stood in 1880 and comparing it with the rent as fixed for the Second Statutory Period—is 42 per cent. When the facts are taken into account the reduction is wholly inadequate. Previous to 1881 the property of the tenant was rented. The Act of 1881 declared this to be illegal, and this single item ought, had the Acts been fearlessly administered, to have accounted for at least 20 per cent. During the first fifteen years the average reduction for tenants' property, fall in prices and increased cost of labour, only totted up to 20.8 per cent. Every official witness before the Morley Committee admitted that the Land Commission had failed to grasp the situation, and that the rents had been fixed too high. The harvest is being reaped now. The second revision of rent is in progress. Landlords are being ruined. Great houses are shut up all over the country. Mr. Parnell once said that the Irish landlords must either be bought out or fought out. I venture to add a third way by which they may disappear. They may be squeezed out. That is the fate ahead of them.

The Failure of the Land Court.

The great cause of the failure of the Land Court, in Mr. Russell's opinion, is that it has absolutely failed to command the confidence of either landlord or tenant:—

The accumulated result of all the proceedings daily going on cannot be disputed. The Land Commission has the confidence of nobody in Ireland. It is denounced by the landlords—and last session Colonel Saunderson and his Ulster friends voted with the Nationalists against the estimate for its support in the House of Commons. They declare that they are being robbed and ruined—that the reductions in rent are not warranted by the facts; that the men employed in fixing rents are incompetent. On the other hand, I only repeat here what I have said under a sense of the deepest responsibility elsewhere, that "no tenant in Ulster crosses the portals of the Chief Commission Court without feeling that he is going before a hostile tribunal."

The Continuous Calamity of Ireland.

Mr. Russell blames the Irish landlords and the governing classes in Ireland for the failure of the Land Acts. He says:—

I admit that Englishmen, that the English Parliament, for the last twenty-five years, have both studied to be fair—have tried hard to do right. But what of that? All their efforts to do right have been paralysed by their garrison in Ireland. The governing class in Ireland hate the Land Acts. They count them robbery. And it is from this class the administrators of these Statutes have mainly had to be drawn. The Act of 1870 was destroyed by the Irish landlords without any aid. The Morley Committee proved that the beneficial intentions of Parliament in the Act of 1881 had been rendered of comparatively little avail because of the administration of the Statute by the courts. The Act of 1896 is being gradually destroyed, as Mr. Murrogh O'Brien tells us, by the same means. The Statutes have in the main been correct; their intention was always clear. But the administration has been hopelessly weak, and the result is that the Irish Land Commission is discredited as no Court ever was in the history of this or any other country. The purchase proposals would at least save the country from that which can only be described as a continuous calamity.

The Case for Compulsory Purchase.

Mr. Russell sketches the case in favour of compulsory purchase very clearly, and points out that the very success of the purchase clauses has rendered it necessary to extend their operation. He says:—

Here was an estate sold out to the tenants. The immediate effect was a reduction in the annual payment—a reduction amounting to 5s. or 6s. in the pound sterling—with, of course, the fee-simple at the end of forty-nine years. Adjoining was another estate where the landlord, sure of his rent, refused to sell. The tenants on this estate were judicial tenants, liable to pay an everlasting rent. They had neither an immediate reduction of 25 or 30 per cent. in their annual payments, nor the possession of the fee-simple in prospect. But their labour bill was as high, and they got no more for the produce of the land than their more fortunate neighbours. Is it reasonable to expect contentment under such conditions?

What Should be Done.

Whether it is reasonable or not to expect contentment under such circumstances, there is nothing but discontent, which Mr. Russell thinks is thoroughly well justified. He therefore appeals to the Imperial Government to say to the Irish tenant:—

"Here now, you are done with landlord, agent, and bailiff for ever. You need not fear the land court.

It too is gone so far as you are concerned. By the payment of ninety-eight half-yearly instalments—6s. in the pound less than your rent—you will be the owner in fee of your farm. You can leave it to your boy hereafter. Now, settle down and work out your own salvation." I say a message such as this would be as the ringing of freedom's bells in the ears of the captive. No agitator would have a chance. The Irish peasant would revert to his natural state of ingrained Conservatism!

Compensation Plus a Bonus.

Mr. Russell does not think it would be just to compulsorily expropriate the Irish landlords at seventeen years' purchase; but, on the other hand, he does not think that the tenants will pay more than seventeen times their rent. Therefore, the imperial taxpayer must add a bonus to the price paid by the tenant. He argues that England ought not to object to this, because in order to secure the adoption of the Local Government Act we made a grant of £300,000 a year, which is equivalent to a lump sum of £6,000,000.

Now, my case is simply this: "If it was worth while to give a State bonus to Irish landlords to secure the proper working of Local Government, would it not be worth far more to secure the abolition of all the trouble involved in the relationship between landlord and tenant in Ireland?"

Alas, the British taxpayer has so often been promised that if he would do this, that, or the other, he would abolish all the trouble connected with the question of landlord and tenant. Up till now these promises have not been fulfilled. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Mr. Russell has made out a good case in favour of his hundred million loan for the purpose of buying out the Irish landlords.

What is Being Done in China.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" in China, is the ablest and most experienced of all the special correspondents now engaged on the English press. He has just returned from China, and he contributes to the "Contemporary Review" an article of thirty-two pages, which he entitles "The European Lamb and the Chinese Wolf." This is a very tame title for the contents of the article. What Dr. Dillon has to say, on the authority of an eye-witness, is that the allied Christian nations which are making the war in China have behaved like devils, and instead of bringing Christianity to China, have brought hell fire. I am glad to see that Dr. Dillon is able to exempt the British and American soldiers from the worst outrages; but he is not able to exempt them from the charge of complicity in the looting which, the Hague Convention notwithstanding, has been universal in the capital of China. When you read the article, you feel amazed, as if you were in a kind of topsy-turvey world, when you remember that we are exacting reparation from the Chinese.

Here is a terrible incident of our civilising campaign:—

"What in heaven's name is this?" I exclaimed one day, thumping with my knuckles a very big black box in the house of a rich man, who may have then been in Abraham's bosom or in Dives' company. The house was in Tungtschau, the sombre receptacle in one of the largest rooms, and a torturing stench proceeded from it. "It is the girls, sir, three girls," answered my attendant, who was a European. "Their corpses are lying in the box there," he explained. "Who put them there?" "Some officers." "Are you quite sure of it?" "Yes, sir, I was here when it was being done." "Did you see the young women yourself?" "I did. They were the daughters of the man who owns the house. The officers raped them, and then had them stabbed with bayonets. When they were dead they were put into this box, and it was covered up as you see." "Good God, what a dismal state of things we are come to." "That sort of thing happened before, sir. Very often, too, I can tell you. There were worse cases than this. These here were raped and stabbed; others have been raped to death and got no stabbing."

Unlawful Looting.

After these outrages upon women, it is an anti-climax to speak of looting, but seeing that looting was expressly forbidden by the Hague Conference, to which China was a party, it may be well to quote the following testimony:—

The lawless looting, which the rules of war against barbarians were said to warrant, was continued until there was nothing left worth carrying off. And even then the practice was not everywhere forbidden. The Japanese were the first to stop it, and the Russians soon afterwards followed suit. But then the Japs had netted very much more than any of their allies. The allied troops, not satisfied with what they had pillaged in the Chinese quarters of the cities, sometimes looted the houses of European residents, carried every portable article away, and wantonly destroyed what they could not carry. Pianos were demolished with bayonets, mirrors shivered in a hundred fragments, paintings cut into strips. This was done by Europeans in the houses of the people whom they had been sent to protect.

The Kaiser's Pupils—

It was natural that people should loot the property of those whom they did not hesitate to murder; and murder both deliberate, wholesale and retail seems to have been the order of the day. The German Emperor, one would think, must feel some qualms of conscience when he realises how terribly his incitement to give no quarter and fight like Huns has been obeyed by the troops whom he sent forth to slaughter. Dr. Dillon says:

Down to the beginning of November, the British were the only troops which, to my knowledge, gave quarter to Boxers, taking the wounded members into hospital, and caring for them as for their own men. They also refused, more than once, to shoot in cold blood Chinamen who had fought against them in battle, but were taken weeks later, without arms in their hands. On the other hand, the Japanese, who, throughout this invasion of China, have been on their Sunday behaviour, were the only Power among the Allies who understood the natives, gained their confidence, restored perfect order, and re-established the reign of law. The Japanese districts of Tientsin and Pekin, for instance, were model cities quite apart from all others.

—and "Heathen" Allies.

Against this species of devilry the Japanese generals very sternly set their faces, visiting the offenders

brought before them with such terrible punishment that among their troops the practice died suddenly out, and the Japs succeeded in setting an example of political wisdom to all the foreign allies. In battle fearless and fierce, they were wont to spare the lives of harmless people in all towns and cities, and post up notices on the doors within which such protected citizens dwelt, calling upon all their allies to spare and "not to molest the inmates, who are good, loyal people."

The worst massacre appears to have been that of three hundred unarmed coolies who were employed in unloading ships at the port of Taku. They were endeavouring to escape, when—

in an evil hour they were espied by the Russian troops, who at that time had orders, it is said, to slay every human being who wore a pigtail. Each of the three hundred defenceless coolies at once became a target for Muscovite bullets.

Europeans Mad with Blood-thirst.

But this was only one incident among many such. Dr. Dillon says:—

I speak as an eye-witness when I say, for example, that over and over again the gutters of the city of Tungtschau ran red with blood, and I sometimes found it impossible to go my way without getting my boots bespattered with human gore. There were few shops, private houses and courtyards without dead bodies and pools of dark blood. Amid a native population whose very souls quaked with fear at the sight of a rifle, revolver or military uniform, a reign of red terror was inaugurated for which there seems no adequate motive. The thirst of blood had made men mad. The pettiest and most despicable whipper-snapper who happened to have seen the light of day in Europe or Japan had uncontrolled power over the life and limbs, the body and soul, of the most highly cultivated Chinaman in the city. From this decision there was no appeal. A Chinaman never knew what might betide him an hour hence, if the European lost his temper. He might lie down to rest after having worked like a beast of burden for twelve or fourteen hours, only to be suddenly awakened out of his sleep, marched a few paces from his hard couch, and shot dead. He was never told, and probably seldom guessed, the reason why.

The Armies in China Compared.

Mr. Thomas E. Millard, in "Scribner," contributes from his personal observation "A Comparison of the Armies in China." He says the various military Powers engaged have watched each other even more closely than they watched the enemy. They have had an unrivalled opportunity in the comparative study of armies. The writer awards the palm to the Japanese. He says:—

To the little brown soldiers of the Mikado such honours as this inglorious war has to bestow must, by common consent, fall. Unpleasantly surprising as it undoubtedly will be to Western nations, there is no gainsaying this. The Japanese have, of all the nationalities engaged in this business, shown to the best advantage.

But for Japan the Allies would not have good maps. They had continually to apply to the Japanese for intelligence. The Japanese excelled in their medical and ambulance department; but most of all in their transport and commissariat service. He especially applauds the Japanese and British use of coolies as camp followers; whose active assistance left the soldiers free to march and fight. The American soldiers, with the best physique, were overweighted with baggage and camp work, and had practically no water supply. Mr. Millard speaks well of the Germans as intelligent and capable. The Russian soldier is "rough, hardy, uncouth, almost a barbarian." He was sadly disappointed in the French troops, whose cowardice he suggests, and whose cruelty and wanton destructiveness he openly denounces. The Indian levies which fought under the British flag he does not consider strictly first-class troops.

Germany and the Armed Peace.

M. Jean de Bloch, writing in the "Revue des Revues" on "Germany and the Armed Peace," is in strange contrast with the German delegate's stout assertion at the Hague Conference that the German nation was not crushed beneath the burden of militarism, but that, on the contrary, it had never been so prosperous as since it began to pile armaments upon armaments. I pass over that part of the article which is more or less a repetition of M. de Bloch's now well-known theories about modern and future warfare.

Comparing the condition of Germany with that of Russia, the writer finds Russia much the better off of the two. Germany, he considers, would be far more vulnerable to attack than either France or Russia, and her powers of resistance would be more quickly exhausted. Germany, in case of war between the Dual and the Triple, must not trust too much to the Triple. Italy would go bankrupt almost directly war broke out, and as for Austria, "Germany knows better than any of her foes that help from this quarter is more than problematical." War would now be almost fatal to Germany. Once an agricultural country, she has become industrial, importing more and more food from abroad. If she mobilised her 4,000,000 men, she would deprive herself at once of the men who produce 9,000,000 tons of food. Then in war-time where would she get her raw materials for her factories? Every source of their supply would be cut off. "Trade and industry are the support of 20,000,000 men; but when commercial and industrial activity have ceased, and the price of provisions is trebled, how can they possibly be fed?" Germany, says M. de Bloch, is getting into a worse and worse position commercially. She is selling cheaper and cheaper; she is seeking foreign markets; but that will not get her out of her difficulties. "The only way of salvation is in the decrease of armaments." Germany's past years of magnificent prosperity can never come again. Why, if her expenses are not heavy, did she go to raise a loan in America in order to defray the cost of her expedition to China?

Since 1870, M. de Bloch calculates that Germany's power of resistance in case of war has decreased by 70 per cent., a fact which he attributes to the impoverishment of the agricultural population and the flocking to the towns. The prosperity of the German nation is only a delusion. In reality:—

40 per cent. of its population have incomes not above 197m. a year.
54 per cent. of its population have incomes not above 276m. a year.
5 per cent. of its population have incomes not above 896m. a year.
1 per cent. of its population have incomes not above 2,781m. a year.

But M. de Bloch consoles himself with the thought that "the German nation is a nation of thinkers and philosophers; in the end they will recognise the truth. May Heaven grant that it is not too late!"

The Tale of British Surrenders.

In the "National Review" for January, Mr. H. W. Wilson gives a list of sixteen occasions on which fairly large British forces surrendered to the Boers, eight of these being the result of defeat in a regular battle, and eight representing surprised or ambushed isolated detachments. Up to the end of October the official list gives 292 officers, 7,472 men, and 27 guns captured by the Boers, but the recent disasters must bring the number up to at least 10,000.

Their Cause.

What is the cause of this? Mr. Wilson deals with the circumstances attending each surrender, and comes to the conclusion that for the surrenders which followed our regular defeats no one can be blamed. As to the ambushes and cutting off of isolated garrisons, that is another story. Mr. Wilson thinks that in many cases no satisfactory explanation is forthcoming. "The most we can say of their defence is that it did not reach a high pitch of resolution." Mr. Wilson, for instance, thinks the Imperial Yeomanry at Lindley might have been expected to hold out longer; and he thinks that the Rhenoster convoy which surrendered immediately on De Wet's demand ought at any rate to have destroyed the stores before doing so. The Derbyshires ought also to have held out if they had been properly entrenched; and the Dewetsdorp garrison ought to have destroyed their guns before surrendering. Mr. Wilson claims that as naval officers are court-martialled for the smallest accident, military commanders ought to be treated in the same way, in justice to themselves as much as to the army and the public.

The Real Reasons.

Mr. Wilson apparently can give no general explanation as to all these surrenders. Before the war broke out M. Bloch predicted that in modern warfare surrenders would be very frequent, not because of heavier losses, but because the losses owing to the use of magazine rifles, would be inflicted in such a short time as to demoralise the men. A battalion might lose sixty per cent. in two days, and continue to fight. But the loss of ten per cent. in two minutes would probably cause them to run or surrender. This prediction has, of course, been justified by the war. Mr. Wilson also neglects to notice that the relative percentage of officers taken prisoners has been less than half the percentage killed and wounded in battle. Surely the obvious conclusion is that in a great many cases the men only surrendered after losing most of their officers.

A Table of Surrenders.

The following is Mr. Wilson's table of the chief surrenders of the war:—

1. ENGAGEMENTS.

Name of Place.	Date.	Guns.	Prisnrs.	Casualties.	Force eng'd.
Dundee	Oct. 20	0	331	143	3,500
Nicholson's Nek	Oct. 30	4	927	138	1,100
Stormberg	Dec. 10	2	632	90	2,500
Magersfontein	Dec. 11	0	108	862	12,500
Colenso	Dec. 15	10	228	897	14,000
Colesberg	Jan. 6	0	113	86	400
Spion Kop	Jan. 17-24	0	358	1,375	17,500
Rensburg	Feb. 12	0	103	57	—

2. DETACHMENTS, ETC.

Sanna's Post	Mar. 31	7	426	156	1,500
Reddersburg	April 4	0	425	47	452
Lindley	May 31	0	400	78	500?
Rhenoster (Convoy)	June 4	0	160	0	160?
Roodeval	June 7	0	500	94	600?
Uitval's Nek	July 11	2	190	75	300?
Dewetsdorp	Nov. 26	2	450	57	500?
Nooitgedacht	Dec. 13	0	573	90?.	660?

This table, of course, does not include the large numbers of men captured in small parties and singly, nor does it include the garrison of Helvetia, and the numerous other bodies captured during the last weeks of September. It is interesting, however, as showing the sudden and consistent recrudescence of Boer activity since November. Between July 11 and November 26 the Boers did not capture a single British force of any size. But since the end of November there have been many surrenders to report.

In the "Girl's Realm" for January there is an interview, entitled 'How I began," with Miss Clara Butt, the well-known contralto, by Senta Ludovic; in the January number of the "Young Woman" Mrs. Leily Bingen publishes an interview with Madame Amy Sherwin, the Tasmanian soprano; and in "Cassell's Magazine" for January we have a third interview with a famous Australian singer, Madame Melba, by "Z."

The Boers as They Are.

By a Gunner.

Mr. Basil Williams, formerly a gunner in the C.I.V.'s, contributes to the "Monthly Review" a very interesting paper on "Some Boer Characteristics." Mr. Williams writes well, and his evidence adds another valuable contribution to the pyramid of testimony to the character of the Boers. Mr. Williams has seen the Boer in the field, and his testimony is that nearly every single accusation brought against our enemy was false. No one can read his paper without feeling how horribly we have been lied into this war. I was prepared for a good deal of this; but Mr. Williams' certificate as to the zeal of the Boers for personal cleanliness comes to me as somewhat of a surprise. Mr. Williams says:

We found no confirmation in them of the popular opinion about the Boer distaste for water; in fact, they seemed to rush for a wash in a dirty cowpond with as much relish as we. But their most striking characteristic was their genuine piety. Every evening, when their camp fires were lit, they would sing in chorus psalms or hymns in praise of their Maker. Hypocrites the great mass of the Boers certainly are not, any more than our own Puritans were. Hospitable they certainly are, and proud of their country in a way which wins the sympathy of those who are no less proud and willing to fight for theirs.

As to their treatment of prisoners, Mr. Williams bears the same uniform testimony of all those who have been in the field. He says:—

I was constantly coming across men who had been prisoners of the Boers at various times; and I think I may say that my informants were altogether fairly representative of all classes of soldiers in the British army. The unanimity in their accounts of the treatment given to them by the Boers was extraordinary, whether they had been going about the country at the heels of De Wet, or imprisoned at Waterval. Not a single prisoner I ever met had a complaint to make about the way in which he had been treated.

How to Assure Your Life.

A Good Company Known by Its Fruits.

Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin contributes to the "National Review" for January a very useful article, entitled "Is Life Assurance a Good Investment?" He answers that it is, but that there are certain ways of doing it, and certain companies which are much the best. The general belief that, as all assurance societies are safe, all are, therefore, equally good, is an erroneous one. Insurance should be carried out on certain principles, and only a certain number of companies satisfy the conditions.

The Profit of Life Assurance.

Firstly, it is necessary to assure in a company which practises the "with profit" principle, or gives bonuses. The extra payment is very small, and the resultant profit out of all proportion larger.

Taking endowment assurance, "with profits," a man of thirty years old would pay an annual premium of about £34 to assure £1,000, payable at the age of sixty or at previous death. If he lives for the thirty years, and comes into his own at sixty, a good company—one whose compound reversionary bonuses are at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum—will pay him some £1,500 down. He himself will have paid £1,020. That is to say, he will have got back all the payments which he has made, with compound interest at nearly two and a-half per cent. per annum, and he will have been assured all the time. If he had set out to save £34 every year and to invest it for himself he could not possibly have accumulated more than £1,500 in the thirty years, and, if he had died in the meantime, nothing would have come to his heirs except the amount of his savings up to the day of his death.

"Without Profit."

The reason of this is that a great company can get 4 per cent. interest where a private investor cannot get 3 per cent. The man who assures in a company without bonuses only pays £29 a year, and therefore saves £5 a year in premiums. But—

On the other hand, he would get no bonuses at all. Consequently, at the end of the term of thirty years, should he live so long, he would receive £1,000 in return for his payments of £870. In other words, he would get back all his premiums, with compound interest upon them, at about one per cent. per annum. There is a difference, therefore, in favour of the "with profit" assurer of one and a half per cent. per annum in interest upon his annual payments. Regarded, then, as an investment, it is far better to pay the higher "with profit" premium, and to share in the earnings of a good company, than merely to purchase a "without profit" policy.

How to Select a Company.

Having decided to assure "with profit," the investor must select a good company. First of all, says Mr. Kitchin, it must be British. Some of the great American companies cannot be regarded as good, even on the score of security. The company must be judged by the conditions on which it grants policies. The best companies make no conditions at all in nine-tenths of their policies. So long as a man or a woman has no present intention or prospect of going to an unhealthy country, or of engaging in a hazardous occupation, he is granted a "whole-world" policy, free from all restrictions whatever. All he is required to do is to pay his premiums. It was under such whole-world policies as these that many volunteers and Yeomen fought in South Africa last year, and were not required, in spite of the risk which they ran, to pay any extra premiums. The truth is that the out-of-the-way chances—the risk of a man committing suicide, or of being hanged, or of suddenly going to Timbuctoo—are so small that a good company ignores them altogether. A company may also be tested by the rate of profit it returns. A good company will allot to its policy-holders 30s. per cent. per annum upon the amount of their policies, and the same on the amount of all previous bonus additions to the policy. That is to say, to every £100 of assurance policy and bonuses will be added £7 10s.

if the policy has existed for the full five years. This rate, says Mr. Kitchin, is the dividing line between good and indifferent companies.

As for insurance without bonuses, there is not the same need for careful selection. Safety is then the chief consideration, and about a score of English and Scottish companies are absolutely safe. In general, life insurance is one of the best and safest, as well as the most profitable of investments. It pays much better than Government securities, and is much safer than Stock Exchange investments. Mr. Kitchin's article is a very clear as well as interesting guide to life assurance, and anyone in search of the best method of assuring his life could not do better than consult it.

What Remains to be Explored.

By Sir Henry Stanley.

"Fields for Future Explorers" is the title of Sir Henry Stanley's paper in the January "Windsor." He opens by sketching the characteristics of the five last decades in Africa. 1850-1880 were years of exploration and discovery; 1881-1890 covered the period of scramble: the last decade has been one of internal development:—

Regiments of natives have been drilled and uniformed, missions, schools, and churches are flourishing, and every symptom of the slave trade, which was fast devastating the interior even in the eighties, has completely disappeared.

Great Work for the Surveyor.

Yet "the continent remains for most practical purposes as unknown as when the Victoria Nyanza and the Congo were undiscovered":—

The work of the old class of African explorers may be said to come to an end with the last year of the nineteenth century, though there remain a few tasks yet incomplete, which I shall presently mention. The twentieth century is destined to see, probably within the next decade or two, the topographic delineation of a large portion of the continent by geodetic triangulation.

Virgin Heights to Scale.

There are other tasks awaiting "young men of means and character":—

Those who are fond of Alpine climbing, and aspire to do something useful and worth doing, might take either of the snowy mountains Ruwenzori, Kenia, Mfumbiro, and thoroughly explore it after the style of Hans Meyer, who took Kilima Njaro for his subject. There are peaks also in the Elgon cluster north of the Victoria Nyanza over 14,000 feet high, which might well repay systematic investigation.

The African lake beds and lake basins offer tempting subjects of inquiry.

Dark Places of the Earth.

Passing from the continent for ever associated with his name, the writer treats of other parts of the world. He says:—

West and North-West Brazil contain several parts as little known to the European world as the darkest parts of Africa. The debatable territory between Ecuador and South-Eastern Colombia, parts of Cuzco and La Pas in Bolivia, the Peruvian Andes, the upper basin of the Pilcomayo, and an extensive portion of Patagonia, are regions of great promise to geographical investigators, and whence valuable results may be anticipated.

The Great Siberian Railway will afford many a starting-place for explorations to the south, and the fifth part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Lake Baikal and the Himalava range furnishes a very large field for them. Tibet has long withstood the attempts of travellers to penetrate it for a systematic survey. . . . Perseverance will conquer in the end, and both Tibet and China will have to yield. Arabia and Persia have much to unfold.

The writer also mentions North and South Polar regions, and closes by demanding greater precision and completeness in the work of future explorers. The article is accompanied by a most instructive map, showing by degrees of shading the more and the less known portions of the globe. The reader will be struck by the vast extent of blank space still awaiting the explorer, and of the lightly shaded parts which need much fuller investigation than they have yet received.

Cycles and Motors.

The opening century is sure to have among its chief features an immense development of the use of motors for transport by road. Nobody is a better authority on cycling and its companion—motoring—than Mr. Joseph Pennell, and, though he does not hazard any forecasts as to the future, his opinion on present conditions is always excellent. In the "Contemporary Review" for January, Mr. Pennell has a good article on "Cycles and Motors in 1900."

The Decay of the Cycle.

The slump in the cycle trade is the first phenomenon which Mr. Pennell notes. It is not confined to England, but embraces all the cycling world, and especially America, where the League of American cyclists has fallen in numbers from a hundred thousand to about a third of the number. At the Paris Exhibition this year there was nothing new in cycles, the military cycle being the only conspicuous feature. The free-wheel has made no progress, and Mr. Pennell sticks to his opinion that the free-wheel is a mistake. The decay in cycling Mr. Pennell largely attributes to the ignorance of makers and of the public, who will not realise that cycles must be made to fit their riders as clothes their wearers.

The Triumph of the Motor.

It is the motor which has taken the place of the cycle in the minds of manufacturers. Mr. Pennell does not like the motor car, and he gives an amusing account of his experiments with them, which ended in disaster. Up to the present it is the motor-bicycle which is the most practical of motoring contrivances. The motor-bicycle has

been ignored in England, but on the Continent and in America it is supreme:—

I should like to point out that, although the ordinary tricycle is a stable machine, and possesses many advantages over the bicycle, it has virtually disappeared, owing to its still greater disadvantages, and the existence of the motor tricycles one sees about the streets to-day will be even more meteoric. The motor bicycle possesses all the advantages of the ordinary safety; that is lightness, compactness, ease of storage, and, above all, the single track, combined with self-propulsion and speed. The motor tricycle is stable, but it has three tracks, weight, complications, and, greatest of all, the present defect of terrible vibration. The latter alone would be enough to ruin it, even if the weight did not make it just as troublesome as a car, when it breaks down.

The Most Practical Type.

At present the great question is whether motor-bicycles should be built entirely different from the old safeties, or whether they should merely be safeties fitted with motors. The latter course would be the most convenient, but it is objected that the ordinary safety would not stand the strain. Mr. Pennell thinks that the Werner bicycle is the most practical type:—

To those of us who love the safety, the addition of the motor is but an increased source of pleasure. One may carry more luggage and yet go faster and further, while hills are made level and head winds do not blow. As I have said, the Werner is the only machine I have tried for any distance, and I believe it is the only one which has so far been ridden to any extent. The motor, a one-horse power engine, is placed over the front wheel, and drives it by means of a belt, and front-driven machines are far better than rear. From its position, all parts of the mechanism are visible to the driver, and he also escapes the terrible vibration. A certain amount is felt in the hands, if the bars are gripped tightly, but there is seldom occasion for this. No smell is perceptible from the motor, if it is running properly. The mechanism, which at first sight seems very complicated, is really very simple, and can be mastered in a few hours, though it requires some time to learn to drive the machine successfully.

Mr. Pennell rode a Werner bicycle from Paris to Lausanne in three days, and ended by climbing the Furka du St. Gothard passes. He concludes by predicting that in a few years everyone will be riding some form of motor, but at the present time all motors are as crude as the bone-shakers of thirty years ago.

The January "Strand" is one of the best of the lighter magazines. Besides its interesting symposium of Twentieth Century science, separately noticed, it has an illustrated interview with Mr. Henry Woods, R.A.; a paper on the recent international balloon contest in Paris, and another on "Peculiar Weddings," all readable enough.

"Macmillan's" for January has an interesting sketch by H. C. Macdowall of "The Faust of the the Marionettes," composed in the seventeenth century, rigidly Protestant, and differing in other points from the well-known plays. "While Goethe's Faust desires to live, and Marlowe's to possess, this Faust "is devoured by the craving to know."

The Girlhood of Sarah Bernhardt.

In the January "Lippincott's," Mr. Albert Schinz writes on "Sarah Bernhardt in Her Teens." He does not succeed in deciding the much-vexed question of the age of the great actress, because, he explains, the records which contained the registration of her birth were destroyed in the days of the Commune, in 1871.

The opinion of chroniclers, however, is that Sarah was born in the month of October, 1844, in a house of the Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine, in the Latin Quarter Her mother, Mlle. Julie Bernhardt, born herself in Berlin, was a Jewess of rare beauty. She had gone with her parents to Amsterdam, but the home life seemed so dull to her that, at the age of fifteen, she left the house one day and never came back. She had even persuaded her sister Rose to go with her. They went to Paris. Rose was very skilful as a modiste, and so they decided to open a little shop in the Latin Quarter.

This, then, was the birthplace of the great actress. In the existing record she is down under the name of Rosine Bernhardt, daughter of Julie Bernhardt. Her father insisted upon her being baptised in the nearest church. Some have tried to infer from this fact that Madame Bernhardt is not a Jewess. I am afraid, if we choose to consider the question from the religious standpoint, that she would not be much of a Christian either; if we look at it from the natural or physiological standpoint, I do not think that the water of baptism has had great influence toward purifying her blood. She is thus what the Germans so properly call a "Water-Jewess." Well, at all events, her very Christian father, after having his child baptised and so stamped for holiness, thought that his duties about her were over, and was never heard of again.

The mother could not take care of little Sarah, and put her out to nurse. When she came back she was brought up in a rather unorthodox fashion in the little shop of the Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine. She seemed to enjoy, above everything, adorning herself with old artificial flowers, rags, and bows of ribbons, the spoils of the millinery establishment. The students of the university, passing daily before the door, found much amusement in watching the ugly little creature in her fantastic attire.

At seven years of age she was sent to the Convent of Grand-Champ, at Versailles. There she met Sophie Croizette, her rival-to-be at the Comedie Francaise Sophie, with as proud and ambitious a spirit as Sarah, had the equipment of strength, beauty, and a superb complexion, while Sarah was meagre, yellow, and of an aspect singularly unprepossessing. From the very first instant, as if by a sort of intuition, they took a tremendous dislike to each other. Two parties were soon formed in the school, with Sophie and Sarah as their leaders, and not infrequently the peaceful convent-yard was transformed into a battle-field of Homeric violence. Sarah was the more audacious of the two, but was generally crushed by her physically stronger rival. The Sisters were at their wits' end; all punishments proved unavailing, and no means could be found to conciliate the two implacable pupils.

Finally, Sarah became so vigorous in her hostility that the abbe was forced to send her from the school. Her relatives could do nothing with her, until it occurred to them to make an actress of her. She entered the Conservatoire in Paris in 1859, when she was about fifteen years of age. It was ten years afterward, however, before her histrionic triumphs began.

The Building of a Great Bridge.

Mr. Frank W. Skinner, an editor of the "Engineering Record," invests his article in the January "McClure's" on "Great Achievements in Modern Bridge-Building" with much dramatic interest. He tells us that the great bridges of the world are distinctly a modern product, and have all been built within the past quarter-century. The bridge thrown across the Ohio in 1863, with a span of 320 feet, was then an unprecedented performance. Now single spans are constructed of over 1,700 feet in actual length, and some have been designed —and will certainly be put up—having spans of no less than 3,000 feet.

The great factor in this advance has been, of course, the improvement in the manufacture of steel for this purpose. Steel has no competitor as a material for great bridges; but even with this material, the cost of construction increases with the square of the increase in the span. Mr. Skinner tells us that this factor of cost sets about the only limit to the length of modern bridge spans, as almost any length is mechanically possible now.

Every Bridge a Separate Problem.

Every bridge is a separate engineering problem by itself, and no set of formulas can apply to all cases. "The truss, or skeleton, of separate steel pieces, must be so arranged as to convey to the abutments in proper proportions the loads from its own weight and the weights it is intended to carry. The impact and vibration from the vehicles which are to cross it must be determined. The strain of wind and storm beating against it must be calculated. The almost irresistible expansion and contraction of the mass of metal under the influence of summer heat and winter frost must be provided for. All these problems are solved by the computer in his plan. His designs predetermine to the fraction of an inch how much a thousand-foot span will deflect under a load of one or twenty locomotives. It is all figured out before a bar is cut or a stroke given toward actual construction.

The Metallurgist and Steel-Maker.

After verifying the designs, which are in the field of the mathematician, the next step is to put these designs into form, a task which falls to the lot of the metallurgist and steel-maker. This is by no means an unimportant part of the process. The steel which is to form the bridge is turned out in bars, many of them so strong that singly they could sustain the pull of 14,000 horses hauling on common roads, so ductile that a short bar will stretch half its own length before giving way, so tough that great bars when perfectly cold can be tied into hard knots without cracking.

Following the plans, the bars, plates, and shapes are formed into flexible chains, the weakest links of which can sustain loads of a million pounds each; into huge girders, which alone could carry the heaviest trains across an ordinary street; into riveted braces so large and long that eight-oared rowing-shells might easily be stored in them. To join the separate parts together, solid steel bolts as large as stovepipes are provided. And the holes for which these bolts are destined are bored and polished to an accuracy of a hundredth of an inch in position and diameter. These features of the work are the best measures of the tools, hydraulic forgings, and electric machinery employed by the manufacturers, who have capital aggregating many millions invested in shops equipped solely for turning out bridge material.

Putting Up the Structure.

The outcome of all this is the finished bridge, in the form of a hundred car-loads of rods, bars, braces, girders, columns, and boxes of rivets. They are dumped down at some spot, perhaps in the heart of a wilderness, where the problem of handling them may became one of appalling difficulty. From them the builder must evolve his bridge. The huge, inflexible pieces must be fitted together with watchmaker's precision, and the 100,000-pound masses must be swung high in air to form part of a self-sustaining structure over a hitherto impassable torrent. Or perhaps the situation is of another sort, and the acres of forged and riveted members are destined to span a river in angry flood, or with treacherous bottom, or to replace a weakened structure without interrupting the traffic of hundreds of daily trains or fleets of vessels."

A "Fortnightly" Retrospect.

A writer, who conceals his identity under the initial "M.," indulges in a retrospect of the "Fortnightly Review" in the January number. It is just thirty-five years since the "Fortnightly" may be said to have initiated the era of modern reviews in England. The writer says:—

No party, but a free platform! This was the fresh cry that 15th of May, 1865, when the first number appeared. In the years to follow reviews on kindred lines—the "Contemporary" in 1866, the "Nineteenth" in 1877, the "National" in 1883—arrived to join in the campaign and make it triumphant. The title of the "Fortnightly" explained itself; the review was to appear on the 1st and 15th of each month, the price two shillings. The review became a monthly with the issue of October 1, 1866.

After two years' experience, the "Fortnightly," under the editorship of Mr. G. H. Lewes, won great repute as a literary and political arena; but its financial success was small. Anthony Trollope, speaking of the first two years' working, said:—

Financially, as a company, we failed altogether. We spent the few thousands we had collected among us, and then made over the then almost valueless copyright of the review to the firm of publishers which now owns it. Such failure might have been predicted of our money venture, without much sagacity, from the first. But yet much was done.

This led to a reconstruction of the original idea of the "Fortnightly," and—

with the number of January, 1867, the present series of the "Fortnightly" was started, the price being raised from a florin to half-a-crown. Mr. John Morley now took the editor's chair, and was to be there for fifteen years.

Under Mr. Morley, the "Fortnightly," although it published articles from writers of all shades of opinion, had a distinct political and philosophical character of its own, which lasted for fifteen years:

In the autumn of 1882 Mr. John Morley handed over the editorship of the "Fortnightly" to Mr. T. H. S. Escott. He held it for over three years, when his

health compelled him to resign. No immediate appointment was made, the hope being that he might be able to return; and meanwhile Major Arthur Griffiths conducted the Review. Mr. Frank Harris issued his first number in August, 1886; in November, 1894, the present editorship began.

The article concludes with a discussion of the anonymous articles published in the "Fortnightly;" but the writer surely presumes a little too much on the ignorance of the public when he affects to regard the identity of E. B. Lanin as a matter of mystery. There is only one living man who could have written the Lanin papers, and that man is Dr. E. J. Dillon, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." Dr. Dillon, no doubt, had collaborateurs, but "E. J. Dillon: his mark," is stamped conspicuously over every page of the Lanin papers.

The Intellectualising of Commerce.

Modern industry seems to be compelling a humaner consideration for the worker. Modern commerce in its turn seems to be demanding from its votaries something like a wide academic culture. The other day we noted a French Chamber of Commerce which insisted on philosophy as an essential element in a commercial education. A similar tendency is evidenced in the December number of "The World's Work." Mr. H. H. Lewis contributes a collection of opinions from persons able to speak with authority on the question, "Are Young Men's Chances Less?" The answers suggest that the consolidation of capital now going on increases opportunities for first-rate young men with wide outlook, resourceful initiative, and organising brain. Says one man: "Great industrial concerns are frequently embarrassed because they cannot find men who can command big salaries." It is the old story of "plenty of room at the top."

The Demand for College Men.

Still more remarkable is the cry in shrewd, go-ahead, businesslike America for "college-trained minds." British business men might, perhaps, expect such a cry in pedantic Germany; but when the Yankee trader clamours for University men, it must mean not pedantry, but business. A lawyer says: "The corporate tendency of to-day has created an active demand for, and put a premium upon, college-trained minds, both in business and in professional pursuits." An engineer adds: "The man who has the advantage of an education in a technical school, and possesses business ability, will be rushed right along to the top."

An Astounding Contrast.

Here is truly an amazing statement from the president of Cornell University:

"Judging from our experience at Cornell University, there never has been a time when there were so many demands for able and well-trained young men as at present," says President Schurman. "Perhaps 'the majority of these applications come from concerns supported by large combinations of capital.' As the success of this sort of business depends upon the ability with which its affairs are managed, young men of character and brains are indispensable, and wonderfully high salaries await those who can earn them. I think that the opportunities for young men under the present system of large combinations of capital are greater than ever before in the history of the world."

The words which we have placed between single inverted commas truly give Britishers—in trade and in university life—plenty to think about. Fancy the Master of Balliol being deluged with applications from city men for managers and organisers from Oxford!

Graduates as Trade Organisers.

Another university president writes that of the young men under him, those who choose academic careers "lack force":

I have concluded, and the conclusion saddens me, that most youths of force prefer commercial careers. The stronger boys go into business or into the active professions.

College-trained captains of industry, both in Germany and America, seem to leave small chance for the untrained "father's sons" who direct British producers. If British working-men do not wish to see the bread taken from their mouths, they will have to set about a drastic reform of our universities. This will be their best return for "University Extension." They must teach our teachers their business.

How the Nations Spend.

Mr. C. A. Conant writes in the "Atlantic" for January a remarkable article on the growth of public expenditures. The most remarkable feature of the modern world, he says, is the scale on which the great nations spend. Here are some examples:

France.

In France, when Napoleon was organising the greatest of his armies for the disastrous campaign against Russia, the entire budget of expenditures submitted by his minister of finance, the Comte de Mollien, was only 1,168,000,000 francs, of which nearly two-thirds was for military purposes. The budget of France to-day shut within her old limits and with the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, is nearly four times this amount in a time of profound peace, and no one knows what might be its amount in case of war. France affords a convenient illustration for economic discussions, because her population has not increased greatly within the century. It was 30,461,875 in 1821, 36,102,921 in 1872, and 38,343,192 in 1891.

England.

In England, in the times of the restored Stuart dynasty in 1660, the annual revenue is computed by good authorities at £1,200,000 for a population of five and a half millions, or but little more than 1 dol. per head. In 1795, before the Continental wars had brought disorder into Imperial finances, the revenue of the United Kingdom was £19,657,993 for a population of less than nine millions, or about 8 dols. per head. Even then the debt charge swallowed up half the revenue, and

dire predictions were frequent of England's collapse under the heavy burdens she bore.

The expenditures of 1871 were £69,548,539, amounting to about 11 dols. (£2 4s. 5d.) for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. But the expenditures of 1895 rose to £93,918,421, and those of 1899 to £108,150,236, or about 13 dols. per capita.

The United States.

In the United States, dealing with the federal revenue alone, the demand made upon the American people in 1842 was only 25,205,761 dols., or 1.39 dols. per capita. The amount had risen in 1860 only to 2.01 dols. per capita. Then came the disturbances of the Civil War, whose effect was felt for many years upon the annual budget. The lowest per capita expenditure after the war was in 1886, under the administration of President Cleveland, when the total amount was 242,483,138 dols., and the amount per capita was 4.22 dols.

Germany.

In Germany, the modest imperial budget established after the war with France called for expenditures of only 569,388,500 marks in 1878, which swelled to double the amount in 1889, and to 1,551,709,400 marks in 1899.

In Russia, the ordinary expenditures rose from 1,099,372,000 francs in 1866, to 2,433,388,000 francs in 1890, and 3,622,789,000 francs in 1898.

Municipalities as Traders.

Professor Allen, in the "Journal of Political Economy" for December, discusses the evidence laid before the British Parliamentary Committee on Municipal Trading. It is clear that the area of municipal activity grows very wide. Says Professor Allen:

It is startling to see to what degree socialism has in practice supplanted individualism, despite the continual reaffirmation in Britain of individualistic theories. There are 265 municipalities engaged in productive undertakings, distributed throughout England and Wales, from Southampton to Carlisle. In Scotland there are 74. That is, 339 out of 749, or not far from half the municipalities, carry on corporate industry. To these should be added the scores of towns and rural districts supplied by the municipal trading companies.

The industries concerned include the following: waterworks; gasworks; electric-lighting; tramways; artisans' dwellings; model lodging-houses; baths and washhouses; piers and quays; garbage plants; abbatoirs; insurance; manufacture and sale of ice; cold storage; shops, bazaars, saloons, etc., on recreation grounds; nurseries; crematories, etc.

The capital involved is nearly half a billion dollars, of which 94 per cent. is borrowed. Of this sum the greater part is invested in water and gasworks, the amounts being respectively 242 and 101 million dollars. The following are the sums invested in the various industries named: tramways, 16.1 million dollars; electric lighting, 17.1 million dollars; baths, 7.5 million dollars; artisans' dwellings, 3.6 million dollars. The annual expenditure authorised by Parliament and the local government board has increased from an average of 25 million dollars in 1890 to 195 million dollars in 1899, and 155 million dollars in 1900. With the increase in industrial enterprises has gone an increase of municipal debt, which in 1896-7 was one and a quarter billion dollars, an increase of nearly 200 per cent. since 1874-5. The municipal rates have increased during the period of expansion since 1892 from £2 to £2 6s 6d. per capita in London, and from 17s. 3d. to £1 0s. 9d. outside London, whereas the total for England and Wales has increased from £1 0s 7d. to £1 4s. 5d. The rate in the pound on rateable value has likewise increased in the kingdom and in London from 5 to 6 pence in the pound.

Submarine Navigation.

In the "Popular Science Monthly" for December, Professor W. P. Bradley describes the recent inventions for submarine navigation—particularly the torpedo-boat Holland, and the Argonaut, a craft intended for peaceful pursuits. The latter boat, said to be the only attempt at submarine architecture not primarily designed with reference to use in war, is the invention of Mr. Simon Lake. The Argonaut's purpose is to save property, not to destroy it, and she is equipped accordingly.

She is built to travel on the bottom, and is provided, accordingly, with wheels like a tricycle. Except in war, there is scarcely a single valuable object which can be served by navigation between the surface and the bottom. The treasures of the deep are on the bottom. On the bottom are the sponges, the pearls, the corals, the shell-fish, the wrecks of treasure-ships and coal-ships, and the gold-bearing sands. On the bottom are the foundations of submarine works, explosive harbour defences, and cables. To the bottom the Argonaut goes, and on it she does her work.

Propelled at the surface by her gasoline engines, she looks much like any other power-boat. The upper part of her hull is that of ordinary surface-going boats. Underneath, she has the ovoidal form. Conspicuous on her deck are the two vertical pipes by means of which, during submergence, fresh air is drawn from the surface and the vitiated air within expelled. On the deck are also a derrick and a powerful sand-pump, for use in wrecking or in submarine construction, while a powerful electric lamp in her conical under-water bow illuminates the field of her operations. Most interesting is the sea-door at the bottom forward, through which divers enter and leave the boat when on the ocean floor, the inrush of water into the diving compartment being prevented in the meantime by air-pressure within, equal to and balancing the water-pressure without. The Argonaut has already travelled, it is said, hundreds of miles on the surface, and scores on the ocean bottom.

An American View of Australian Finance.

We discuss elsewhere Mr. Conant's notable article in the "Atlantic" on the growth of public expenditures. We may add here, as of special interest to Australian readers, his view of Australian finance. "The development of Australia," he says, "has been more rapid in our generation than that of any other country of the same population and wealth." What is the secret of it?

Australian Finance.

The people of Australia were in the fortunate position of having an almost unlimited credit with their English and Scotch countrymen, which enabled them to borrow more liberally and on better terms than any other people. They borrowed from 1871 to 1898 £294,212,000. This great sum was applied to railway construction, to the improvement of agricultural land and sheep-farming, to the employment of the best

machinery for gold-mining, and to the development of manufactures.

The result of this influx of foreign capital has been to create a large debt, both public and private; but it has been also to give to Australia a rapidity and solidity of development which would hardly have been possible by the unaided efforts of her own people. With a population increasing by more than 250 per cent. from 1861 to 1898, and more than doubling in the twenty-seven years from 1871 to 1898, her industrial growth was more remarkable still. Her total foreign trade rose from £39,729,016 in 1871 to £83,678,859 in 1897, or more than three times the amount per capita of the trade of the United States. The public revenues, including railway earnings, increased from £9,269,765 in 1871 to £31,272,588 in 1898. Deposits in the banks increased, during the same period, from £28,833,761 to £128,303,360, and the value of annual production per capita increased 100 per cent., and put Australia at the head of all countries in volume of production per head. The per capita production of Australia is about 130 dols. (£26 14s. 9d.), while that of France is only 60 dols.; Great Britain, 49 dols.; Russia, 31 dols.; and even the United States, only 70 dols.

The Development of British Shipping.

In the December "Forum," Mr. Benjamin Taylor, a British journalist, replies to the statement frequently made that the development of British shipping has been due to Government subsidies. He declares that the mail subsidies paid by the British Government are simply remuneration for cargo carried.

The Subsidised Steamship Companies.

Mr. Taylor gives the following facts regarding the British subsidised lines:

The Peninsular and Oriental and the Cunard companies are, perhaps, the best known of the subsidised mail-steamship companies of Great Britain; but they are by no means the best-paying of British steamship companies. And, after all, these mail subsidies are unimportant and even trifling in amount, when taken in relation to the value of the shipping engaged, and to the magnitude of the maritime commerce of the empire. There are only six ocean mail contracts worth taking into consideration at all. These are classified hereunder:—

United States (outward), Cunard and White Star (divided), annual subsidy, £130,000.

India, China, and Japan (out and home), P. and O., annual subsidy, £245,000.

Australia (out and home), P. and O. and Orient Co.'s (divided), annual subsidy, £170,000.

West Indies (out and home), Royal Mail Steam Packet, annual subsidy, £80,000.

South Africa (out and home), Union and Castle, annual subsidy, £135,000.

Canada, including overland and ocean service to the East, annual subsidy, £60,000.

In all, this is considerably less than a million of money divided among seven companies, owning in the neighbourhood of 160 vessels, and representing a capital value, in the aggregate, of not far from £20,000,000.

These seven companies possess some of the finest, largest, and swiftest—which is to say the most costly, for speed means money—steamers in the world, which have to be kept up always at the highest point of efficiency. If we were to take the fiscal view of these mail subsidies that Mr. Chamberlain does, and regard them as grants in aid of British shipping, then the actual cost to the exchequer is only £250,000 per annum.

Survivals of Trial by Ordeal.

In the December "Green Bag," Mr. George H. Westley describes several interesting modern survivals of the ancient custom of trial by ordeal. It is common enough to find such customs among savage tribes, but Mr. Westley shows that this medieval practice has persisted almost down to our own day among American people. The first instance is one related by Judge Bennett, of Newfoundland:

A few years ago he was visiting one of the small villages of the island, when a woman came to him with the complaint that a pair of blankets which she had hung out to dry had been stolen. She asked the judge to turn the key on the Bible to discover the thief. He of course refused, assuring her he had no such power; but as the woman continued to urge him, he proposed another plan. He told her to get a large iron pot and a crowing bird, and to summon all the men in the neighbourhood to gather that evening at her house.

When the company had assembled, the rooster was put under the pot, the lamp was extinguished in the house, and the men were led outside. One man whom the judge suspected as the guilty party protested strongly against the proceeding, declaring his disbelief in any such idea as it involved. However, they were required in turn to go in and touch the pot, the understanding being that when the guilty one should do so, the cock would immediately crow.

Each man went in and returned without the expected sign, and the man who had protested against the proceeding now appealed to the fact to show the folly of it. The judge, however, called them into the house; and the lamp being relit, he remarked on the strangeness of the affair, and then suddenly asked them all to hold up their hands, when it was found that this man's hands were clean, showing that he had never touched the pot at all. He at first attempted to deny his guilt, but on being threatened with being sent to jail, he gave up his plunder.

Cases in Virginia, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York.

While we indulge in a smile at the superstitious credulity or gullibility of these Newfoundlanders, let us not forget that the judicial ordeal is not unknown in our annals. Even the Civil War is less recent than the belief in some parts of our country that a murdered body will bleed, or give some sign at the approach of the murderer. In 1868, at Verdierville, in Virginia, a suspected assassin was compelled to touch the body of a woman found murdered in a wood; and in 1869, at Lebanon, Ill., the corpses of two murdered persons were exhumed, and two hundred of the neighbours were marched past and made to touch them, in hope of identifying the criminals by the bleeding of the bodies.

In 1833, when a man named Getter was on trial in Pennsylvania for the murder of his wife, among the evidence which was allowed to go to the jury was that of a female witness who said: "If my throat was to be cut I could tell, before God Almighty, that the deceased smiled when he [the murderer] touched her. I swore this before the justice, and also that she bled considerably. He touched her twice. I also swore before the justice that it was observed by other people in the house."

The ordeal of bier-right, as it was called, was employed in New York in 1824, when a suspected murderer named Johnson was led from his cell to the hospital where lay the body of his victim, which he was required to touch. The man's dissimulation, which had before remained unshaken, failed him at this test; his overstrung nerves gave way, and he made confession of his crime. The proceedings were sustained

by court, and a subsequent attempt at retraction was over-ruled.

Among the tests employed in the Philippines, up to a recent date, were these: "A needle was thrust into the scalps of two litigants, and the one from whom the blood flowed most profusely lost the case. Or two chickens were roasted to death and then opened, when the owner of the chicken which was found to have the largest liver was held to be defeated."

Mannerly London.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge, in the "Woman at Home," writes on "The Manners of London," which he finds not only very good, but much better than they were, especially in the "minor suburbs." This improvement he attributes partly to the School Board, partly to the breaking down of class barriers, and also to the settlements. Ask your way, he says, in a minor suburb, and you will find everyone most anxious to show it you. A woman entering a crowded Aldgate and Stratford car, he remarks, "will generally find two or three men rising to offer a seat." Well, I can only say that that was not so less than three years ago. I have seen women stand for nearly an hour in a London tram, with a score of men and boys sitting down the while; and many is the time I have seen a tired, heavily laden woman, perhaps even an elderly woman, stand wearily for miles, with boys and men calmly looking on the while, and not even offering to move. Mr. Pett Ridge finds Mafeking London, and let us hope C.I.V. London, quite delightful, though even he thinks it strange that so many thousands could find no better way of expressing their joy than by tickling other people's faces with peacocks' feathers. The old horseplay he found to have disappeared.

The Retort Invincible.

In a weather causerie in "Gentleman's," Mr. William Allingham records this anecdote concerning prediction in another sphere:—

Dr. Shorthouse, of a famous sporting paper, had six sporting prophets writing in its columns one season. In a certain handicap there were seven starters. Each of the six tipsters forecasted a different winner, yet the seventh horse simply romped in first. A friend of Dr. Shorthouse, who had often tried to impress upon him the danger of a multitude of counsellors, ran up to him in the ring and triumphantly exclaimed, "Here's a pretty thing, Shorthouse! Six of your fellows have tipped six different horses for this particular race, and the only one they did not name is first past the post! What do you think of that?" To him calmly replied the Doctor, "My dear sir, it only proves there is room for another prophet!"

"The Medical Profession for Women" is discussed in an interesting paper by Marie A. Belloc in the January "Leisure Hour." The writer estimates that, for women who can face the expenses and the long time of training, the medical profession affords an excellent opening; and not only is this so in India, but there is certainly some opening abroad for British medical women. A lady doctor, half French or half German, and familiar with the Continent, could build up a large practice there. Paris has always favoured women doctors. The writer also insists that a woman finds it far easier to build up a practice, even in Great Britain, than do her male competitors, chiefly owing to there still being so few women doctors, and the novelty alone helping so much to make them known. Other articles discuss "Who was Robin Adair?" and "Weather Forecasting and Its Critics," by Frank T. Bullen; and the eclipse of the sun in May last, viewed from Algiers.

The January number of "The Century" is a very good one, and promises well for the further excellence of this interesting American magazine during the new century. A story by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is to be found in this number, and is certain to be welcomed with interest by all those who have read the author's other excellent and longer works. In "What the Government Costs," by Carroll D. Wright, and "The United States Patent Office," by E. V. Smalley, there is much interesting matter, and both articles are very readable. Mr. R. T. Hill writes concerning the Canyons of the Rio Grande, and describes how they are run. Many excellent drawings from photographs help materially to give the reader an idea of the wonderful grandeur of the scenery. Sir Walter Besant contributes a sketch of London life, entitled "Shadow and Sunlight in East London." Cecile E. Payen contributes the only article dealing with the Chinese Crisis, with a description of her experiences when besieged in Pekin during the recent attacks upon the Legations. She tells her story very well, and throws considerable light upon many little points which more pretentious writers have neglected.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Cornhill.

The January "Cornhill" contains a great deal of very interesting matter. Under the title of "Our Birth and Parentage," Mr. George M. Smith records the diverting history of the now forty years old "Cornhill Magazine."

Dr. Fitchett's "Indian Mutiny."

This number also contains the first of Dr. Fitchett's articles on the Indian Mutiny. Dr. Fitchett's style is admirable, clear, forcible, and graphic enough to captivate the most inveterate history-hater. But he is not too sympathetic to those who are not true-born Englishmen, and shows sometimes surprisingly little consideration for the feelings and susceptibilities of the Hindu race. He takes the very opposite view to that of Justin McCarthy as to the extent of the mutiny, the importance of which he considers has often been greatly overrated. "There were two black faces to every white face under the British flag which fluttered so proudly over the historic ridge at Delhi." Nor does he agree with Mr. Lecky, Lord Roberts, and other authorities as to the greased cartridges being the real and not merely the ostensible cause for the mutiny. Nor will he allow that there is anything to be said in justification of the Sepoys, although he admits "much of heavy-handed clumsiness in the official management of the business." None of the guilty cartridges, he asserts, were ever actually issued to Sepoys, whose conscientious objections to them vanished when there was a chance of using them against British subjects. Throughout the article we seem to hear the thud of Dr. Fitchett's vigorous British fist "stamping out" mutiny, pursuing murderers, and avenging murders. But it is foolish to cavil; nay, few of us can ever animate dead scenes as Dr. Fitchett has done in this paper.

Other Articles.

"More Light on St. Helena" is thrown by a paper edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, and consisting chiefly of extracts from the letters and journals of Sir George Bingham and others who were in St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity. Some interesting conversation is recorded as to Napoleon's intended invasion of England. He said:

> I put all to the hazard; I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return; I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned.

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has a delicately and charmingly written paper on "Felicia Hemans," which should be read to be fully appreciated. Mr. H. M. Stanley describes "How I Acted the Missionary, and What Came of It, in Uganda," an interesting record of dealings with King Mtesa, at whose request Stanley appealed for missionaries both in London and New York, with the result that a fund of £24,000 was speedily raised, five missionaries sent out, and now Uganda has one cathedral and 372 churches, attended by 97,575 converts.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Mr. Knowles cannot be congratulated on the title which he has in all seriousness adopted for his monthly review. Even though the "Twentieth Century" is a title already appropriated, a little ingenuity might surely have found out a less awkward name. Would not "The Current Century" have been an inoffensive substitute for the old Nineteenth? The January number opens with a frontispiece—"a Janiform head adapted from a Greek coin of Tenedos, at the request of the editor, by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A."—which, says the editor, "tells in a figure all that need be said of the alteration made in the title of the review." The left face is the face of a bearded man looking downward, with the letters XIX. against the end of his beard; the right the face of an upward-looking woman with flowing locks, and the letters XX. against her fringe. The real opening of the new volume is supplied by Mr. Stephen Phillips in his five-page poem of the years to come, which, along with Mr. Joseph Jephson's plea for a national spring cleaning every Mayday, claims special notice.

Hodge a Century Ago.

Dr. Jessop writes on "England's Peasantry—Then and Now," and is bold enough to say a good word for Gilbert's Act of 1782, which increased the Poor Rates from two and a half millions in 1795 to eight millions in 1832. "It did keep the agricultural labourers alive," and they improved their physique; while the people in the crowded towns were rapidly deteriorating. Many most interesting facts are supplied. Dr. Jessop's general conclusion is as follows:

> The agricultural labourers of to-day are certainly better clad, more luxuriously fed, have far more leisure, are better educated, and are rapidly becoming better housed than their forefathers a century ago. . . .
>
> On the other hand, their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were much more gay and light-hearted than the moderns; they enjoyed their lives much more than their descendants do; they had incomparably more laughter, more amusement, more real delight in

the labour of their hands; there was more love among them and less hate. The agricultural labourer had a bad drunken time between twenty or thirty years ago, and he has been growing out of that. . . . Perhaps the saddest characteristic of the men of the present, as compared with the men of the past, is that the men of the past were certainly more self-dependent.

Our Society Women.

Lady Ponsonby's paper on "The Role of Women in Society" in England to-day will not heighten the respect of the lower classes for the "upper circles." She gives a most rapid and interesting survey of society tendencies during the century just departed; and bears witness to the temper which now prevails:

The desperate recklessness of experiment that seems to be not only a reaction against conventionality, but to result from a mad desire to exhaust every form of amusement, and indeed of vice. The husband-snatching, the lover-snatching—in short, the open profligacy—becomes unattractive, because nobody is shocked. Gambling is resorted to, but that is such an exclusive passion that it protects its votaries from destruction by other forms of vice. . . . Nor do I think the courtisane de haut etage doubled with the philanthropist is a type that will commend itself to English opinion, for the men held in bondage by her are seldom those on the first line. Nor will the scholar and purely literary woman, or the grande dame who dabbles in literature, science, and art, and leads a charming life of eclecticism, aestheticism, and many other isms, prevail.

The Cure for Hooliganism.

Mr. John Trevarthen, of Farm School, Redhill, is quite sure he has the specific for the cure of Hooliganism. He says:

For the earliest types of straying children there are Truant Schools, then Industrial Schools for the incipient criminal, and Reformatory Schools for the more advanced stage—these, if augmented by arrangements . . . for lads up to eighteen, would, if generously used, instead of half-heartedly, as is just now the case, soon prevent and cure most of the lamentable results of bad homes, bad company, and the wretched social conditions which menace the well-being and comfort of the rising generation.

"Indulgence," not "Pardon."

Miss L. M. Morant stated in the November number that the Pope had granted Josef Mayer at Ober Ammergau "a pardon not only for his own sins, past and present and future, but also . . . for those of all his children." Cardinal Vaughan at once wrote denying the statement; and when pressed to verify it, the lady writer says she had it from a friend who now "cannot quite remember the words." The actual "indulgence" is now printed, and turns out to be "a plenary indulgence at the moment of death for himself and for his relations, by consanguinity and affinity to the third degree, inclusively." In a preceding article, the Bishop of Newport explains that "a plenary indulgence" means "the complete remission of all the temporal punishment to which a penitent may be liable in the sight of God at the time." He explains also that there is "temporal punishment after the remission of guilt." The forgiven soul is still punished here or hereafter in purgatory. "Indulgence" therefore must not be confounded with "pardon."

The Koran "the Original Bible."

The Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad replies to Sir William Muir's discovery of "the sources of Islam" in "human and unworthy" origins. He quotes to the contrary the statements of one Professor Johnson, late of New College, Hampstead, from whose work on "The Rise of Christendom" he selects these singular utterances:

The great tradition of the Mosque owed not a syllable either to the Church or to the Synagogue. . . . When we come to the Koran with minds disabused of the medieval dishonesty we find that the book is nothing less than the Original Bible, i.e., the source of those legends of Origins which have been retold by the Rabbins in the Bible and the Talmud.

Other Articles.

The return of Lord Roberts to take supreme command of our army has been seized by Mr. Knowles as a fitting time to reprint a paper on Army Reform which that general contributed in 1884. It is a general plea for considering the wishes of the soldier and making the service more attractive, and for substituting a three-years' service—with the option of twelve—for the present system.

Mr. Edmund Robertson urges on the Government the value attached by American and French experts to submarine boats, and begs for a more decided policy from the new First Lord.

The Hon. John Collier presents a most wide-ranging survey of the "varying ideals of human beauty," from Egyptian and Assyrian down to present times. Rarely is so wide a view given so briefly and so readably.

Current politics are now presented from the Liberal standpoint by Sir Wemyss Reid, and from the Conservative by Sidney Low. Both writers remark on the personal nature of the debates in Parliament at a time of immense public importance.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly" begins the new century well. I notice elsewhere Mr. T. W. Russell's remarkable manifesto on the Irish Land Question, and Sir Robert Hart's latest communication on Chinese affairs. There is a very poor paper by a writer who wisely suppresses his name, on "Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists." Mr. Arthur Symons writes on "The Painters of Seville." Mr. W. S. Lilly exhumes the writings of one Sir John Byles, whom he describes as a forgotten prophet. Sir John prophesied against Cobden, and in favour of many ideas which are much more in favour to-day than at the time he wrote. His Excellency Ismail Kemal Bey, who got up a manifestation in favour of England on the Transvaal Question in

Constantinople, and was sent to honourable banishment as Governor of Tripoli, a post to which he preferred the position of a simple exile, publishes a translation of his pamphlet on the dispute between England and President Kruger. "Senex" criticises "'Herod' at Her Majesty's Theatre," and Mr. D. S. Waterlow replies to the attack by Mr. Charles Sheridan Jones upon what the L.C.C. has done, or rather has not done, in connection with the rehousing of London.

Maurice Hewlett.

Mr. Frederic Harrison writes enthusiastically concerning Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who, he declares, has opened a new era of prose in English literature. Speaking of "The Forest Lovers," Mr. Harrison says:

It was a fairy tale, but one told with such romantic gusto, with so much of antique flavour, and in such ruddy and fragrant English, in spite of a too visible aiming at the "precious," that it placed its writer in the very front rank of imaginative fiction.

It remained to be shown if our artist could construct an elaborate, full, coherent romance—true to historic realism, ample in incident and plot, correct in pictorial tone—a truly romantic epic, wrought out from end to end by living men and women, playing their parts in due relation and sequence. This Maurice Hewlett has done in his new piece—"The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay."

Mr. Harrison is very enthusiastic concerning the picture which Mr. Hewlett has painted of Richard Coeur de Lion. He says:

It is a true historical romance picturing a wonderful epoch—that of the third Crusade—not in its armour, robes, properties, and scenic tableaux, but with sufficient archeologic realism, and above all with insight into the heart of its men, if not altogether of its women.

The New Reign in Italy.

Signor Dalla Vecchia writes with confidence and hope concerning the immediate future in Italy. He thinks the new King has begun well. The chief interest of the article is his description of Baron Sonnino's programme, which he thinks will be largely carried out by the existing Ministry, of which the Baron does not form a part. The Sonnino policy consists of three chief measures of reform. Firstly—

He put at the head of the list a judiciary reform, to render the administration of justice more independent of the political authorities and of the politicians, to lessen the cost of justice to the public, and to increase the salary of the judges of the law courts, who are at present badly paid.

Secondly—

Sonnino most forcibly pointed out the miserable condition of schoolmasters in small towns and villages, and he proposes that the schoolmasters in places of less than 20,000 inhabitants should become State employes, thereby insuring them not only their daily morsel of bread, but also their independence from petty local despots.

Thirdly, on the Land Question—

He proposes, among other things, an alteration of the present system of contract between landowner and farmer, by introducing, as far as possible, the principle of co-operation or co-partnership.

Technical Education for Girls.

Miss Honnor Morten writes a brief paper on this subject, in which she severely criticises the lack of any effective system of technical education for women in England. She says:

In Paris the domestic economy course is three years; in Belgium it is three or four years; at Milan and Rome—in the schools the late Queen Margarita did so much for—it is four years. There is no attempt in England to train professional cooks, efficient housemaids, skilled nurses; there is no specialising, there is no thoroughness, there is no technicality about it at all. The whole is a serious waste of the public's money, and an insult to the female sex.

That is the case as it stands:—(1) The preponderance of women; (2) The low wages and bad work of English women; (3) The enormous proportion of money spent on technical training for boys; (4) The waste of money on amateurish teaching for women; (5) The disadvantages in competing with Continental women due to our inferior instruction.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Two papers are devoted to an appreciation of the late composer. The first is by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who says of Sullivan:

He was one of those curious people who never seemed to make a mistake. Tact, which has been called by a fine wit, "the nimble sense of fitness," was always like an Ariel by his side, and seemed in some curious way to direct every action of his life. To see him conduct was to see the man of tact; to hear his music was to hear the composition of the man of tact; to be welcomed by him in his own rooms was to be welcomed by the man of tact; he always knew how to order his life; and he ordered his life well. He went through it gaily, sweetly, and with vitality always dancing at his heels; he seemed to embrace vitality as it were, and the gods conferred upon him all the dues which so worshipful an adoration of vitality as he deserved. He goes from us leaving a great legacy, an artist without a stain, a beautiful character without a slur.

The second is by Mr. Comyns Carr, who says:

A great simplicity and generosity of nature lay, I think, at the root of the rare social charm which he possessed. In all my recollections of our companionship I cannot recall a single ill-natured word towards friend or acquaintance, or any bitter criticism of a comrade in art. In another man such restraint might have seemed insipid; in his case it was instinctive.

Other Articles.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge addresses an open letter to Mr. Ritchie on his succession to the Home Office, suggesting that he should adopt the Anti-Vivisection Bill. Mr. Coleridge says:

According to the Inspector's latest report there were 259 licensed vivisectors and 58 licensed laboratories. There is one Inspector and one assistant.

His paper is intended as a demonstration of the inadequacy of the existing law to prevent the torture of animals. The only other article to be mentioned is Judge O'Connor Morris' review of Lord Rosebery's Napoleon. Mr. Morris takes Lord Rosebery's book as a peg on which to hang his own appreciation of the great Corsican.

The National Review.

The "National Review" for January is a fairly good number, but hardly a brilliant one. Mr. Arnold White adds some further items to his "Plea for Efficiency," and Mr. H. W. Wilson contributes a useful article on "Our Surrenders in South Africa." I have dealt with these papers elsewhere, Dr. Miller Maguire has an article on "The Technical Training of Officers." None of these articles are very encouraging for the future. I have also mentioned elsewhere Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin's article on "Life Assurance."

Scotland Gone Tory.

Mr. William Wallace deals with "The Political Transformation in Scotland." Toryism in Scotland reached its low-water mark in 1880, when it held only eight seats. Since then it has increased steadily till 1900, when it captured thirty-eight, or more than half the constituencies. This victory was obtained at the expense of all kinds of Liberalism. Mr. Wallace does not give a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, unless the majority of Unionist papers in the North is a good reason:

Glasgow, which has returned seven Unionists, possesses six daily newspapers; of these, only two fought the battle of the Opposition. Edinburgh, whose representation is divided between the Government and the Opposition, possesses three daily newspapers; of these, two are Unionist and one Liberal. Possibly the cause of the Empire would have fared even better in Edinburgh had not the solitary Liberal organ been in the habit of preaching, with much ability and audacity, an ardently democratic gospel that stopped short, however, of Collectivism, as well as of opposing and mercilessly criticising the war in South Africa. In Aberdeen all the daily newspapers are Unionist; the fact may help to explain the reduction of the Liberal majorities in the two Divisions of the city and the capture of one of the Divisions of the county. Dundee is the only one of the larger cities of Scotland in which the Liberal majorities have been increased; this may be accounted for to some extent by the fact that the leading daily newspaper is Liberal.

It is plain that this applies even more strongly to London, where the Liberals have now practically only one morning newspaper. Liberal capitalists had better take note.

American Affairs.

Mr. A. M. Low deals as usual with the affairs of the month in America. Mr. Low is an excellent prophet, and does not scruple to call attention to the fact. He predicted, for instance, the disappearance of the tariff question from American politics, and he announces that it has disappeared. But when his particular prejudices are involved, he generally gets rather at sea. Dealing with the question of the Philippines, he writes:

Congress will not legislate for the Philippines this winter. It has been decided to leave matters in the hands of the President, who will rule through the military power. The time has not yet come to give the inhabitants of the Islands a form of civil government. The Filipinos must serve their term of probation under Army rule exactly as must the Boers in the Transvaal. In the Philippines and the Transvaal it is a misapplication of terms to talk about war. War is over, but there is much bushwhacking and sniping, and it will be a long time before the American Army can be withdrawn from the Philippines.

I hope that this does not mean that the Filipinos have invaded San Francisco, and bushwhacked their way to within one hundred miles of New York. The Americans are pretty badly off in the Philippines, but they may be spared an ending of the war as decisive as that in South Africa.

Our Navy's Restoration.

Captain Wilmott, R.N., writing upon "Our Navy: Its Decline and Restoration," is kind enough to make the following reference to the turning point in the reconstruction of our navy. After referring to the condition of the fleet in 1884, he says that until that time the utterances of individuals and the opinion of experts had little effect. He proceeds:

It required something of a more popular character to arouse the nation. This came with the publication of a series of articles in the "Pall Mall Gazette" on "The Truth about the Navy," by "One Who Knows the Facts," in the autumn of 1884. The then editor, Mr. Stead, has described in the "Review of Reviews" how he gradually became convinced of the facts put before him, and determined to make them public. The country now knows that the inspiration came from men such as Mr. Arnold-Forster, Lord Charles Beresford, and others: but should remember with gratitude the individual who brought the facts home to the man in the street, and took up a cause to which all his contemporaries seemed indifferent. These articles created considerable sensation, and other papers now began to recognise that there was a naval question. Without, however, the ability and enterprise of the "Pall Mall Gazette," the public indifference might have been indefinitely continued.

While thanking Captain Wilmott for his kind references to the part which it was my privilege to play in that critical moment, he is not correct in saying that Lord Charles Beresford had anything whatever to do with the inspiration of "The Truth About the Navy." I never met Lord Charles Beresford until after the publication of those articles.

Other Articles.

Mr. J. L. Stephen has an excellent and discriminating article on Froude; Miss Woolward contributes "A Vindication of Lady Nelson."

The Contemporary Review.

The first number of the "Contemporary" for the new century is by no means up to its usual standard, and, with the exception of Dr. Dillon's paper, satirically entitled "The Chinese Wolf and the European Lamb," contains no article of exceptional interest. I have dealt with Dr. Dillon's article elsewhere, as also with "Togatus'" article on "The War Office," with "Rusticus'" paper on

"Farmers' Villages," and with Mr. Joseph Pennell's article on "Cycles and Motors in 1900."

England and Russia.

Mr. J. Novicow, of Odessa, contributes an article on "England and Russia," in which he surveys Anglo-Russian relations during the present century. As might be expected, Mr. Novicow makes out an excellent case for his own country. He points out that Anglo-Russian enmity only dates back some seventy years, and was preceded by close friendship and alliance, and that our recent disputes have all been caused by our objections to Russian expansion, and in no case by Russian objection to British expansion. He shows also that in the end the Russians have generally had their way. Mr. Novicow has no suggestions to make as to an Anglo-Russian entente, beyond a recommendation that we should abandon our opposition to legitimate Russian expansion. He thinks, however, not without justice, that the Transvaal War will make our Government more reasonable, which would be an excellent thing for the Great Powers, but a very bad thing for the little nations, on whom our Jingoes, in default of a better, will try to expend their enfeebled spleen.

An Irish Catholic University.

Mr. John Pigot, who has had experience as a Catholic student of Trinity College, puts the case for Catholic University education in Ireland. The following are his main recommendations:

(a) That, without in any way affecting the granting of University Degrees in Theology, the Divinity School itself should be removed from within the walls of Trinity College, brought more directly under the control of the Representative Church Body, and, if necessary, suitably endowed, so as to stand on a proportionally financial equality with Maynooth College.

(b) Either to establish a Catholic Chapel, or, alternatively, to discontinue the exclusive Protestant service within the walls.

(c) To offer to the members of all religious denominations the opportunity, through committees to be appointed by them, of supervising the religious or catechetical teaching of students, and their due attendance at Divine worship and to other religious duties.

(d) To endow a Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy for Catholics.

Shamanism.

Mr. J. Stadling writes on "Shamanism," treating the religion both from the historical and ethnical point of view, and from his own personal observations of its practice in Northern Siberia. Shamanism is still the religion of a large proportion of the native tribes of Siberia, and underlies to a large extent the nominal Christianity and Mohammedanism of many of the Asiatic tribes in Eastern Russia. Mr. Stadling is an open-minded observer, and does not hesitate to point out that the nominal Christianising of the heathen by no means involves a corresponding moral improvement:

The Shamanists of Northern Siberia, as far as I was able to find out, do certainly, in their practical life, stand on a higher moral level than their "Christian" neighbours. The Tunguses are celebrated for their strict honesty. They pay not only their personal debts but also those of their forefathers; they never steal, as their neighbours do; they are kind and hospitable. From my personal experience I can say this, that whenever I met with real "heathen" Tunguses, Dolgans, and Samoyeds, I found myself among good and honest people. On Taimyr I once came to the camp of an old "heathen" Tungus widow, with several sons, all healthy and good fellows, with a large herd of reindeer. She told me that since the death of her husband she had carefully kept her family as far as possible away from the fatal contact with the baptised people.

French and English.

M. Auguste Breal, writing "Concerning French and English," pleads for the better mutual understanding of the two peoples. The average Frenchman gets as bad an idea of England from the tourists he sees in the streets as the tourists get of France, judging by the recreations of Paris:

Let us put aside the Englishman as he is represented at the circus or the theatre, and take the English who may be seen in troops in the streets and museums of Paris. It seems sometimes as if Cook's Tours must be managed by a powerful humourist, who sets out to mystify the continentals by showing them for English people a set of stage types, selected by some wild but consistent caprice. The collections exhibited in big omnibuses or in the galleries and museums could never be met with in any town in Great Britain. Such types cannot be taken to represent a nation. And yet it is these figures who stand with the Parisian public for les English.

M. Breal rightly judges that the newspapers are at the bottom of most of the Anglo-French misunderstandings. He looks forward to the day when newspapers will be regarded more as comic misrepresentations of life than as serious guides:

Soon we shall hear in the country what I have already heard in the streets of Paris: a workman, wanting to buy a halfpenny paper, was asked by the saleswoman which one he would have, and replied: "Cela m'est egal, donnez moi pour un sou de blagues."

Herod.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn gushes bravely over Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod." He thinks that the last act of that play is "worthy to stand beside the very greatest passages in Marlowe," and ends up as follows:

What I have tried to do is to interpret what seemed least obvious and most admirable in the conception of the finest part in this noble piece of dramatic poetry, the like of which has most certainly not been given to our stage since the days of Shakespeare and his fellows.

Unfortunately, Mr. Gwynn does not give any good reason for his ecstacies, beyond quoting a number of remarkable samples of what Lord Lytton rightly condemned as "verbal dysentery."

Other Articles.

Emma Marie Caillard, in an article entitled "The Suffering God: A Study in St. Paul," gives an interpretation of suffering which may be very true, but is not equally consolatory. Writing on "Women and Education Authorities," Lady Laura Ridding deals with the lack of efficient feminine control

over education. She thinks that it is from the ranks of the religious bodies that suitable candidates must be sought. The only other article is that of Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, on "The Scottish Church and the Scottish People." The article, though excellent reading, is, however, entirely historical, and, therefore, does not call for detailed notice.

The Westminster Review.

The "Westminster Review" for January does not contain any article requiring separate notice. It opens with an article by Mr. Franklin Thomasson on "War and Trade," in which he sets out the view that war only acts on trade as an irritant, demanding more exertion, but not exertion of a productive kind.

War and Work.

He says:

A nation, after all, in many ways resembles an individual, and a war is to a nation like the attack of a gnat (or more powerful creature) upon a man at work on his daily employment. It does not necessarily reduce the amount of work he gets through; it may prolong the time he is occupied on it, but it certainly causes him some extra exertion in repelling his assailant. If we call this increased exertion trade—and in the case of a nation we do so in a very large measure—then his war with the gnat is good for trade. In this sense, and in this sense only, is war good for trade. It causes the employment of extra labour by a nation in order to carry on both the war and also all those peaceful occupations which it had been in the habit of pursuing during the preceding time of peace.

Mr. W. J. Bayliss, writing on "The State versus the Man," touches on the same subject. To the argument that expansion is necessary for trade, he replies that an Empire as vast as ours ought to be self-sufficient:

Lord Rosebery, speaking in 1896, said that we had seized upon 2,600,000 square miles within the preceding twelve years, and that a long period of peace would be required in order to develop these immense acquisitions. Yet at the present moment we are engaged in a war which will inevitably end in the annexation of more territory. The larger the empire grows, the more is the cry for expansion. More territory is wanted in order that we may extend our markets. It is strange if a vast empire of 11,000,000 square miles in extent cannot subsist on its own internal resources. If it cannot do so it is inevitably doomed, as there must be a limit to the process of expansion. The assertion that it is necessary to expand and expand without limit is a confession of failure in a civilisation.

Samuel Parr.

Mr. J. M. Attenborough writes on Samuel Parr, who, although now forgotten, was in his day as famous as Johnson. Parr's great scholarship lay in two fields—classical knowledge and metaphysics, and in both of these he has, of course, been surpassed. His conversation was equally famous, but it had no Boswell to record it. Hence the obscurity into which Parr's name has passed. The recreations in which the scholars and metaphysicians of the eighteenth century indulged hardly seem on a level with their erudition:

Some of Parr's tastes and habits show a coarseness which reminds one of Parson Trulliber. He delighted in slaughtering bullocks, encouraged fighting among his boys, that he might enjoy the spectacle, and joined heartily with his parishioners in the village feasts, with all their 18th century brutality and horse-play. On presenting a set of new bells to the parish, he had the largest—holding seventy-three gallons—filled with beer and emptied on the village green. It is even said that he used to encourage his boys to rob the orchards near his house at Hatton, and praise the thieves for their daring. His love of smoking was so excessive that he would leave the church in the intervals of the service for a pipe in the vestry. "No pipe, no Parr," he would roar when objection was made by ladies to his smoking in their company. Field, the then Unitarian minister at Warwick, tells, in his "Memoirs," that it was Parr's custom "to demand the service of holding the lighted paper to his pipe from the youngest female who happened to be present, and who, by the freedom of his remarks, was often painfully disconcerted." In fact, the only private and domestic taste Dr. Parr seems to have had which could claim any affinity with his character of clergyman was bell-ringing, in which he delighted, and was an expert.

American Politicians.

Mr. Hugh Blaker, taking for his text Mr. Smalley's declaration that—

In the Senate there are men of dignity and character like Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, and Mr. Davis, of Minnesota, who will stand for national good faith,

writes on "American Politicians," and says:

Her politicians are America's worst enemies. Promises take the place of performances, words instead of actions, party hatred supplants honourable service, and notoriety is esteemed the summit of all ambition. This is the picture that modern America presents. A strange contrast it affords to the attitude of those great men of the Revolution, whose every step was marked by an admirable caution and a scrupulous care to be within the letter of the law, and have a justifiable reason for each successive action they undertook. This continued until long after the actual outbreak of hostilities. Indeed, in the hatching and gradual realisation of the Revolution everything was above-board and sportsmanlike; and I would bid you, if any doubt exists in your mind, look the matter up, and compare the noble and patient forbearance of the colonists to the unparalleled insolence, ignorance, and boorish aggressiveness of your present-day American exponent of his country's rights. No one, I believe, will deem it extravagant when I say that the present conjuncture is lamentable. That good government and integrity are not even desired, that the enforcement of laws is often postponed or in abeyance pending political developments, that their abeyance is ridiculed and their enforcement resented, that justice, order, and respectability in international affairs have ceased, that hardly anything of a political or administrative nature has even pretensions to the possession of a sound or moral basis, are facts admitted by those who are best able to judge.

Mr. Blaker is probably too sweeping. Beyond quoting a few wild phrases, he does not give much evidence to support his statements.

Other Articles.

Mr. W. H. Grimley writes on "Modern Egypt." Dr. N. W. Sibley gives a detailed summary of the Companies Act, 1900, and Mr. C. P. Gasquoine contributes a rejoinder to Acton Burnell on "Science and Religion."

The North American Review.

The "North American Review" for December is a good number, and contains the usual high proportion of distinguished names. I have dealt elsewhere with Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Christianity at the Grave of the Nineteenth Century," and with Mr. John P. Holland's "Submarine Boat and Its Future." There is a number of other articles of scarcely less interest.

Balzac as Politician.

The number opens with a hitherto unpublished article by Balzac on "Modern Government." The article was written in 1832, and shows Balzac's Royalist proclivities. Royalty, a hereditary peerage, and national wealth, says Balzac, are needs of a great country; but a popular Royalty cannot last, and "Legitimism would have to be invented if it did not already exist." One of Balzac's predictions is worth quoting here. He says:

> Napoleon's "Mangeons les Russes pour qu'ils ne nous mangent pas" will soon be the watchword of European diplomacy, and his continental system will be the weapon of Europe against England, if the British Empire should fail to appreciate the bounds that ought to limit commercial prosperity.

It is a rather strange thing, by the bye, that the editor of the "North American" should think it necessary to devote half a page to explaining to his readers who Balzac was.

Politics in Italy.

General Ricciotti Garibaldi contributes an article on "Monarchy and Republic in Italy." He says that the Socialists and Republicans—that is, the anti-monarchists—in the Italian Parliament are together equal in strength to the Conservative monarchists. The assassination of King Humbert has not permanently modified anti-monarchism in Italy, though it has for a long time suspended hostilities. Monarchism in Italy hangs suspended by a thread, and depends entirely upon the policy of the new King.

> In fact, the young King at present is like a man on a tight rope; the slightest slip will precipitate matters, and it depends very much on his cool-headedness and nerve whether the monarchy will remain or not what it is at present—graphically described to the writer of the present article by an English statesman, when he said: "We look upon the monarchy in Italy as a house of cards: the first hostile breath of wind will blow it down."

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

Mr. M. B. Dunnell vigorously defends the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, claiming that neutralisation would be an advantage for America, since America's complete control of the Canal, without neutralisation, would not protect it in time of war. If America claims full control over the Canal, and in time of war she should prove unable to protect it with her fleet, the Canal would be an advantage to her enemy. He replies to the argument that a neutralised Canal might be used by a hostile fleet by declaring that if America were stronger than the enemy, she could protect the Canal with her fleet, whereas if she were weaker the Canal would be blockaded in spite of its fortifications. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, as it stands, gives America right to police the Canal, and that alone would be sufficient to render it impossible for an enemy to use it.

A Mercenary Army for the United States.

Major L. L. Seaman vigorously advocates the formation of a native army for the protection of America's new possessions. He points out that the losses in war from disease are much greater than those resulting from wounds, and argues that as Americans cannot stand tropical climates, they must form a native army to do their work. Major Seaman thinks the Chinese would make the best recruits, and points to the success of the British at Wei-Hai-Wei as an example. His arguments, however, are, happily, not likely to appeal to American sentiment.

Brahminism.

Brahminism is the "Great Religion of the World" dealt with in this month's "North American." The article is by Sir A. C. Lyall. The weak point of Brahminism, says Sir Alfred Lyall, is its lack of definite rules of faith and morals. The Brahminists have nothing like the Ten Commandments to order their lives. The present tendency of thought in India, is however, correcting this deficiency:

> The tendency of contemporary religious discussion in India, so far as it can be followed from a distance, is toward an ethical reform on the old foundations, toward searching for some method of reconciling their Vedic theology with the practice of religion taken as a rule of conduct and a system of moral government. One can already discern a movement in various quarters toward a recognition of impersonal Theism, and toward fixing the teaching of the philosophical schools upon some definitely authorised system of Faith and Morals, which may satisfy a rising ethical standard, and may thus permanently embody that tendency to substitute spiritual devotion for external forms and caste rules which is the characteristic of the sects that have from time to time dissented from orthodox Brahminism.

Sarah Bernhardt as "Hamlet."

Miss Elizabeth Robins writes on this subject, comparing the "Hamlet" of Madame Bernhardt with that of Edwin Booth, which she takes as a standard. Miss Edwards finds that "Hamlet" is drained of its dignity and robbed of its mysterious charm by the French actress' representation.

Other Articles.

Mr. Charles Whibley writes on the "Jubilee of the Printing Press," and moralises smugly on the base use to which Gutenberg's invention has been put for calumniating a whole nation by the Brussels Press. He need not have gone so far. Miss

Elizabeth Cady Stanton contributes a short reply to Flora McDonald Thompson's "Retrogression of the American Woman." Miss Stanton does not believe in the retrogression, and per contra labels her article "Progress of the American Woman." Mr. W. D. Howells writes on "The New Historical Romances." The number concludes with some Christmas carols by Nora Hopper.

The Forum.

The "Forum" for December is a dull number, without a single article of first-rate interest. I have dealt briefly elsewhere with Mr. Charles Denby's "Chinese System of Banking," and with Mr. P. S. Heath's "Lessons of the Presidential Campaign."

"Progress in Penology."

Writing under this title, the Hon. S. J. Barrows sums up the progress in prison reform during the century. The following is his summary of the progress made:

(1) The higher standard of prison construction and administration; (2) the improved personnel in prison management; (3) the recognition of labour as a disciplinary and reformatory agent; (4) the substitution of productive for unproductive labour, and to a small degree requited for unrequited labour; (5) an improvement in prison dietaries; (6) new and better principles of classification; (7) the substitution of a reformatory for a retributory system; (8) probation, or conditional release for first offenders, with friendly surveillance; (9) the parole system of conditional liberation, found in its best form in the indeterminate sentence as an adjunct of a reformatory system and as a means for the protection of society; (10) the Bertillon system for the identification of prisoners; (11) the new attention given to the study of the criminal, his environment and history; (12) the separation of accidental from habitual criminals; (13) the abandonment of transportation; (14) the humane treatment of the criminal insane, the improvement in criminal procedure, with more effective organisation in relief and protective work, and in the study of penological problems; and (15) the new emphasis laid upon preventive, instead of punitive or merely corrective, measures.

British and American Shipping.

Mr. Benjamin Taylor writes with his usual fulness of statistical information upon "The Development of British Shipping." He gives the following figures as to the mercantile marine possessed by the different States:

Flag.	Steam Tonnage.	Sailing Tonnage.	Total Tonnage.
British Empire ..	12,149,090 ..	2,112,164 ..	14,261,254
United States ..	1,454,966 ..	1,295,305 ..	2,750,271
Germany	2,159,919 ..	490,114 ..	2,650,033
France	1,052,193 ..	298,369 ..	1,350,562
Norway	764,683 ..	876,129 ..	1,640,812
Italy	540,549 ..	443,306 ..	983,655
Russia	469,496 ..	251,405 ..	720,991

Germany is, however, really stronger in carrying power than the United States, for she possesses much greater tonnage of steamers, which are for practical purposes three times as effective as sailing ships. America, says Mr. Taylor, will have to increase the products of her yards sixfold before she will be on equal terms with Great Britain.

America in the Pacific.

The Hon. John Barrett writes on "America and the Pacific." He stands, like most Americans, for the integrity of China, and adds that an understanding between Great Britain and Russia is the best way to effect this object:

What greater diplomatic achievement could do honour to America's foreign relations than leading in a policy which shall make both Russia and Great Britain work in harmony for the preservation of the best interests of all three! Japan would certainly give her support, because her interests are akin to ours, while Germany and France would be forced to accept, without question, the decrees of such diplomacy.

Other Articles.

The other articles are "The Education of the Millionaire," by the Hon. Truxtun Beale; a paper which, despite its promising title, contains nothing whatever of interest; Miss Anna Tolman Smith's paper on "Higher Education of Women in France," and Mr. J. B. Osborne's "Work of the Reciprocity Commission."

Pearson's.

The best articles in "Pearson's Magazine" for January are not articles at all, but stories.

Mr. H. N. Tickert, in describing the best-known coloured persons—who would seem often to have a mere strain of dark blood—holding high positions in America, begins by remarking that the negro, on the whole, has attained neither of the two main objects for which he was set free. He has not, generally speaking, either earned social advancement or won the confidence of the white man.

The most eminent coloured man in America, he says, is Mr. Booker J. Washington, of the Tuskagee Normal Institute. He also mentions, among others, Dr. Hale, who has one of the largest practices in Chicago; the poet, Paul Dunbar; Mr. Thomas Fortune, editor of the "New York Age."

Mr. Ray S. Baker's article on "Making a German Soldier" is worth reading. No recruits in the world, he says, are worked so hard as the Germans, the weaker men being apparently killed out by the severe physical training exacted of them. As for the officers, the tourist in Germany need not think because they stroll about in the afternoon in smart uniform, that they are anything but extremely hard-working. Germany manages her military system more cheaply than any other nation, so much so that only a rich man can become an officer. Even a major-general hardly receives £37 a month. The common soldier, who is none too delicately housed, is passing rich on 4½d. a day.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" for January is a good number. Specially noticeable are the articles upon the progress of Japan, the Boers as they are, and the Little-Englander; but the number contains many other interesting articles. One of the most interesting is the elaborately illustrated paper in which Mr. D. G. Hogarth describes how he explored what he believes to be the cave which was held sacred for centuries as the birthplace of Zeus. This famous cavern, which is converted into a temple, is a large double grotto, which shows as a black spot on the hillside above Psychro, a village of the inner Lasithi Plains. He says:

That here is the original Birth Cave of Zeus there can remain no shadow of doubt. The Cave on Ida, however rich it proved in offerings when explored some years ago, has no sanctuary approaching the mystery of this. Among holy caverns in the world, that of Psychro, in virtue of its lower halls, must stand alone.

Men and Women as Co-explorers.

Incidentally it is interesting to note what Mr. Hogarth says concerning the importance of mixing the sexes in the work of exploration. He says:

Whenever possible, in all lands, I have mixed the sexes in this sort of work. The men labour the more willingly for the emulation of the women, and a variety is added, of no small value in operations, where the labourers must always be interested and alert, and boredom spells failure. The day, which otherwise might drag on in tired silence, goes merrily to the end in chatter and laughter, and the dig is accepted as a relief in monotonous lives, sought cheerfully at dawn and not willingly abandoned till late. Curiously enough, it is in Moslem lands that, as a master of labour, I have met with the least opposition from feminine prudery.

In Defence of Ahab.

Mr. Leslie Stephen preaches upon Right and Wrong in politics, in order to justify his refusal to sign a protest against the war in South Africa. The gist of his somewhat cynical casuistry is to be found in the following sentence:

Ahab may have behaved abominably to Naboth; but if Naboth raised a rebellion and called in the Philistines to right himself, it might still be the duty of a loyal Jew to put him down. Right and wrong are so mixed up in this world that an error or injustice in one part of the proceedings which has led to a conflict cannot decide the rights of the whole controversy.

Angel in the House? H'm.

Mr. Quiller Couch contributes a very excellent essay on "Mr. Coventry Patmore's Life and Letters," in which he scourges the aristocratic poet for the atrocious contrast between his deification of the Angel in the House and his arrogant assertion of masculine ascendency in private life. Mr. Couch points out that, although his poetry professes to be a glorification of his wife, in his letters he never tires of scoffing at the view of woman as man's equal, though dissimilar. She is the "weaker vessel," "the last and lowest of all spiritual creatures," made to be ruled and strictly ruled: "No right-minded woman would care a straw for her lover's adoration if she did not know that he knew that after all he was the true divinity"—with much more to the same effect. How, then, does man arrive at paying homage and reverence to that which is of so much less worth and dignity than he? Apparently by a magnificent act of condescension, and says "there are few more damnable heresies than the doctrine of the equality of man and woman" Very well; but carry up this analogy, as Patmore did, and boldly apply it to divine love, and you are face to face with the idea of an infatuated God, a God Who (consciously or unconsciously) abandons supremé strength and sanity for weakness and delusion in His passion for the elect soul and His pursuit of her. I believe I am uttering nothing here to which Patmore would not have subscribed.

There are many who will share the opinion which Mr. Quiller Couch expresses when he says:

It is, I confess, a disappointment to discover that the exquisite homage paid to Honoria by her poet-husband was, after all, polite humbug. "Everybody knew what he meant in thus making a divinity of her," etc. Did everybody? I—alas!—for years understood him to be saying what he believed.

The other articles include an interesting contribution by Mr. Julian Corbett, entitled "Colonel Wilks and Napoleon." Colonel Wilks was keeper of Napoleon when he first arrived at St. Helena, before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. He reports two lengthy conversations which he had with Napoleon, from which it appears that the Emperor was extremely interested in the question of flogging in the army, which he condemned, and the nature and rights of reformed Protestantism.

Longman's Magazine.

The January "Longman's," which takes little or no notice of the New Century, contains a readable article on "Summering in Canadian Backwoods," by Algernon Blackwood, and a brief but original article on quotations, by H. W. Fowler. We may not like trite quotations, but the habit of quoting is an ingrained part of human nature. Speaking of the "To be or not to be" type of quotation, Mr. Fowler says:

But will none of the charitable devise a Happy Despatch for such shreds of literature? Think of the fate of the poor quotation; many and evil are the days of the years of its life; begotten of some noble father, no sooner has it passed the pains of birth than it is torn by some alien from the nourishing bosom of its mother context, and wrapt in the swaddling clothes of inverted commas; interest or brief affection move one putative father after another to undertake its maintenance; the swaddling clothes are taken off by one of them, but another, ignorant of the adolescent's years, swathes it up again, until at last, in books, its maturity is recognised, and thenceforth it is left severely alone; but there remains for it a dishonoured and mutilated old age on the lips of common men.

Mr. George B. Dewar writes with grace and charm on "Nature in London." The article hardly lends itself to quotation, but those who wish to learn how much they might see and how little they do see, had better read his account of the wonderful variety of animal, and particularly bird and insect life, visible to the Londoner who keeps his eyes open.

Harper's Magazine.

The chief item of interest in the January number is the commencement of an exhaustive article upon "Colonies and Nations," by Woodrow Wilson. This article deals with "Before the English Came," "The Swarming of the English," and "New Netherland and New Plymouth." The article is most interesting and opportune at the beginning of the new century. The illustrations are excellent, one of the most interesting being a reproduction of a page from Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth." Mr. Poultney Bigelow writes interestingly upon "My Japan," and discourses concerning the changes which have taken place since his first visit in 1876. With regard to the idea that the Japanese are unreliable in business, we are glad to find Mr. Bigelow writing as follows: "This is a generalisation far too sweeping. In Japan, trade is left to those whose sordid qualities place them out of sympathy with the great bulk of the nation, whose temperament is to give and take, but not to bargain and undersell." There is a further instalment of the "Love-letters of Victor Hugo," and a plenteous amount of fiction, well illustrated, as always, helps to make the number seasonable.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blackwood" for January does not call for a very extended notice, with the exception of one short story, which appears to be from the same pen as that which wrote the weird story in the December number. This time the tale describes the perils to which exorcists are exposed. A Roman Catholic priest, who is described as of the highest character and stainless life, cast an obsessing demon out of the body of a country girl in America. The demon resented his expulsion from the body of his victim, and used her lips before his final exorcism to vow a terrible vengeance upon the exorcist. This threat he fulfilled to the letter. Troubles came thick and fast upon the unfortunate priest, who in a series of years came into difficult relations with a number of human beings, in each of whom he saw and recognised the glint of the demon's eye. First his bishop quarrelled with him; then a young man came to assassinate him, and, being overpowered by the superior will of the priest, committed suicide; then a Roman countess endeavoured to compromise him; and finally, when he was travelling in India, a juggler, who went into a trance, was possessed by the same evil spirit. The priest tore the bandage from the eyes of the possessed juggler, but a cobra darted from the man's bosom, leaving a deadly wound upon the priest, who met his death firmly convinced that he had been pursued all these years by the evil spirit whom he had cast out of its first victim. The story is told with a simplicity and directness which compel the reader to believe that it is a narrative of fact.

There is a pleasant travel paper describing how the writer, Mr. Hanbury Williams, travelled 15,000 miles in fresh water from Port Arthur, in Canada, to the sea. There is another very interesting paper entitled "More Problems of Railway Management," which I regret I have not space to notice at greater length. The writer believes that the 20,000 locomotives now in use in the United Kingdom will soon be worth little more than old iron. Steam will rapidly be replaced by electricity, and with much better results, both in economy, speed, and safety. The abolition of a separate locomotive for each train will enable us to make longer and shorter trains than they were before. The author makes a good suggestion as to the development of the twopenny tubes in London. Instead of allowing a multitude of speculators to deal with the question according to their own interests, he proposes that an Act of Parliament should request a body of experts to prepare a comprehensive scheme of deep-level extensions, and to grant the construction thereof to such syndicates as may best inspire respect.

The January "Scribner" might almost have been a midsummer travel number, it is so full of picturesque pilgrimage. Modern Athens is described by Mr. George Horton with something of the vividness of the camera. The longest paper is Mr. Henry Norman's narrative of his tour through the Caucasus. Swift and graphic is his account of that wonder-world of scenery and blended races.

"Cassell's" for January is a lightly readable magazine, with little in it that claims quotation. Miss G. M. Bacon describes the Power House at the Falls under the title "Harnessing Niagara." W. B. Robertson reveals the Secrets of Stage Warfare. The drum supplies the boom of a gun, the burning of lycopodium the flash of the "red artillery," the trundling of a box of loose old iron gives the sound of a galloping battery, the tramp of armed men is caused by two pairs of men marking time, one pair on the bare boards, the other on a box of cinders. The gradual opening and shutting of an intervening door produces the effect of the gradual advance and departure of the marching host. Mr. Whyte Edgar recalls famous novelists who have been M.P.'s; Marie Belloc sketches living women sovereigns; Mr. D. T. Timins supplies a reminder of the old-fashioned January in his tale of trains snowed up.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

By W. T. Stead.

January 1 was a high-day and a holiday in the city of Sydney, for on that day was celebrated the coming of age of the Commonwealth of Australia. Never in the history of any Australian Colony has there been such a demonstration as that by which the Australians celebrated the attainment of their majority. It is more than a hundred years since Captain Cook took possession of the Australian continent in the name of Great Britain; but in all the vicissitudes of the century no occasion had arisen for indulging in such widespread festivity.

Mr. Brunton Stephens, the Australian poet, whose poem, "Australia Federata," is infinitely superior in elevation of sentiment to the recent utterances either of Mr. Alfred Austin or Mr. Rudyard Kipling, expressed accurately enough the general sentiment of his countrymen when he wrote:—

Ah, now we know the long delay
But served to assure a prouder day,
For while we waited, came the call
To prove and make our title good—
To face the fiery ordeal
That tries the claim to Nationhood—
And now, in pride of challenge, we unroll,
For all the world to read, the record-scroll
Whose bloody script attests a Nation's soul.

O ye, our Dead, who at the call
Fared forth to fall as heroes fall,
Whose consecrated souls we hailed
To note beneath the common guise
Till all-revealing Death unveiled
The splendour of your sacrifice,
Now, crowned with more than perishable bays,
Immortal in your country's love and praise,
Ye too have portion in this day of days!

Australia must be congratulated upon having found in Mr. Brunton Stephens a poet capable of adequately voicing the aspirations of her most exalted moods. Nor is Mr. Stephens a mere convert of the latter-day. A poem of his published many years ago showed that he was then one of the few who entertained aspirations that are now the common property of all. The concluding verses of his noble poem upon Australia Federated reach as high a standard as any similar poetry has reached in these latter years.

The Charter's read; the rites are o'er;
The trumpet's blare and cannon's roar
Are silent, and the flags are furled;
But so not ends the task to build
Into the fabric of the world
The substance of our hope fulfilled—
To work as those who greatly have divined
The lordship of a continent assigned
As God's own gift for service of mankind.

O people of the onward will,
Unit of Union greater still
Than that to-day hath made you great,
Your true Fulfilment waiteth there,
Embraced within the larger fate
Of Empire, ye are born to share—
No vassal progeny of subject brood,
No sateilite shed from Britain's plenitude,
But orbed with her in one wide sphere of good!

Let us hope that the poet's dream may be fulfilled, and that the aspirations of Australia may be worthily realised in the days that are to come.

The coming of age of a great commonwealth is naturally an occasion for rejoicing throughout the whole ancestral domain. But while we are all felicitating ourselves and the Australians upon this auspicious event, it may be a profitable and interesting occupation to endeavour to ascertain what are our own ideas about Australia. How were they formed? In what way was the modern conception of Australia created in the popular mind? We all read books about Australia, but the popular conception of a country is very seldom gained from books. The millions do not read books. This suggested enquiry is more interesting and may lead us further afield than might at first appear. Some might think that the occasion calls for heroics, but when everyone has been heroicing (if I may coin a word) through endless acres of print, it will at least be a change if I take the humble role of interrogation and begin by asking myself how Australia came to me to be in any sense a living reality? I have never been there. Owing to the fact that the affairs of Australia are never meddled with by Downing Street, and there has been less reason for making a special study of the political conditions of the Australian Colonies than of almost any other group under the British Crown. Hence in this respect I may be regarded as a typical man in the street, the span of whose existence covers the last half century during which Australia as she now is was virtually created. Men of fifty may be said to have grown up with the new Commonwealth, for beyond the last half-century Australia left very little definite impact upon the public mind. It was not until the great gold discoveries of the mid-century that the existence of the island-continent was borne in upon the mind of the British masses.

Starting for Australia.

It was nearly half a century ago when Australia first became a household word in English homes. Before that date the great continent of the southern seas was practically an unknown land to the masses of our people; but in the early fifties the news of the discovery of gold—not as it is to be found in the Transvaal, diffused in stone, requiring for its extraction costly machinery and elaborate apparatus, but in nuggets which could be dug out of the ground almost like pebbles—fascinated the imagination of the world. Recently in America the Klondike craze revived the memories of the discovery of the Australian El Dorado, but with that exception there has been nothing approaching to the furore which was created in Great Britain by the news of the finding of gold in Bendigo and Ballarat.

It seems but the other day—but it must have been nearly fifty years ago—that I was wakened up as a small child, not yet liberated from the petticoats of early childhood, by the sound of music in the little

village in which I spent my early youth. It was a strange and to me a weird experience. I had never been out of bed at three o'clock in the morning before, and the darkness of the night and its gleaming stars made an indelible impression upon my childish mind. A party of adventurous youths was starting for Australia. A journey to the Antipodes now is but a matter of everyday occurrence, but in the middle century it seemed almost as vast and perilous an undertaking to the English villager as a trip to the moon. I forget how many were starting at that time—possibly not more than half a dozen, but the whole village turned out to see them depart for the land where they were all confident they would make their fortunes. My sister and I gazed out of the bedroom window into the darkness, through which we were only conscious of a long procession winding its way through the village streets, while the band discoursed "Cheer, boys, cheer," as marching music for the Argonauts who were starting on the quest of the Golden Fleece. Charles Mackay's familiar song was in those days a kind of marching music to the emigrants. There was a cheery lilt in the music corresponding to the hopeful note of the words:—

Cheer, boys, cheer! No more of idle sorrow;
Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way.
Hope shines before, and points a bright to-morrow;
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

We heard the strain rise loud and strong, and then gradually die away in the distance, and as the last note faded we crept back to our beds, with our minds full of strange thoughts of the unknown world towards which these heroes were faring forth in the high hope that in a few years they would return with fortunes. Similar scenes were repeated all over England. Few of those who went forth with such high hopes realised their expectations. Of those who went from my native village not one became a millionaire. I do not think that more than one achieved a competence. Some settled in the far-off land, and their village home knew them no more for ever; but others came back in after years, and the story of their adventures at the diggings made Australia much more real to us all than any other land across the seas. It was twelve months before any letters were received, and twelve months to a child is an eternity. When the first letters arrived they went the round of the village, for letters were scarce, and they were read and re-read until they were thumbed almost to pieces. It was by such letters that the great public at home learned something of the realities of existence and formed a vivid, although very imperfect, vision of the great gold-yielding continent which on the first of January this year celebrated its majority as a Federated Commonwealth.

The News of Gold.

I well remember the arrival of the first nugget. In the letters from our neighbours, we had read about nuggets, and paragraphs in the newspapers were from time to time quoted with admiring awe; but the first genuine bit of virgin gold that ever reached our village created immense widespread interest. It was not a nugget, properly so-called. It was a piece of auriferous quartz, not much bigger than a walnut, in which a narrow layer of gold was perceptible. I confess that my first impression was one of slight disappointment. It was only a sample, no doubt, and it was something to have seen the real genuine gold sticking out of the quartz rock. But the imagination had been fired by the descriptions of such treasure-trove that this little insignificant nugget hardly seemed worth picking up in the streets. It is difficult for us to realise the immense excitement occasioned by the early finds of gold in Australia. Rumour, of course, magnified the value of the discoveries, but the sober facts carefully verified, and accurately recorded in the history of the colonies, show that there was sufficient to turn the heads of the soberest community on earth. Imagine what the impression would be in London if it were suddenly to be announced that in the Vale of the Trent a goldfield had been discovered of such richness that some lucky miners dug nuggets out of the soil almost as men dig potatoes in a market-garden, while others, still more lucky, had unearthed monster nuggets of virgin gold, weighing nearly a hundredweight, and valued at between £4,000 and £5,000. The procession of such a nugget through the streets of London, if it did not precipitate the whole population of the capital on the Midlands, would at least cause a rush to the diggings, the like of which the present generation has never witnessed. The impression produced by the gold discoveries was all the greater because it was so unexpected. Although geologists had predicted that gold ought to be found in Australia, the average man never dreamt that the great unoccupied island, the frontier of which was painted red on our maps, but the interior of which was left as blank as a sheet of paper, contained gold mines. Another thing that distinguished the Australian gold mines from those of the Rand, for instance, in South Africa, was that every man with a pick and a washing cradle could start business on his own account, without any extra capital beyond his own stout hands. Gold-mining on modern methods by the aid of the machinery of the stock-exchange, with expensive plant, necessitating the employment of skilled agents, and the importation of costly machinery, is a very prosaic affair. Much more romantic was the experience of the early days when the prospectors and fossickers tramped off into unknown regions, trying the ground here and washing a little dirt there, in the hope that they might find paying metal in sufficient quantity to justify their settling down to steady work. There was something like it in San Francisco about the same time. The two English-speaking communities took the gold fever almost in the same year, and in both the discovery of gold has left an indelible impress upon their national history.

Australia in Literature.

It was from these early letters that my earliest conceptions of Australia began to be formed. Then came various books about Australia. One I remember particularly, having read it when I was a mere boy, by William Howitt. I have forgotten the title—I have forgotten everything excepting the general impression which it produced upon the mind—of a new and strange country full of adventure and of romantic interest, in which there were blue gum-trees and parrots, cockatoos—a kind of topsy-turvy land in which even the birds and the beasts were quite different from those of the old country, but in which there was limitless expanse of fertile land to afford living-room for our people. Still later in the day came Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." This was the first story to bring life on the Australian diggings, with the garnishings of convicts, black-fellows, and opossums, vividly home to the mind of the ordinary Briton. Possibly some zealous Australian, flushed with the glow of the Birthday Commemorations, may resent the assumption that the millions of the home country only learned of the great empire under the Southern Cross from the pages

of a novel. It would have been better, no doubt, if they could have learnt it from Blue Books; but from Blue Books the general public flees, and if Australia had only to be interpreted by means of official statistics and Government despatches, it would have remained at present about as interesting as Greenland. Charles Reade vivified Australia. He painted the strange new life at the diggings, with all the vicissitudes of existence in a mining camp, with a brush which, whether it portrayed the lineaments truly, did at least create a living picture of a land full of illimitable possibilities of unfathomed mysteries.

Charles Reade's novel brought into prominence one feature in the history of Australia which cannot be ignored, and had therefore much better be boldly faced. The human race is supposed to have been evolved from some creature more or less simian in its characteristics, in which both man and monkey own a common ancestor. The speculations of modern science deal very cruelly with claims of long descent. The farther back we go in our researches into heredity, the more our ancestors approximate to the brute. If the grand old gardener and his wife smile at our claims of long descent, still more may those who regard Adam himself as a latecomer in the history of the evolution of our race. None of us have any reason to be specially proud of our forbears, and the Australians in this respect share the common lot of common humanity. There is, however, one element in the pedigree of the Australian which may be regarded as a kind of bar sinister in the old heraldic bearings. There are very few States fortunate enough to boast such ideal beginnings as those of the New England Colonies. Only once or twice in the history of the world is a new State founded by men whose motive is so exalted as that which drove the Puritans of the Mayflower across the Atlantic. The Mayflower of Australia was a convict ship, and Australia was for years regarded by the home country merely as the dumping-ground at the Antipodes for the human refuse of our civilisation. There are many who pass over the grim story of the beginnings, feeling that it is a kind of skeleton in the Australian cupboard. But that is all nonsense. It is immensely to the credit of Australia that from such beginnings she has risen to her present position. There is a story told of the elder Dumas which might be adopted with advantage by the modern Australian. Dumas, who had a strain of negro blood in him, was one time persecuted by an inquisitive interviewer. "Your father," said the man, "was, it is said, a mulatto?" "And his father was a negro," said Dumas, losing patience, "and the grandfather was an ape, so that my ancestry begins where yours has ended." It is well for nations to look to the pit from which they were digged, and find cause for gratitude and wonder that they have risen so high upon the ashes of their disreputable ancestors. The Australian may also always comfort himself by remembering Dr. Johnson's remark when the lady whom he proposed to marry objected that he might not wish to marry into her family because one of her relatives had been hanged. "Never mind," said the Doctor: "one of yours may have been hanged. A great many of mine deserved to be." And although some of the fathers of Australia may have stood in the dock, and have come to Australia from the felon's cell, no one knows how many of his own ancestors at home or in other colonies only differed from the convict in that they escaped being found out. Thus the proportion of convicts in the early settlers to the present population is, of course, very small. The great majority of the Australians are as innocent of any hereditary connection with escapees, or emancipists, or exiles, as they were variously called, as Canadians or South Africans. But it would be nonsense to try to describe the general idea of Australia existing in the British mind if nothing were said about the convict days.

Grim Legends.

When the emigrants from my native village began to trickle back, and to revisit the place of their birth, they brought with them strange and horrible tales concerning the convicts. There were, however, few miners' camps in which old convicts did not find a place, and as their experiences had been different from those of their neighbours, they talked a good deal of the horrors of the old convict days. The ghastly brutalities which the convicts practised upon each other, as well as the atrocities roughly inflicted by order of the officers, who regarded them as an indispensable instrument for maintaining discipline, form a kind of gruesome background to all my early recollections of Australia. I remember one particularly ghastly tale which an old digger used to tell with shuddering awe. It related to the punishment inflicted upon some convict, who, being particularly perverse, was done to death by the primitive expedient of fastening him naked, face downwards, upon a huge ant-hill. Most nations have weird and horrible stories, which wander ghost-like across the horizon of their history. The American settlers have their Indian tales, which are certainly not devoid of horror. The black-fellow in South Africa never took the place of the Red Indian in America. The place of the bogey man, the embodiment of pitiless cruelty and remorseless savagery, was taken by the convict and his lineal descendant, the bushranger. The bushranger is practically extinct, but in the popular imagination he was very conspicuous for the lifetime of a whole generation. He was the Australian counterpart of Dick Turpin, and excited the same kind of morbid interest that Sixteen-String Jack and other worthies of the same kind excited among our Hooligans. Dick Turpin's famous Black Bess was reproduced at the Antipodes in the horses of some of the more famous knights of the road. The names of Kelly and Starlight were much more familiar in this country than those of any Australian premier, just as at this time there are probably hundreds of thousands of men in England who can tell you much more about Charles Peace than about either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield. For the popular imagination is not impressed by mere politicians, whereas the masked highwayman upon a noble steed appeals irresistibly to the imagination of the gallery.

I have referred briefly to the Aborigines, the black-fellows of Australia. Charles Reade did somewhat to idealise them, but they have never found their Fenimore Cooper. Neither have they ever had the good or the ill fortune of being taken under the benevolent care of the Aborigines' Protection Society. Exeter Hall has abandoned them to their fate. From time to time terrible stories of massacre and outrage reach this country from the back country of Queensland or Western Australia, but the British public has abandoned them to their doom. The Kaffir of South Africa and the negro of the West Coast, whose sufferings, whatever they may be, do not seem to interfere with their indefinite multiplication and increase, have from time immemorial roused the tearful sympathies of Exeter Hall; but the Australian black-fellow, who, with all his faults, has nevertheless invented the boomerang—a record achievement among savage tribes—is being improved off the face of the earth more remorselessly

than the Red Indian. The process in Tasmania has been complete. Mark Twain, in describing the indomitable valour with which a handful of black-fellows had kept the whole colony in a state of war, sardonically suggested that men so capable and so valiant ought to have been used for the purpose of improving the breed of their conquerors. Unfortunately, they all died out, and what happened to the black-fellows in Tasmania is happening in Australia, and in all the more thickly peopled colonies. Lord Tennyson recently gave utterance to a vigorous protest against the atrocity practised upon these unfortunate savages, in terms which are not by any means relished in Australia. This is not much to be wondered at, for it is one of the ironies of history that the very Australians who are eliminating the Aboriginal from the face of their continent, considered they were doing a noble and holy duty to go and rescue the unfortunate Kaffir from the tyranny of the Boer.

Queer Zoology.

There are other Aborigines of Australia which have always excited much more interest in England than the black-fellow, who, but for his boomerang, would scarcely command a contributory tear. Australia, to the popular imagination of the ordinary Briton, is the land of the kangaroo, and the kangaroo has always had a peculiar charm for the British mind. The kangaroo, indeed, approximates to the human being in two very remarkable respects. He is the nearest approach to a biped among the beasts of the field, and he not only goes on two legs, but he (or rather she) has developed a pocket. The test of civilisation, it has frequently been said, is the number of pockets which the individual needs—an observation which has been used in order to confirm the general conviction that women are at a very low stage of civilisation compared with men. In the kangaroo, however, the female leads the way, and has developed a pouch in which she carries her young. The kangaroo has therefore come to be a kind of national symbol or emblem of Australia, and the Commonwealth deserves to be congratulated upon the privilege of possessing an animal so unique and so distinctive. The British Lion may be a more noble quadruped, but we have to share him with an indefinite number of other nations who have equally adopted the Lion: while as for the eagle, Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and the United States are all eagle Powers. But Australia has a monopoly of the kangaroo.

After the kangaroo, the dingo used to figure most conspicuously in the Australian stories. The stories of the way in which stockmen were said to have hunted down dingoes by carving them up alive with their long stock-whips, excites a kind of shudder of horror even to this day. Next in order among the Australian mammalia comes the opossum, a popular and amusing beast, whose fur is much appreciated by thousands who have never seen its original habitat among the blue-gum trees of the Australian bush.

The duck-billed platypus, which is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, is a kind of zoological curio, an animal that seems to be a sort of cross between a duck and a beaver. It is even more unique than the kangaroo, and remains on record as a solitary monument of one of the freaks of Nature in the way of miscegenation. The emu and the cassowary are mere names to the majority of our people, but it is far otherwise with the black swan. A black swan seemed almost a contradiction in terms, until the exploration of Australia showed that in that topsy-turvy, upside-down region at the other side of the world swans were black. The laughing jackass and the cockatoo are the only birds besides the emu and the cassowary which are regarded here as distinctively Australian. But of late years the imported animals have become even more characteristic of Australia than the indigenous fauna;—as, for instance, innumerable herds of sheep, with their attendant satellites of sheep-shearers, the immense herds of cattle with their stockmen, the splendid horses, the value of which we are only beginning to appreciate from an imperial and military point of view, and the camels which have introduced a dash of Asiatic colour into the Australian landscape, and lastly, and most important of all, the ubiquitous and omnivorous rabbit.

The first great advertisement which Australia obtained was the discovery of gold; the second was the arrival of the Tichborne claimant. I am now speaking not of scholars and statesmen and learned men. I am speaking of the man in the street; and it is undoubtedly true that the big fat Wagga Wagga butcher did more to familiarise the millions of our country with the existence of Australia and the names of its localities than any other man of our time. He was not a heroic figure, this Sir Arthur Orton, but let it be remembered to his credit that in the course of his great imposture he did undoubtedly, inadvertently and unintentionally act as a great advertising agent of the land which is now celebrating its majority.

Some Titles to Fame.

If to the things which have familiarised Englishmen with Australia we give gold-mining the first place and Tichborne the second, the third certainly belongs to the sportsmen. A brief mention should be made in passing of the heroic explorers, the stories of whose travels in the interior are not unworthy to compare with those of the men who opened up Central Africa; but their memory is comparatively dim. There is no man of all the Australian explorers who has attracted popular attention at home to the same extent as Livingstone or even Stanley. They were not less brave, and they showed endurance as great; but the episodes of Australian exploration are not as interesting as those of a country which abounds with lions and elephants and all manner of ferocious carnivores. That which first brought Australia home to the masses, not as a mere name in the atlas, or as a political dependency, was the sudden discovery that in sport the Australians could more than hold their own against the picked men of the Old Country. I well remember the beginning of this thing, when Green, the Australian oarsman, came over to wrest the aquatic championship of the world from our local Tyneside hero, Robert Chambers. After Green came Hammil, but after them the chief sporting interest of Australia has been cricket, not aquatics. The visit of Australian teams to this country, and the return visit of English teams to Australia has contributed to the Federation very much as the old Olympic games contributed to the unification of the Greek race. Sport, indeed, has played no small part in the growth of a sentiment of unity, and if the modern heralds were to construct a coat of arms for the new Commonwealth, a cricket bat should certainly figure conspicuously in the quarters.

Australia has not yet contributed much to the literature of the world. The novels of Ralph Boldrewood have attained a certain vogue, and the poems of Gordon and Kendall and Brunton Stephens have shown that Australia can produce singers worthy to hold their own with those of any land. Specially admir-

able is the way in which Gordon has made himself the poet of the horse. The Centaur seems to have come to life again in the Stockrider and the Australian runs. Australian journalism has always been eminently respectable. The leading papers of Melbourne and Sydney are modelled on the "Times," and display both the good qualities and the defects of their prototype. They are not distinctive. The only distinctive Australian journal which has made any mark outside Australia is the "Sydney Bulletin." It is a curious product, clever, wicked, lawless, sarcastic, cynical, scoffing, but it is nevertheless a distinct creation, the influence of which is felt throughout the whole of Australasia, and not only throughout Australasia. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is never weary of denouncing the "Sydney Bulletin." The Australians who settled in the Rand were, as he said, "Sydney Bulletin" Australians. They got the "Sydney Bulletin" every week, which scoffed at the Empire, and ridiculed every ideal which Mr. Rhodes holds dear. The "Sydney Bulletin" is the spirit which denies—it is the Mephistopheles of Australia. The only other publication which has an Australasian circulation which rivals, or exceeds, that of the "Sydney Bulletin" is the "Australasian Review of Reviews," in which Mr. Fitchett takes exactly the opposite point of view, and glorifies everything that the "Sydney Bulletin" scoffs at. It is curious to contrast the two; and the future destinies of the Empire will probably be decided by the question whether it is the "Australasian Review of Reviews" or the "Sydney Bulletin" which dominates the policy of the continent.

The Australians have produced millionaries, none of whom, with the doubtful exception of Wilson of Hughenden, have made any mark at home. They developed Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrook, and sent him back to win his laurels in the House of Commons; they gave Sir Gavan Duffy a sphere for his influence, and in Sir Henry Parkes they produced one who may be called a home-made politician, who was also one of the makers of the Empire. Until the late arrival of Mr. Barton, Sir Henry Parkes was almost the only Australian-born politician whom the ordinary Englishman had even heard of.

The Australian.

As for the popular estimate of the average Australian it is distinctly favourable. I was much struck at the first Colonial Exhibition held in this country, to notice how closely the Australians had adhered to the English type in their manufactures and productions. Judging from their exploits, they were the most English of all the Colonies. The Canadians are quite as loyal, but they are a mixed race, partly French and partly English; and they are continually dominated by the over-shadowing influence of the great Republic in the South. Australia has no great neighbour to influence her politics. Her people are homogeneous, and English is the only language spoken from the Swan River to Brisbane. They have therefore reproduced England under the Southern Cross, with such variations as are dictated by the thermometer. The Australian seems to us from this distance to be an Englishman who is better off than those who live in England. He has got a sunnier climate, in which it is easier to laugh, and in which he can play cricket all the year round. So far as relates to those who live in the country, they appear to us to be a race of horsemen, and to be rearing a type which, although somewhat more wiry, is worthy of the best traditions of the parent stock; but the tendency perceptible in this country to flee the country and concentrate in towns is abnormally visible in the great overgrown capitals of Melbourne and Sydney. Possibly in another fifty years the disproportion between town and country population may have become as great as in England; but the drift to the capitals, the desire to have a good time in the Paris or London of Australia, tends to produce results and consequences which are not yet visible. One fact to which the "Sydney Bulletin" recently called attention is significant of much. According to this sardonic commentator upon Australian aspirations, the Australian family is coming to be as rigidly restricted as the families of France. In other words, the Australian population, instead of increasing and multiplying, is tending to be stationary. This may be a passing phase.

As to the political future of the new Commonwealth now on the verge of manhood, it would be difficult to speculate. The "Spectator" recently threw out a hint that the Australians might turn a predatory eye upon Java and the Spice Islands. It is to be hoped that the Australians will have more sense. At present there seems to be considerable doubt as to whether or not they will learn to conduct themselves soberly, quietly and modestly before all men. They are full of the lust and pride of youth. They have never seen a foreign foe upon their shore. With the exception of the few who have volunteered in Britain's wars in Africa, none of them have ever heard a shot fired in anger. They have not been disciplined by adversity; they have not been cast in an iron mould of Calvinistic theology, like the New Englanders. Beyond the temporary stringency occasioned by the financial crash and the intermittent expense caused by alternating droughts and floods, which destroy millions of their live-stock, their lines have been laid in pleasant places. It remains to be seen how far a community which is born with a golden spoon in its mouth, and which has been reared upon whipped cream and syllabubs, can rise superior to the temptations which assault most prosperous States. Self-denial, austerity, chastity, the great formative virtues of nations, are not conspicuous in the Australian outfit. The Australian has been the spoiled child of destiny. The habit of self-indulgence begotten by the sunshine of prosperity will not make him very amenable to discipline, nor is there much trace of a high religious principle and lofty moral ideal among her people as a whole. That there are good men and excellent men and women in every colony goes without saying; but parental discipline is lax. The larrikin has reproduced under the sunny sky of Australia the worst features of the London Hooligan, and it is not so many years ago since the violence accompanying the trade disputes led to some misgivings as to the peaceful evolution of society in those regions.

These, however, are somewhat inappropriate reflections for an occasion of jubilation; but while we rejoice we look ahead.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE ART AND PHILOSOPHY OF LONGEVITY.*

I.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF LONGEVITY.

By Jean Finot.

When lugubrious pessimists are discussing whether life is worth living, it is refreshing to come upon an author who is not only quite certain that life is worth living, but believes that it is worth being indefinitely extended. The old vulgar joke that the answer to the question whether life is worth living depends entirely upon the liver, expresses the central truth of the controversy. That M. Finot, the author of this interesting and suggestive volume, "The Philosophy of Longevity," should find life worth living, needs no explanation to those who know him, for surely in all Paris there is no man so full of buoyant vivacity and cheerful serenity as the editor of "La Revue des Revues." M. Finot, the philosopher of longevity, is a man who, I hope for the sake of his fellow-men, will be able not only to preach, but to practise his philosophy; for the longer he lives the better it will be for the gaiety and brightness of the world.

The Terror of Death.

"The Philosophy of Longevity" might also be called "The Philosophy of Immortality." Life, says the author, is as indestructible as Nature herself. A living being is always a living being. "The terror of death which poisons life is really an artificial sentiment. Originating in the fear of the unknown, nourished by legends and superstitions, by artists and writers, by religions and their priests, the product of ill-directed human thought and of bad definitions too readily accepted . . . this terror of death, which by a supreme irony actually shortens life, might at least be weakened, if not destroyed. The conception of death becoming, as it were, a new phase of life, and the continuation of it in a form which we can understand, would be rich in consolations."

And accordingly M. Finot sets himself to remove some part at least of the sting of death by preaching his doctrine of life in death and death in life.

Centenarians.

In the first part of the book on the "Mysteries of Longevity," discussing the limits of life, the author cites a great number of instances, more or less well authenticated, of remarkably long-lived persons. Statistics and the conclusions of scientists seem to show that man is one of the longest-lived of all animals, though he does not live nearly so long as it is manifest Nature intended him to do. Extreme old age has, however, not yet found its historian, perhaps partly owing to the admitted difficulty of obtaining accurately verified information. "Men," M. Finot remarks, "who have reached the age of eighty years show as much coquetry in making out that they are older than they are, as women of forty in creating the impression that they are only thirty." We may be as sceptical as we please about centenarians, although there is at present a person still living who was born one hundred and fifty years ago; but there is no doubt that the number of those who can be proved to have died at over one hundred years of age is steadily on the increase, and with modern scientific discoveries, better sanitary conditions, and greater general well-being, says this optimistic writer, their number will tend still further to increase.

Life Lengthening.

We are very fond of imagining that former generations lived longer than our own; but in this, says M. Finot, we are quite wrong. Wherever statistics of longevity are available, they point to most reassuring conclusions as regards both the present and the future. Not only is the average age at which death occurs rising, but the number of deaths per thousand is diminishing, even in a country like France, whose vital statistics afford so fruitful a theme for the lugubriously minded. M. Finot even asserts that infant mortality is diminishing; but on this point it would be interesting to have the opinion of the author of "Fecondite."

Another popular and pessimistic notion which M. Finot delights to dispel, is that those whom the gods love die young—assuming, that is, that those whom the gods love are those whom they have most richly endowed with genius—poetic, artistic, literary, or political.

Sex and Longevity.

M. Finot is not the first to remark on the striking superiority of woman over man in the matter of longevity. In France there are ten women centenarians to one man. In Scotland and in London (1895) the proportion was 16 to 5. From a variety of interesting figures the conclusion drawn is that "once the hundred years are passed, the woman has five times as good a chance of living as the man." But of this peculiar feminine persistence M. Finot has no explanations to offer beyond those usually given, and too familiar to need recalling. The expression "weaker sex" as applied to women has, he opines, no raison d'etre. The woman has relatively more elements of vitality than the man. "In the animal world," he says, "all that is needed to increase the proportion of female births is to feed the mother well. By half-starving the caterpillars of moths and butterflies they become male. On the other hand, to have ewe lambs it is only necessary to feed sheep well. The poorer the country, the greater the number of male births. If, therefore," M. Finot quaintly concludes, "longevity is to be considered as a special blessing from Heaven, woman has in it some compensation for certain disabilities for which she never ceases to reproach Dame Nature." Which is one way of looking at it.

Good News for Nonagenarians.

Indeed, M. Finot would try to find consolation and compensation for all. Those who dread old age and

* "The Philosophy of Longevity." By Jean Finot. Paris: Librairie Reinwald. Schleicher Freres.

* "The Prolongation of Life." By Dr. R. E. Dudgeon. London: Chatto and Windus.

its decrepitude may be relieved to know that, once they have attained the age of ninety, they will become stronger and more capable of resistance than they were before, "like those rare trees which flower again in autumn." Toothless eld may even, if it is patient, become toothed again with a brand-new set of teeth which did not come from the dentist.

There is apparently no more a royal road to longevity than to learning. All that M. Finot can say is that "to live a very long time it is only necessary—not to die." This is the supreme philosophy of all theories of longevity. Like happiness, it falls to the lot of those who deserve it least. But it may be noted that moderation in the expenditure of vital energy and a suitable dietary seem to be the necessary conditions of extreme old age. Broadly speaking, the poor are more likely to attain great age than the rich, and this chiefly because the rich eat too much—three times too much, say Professor Richet and Count Tolstoy. Beyond that, no general rule can be laid down. Centenarians are found in all walks of life and in all ranks. Again, almost as many are celibate as married. Centenarianism is, of course, largely dependent on heredity. Men between the ages of 25 and 40 are fathers of children with the greatest amount of vital resistance, the children of fathers under 25 or over 40 frequently dying young; while mothers between 20 and 25 are in the same category as fathers between 25 and 40.

Somehow or other we must manage very badly, for we do not live more than from one-half to a third as long as we ought to do. It is well proved that the length of life in the whole animal world is proportioned to the length of the period of adolescence. Those parents, therefore, who are so over-anxious for their children to grow up are really cutting slices off the children's lives. Childhood may, indeed, be artificially shortened, but only at the expense of long life and vital force.

Yet another consolation in this book of consolations is that to live long one need not be ascetic. On the contrary, all moderate enjoyment of the good things of life tends to preserve cheerfulness, and, therefore, vitality.

Why We Die too Soon.

But why do we not all become centenarians? M. Finot brushes aside the thousand-and-one reasons generally given, and gives another of his own—our constant dread of death. At a certain age man feels "a kind of auto-suggestion of death. He thinks he is coming to his end, and sustains himself as much with the dread of death as with food. . . . The philosophical and healthful expectation of the other life gives way before a nervous and cowardly fear." Thinking about death tends to bring it. In battle those who most dread death perish first, and perish almost without exception. Centenarians, on the contrary, have been notoriously indifferent to death. Death disdained does not trouble you much.

We shall never discover the fountain of Juventus, and the Paracelsus of the future is hardly more likely to succeed than the Paracelsus of the past; but M. Finot assures us that modern science has already opened, and is daily opening wider, the way by which we may prolong life to an extent of which we now perhaps can hardly dream.

The Immortality of the Body.

"The Philosophy of Longevity" is incontestably a healthy book, and the charge of morbidity which we are so fond of levelling at the heads of the French could never be laid upon M. Finot. Yet he devotes a whole chapter to a subject usually avoided except by the most morbidly minded, that unwholesome minority who love to dwell on gruesome themes—a subject, too, from which most of us at some time of our lives have torn away our shrinking thoughts in horror—the fate of the body after it has been laid to its last rest. It is not the immortality of the soul that M. Finot would teach; that he leaves to others. It is the immortality of the body "the life in the coffin." Very delicately does he unveil the secrets of the tomb. "Rest in the grave is but a delusion, like that of the dust to which our bodies are supposed to be reduced." Our custom of laying flowers on the graves of the dead shows our instinctive and persistent belief in the immortality of the body, a touching example of which the author finds in the custom of the ancients who used to pour libations upon the graves and bring offerings of food to lay upon the tombs of their dead. "By grafting upon the modern consciousness a belief in the immortality of the body beyond the tomb, our social and intellectual conceptions will be greatly benefited. Adopt this dogma, make it penetrate the mind of our contemporaries, and the result will be one of those moral revolutions which would do more for the elevation of the soul of the living than the most popular moral treatises."

If the Ego Dies, the Molecules Live—

"The molecules of dead bodies," M. Finot continues, "are the same as those of living bodies. And, after all, what is it that terrifies us in the presence of a corpse? The thought of its changes, successive, inevitable, and almost always repulsive. But in these changes, which are summed up in that word which makes us recoil in horror—putrefaction—there is nothing of which to be afraid." We cling to life, we shrink from death; yet life and death always go hand in hand. If the thought of the death and dissolution of the body terrifies us, it is because we have missed its true signification. But what do I care what becomes of the molecules of the two-legged telephone which my soul uses for a few years and then lays aside? Their immortality does not interest me any more than the immortality of the parings of my finger-nails.

—Unless They are Cremated.

While explaining how Nature does her work, even though her ways may be not our ways, M. Finot is led to talk of cremation. Of this, as the invention of man, he altogether disapproves. Far from being a step forward, it seems to him a mischievous and unreasoning retrogression to the prejudices of the past, brought about by the ignorant propaganda of persons who did not really understand the hygienic principles of which they prated, and thought they knew how to do Nature's work better than Nature herself. The dangers often attributed to cemeteries are, says M. Finot, purely imaginary; and his interesting arguments against cremation may be commended to the perusal of all who are inclined to fussiness and valetudinarianism. Earth to earth, is M. Finot's conclusion; Nature's way is best. But by whatever means except cremation the dead are disposed of, the life of the body continues.

After reading these chapters, it may be granted that M. Finot has done what he intended to do. His conception of the life-in-death of the tomb may, for some of us at least, deprive death of some of its terrors. Perhaps even the time may come when it has no more terrors for us than "the duality of day and night." Night is the modification of day, as death is

the modification of life. "And the dying man, while commending his soul to God, will meet with one of his last smiles the mysterious virtues, the unknown joys, the wayfaring companions awaiting him in the life of the tombs."

Why Sharpen the Sting of Death?

Another chapter of this cheery book upon depressing subjects is devoted to proving the continuity of life—"a living being is always a living being." Yet another discusses "the supreme terror of our life." Nothing is more natural, even M. Finot admits, than the dread inspired by death, the dread that he has just been so vigorously combating, for, as he says, "everything tends to make death fearful and feared—religions and their prophets, moralists, priests, popular legends, and superstitions, literature, songs, the visions of seers, religious men and even sceptics. Indeed, all humanity since the dawn of thought seems to have engaged in the work of making death the most terrible sight on earth." The belief in the immortality of the soul M. Finot attributes to this fear of death, this recoil from absolute annihilation. Hamlet was not the only one whose will was puzzled by the dread of something after death, of the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

"Elect or ordinary souls all have in common the dread of that inevitable moment. Goncourt, in his journal, asserts that the idea of death poisoned Daudet's life, and that Zola, in spite of his philosophic mind and rare courage, trembled before the obsessing fear of death, which caused him nightmares and sleeplessness. E. de Goncourt for his part told me that if he could banish the idea of death from his consciousness, his life would be relieved of a great burden. Once at a historic gathering at Victor Hugo's house, all the illustrious guests, being questioned as to their conception of death, frankly avowed the terror and sadness with which it continually inspired them."

And yet what trouble does not man make for himself! For the dreaded end, when it comes at last, far from being painful is nearly always painless. There is neither logical nor scientific basis for this fear of death. The true conception of death is that of a gently releasing angel, not of a merciless and cruel spectre.

Artificially Manufactured Men.

But the most curious and original part of this book is that which discusses "life as an artificial creation." From the time of Prometheus, and perhaps long before, men have tried to steal from the gods some portion of their celestial fire. The old books of mysticism and occultism, of which M. Finot seems to have been unearthing a considerable number, have extraordinary accounts of man's attempts to imitate the Creator. In the time of Paracelsus there were men who boasted to have seen other men, the work of men's hands homuncules. The occult writings of that time are full of allusions to a miraculous man. Count Kuffstein, of course reputed to have bartered away his soul to the devil, who, with his factotum—a kind of servant and private secretary in one—travelled Europe from end to end learning all that was to be learnt of occult sciences. Some abbe, an occultist of repute, was persuaded to teach the Count the art of making homuncules, and the private-secretary-factotum (who with his hair standing on end appears to have witnessed the process) has left us full details of how these homuncules were produced. It seems to have taken about five weeks, working night and day, for the three worthies to bring them into existence—ten of them—a king, a queen, an architect, a monk, a miner, a nun, a seraphim, a cherubim, a blue spirit, and a red spirit; and then they were, with one exception, such detestable sprites that the wonder is their creators did not at once wring all their little necks. They seemed to have none of the virtues of mankind, but a double quantity of the vices instead. And this in spite of the abbe having blessed them all as they came into the world! Fortunately, they never grew bigger than sprats, else there is no knowing what would have been done with them. An attempt was also made to create an admiral, but it only resulted in the production of a miserable leech—not quite the same thing. These vicious little wretches were exhibited, so says the account, in many towns in Europe, and if so, must have been seen by thousands of persons, one of whom probably expressed an unbiassed opinion when he called them "frightful toads," whereupon their offended creator withdrew them from circulation. Fortunately they all died, one after another, and the world was plagued with them no longer.

The Coming Homuncule.

But M. Finot, who is, of course, not credulous enough to believe such tales as this, argues nevertheless that we need not be discouraged by anything or from anything, not even from the creation of homuncules. We now know that all living beings may be reduced to four simple elements, with small proportions of other materials, and that these are the only elements which nature uses to create every substance, animal or vegetable. By combining these four simple bodies the scientist Berthelot has managed to create various organic compounds; and in the modern laboratory albumen is made which is in every way like living albumen, except that the chemically prepared product has not the same activity as protoplasm. "Shall we ever contrive to bridge over the gap?" M. Finot asks. And this modern Paracelsus dares to think we may. From simple to compound—up and up, till we reach the finished human product!

Doubtless we shall have our own ideas as to how the new man and woman of the inconceivable future are to be constituted. We could all suggest many improvements which could be advantageously effected—in our fellows. Think of all the boundless possibilities opened up for the progress and development of the human race! "They will not be like us," says M. Finot, "and that alone is a great thing. . . They will not have our vices, nor, above all, our virtues, which is very consoling for pessimists. . . Their mental condition, altogether different from that engendered by our prejudices, will perhaps allow them to penetrate those mysteries of the world beyond, which have caused humanity the sacrifice of so many ingenious minds!" And as a last supreme consolation, this consoler adds that humanity "may even come to be divided into monkeymen and homuncules," the ideal of the day after to-morrow.

II.—THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE.

By Dr. Dudgeon.

It is curious that at the time when M. Finot was preaching his philosophy of longevity in Paris, an English octogenarian physician, who has practised sufficient of that philosophy to prolong his existence far beyond the three-score years and ten, should have published another book dealing with the Prolongation of Life. Dr Dudgeon deals with the subject from the more practical point of view of an experienced physician, and, without indulging in speculations as to the prolongation of life beyond a century, advises his fellow-

men as to how best they can secure health and happiness until they are well on to the eighties.

In one respect, at any rate, M. Finot's English rival runs him hard, for while the philosopher of longevity is still a young man, twice forty winters have besieged Dr. Dudgeon's brow. He can therefore say—what M. Finot cannot say—crede experto. But one of the most striking things about the doctor's book is that it bears no trace of being written by an old, even a very old, man. Its style is singularly fresh, clear, vigorous, and direct; and in common with M. Finot's book, it has one great quality—cheerfulness. Throughout it is distinctly a cheering and not a depressing book, and it is also sometimes an exceedingly humorous one. Indeed, it might be wondered whether in writing his famous tirade against "Beards," Dr. Dudgeon quite knew how funny he was. At any rate, the chapter is to be recommended to anyone who wants to be genuinely amused.

The doctor not unnaturally approaches his subject rather from the practical than from the idealistic standpoint. "My object in this work," he says, "is to show how the faculties and essential functions of the body can best be preserved so as to make life, even in its most advanced stages, worth living." The conception of his book is, it is true, far less original than that of M. Finot's work; but few will dispute with the doctor when he opines that it may be found that he has considered the matter from a different standpoint from that usually adopted, "and the experience of an octogenarian physician still engaged in practice" undoubtedly is not without "a certain value."

The doctor doubts whether old age in itself is so much to be desired. The old man, he remarks, but without cynicism or bitterness, is apt to fall a little behind these fast-moving times:—

Though he may not feel very old, and may think himself quite as fit as ever he was to conduct a business, lead an army, cut for stone, or take command of the Channel Fleet, he is painfully aware that others do not estimate his powers so highly—think it is high time he retired from affairs, and rather resent his continued presence among his juniors. But as an old man is seldom so obliging as to depart this life when others think he has lived long enough, he naturally wishes his declining years may be pleasantly spent. This he can best do by adopting measures to maintain some of the vigour of manhood, and engaging in some work that shall keep his mind interested.

This, indeed, is one of the doctor's strongest points. Whoever wishes to live to be old, must not be idle either in mind or body.

Another point about this book which cannot fail to strike everyone is that it often runs directly contrary to the orthodox, accepted beliefs on the subject of health. Dr. Dudgeon, indeed, seems to take a malicious pleasure in knocking some reverend old stagers on the head. He might have had more respect for their grey hairs. For instance, we have most of us had the advantages of wool clothing dinned into our ears until perhaps we felt inclined never to wear a stitch of wool again. You had much better wear linen or cotton, says Dr. Dudgeon. Our valetudinarian friends will make large eyes indeed at this. Again, many of us think a little pastry is occasionally very nice, and are quite convinced it does us no harm, only our doctors insist that it is so very unwholesome. Nonsense, says Dr. Dudgeon; eat pastry if you like it and it suits you. Indeed, what chiefly differentiates this book from ordinary books on health is that Dr. Dudgeon's eighty years have made him much less dogmatic than most people who, with less reason, have laid down the law on the subject of longevity. In other words, the book is written with a vast deal more common sense than ninety-nine out of every hundred similar works.

But unorthodox as Dr. Dudgeon is in many respects, he is thoroughly orthodox in one—that we nearly all of us eat far too much and too often. Again, it is astonishing to be told that it would be better for us to eat more of the unwholesome but nice sweets and less of the wholesome and nasty salt; but so we are told by Dr. Dudgeon. Moderation, moderation, is his great doctrine, after that of work; and in this his conclusions agree with those arrived at by M. Finot, after furnishing his numerous and interesting statistics of longevity. Wine and all forms of alcohol the doctor condemns as poisons when used habitually; but on tobacco smokers he is not unduly severe.

In the chapter on exercise he has some remarks to make which are interesting in the present state of affairs. In spite of the thousands who flock to see, but, as we are reminded, not to take part in, football and cricket matches, he doubts whether "the present generation contains a greater proportion of strong and capable young men than the previous generation did." Witness the "general air of weariness and depression in the great majority of those who shamble along the streets of our towns":—

The war we have been carrying on in South Africa affords melancholy proof of the inferior quality, as regards health and stamina, of the soldiers who have been fighting our battles with leonine courage, but with physical unfitness, sadly contrasted with the vigour and endurance of their numerically inferior enemies. . . . With equal numbers I doubt if our military science would have compensated for the inferior stamina and defective physique of our soldiers. While our men succumbed in thousands to the hardships and privations to which they were exposed, the hardy Boers, accustomed to outdoor life, and inured to fatigue, seem to have escaped the sickness that decimated our ranks, though they were exposed to the same, or even greater, hardships than our troops.

In the epilogue to this brief, bright, and witty book Dr. Dudgeon concludes that:—

On the whole, the closing years of a long life may not be unhappy—indeed, may be more serenely happy than were the years of storm and stress of youth and manhood. We may, though from beyond the Tweed, be able to appreciate a joke (even an English one) without requiring a surgical operation to get it into our heads. And when death comes, if it be the painless extinction of life that generally comes to healthy old age, it will have no terrors to the man who can truthfully say: Non inutilis vixi!

WAR UNDER A MICROSCOPE:

Some Soldier Autobiographies.

By W. T. Stead.

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett has rescued from the oblivion of the great public libraries, in which so many admirable books are buried, four of the most graphic and stirring pictures of war at the beginning of the century that have ever been published. To the orthodox historian, as Mr. Fitchett points out, a battle is as completely drained of human emotion as a chemical formula. And yet it is in the fierce clash of battle that the lowest and the sublimest passions of which mortal man is capable are aroused. Mr. Fitchett has an eagle eye for picturesque incidents, and for scenes which stir the human emotions. In the four soldier autobiographies which he has edited in his latest book,

entitled "Wellington's Men" (Smith, Elder, 6s.), he has found pictures palpitating with human life, seen through living, human eyes, of the great battles of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns. Stripping these descriptions of the tedious details in which they are buried, Mr. Fitchett has compiled a narrative which makes his reader's heart throb faster, and almost makes him hold his breath as he sees, through these soldier-penmen's eyes, the onward rush of thousands of horsemen upon the thin lines of the British squares at Waterloo, or the deadly hand-to-hand fighting in the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos.

Four Typical Soldiers.

The four soldier writers—Captain Kincaid, "Rifleman" Harris, Captain Mercer, of the Artillery, and Anton, of the Royal Highlanders—were all good fighters, and linked knowledge with literary expression. Kincaid led a forlorn hope up the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo, and has left a vivid account of the hardships of a soldier's life in the Peninsula. Harris was one of the unconquerable, much-enduring rearguard in Moore's retreat to Corunna, and his pictures of the miseries of that march may be compared for vividness with those of Sergeant Bourgoyne's ghastly story of the retreat from Moscow. Anton shared in the wild fighting around Toulouse, and gives an interesting sketch of the sufferings of soldiers' wives who followed their husbands to the wars. Captain Mercer fought his battery at Waterloo, until out of 200 fine horses in his troop 140 lay dead or dying, and his story of that great battle is the best that there is to be found in English literature.

War a Hundred Years Ago.

War at the beginning of the century was much more picturesque and human than at its close. Khaki has robbed war of the rainbow-hued garments in which it was wont to deck itself.

"Brown Bess" was short of range, and the fighting lines came so near each other that each man could see his foeman's face, and hear his shout or oath. War appealed to every sense. It filled the eyes. It registered itself in drifting continents of smoke. It deafened the ear with blast of cannon and clash of steel.

Captain Mercer records a typical instance of how war was fought in the days of our grandfathers. In order to restrain his men from replying to the French fire at Waterloo, he rode back and forth in front of his battery. The French sharpshooters were within speaking distance:—

This quieted my men; but a tall, blue gentleman, seeing me thus dare them, immediately made a target of me, and commenced a very deliberate practice to show us what very bad shots they were, and verify the old artillery proverb, "The nearer the target, the safer you are." One fellow certainly made me flinch, but it was a miss; so I shook my finger at him and called him coquin, etc. The rogue grinned as he reloaded and again took aim. I certainly felt rather foolish at that moment, but was ashamed after such bravado to let him see it, and therefore continued my promenade. As if to prolong my torment, he was a terrible time about. To me it seemed an age. Whenever I turned, the muzzle of his infernal carbine still followed me. At length bang it went, and whiz came the ball close to the back of my neck, and at the same instant down dropped the leading driver of one of my guns.

Vanished Incidents of Warfare.

Smoke, too, that pall which shrouded the battlefield of the Napoleonic period, has vanished at the command of science. A soldier knew no more what was happening around him than the dead which had fallen by his side. "Rifleman" Harris, describing the fighting at Vimiera, says:—

I myself was very soon so hotly engaged, loading and firing away, enveloped in the smoke I created, and the cloud which hung about me from the continued fire of my comrades, that I could see nothing for a few minutes but the red flash of my own piece amongst the vapours clinging to my very clothes.

The British soldier was not without a rough chivalry which, however, did not restrain him from rifling a dead Frenchman's jacket or stripping the clothes from a corpse. Kincaid, who had a grim sense of humour, remarked, "I was grieved to think that the souls of deceased warriors should be so selfish as to take flight in their regimentals, for I never saw one with a rag on after battle."

At Close Range.

The culminating point of all these soldier narratives is Waterloo. They each describe what they saw with their own eyes, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight before them. Yet this fourfold story of the great battle bites itself into the memory of the reader and cannot be erased. The fascination of personal human interest is in each line. I have only space for three brief quotations, but these will suffice to show what war looked like to the victims of Wellington who had found death on a score of battlefields. Anton, the Lowland Scot, who had joined a Highland regiment, was in the thick of the fight at Quatre Bras. This is his description of the way in which a British square shattered a charge of French cuirassiers. They were dashing full on two of its faces:—

A moment's pause ensued; it was the pause of death. General Pack was on the right angle of the front face of the square, and he lifted his hat towards the French officer, as he was wont to do when returning a salute. I suppose our assailants construed our forbearance as an indication of surrendering; a false idea; not a blow had been struck, nor a musket levelled; but when the general raised his hat, a most destructive fire was opened; riders, cased in heavy armour, fell tumbling from their horses; the horses reared, plunged and fell on the dismounted riders; steel helmets and cuirasses rang against unsheathed sabres as they fell to the ground: shrieks and groans of men, the neighing of horses and the discharge of musketry, rent the air, as men and horses mixed together in one heap of indiscriminate slaughter. Those who were able to fly fled towards a wood on our right, whence they had issued to the attack.

A Duel between Guns and Cavalry.

The grimmest passage in the whole volume is that in which Captain Mercer tells how G battery swept into utter rout and annihilation the serried ranks of the French cavalry, which advanced to the destruction of the hollow squares upon the hillcrest of Waterloo. The first charge had been hurled back, but the French once more advanced to the attack:—

On they came in compact squadrons, one behind the other, so numerous that those of the rear were still below the brow when the head of the column was but at some sixty or seventy yards from our guns. Their pace was a slow, but steady trot. None of your furious galloping charges this, but a deliberate advance at a deliberate pace, as of men resolved to carry their point. They moved in profound silence, and the only sound that could be heard from them amidst the incessant row of battle was the low thunder-like reverberation of the ground beneath the simultaneous tread

of so many horses. On our part was equal deliberation. Every man stood steadily at his post, the guns ready, loaded with a round shot first and a case over it; the tubes were in the vents; the port fires glared and spluttered behind the wheels; and my word alone was wanting to hurl destruction on that goodly show of gallant men and noble horses. I delayed this, for experience had given me confidence. The Brunswickers partook of this feeling, and with their squares—much reduced in point of size—well closed, stood firmly with arms at the recover, and eyes fixed on us, ready to commence their fire with our first discharge. The column was led on this time by an officer in rich uniform, his breast covered with decorations, whose earnest gesticulations were strangely contrasted with the solemn demeanour of those to whom they were addressed. I thus allowed them to advance unmolested until the head of the column might have been about fifty or sixty yards from us, and then gave the word, "Fire!" The effect was terrible, nearly the whole of the leading rank fell at once; and the round shot penetrating the column, carried confusion throughout its extent.

On the Morrow of Victory.

Fighting at such close quarters was nothing short of slaughter. "I had never yet heard of a battle in which everybody was killed; but this seemed likely to be an exception," Kincaid, who fought with the Rifle Brigade, records. He says:—

The field of battle next morning presented a frightful scene of carnage; it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces and three-quarters of everything destroyed in the world. The ground running parallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewed with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies, many of the former still alive and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow. The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask who had been hit? but on this occasion it was "Who's alive?"

Mr. Fitchett, by his careful editing of these long-forgotten volumes, enables us to see Wellington's campaigns with the eyes of the men in the ranks. In this book we have war placed under a microscope; we live in the ranks, share the hardships, suffer the privations, listen to the rude jokes and coarse oaths, feel the excitement of the charge, the depression of the retreat, and, in short, live the life of the men who by their endurance and stubborn courage saved Europe from Napoleonic despotism.

The Engineering Magazine.

The December number contains an excellent article upon "Water-tube Generators for Naval Service," by Mr. B. H. Thwaite, but it is rather too technical to be reviewed here.

China's Wayward Rivers.

Mr. William Starling contributes a paper on "The Regulation of the Yellow River in China." It is significant of how little has been done in the way of exploring recently, that nearly the whole of the article is based upon observations made by Baron von Richthofen. The description of the sunken roads in the Loess and the whole of the Loess country is very interesting reading. Mr. Starling is of the opinion that the greater part of the trouble due to the overflowing of the Yellow River is attributable to the neglect of the dykes, which are allowed to be worn to pieces, and to no attempts being made to prevent the river undermining the banks. The bursts are due not to the river rising so high that it overflows the banks, but to the fact that the water wears away the foundations of the dykes until a whole section falls in. The article is very well illustrated throughout.

Iron in British Columbia.

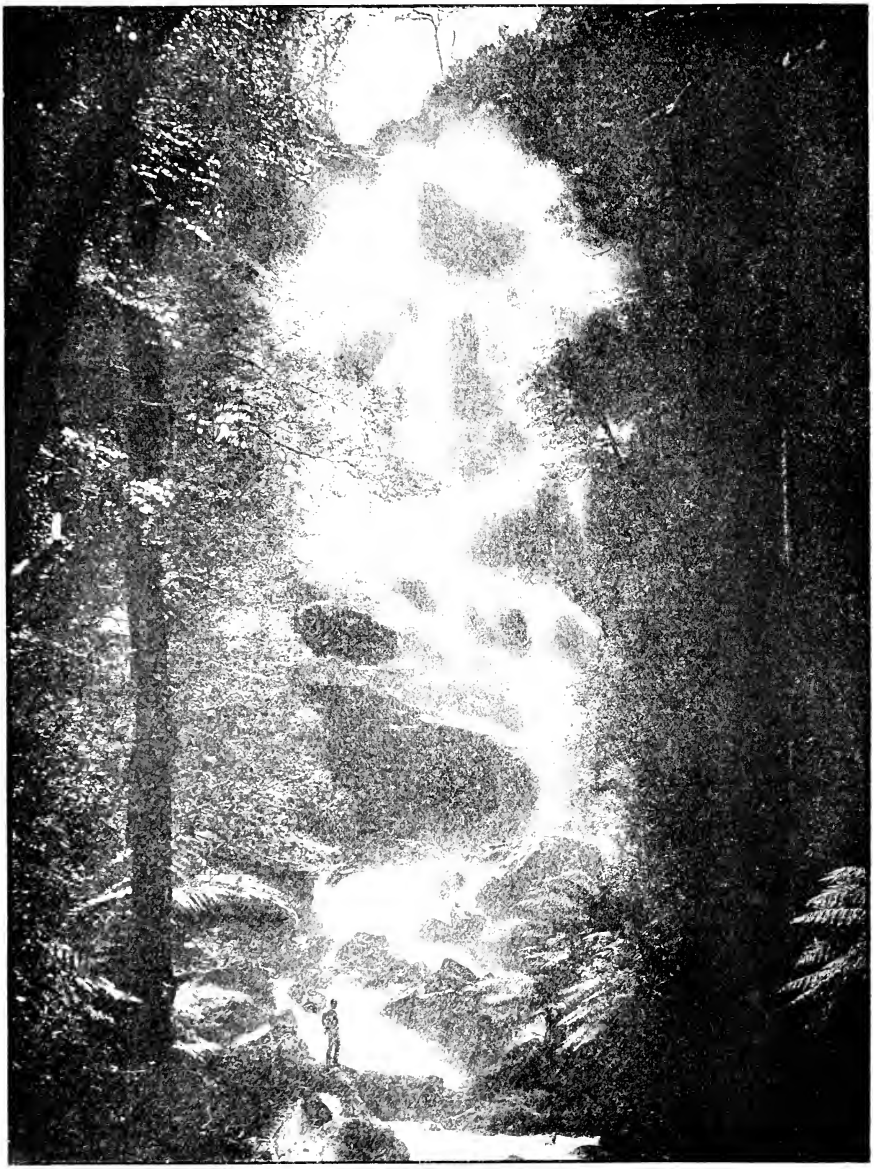
Mr. H. Mortimer Lamb contributes an article upon the deposits of iron which have already been found in British Columbia, and the possibility of working the ore. He mentions that iron from this region was used in San Francisco in the building of some of the battleships for the United States navy, but his general conclusion is:

At present the extent of information available in respect to the iron deposits of British Columbia has more of a scientific than of a practically commercial interest. As exploration, however, is usually governed by practical considerations, it is probable that those deposits of which anything is known bear but a meagre relation to those of which nothing is as yet definitely ascertainable. It is not too much to say that British Columbia possesses enormous potential resources in her iron deposits, but that these resources must wait for commercial development upon the development of those industries which stimulate a demand for iron. Sooner or later the political reasons which led to the construction of United States battleships on the Pacific Coast, for which, as we have seen, British Columbia iron was partially utilised, will give place to commercial reasons connected with the development of trade on the Pacific necessitating the building of a large mercantile marine. Sooner or later, manufacturing industries with their constant demand for the iron which is their base will be brought into being to supply the ever-increasing market of the Orient. When these things happen, British Columbia with its abundant coal and lumber in direct connection with its iron must become the seat of a great iron industry. Meanwhile, these resources are chiefly attractive to those who combine in a very rare degree the gift of foresight and indomitable patience.

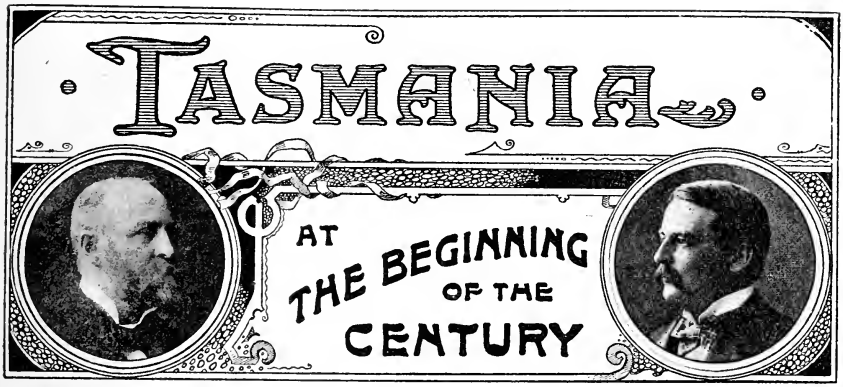
Other Articles.

Mr. Frank Perkins gives an interesting account of "Electric Central Station Practice in England," Mr. Bryan Donkin writes on "The Motive Power from High-Furnace Gases." Articles on "The Expense Account of the Machine Shop," and on "The Meaning of Commercial Organisation of the Workshop" are contributed by Mr. H. L. Arnold and Mr. A. H. Church respectively.

Mr. Arthur Mee begins the New Year of the "Young Man" with a lively sketch of Lord Salisbury—"the last of the autocrats," as he is pleased to call him. He plays freely with the paradox involved in this haughty despiser of democracy being four times Prime Minister in a democratic State.



ST. COLUMBA FALLS, TASMANIA.



By W. A. Shum and Lancelot H. Ussher.

Tasmania faces the dawn of the twentieth century with more than hopeful prospects. Even the casual tourist sees this. He sees it in the new railways that have tunnelled the mountains, stolen foreshore from the ocean, climbed on spidery-legged trestles over dizzy gorges, laughed at the impassable and passed it. He sees it in the dynamite that has ripped the sides from the mountain, laying bare its copper and its gold; sees it, too, in the quickened internal business life of the island, in the broadened horizon of the exporter, and the increased energies of the agriculturist. The secret of the new prosperity of Tasmania lies chiefly—though not solely—in the development of her hitherto only guessed mineral wealth, a development of which the last half-dozen years is but the beginning.

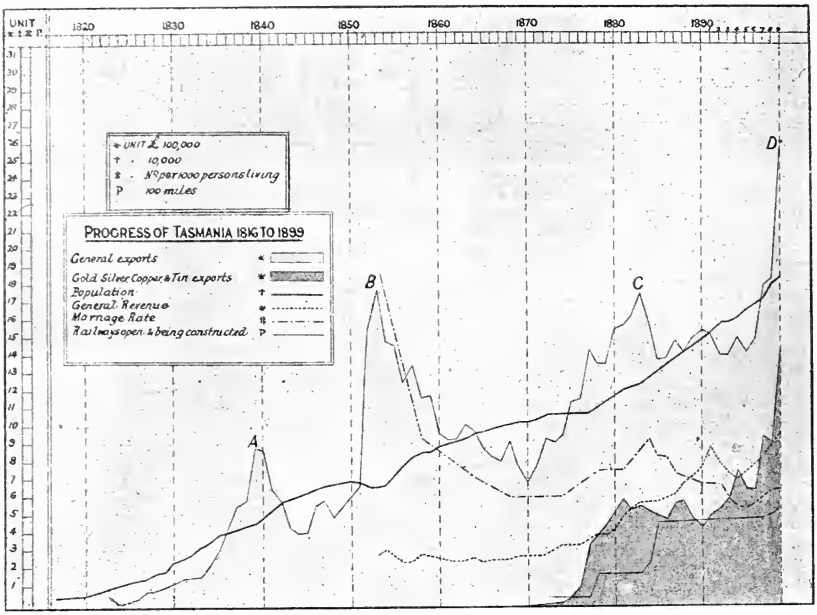
In the previous articles of this series, Queensland and New Zealand have been dealt with largely as touring grounds for holiday-makers—the one as the winter, and the other as the summer, resort for Australasians. But while Queensland at the one extreme, and New Zealand at the other, are holiday resorts for the leisured classes, and for professional men who can command a rest extending from six weeks upwards, Tasmania is the happy medium, the ideal spot for the man with the short holiday, or the short purse, or with both! And in Tasmania the picturesque is so wedded to the practical: mineral and agricultural wealth are so framed in beauty of landscape and grace of natural scenery that it is impossible to separate them. The land is a feast to the artist, as well as a delight to the miner and the farmer. So the best way of giving an account of Tasmania is to describe it from the tourist point of view—as seen by a couple of cyclists—and let the rich business side of the island be a feature in the picture. In what other land is there the same happy meeting of beauty and wealth!

Geographically, Tasmania is of modest dimensions. Newspaper artists on the other side of the world draw it sometimes as an island, sometimes as a peninsula, and occasionally omit it altogether—as Kipling was strongly suspected of doing from his Commonwealth Ode. In size it is a mere sample of the Australian bulk, occupying but 26,000 of its total area of 3,077,000 square miles, a space which, in Western Australia, might be pegged out as a mining lease, or in Queensland might serve a Tyson for a sheep run. But into its modest area Tasmania packs a wealth of natural beauty—as well as of material resources—sufficient to give it high rank amongst the "beauty-lands" of the world. It is a land to feast the imagination of an artist, and to give joy to the senses of a cyclist. Its qualities of air and landscape and road ought to draw tourists as by a spell.

The "silver streak" of sea that cuts Tasmania adrift from the mainland has achieved a local reputation for roughness rivalling Biscay itself. But there is a calm run of four hours at either end of the trip, and the two lines of steamers which share, rather than compete, for the traffic, do their best to so arrange the commissariat that the dinner gong sounds before the Heads appear, and men go to bed openly and unashamedly as the boat speeds out into the night and the ocean rollers.

Approaching Tasmania.

As day broke over the tumbled waters of Bass Strait, for the present tourists, the



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF TASMANIA.

A. Expansion of trade through settlement of Victoria.
B. " " " " gold discovery in Victoria.
C. " " " " " " " Tasmania.
D. " " " " West Coast Development.

misty outline of the sun-lit Dial Range rose out of the horizon. Presently Low Head's lighthouse was glinting its whiteness across water now no longer blue, but green. Ripple and smooth alternately suggested rocks and sandbanks as the steamer swung around Garden Island and left the brown patches of pebble and seaweed to the sheering gull. Morning or evening, the glows and glories of ever-changing tints on foam-flecked wavelet, crested breaker, or mirror-perfect pool make the Tamar mouth a fitting gateway to the beauties of this land of noble rivers. The dancing cockleboats, with their crews of happy urchins, add life to the sea-scape, and a whirl of the helm brings the broad river reaches into view, and Georgetown, with its flaring red bell-buoy basking in the sunshine, slips round the point and away. On this side one can almost count the nuts and needles of the she-oak just above the brown cobble-stones, while the other bank is miles away, and the little jetty in front of a hut or two is but a suggestion. Then before the traveller can tire of the deep-bayed landscape, the steamer is floating between river banks again. Here an ivy-mantled church tower rises from among the headstones of the dead, beneath oaks and elms planted when Victoria's reign was young, and hearts go out to the old land, till a short eye-sweep reveals the trim sails of a firewood ketch flapping idly over men who love freedom more than gold, and spend their days in making little more than "tucker." So at every point Old World and New join hands; and there, over the distant gum trees, the roofs of Beaconsfield clustered about the tall chimney-stacks of the great Tasmanian mine peep out. And so for forty miles, till gum and honeysuckle give place to ti-tree and waving reeds. Slowly the screw wriggles us through the shallows, and the wash in the steamer's wake sets all the feathery reed-tops agog, and they sway wildly for a moment, then fade from sight, still nodding their heads towards Launceston. The northern capital, as its inhabitants delight to call it, now spreads over the hillsides before us, and streams away over the flats across the Esk. There is just time to explain that "that funny red and white tower like streaky

bacon" is the Post-office—about which the citizens of Launceston have not quite made up their minds whether they ought to blush or boast—and we come to our moorings beside the trim barque that is filling with the wool of some of the finest sheep in the world.

Launceston reminds one more of Melbourne than any other Tasmanian township, especially in the residential portions, where all the houses seem to have been designed by architects trained in the great Victorian metropolis before Queen Anne villas came into fashion. The city is a live one, and signs of prosperity and growth abound, and, as everyone knows, it is lit by electricity, generated by the water force above the Cataract Gorge. The gorge, by the way, is the artistic glory and delight of Launceston, and rightly so. Nature has been kind, in a wild, ruggedly picturesque way, to this city, and has tumbled a rushing torrent of sparkling water out between rocky cliffs almost at the shop doors. The shady clefts are filled with cool ferns, and clematis and ivy twine and festoon the boulders, for man has striven with remarkable success to add to Nature's charms. A penny admits to this paradise, which grows prettier every year, and there is nearly always ample time for the tourist to enjoy it before the train leaves for Hobart or the west. Days might be spent in exploring the beauty spots around the fair city on the hills, but far too many tourists are content to rush through from steamer to train.

Across the Island.

The East Coast is full of charm and variety, and in these days of cycling it would be difficult to find a better way of going to Hobart from the north. Leaving Launceston, one passes many a stately home, embowered in the deep shade of splendid trees; and nowhere do flowers seem to grow finer. Here, as the road climbs higher, is a cottage up to the armpits in a mass of brilliant geraniums; the eaves just peep at one through a scramble of fuschia that o'ertops the chimneys with a blaze of purple red; and the waving clematis tosses gay tendrils about to catch the ten-foot hollyhocks gently swaying beside the berry-laden holly. But turn a moment, and the valley of the Tamar stretches away towards the sea, with many a curve around broad fields of golden grain and sheep-dotted pastures. The city we left but half an hour ago, where it clambers over the steep and rocky hillsides above the broad river, fills up the middle distance; while from our feet the hawthorn hedges dip down to the willow-margined Esk. The whole horizon is rimmed with hills, and he must climb who would leave Launceston by road. Scottsdale may be reached by train, but we are going by the old coach road, and, having started late, the shadows lengthen as we go by pleasant homesteads, and the evening air throbs with the slow footfall of the home-going cows and the rustle round the milking sheds. The mountain tops grow more rugged and a deeper blue comes in the valleys as the sun declines, and we pedal up to the once-prosperous half-way house at Myrtle Bank, where the forest begins.

Morning travel is the secret of true enjoyment in summer cycling, and we are early on the road. What could be better, indeed, after a year of city toil, than to drink in the balmy freshness of a morning high up in the Tasmanian hills? The dew is on the long fern fronds that fringe the path, and the air is laden with the perfume of sweet-smelling musk and gum. Every sense tingles with most exquisite pleasure, and Tasmania seems the loveliest spot on all God's earth.

Road-pictures.

Mile after mile the road twists and turns around the hillsides above the fern-filled valleys, till myrtle and musk give place to gum, and the rivulets go murmuring through brambles. Broad fields and orchards come again; dog-leg and bracken are replaced by three-rail and hawthorn, and the pretty little railway terminus of Scottsdale makes an ideal resting-place.

Splendid roads everywhere are among the most striking features of Tasmania, and, by way of compensation, they are almost always best where the scenery least calls for lingering. So the miles of almost level country slip by when Scottsdale is quite left behind. Here and there the ruins of a deserted hut or an overgrown and neglected garden, out of which the tall white foxgloves have escaped into the blackberries by the roadside, tell the tale of how gold and silver called more loudly than wheat and cattle. Presently the muddy waters of the Ringarooma and the stretches of yellow silt in the river flats indicate that the tin-bearing district has been reached. The hydraulic and other methods of alluvial mining are more apparent, as well as more picturesque, than deep sinking, and the country becomes intensely interesting. Water races intersect the road, or keep you company beside it for long stretches, and then wander away across the hills out of sight for a while, till presently you get a glimpse of them creeping across a deep valley on tall black trestles. By and by you meet them again tearing along in a dreadful hurry till they shoot over the edge of a big gap down a huge black iron pipe, which gradually grows smaller and smaller, till it comes to a rough nozzle upended on a boulder. The sluggish, yellowy-brown stream that a mile or two away seemed too tired to hurry, here leaps out

panting for breath with tremendous velocity all in a white flurry. The weight of water behind sends it hurtling in a magnificent head for fifty or sixty feet, and with strength enough to knock a house down. It plays on the face of the man-made cliff from the bottom of the deep excavation, and down rattle rocks and boulders, while the air is filled with the roar of the water, and the clinking smaller stones, slipping and dropping, make a merry music of their own. The white spray flies off the face, and the foaming water flings itself down by a thousand runnels, and each change gives a new-made waterfall that sparkles in the sun.

The prosperous little township of Derby winds in and out among the steep hillocks, and twists about the course of the Ringarooma as best it can, and no one complains because a boulder ten times the size of his house crops out of where his back yard ought to be; because it's no use. Just after the river slips from the gorge between the hills it broadens out into a little valley, through which it winds an inconstant course, according to the will of the dredges. These amphibious creatures, half engine-house and half barge, built first in a land-locked hole, eat their slow progression, year in and year out, leaving a trail of well-digested sand and silt behind, and living on the tin won from day to day from the rich river flats.

The road lies across the river round a steep elbow, and up and up for miles past the most unique fence in Tasmania. Path and paddock are divided by a palisade of old-man fern trees, their brown boles surmounted by spreading fronds of living green. Shoulder to shoulder they stand, making a long, thin streak across the landscape.

In the Hills.

Nature has many compensations, for the higher one climbs the more lovely becomes the way. The track winds up the steep mountain side, but the air is sweeter and purer, and the tall trees arch over the way, making the long vistas of cool shade a delight. The foliage changes, and the road is edged with waving fronds, through which the summer sunshine just sprinkles the brown earth, or tints the red seedcaps of the moss. Flowers are not wanting, and amidst all the native luxuriance the aggressive purple-pink heads of the Scotch thistle claim a foremost place. Almost before a bridle-track has been worn through the bush these wind-scattered spiky reminders of an old land come, and come to stay, beneath the moss-hung musk.

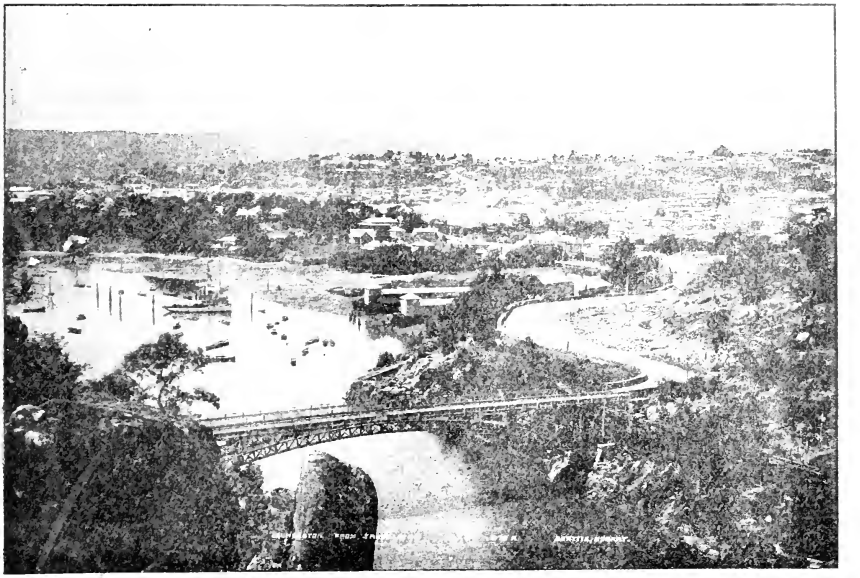
The calm and loveliness of God's own woods settle on one, and the busy world of yesterday seems but a far-off dream, till almost suddenly the tree-tops thin a little, stand farther apart, and there, blazing in the noonday sun, flutters the blood-red dragon flag of China from a tall sapling. For a wonder, the Chinese camp is fairly trim and neat, the huts being actually built of shingles and palings; but then, for once, the proper material costs even less than worn-out kerosene tins and sugar bags.

The plateau is being ransacked for tin by the Chinese, who, in their excessive industry, literally leave no stone unturned. How alluvial tin came to be washed up on to the top of the mountains round Welborough is doubtful, but there it is in plenty, and the dredges browse away cheerfully on the plains. The long, treeless stretch from the township ends abruptly on the banks of a crystal stream, which meanders beneath myrtle and sassafras. The change from bare plain to the wealthy luxuriance of the forest depths is marvellously swift. Up climbs the mountain track through a glory of green tints and a wondrous phantasy of strange shapes. Giant gum trees, straight as masts and tall as steeples, fling their flapping bark-strands in the breeze, while against their white boles the gnarled and twisted beech and myrtle stretch out over the masses of undergrowth, to keep in touch with which they hang down gay streamers of white-starred clematis. Every footstep reveals new beauties of tint and form, and each leads up to the summit of the Blue Tier, from whence the glad eye roves over range on range and from peak to peak, all gloriously bathed in sunshine and clad from head to heel with forest. The blue haze is over all, and the blue sky above. Then mile on mile the road leads toward the sea; here a break in the timber opens on the sharp-edged cut of a lode away up on the sky line, and there you peer into the feathery depths hundreds of feet below, and see the grey back of an engine-house. All these hills are treasure-houses wherein lie stored silver, tin, and coal, and tungsten and wolfram, with many another metal, just waiting for the golden sowing that must be hazarded by him who would gather the harvest of their richness.

One of Nature's masterpieces lures the traveller from the beaten track at Gould's country. Up the valley of George's River, a dozen miles or so away, past where the white and red foxgloves in hundreds push up gaily through the breast-high bracken, past groves of silver wattle and back to the myrtle again, the Columba Falls come tumbling down three hundred feet of foaming water. With admirable foresight, the Tasmanian Government has reserved this and other beauty spots permanently.

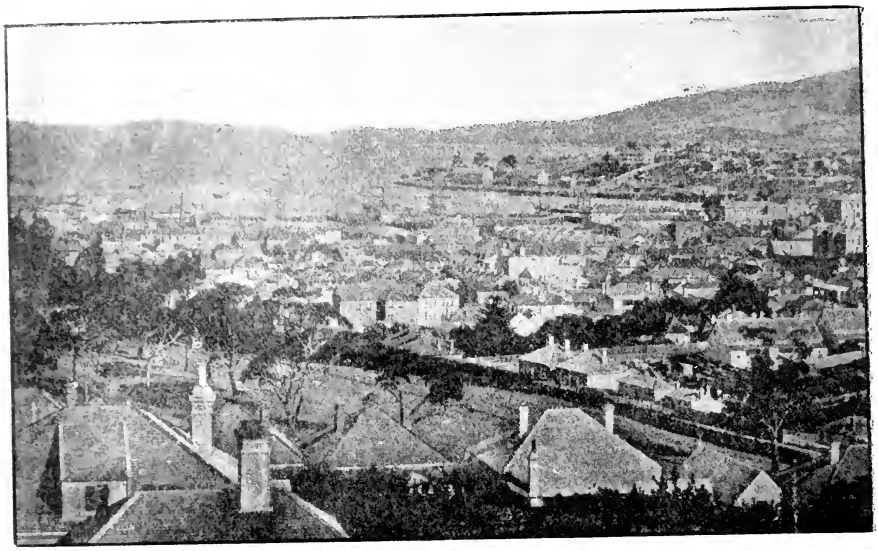
Beauty Nests.

The East Coast is skirted by an excellent cycling road from St. Helens to the south. A dozen places



LAUNCESTON.

CATARACT GORGE, LAUNCESTON.



HOBART.

where the tourist will want to spend a week or more are passed through. Now the wide Scamander, with its pleasant prospects of boating, fishing, and shooting, cries Stay! and just beyond the road climbs inland over St. Mary's Pass, and then swoops down 1,500 feet in five miles to the sea again. The rocky headlands of Bicheno are left behind as inland we go once more, through some of the earliest-settled country in the island. The pleasant homesteads under oak and elm on the sheep stations between the Swan and the Wye, and the broad fields of golden grain, with the glittering waters of Great Swan Port beyond, make up for less interesting prospects.

Swansea will some day be one of the favourite retreats of our Commonwealth, for its climate is most equable and mild. Almost all that the health-seeker or run-down city man looks for is here. Over the sheltered expanse of Oyster Bay the Schoutens rise in rugged grandeur from the sea, offering, both on the island and peninsula, a wealth of picturesque beauty, as well as excellent sport. He who has looked on the Schoutens by moonlight, or in the dawning, will not readily forget the haunting beauty of the scene.

Scattered sheoaks crown the tufty hills along the coast, and glimpses of seascape reward each pass, until, just as the road which travels inland becomes dreary, a sight of Maria Island rising from the sea breaks on the view. The blue hills rise from the bluer sea, looking sheer in the distance and twice their actual height. But there is no finer scene on the coast than the outlook from the mouth of Prosser's River, at Orford. The wanderer stands by the shining white sands and gazes on the island of many memories, its lofty summit crowned in a mist-wreath of cloud, while all else is blue above a sapphire sea. 'Tis the last grand sea piece, and the loveliest, and it is well that here we turn to the stern beauty of the Paradise Gorge, and climb the hills that lie between us and Hobart, via Buckland and Sorell.

Agricultural and pastoral pursuits, followed with success, break up the landscape and beautify treeless hills around the township of Sorell, which is not a pretty place, though quaint and old-looking. Between the farmer and his market the sea flows inland in great lagoons at his setting out, and before Hobart is reached the broad and deep estuary of the Derwent must be crossed. Road and railway have each their own mile-long causeways across the Pittwater, built at an enormous cost. The trip across the causeways is full of the quiet, simple beauty of low cliffs and rocky beaches, with distant glimpses of the mountains around the inland seas, till sand and seaweed give place to silver-wattle and honeysuckle.

Hobart.

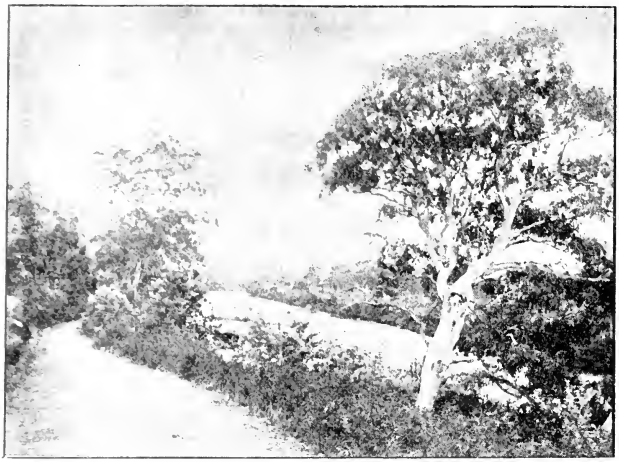
Later comes the first sight of Hobart, from above Bellerive. Mount Wellington

rises from the azure waters of the Derwent, its rocky pillars capped in cloud and tinged with blue haze. Over the lower slopes of the foothills and along the shores of the estuary buildings of all sorts crowd or scatter. The water's edge in the centre of the picture is rimmed round with stolid-looking stores and public buildings, made of yellowish, dull stone, against which the white masts of warship and merchantman, or the gay red smokestack of the Union liner, stand out clear. The cluster of dark roofs spreads every way, and gradually thins and changes to grey where shingles take the place of slates. The little ferry-steamer brings up at the foot of one of the principal streets in water deep enough for an Atlantic liner.

A curious air of antiquity and of history lies on Hobart. Launceston looks new made—a block of modern Melbourne; but Hobart, in strong contrast, seems like a great slice of old Sydney. And the street gutters made of cobble-stones help the idea. Great, top-heavy, clanking, fizzling electric trams rumble down the streets, lurch round the corners at a runaway pace on the down grade, or snort and pant up the steep hills, like stout old ladies out of breath. All the excitement and exhilaration of the switchback may be had for twopence. Superannuated broughams roll noiselessly down the asphalted streets, spending their sere days as cabs, for the four-wheeled growler and the hansom are unknown. It is worth while going to Hobart if only to see the airs of the visitors who take their first ride in these cabs, with all the conscious pride of the proprietorship of their own carriage and pair.

But business Hobart is waking up and becoming in many branches as alert and up to date as Melbourne or Sydney. The old easy-going slowness is disappearing, and the man who walks fast is no longer a novelty. The splendid resources of the little State will soon place it ahead of some of its wider-areaed confederates, while its climate and natural beauties have not many equals in the Empire. Judged merely from the standpoint of the tourist, Hobart stands unsurpassed among the capitals or cities of the Commonwealth. Not only lovely in situation itself, it is the centre of a scenic paradise. Mount Wellington supplies an almost unending series of picnic spots—fern gullies, innumerable, exquisite waterfalls, wild and rugged precipices, fairy-like dells, giant gum trees, and tiny mosses, to say nothing of strawberry and raspberry gardens inviting the longing taste. And all so easily reached and unspoilt, though a good coach road climbs half way to the summit; while the panorama of mountain, sea, and river from the

SILVER FALLS, MT. WELLINGTON.



BY ROAD AND RIVER—ON THE DERWENT.

top of Wellington is one of the famous views of the world, and such as men travel far to see. Or what city can offer so magnificent a drive as that along the banks of the Derwent, either through the Domain to Risdon, or down to Kingston and Brown's River?

Hobart abounds in such pleasant places, and from each and all distant and every-varying prospects of the noble mountain, or the deep bays of the winding river, enhance their thousandfold delights.

River Scenes.

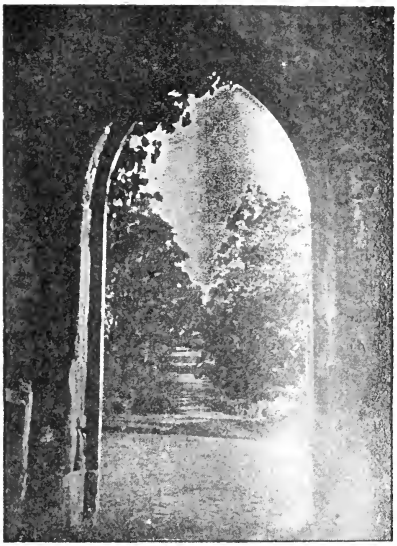
Further afield, by rail or road or river, all is charming in its diversity. Take the train to Glenora, and for thirty miles and more the eyes are feasted on the grand reaches of our Australian Rhine. True, there are no ruins of feudal castles; but the great cliffs—looking down on hop ground and orchard—overhang the water. Every landscape in fresh morning, still noontide, or calm evening is a double one: from the broken rush hanging its head to the bold peak of the Dromedary Mountain, everything is, in duplicate, mirrored perfectly on the lake-like bosom of the stream. In the river itself, long islands float in mid-stream, all white with native box, and English salmon leap in the pools. Indeed, no description nor photograph could do justice to the Valley of Glenora. Ideal farms, encircled by the broad river, and irrigated from its tributaries, spread their luxuriance across the flats and up the hills. From three orchards here go nearly one-third of the Tasmanian apples exported. The trees break beneath their load of fruit, and the huge barns are filled to overflowing. In this garden of the gods, too, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, and many another fruit come to perfection, and a large and steady revenue is secured from hops.

Beyond Glenora lies the lake country, and Russell's Falls are not far off. Tasmania has been spoken of as a country of contradictions because her lakes lie not in the valleys, but away up on the tops of her mountains. While we hesitate to agree with the well-known traveller who placed Lake St. Clair on a par with Lucerne and Wakitipu, it is certainly lovely, and takes rank as the most picturesque spot in Tasmania. Ten miles in length, two thousand feet above the sea, hundreds of feet in depth, fed by splendid rivers, it forms the source of the Derwent. The approach to it along the bank of that river is carpeted with millions of white lilies, and down the tree-vistas one sees the tiny islets reflected in the still waters. A considerate Government has put up a shelter-house by the silver strand, and supplies a boat for tourists. The fluted columns of Mount Olympus just across the Narcissus River tower up 4,000 feet above the sea, rising almost sheer from the lake.

The everlasting gum tree and myrtle, beech, blackwood, and sassafras clothe the slopes, and groves of grass trees nestle beneath the granite ledges or throw out their red and white spikes above the wealth of ferns, vieing in colour with the flaming waratah. The outlook from Olympus over this classic country is superb. Mount Ida thrusts up her rocky cone across the lake; Pelion lies further away; the triple-crowned King William Range lies behind; Du Cane, Gould, Arrowsmith, and many another rise from a sea of mountains, and dotted everywhere on mountain-top or valley, tiny blue lakes shine out o'er all this almost undiscovered country.

Over Mount Wellington, beyond ill-fated, bush-burnt Longley, lies the apple land of the south, reached by the celebrated Huon road. The Huon itself is not less beautiful than the Derwent, and has its complement of mountain lakes in the Hartz Range. Here, too, the timber industry flourishes.

The charm of so many trips around Hobart is the possibility of returning home by a differen'



THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF THE OLD CONVICT CHURCH AT PORT ARTHUR.

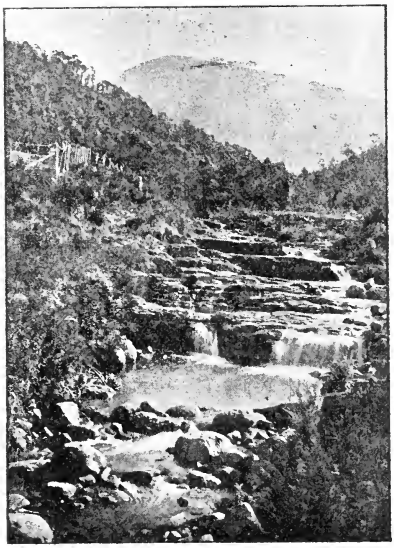
route, and the journey by steamer down the Huon up D'Entrecasteaux Channel, past Bruni Island, and up the estuary of the Derwent, is even more romantic and memorable than the inland way. All the water lies sheltered from the beat of the Southern Ocean, so that even a weak sailor need fear no discomfort.

The records of an ignoble past and relics of bygone days of darkness, with all their strange interest, stirred up by sensational fiction, have led most people to think of Port Arthur from the historical standpoint alone. It would be difficult indeed to better the coast scenery around it. The mighty headlands of Capes Raoul and Pillar, and Tasman's Island, spring up from the foam nearly a thousand feet, with mist-wreathed pinnacles, their weird beauty baffling all description. The great steamers almost touch them in calm weather, and fancy peoples the dark caves in their sides, and imagines the fury of the storms that made them. The grim entrance gives on to a smiling bay fringed with mountains—calm and peaceful as any corner of the world. The ivy-mantled tower of the ruined church is just visible at the end of an avenue of oaks and elms, planted when Victoria the Queen was young. Nature, who made this place so beautiful, seems to resent the intrusion of man. The bush fires have destroyed nearly every one of the old Government buildings, and their shells are rapidly tumbling in decay. On the well-ploughed fields of fifty years ago the jungle has been let in again. Soon, too, the sad memories of the awful past will be forgotten.

The Blow Hole, Tasman's Arch, the Natural Pavement, and Eaglehawk Neck add to the claims of Port Arthur on the man in search of scenery. From the peaceful land-locked lagoon, with hardly a ripple, to the league-long roller thundering on the reef, is but a stone's throw at the neck, and there, too, one may sit under the cool shade of fern and musk, feasting the eyes on the glorious panorama of that bold coast line which ends with the Hippolyte Rocks.

The West Coast Route.

Some few years back to do the West Coast was to achieve some fame as an explorer, if not to qualify for a F.R.G.S. Clothes and constitution of equal strength were required, and time and money had to be ignored. Now with a week and a £5 note at his disposal, the tourist can scour the west in safety and comfort, and read the upper third of the island like a handbook. We start from Launceston or Hobart, trans-train at Evandale, and running across due west to Deloraine, then north-west up the Mersey Valley, traverse some of the very best of the agricultural lands and get a capital insight into farming methods. From the junc-



NEWTOWN CREEK, NEAR HOBART TRAM LINE.

tion station you see what is simply a stretch of transplanted England. A succession of low hill ranges is mapped out in vari-coloured fields—some in chocolate furrows, others golden with ripe grain, others again green with clover or peas. The division lines are blackthorn or bramble hedges, and a deep lane between 25 ft. hawthorn walls leads down to an English homestead nestling in the dip. You cease to wonder why native names are scarce, and find singularly appropriate the names of Devon, the Tamar, Exton, the Esk, Perth and Hagley. But here the old world again meets the new, for the near boundaries are unmistakable post and rail, gums and wattles clothe the distant hillsides, and the Devonshire farmer from the English cottages comes over and talks of his paddocks and his "creek." Between here and Devonport the farmer has had time and energy to clear his land properly. Further north the corn-fields are dotted with stumps, and in places the farmer apparently scratches the soil between the tall, dead trunks, yet gathers in a rich reward for his trouble.

Tasmanian trains are proverbially easy-going. They mostly stroll quietly between the stations, make the best of their stoppages, and allow ample time at junctions for an examination of the country. In the present instance we occupy the time in extracting the essence of departmental statistics on agriculture. The following tables show how Tasmania stands almost as the best of the colonies in the production of cereals.

Average Wheat Yields per acre for Ten Years, 1890-99.

State.	Bushels.
Tasmania	19.05
Queensland	15.53
Western Australia ..	10.95
New South Wales	9.95
Victoria	8.07
South Australia	4.69

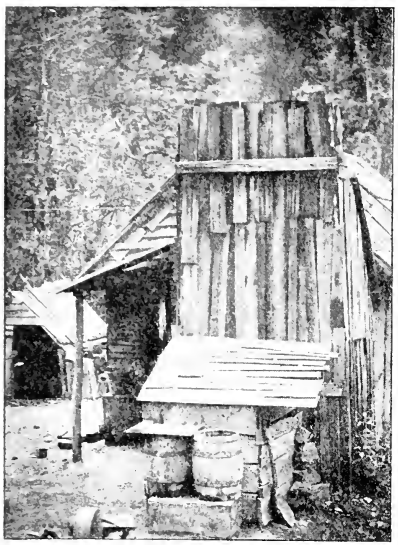
Total Value, and Value per acre, of the Oat Crops of the Colonies for 1900.

State.	Value.	Value per acre.
Victoria	.. £526,000	.. £1 18 9
Tasmania ..	.. 95,300	.. 2 2 3
New South Wales	.. 75,800	.. 2 12 1
South Australia ..	.. 22,700	.. 1 2 5
Western Australia	.. 7,300	.. 1 17 1
Queensland	1,300	.. 1 16 5
Australia ..	.. £728,400	.. £1 19 4

IN THE HOP FIELDS.

In considering the farming industries of the colony, a rough line might be drawn down the centre, west of which agriculture is non-existent, except for a fringe of first-class soil along the north coast. The Tamar and the Mersey valleys, in the north; the well-watered districts of Oatlands and Longford, in the Midlands; and the land made fertile by the Derwent in the south-east, are the granaries of Tasmania. The total production is, of course, a mere peck in Australia's bushel; but so rich is the soil and so genial the conditions, that Tasmania's average per acre ranks

HOP FIELDS ON DERWENT AT NEW NORFOLK.



RAILWAY STATION ON THE EMU BAY LINE.

second only to New Zealand's. It is quite safe to assert that, if the somewhat conservative farmer will take fuller advantage of the opportunities now offered for scientific cultivation, the average shown in the following figures may be even bettered:

Table Showing Value of Combined Crops and Average Value per acre.

State.	Value.	Average Value per acre.
Tasmania ..	.. £996,000	.. £4 8 6
Queensland ..	.. 1,848,000	.. 4 7 11
New Zealand	.. 7,318,006	.. 4 4 6
Western Australia	.. 509,000	.. 2 13 8
New South Wales	.. 5,582,000	.. 2 5 9
Victoria	.. 6,435,000	.. 2 0 9
South Australia	.. 2,568,000	.. 1 2 10
Australasia ..	£25,247,000	.. £2 8 7

Another table serves to show the strides that have been made by the farmer during the past decade in the main branches of agriculture. The area under wheat has doubled, and that under oats has very nearly trebled. The year 1898 was admittedly an exceptional season.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Turnips.	Potatoes.
1890 ..	32,452	4,376	20,740	9,556	2,142	20,133
1891 ..	47,584	2,650	28,360	9,567	2,887	16,393
1892 ..	58,897	3,929	22,976	10,277	3,154	16,535
1893 ..	55,212	4,876	33,755	10,138	3,580	19,068
1894 ..	52,028	8,167	34,385	12,465	3,094	23,415
1895 ..	64,652	6,178	32,690	13,050	4,255	19,247
1896 ..	74,516	3,988	44,768	12,743	3,945	21,651
1897 ..	85,905	4,097	38,166	9,771	3,106	22,357
1898 ..	85,287	5,693	59,509	10,986	4,857	20,241
1899 ..	64,328	7,606	45,110	13,179	3,350	26,951

But Tasmania has her orchards as well as her granaries. Over 7,000 acres are planted with apple trees, whose fruit and fame have for many years been known in England. There are more than 1,000 acres carrying pear trees, whilst in the pleasant valleys of the south, from Glenorchy to New Norfolk, the smaller fruits flourish with an amazing prodigality. For years past the handy Melbourne market has been shut by a "protectionist" policy against the Tasmanian fruit-growers. Eighteenpence per bushel on apples and a penny per pound on raspberries are prohibitive, and the dweller in the Derwent Valley has had to look further afield—and he has not looked in vain—for a market. With the readjustment of the customs duties an entire revision of the home market will take place, and the Hobart fruit merchant anticipates a great future for the trade.

Unfortunately, the fruit tree pests have not been escaped. A never-ceasing war is waged on the codlin-moth, and the colony has been mapped out into thirty fruit districts, each with a Board of seven members. Inspectors are appointed by the Boards, and woe betide the grower if the official swoops down and finds infected trees unbandaged, or insect ravage unrecorded. A tax not above 6s. per acre is paid annually by the occupier to meet necessary expenses.

Cave-Land.

At Deloraine it is well worth while sparing half a day to cycle off, twelve miles west, to the cave district. Chudleigh comes on you suddenly, at the end of a long hedge of hawthorn, which trails away into one of bramble and gorse. The branch line ends at Mole Creek. This is the head of a glorious valley, carpeted with green pastures, and the "tasselled floorcloth" of the wheat through which the dark green hedges make a bold pattern. An American farm was recently described in this

> "Dad's place wuz one them starve-ye ones
> Thet's half first morgidge 'n' half stuns,
> Some of it low, all brakes 'n' sedges—
> Some of it high, all granit' ledges.
> 'Twuz hard to plough on, hard to mow on,
> 'N' hard to git a livin' so on."

But they don't have that sort in Tasmania. Though, in some places, you must hitch up a team of eight sturdy bullocks to get a single furrow plough through the reluctant sod, and occasionally a rib or two gets stove in on striking a sunken rock, the yield repays the toil.

Mole Creek—it will get a better name some day—is not a typical Australian township. There are three or four churches, but no "pub." Indeed, the Wesleyan tea-meeting is "the" event of the year—all events date from it—and it is a mystery to know from whence come the 500 or so who gather to it. The township is most picturesquely situated in the hollow of an amphitheatre of ragged

mountains. Their sides are honeycombed with limestone caves, both wet and dry. None that have been opened up so far can compare with those at Jenolan for beauty or extent, although they are well worth visiting. The desire to take some home, which slumbers eternal in the human breast, has led to the denudation of the older caves. There is one, at least, at Mole Creek yet unspoilt, however, in which one may scramble and crawl amid the wonders of nature for an hour or two. The caverns are hung with countless stalactites of glistening transparency and whiteness. Thick nobbly monsters display their contortions from the roof seam, and from that hangs a thread-like curtain of reeds five or six feet in length, and none a quarter of an inch in diameter. Basins encrusted with what the fancy paints as diamonds sparkle in the light, and from the floor rise thick brown stalagmites. Other larger caverns, some half-filled with water, are not far off, and the grand view from the mountain cliffs above is worth going far to see. Just below Mount Roland the broad Mersey ripples over pebbly beaches, or sweeps, deep and strong, under the shade of overhanging myrtle and pine. Though Mole Creek boasts no hotel, all that a tourist can desire may be found at the little farmhouse locally known as the Coffee Palace!

At Devonport, on the Mersey, we renew acquaintance with Bass Strait, but hardly recognise the band of water lying so calm in the evening sun. The tide has gone out, and the tops of the mudbanks seem to float on the surface of the water, curious little drab-coloured blots on which the seagulls race and squabble. The river cuts the town in twain, and the division is something more than geographical. "Torquay" the eastern half calls itself, with its forefront of swimming baths and background of high-class lodging-houses; whilst the larger section across river has the railway station, the bulk of the trade and population, and the old name of West Devonport. This double town has been blessed with a particularly go-ahead population, and shows every sign of rising importance as a port. It has weekly steam communication with Melbourne and Sydney, and its annual export trade now reaches something like 70,000 tons.

From a Railway Window.

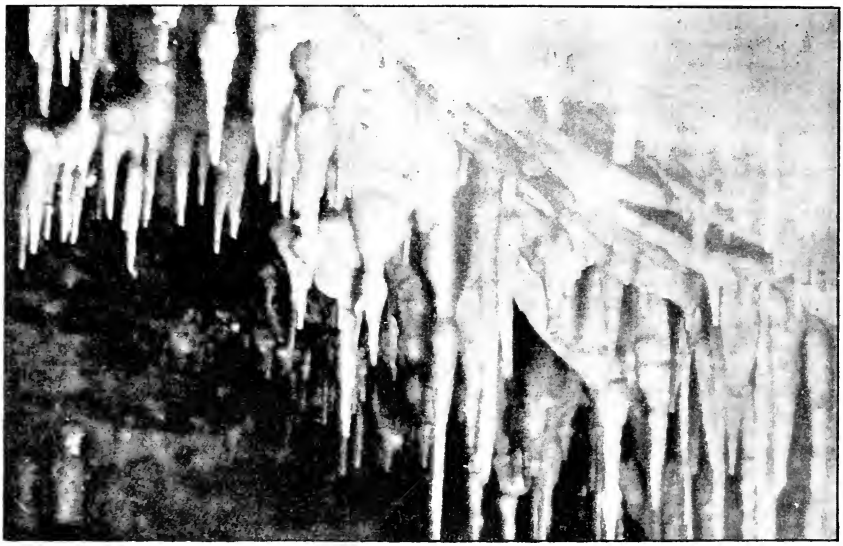
The railway takes from here a twenty-mile run due west to its terminus at Ulverstone. In the coast line which it skirts, no less than three rivers find the sea—the Don, the Forth and the Leven. The land it passes through, too, has a name for producing potatoes in quantity and of quality that might make an Irishman envious. Variety in railway travelling compensates for even slowness, and in this short run there is no danger of monotony. The cool, clean ride by the seashore is ample recompense for the dusty journey through the Midlands. The rails, laid in a shallow cutting that, with its red clay banks, looks for all the world like a scoop-furrow in a Dutch cheese, run first through a stretch of farm land where, to all appearances, the owner has taken advantage of every inch of soil. The fern gully that once extended up both hill sides has been narrowed to a gutter, a tiny green streamlet running parallel to the railway. The pease patch begins with the railway fence and ends with the gutter. On the far side the ferns have a ragged embroidery of blackberry brambles, and beyond the acres have been divided between roots and cereals—potatoes and mangolds in the dip; oats and barley on the rise above. The sky line is ragged with gum trees that have grown round-shouldered from stooping to the strong north wind. Next there is a mile or more of shore. The tide has left an arc of sand that looks like a white banked cycle-track, and is almost as smooth and firm. The cliffs are low and regular, so that while there is nothing ruggedly grand in the scenery, the eye

A TYPICAL TASMANIAN FARM.

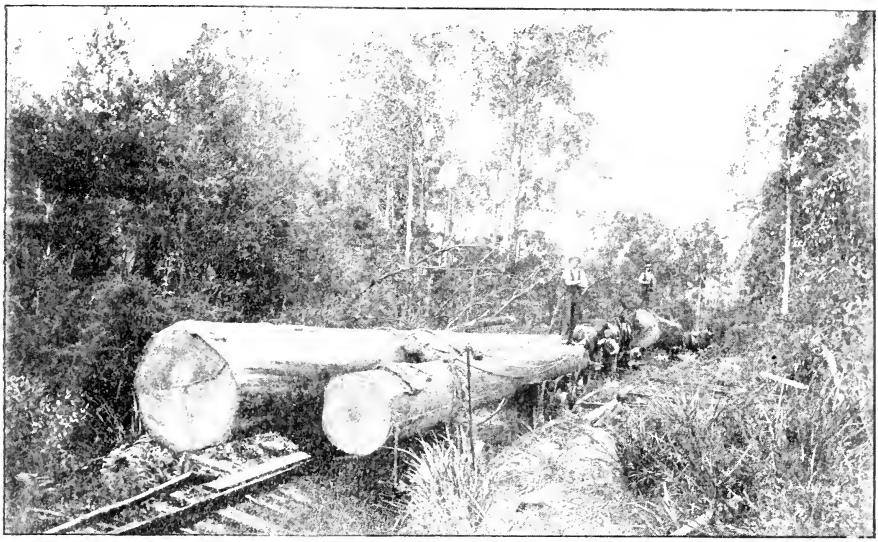
runs far and sees the prominent shore points, with the Asbestos Range a faint blue on the horizon.

Ulverstone is the terminus of the line, and we take the road once more. But Ulverstone is also the terminus of half a dozen capital cycling roads, and of these the one to Burnie via Penguin is at once the most picturesque and the best under wheel. The track of the mail-coach along the north coast is shortening year by year, and the nineteen and a half miles between Ulverstone to Burnie will soon be clipped from it. Indeed, the link between the North Coast and the Emu Bay lines was already forged, but the engineers became too venturesome in their encroachments on the foreshore, and one night the ocean took hold of the line and tossed it up in a tangle of bent lines and bare sleepers. So, for some months, tourists must use the road; and that, whether it be on the box of a coach or the saddle of a machine, is no hardship. Now under the lee of a cliff, with the water almost at our wheels, now over the brow of a hill, with glimpses of bay and headland before us, we ride to Burnie, with the sea breeze strong in our nostrils and the noise of the waves in our ears.

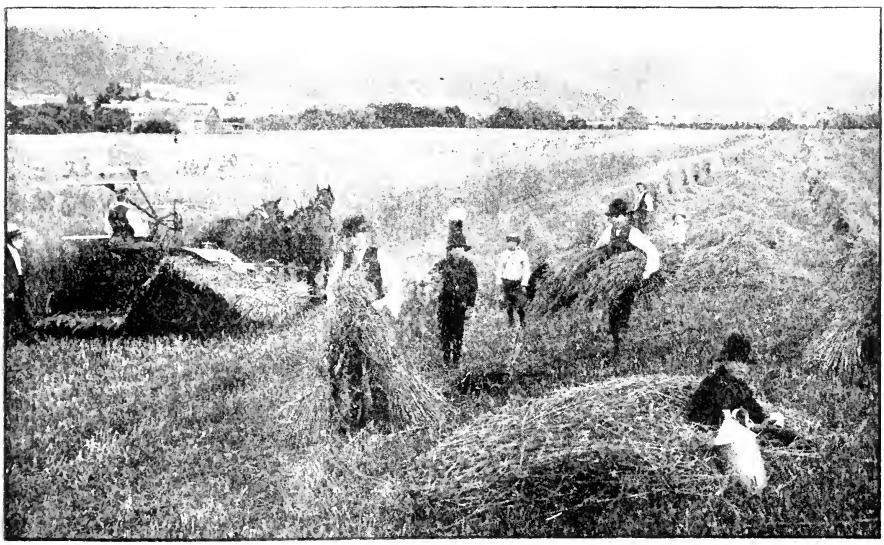
There are some noteworthy spots en route. Penguin, the half-way rest, is a capital seaside resort, a not unproductive farming centre, and hopes—like all the north and north-west coast townships—to one day give name to a wonderful mining district. The rivers, which serve to break up and beautify the coast line, are true Tasmanian streams, wooded to the water's edge and liberally stocked with fish. The arrival at Burnie makes a fitting end to a good day's touring. It is worth while, besides being necessary, to take breath on the crest of the last hill, three miles out, and admire the land- and sea-scape below. To the left is a ring of hills, green and brown and grey in patches, with a higher range blue in the background. Near at hand the Blythe River, after an erratic and troublous course from the mountains, finds its way to the sea, and where the fresh flow meets the salt ocean a couple of alert anglers are casting their lines. Next comes a miniature bluff, a patch or two of white sand fringed with ti-tree, and then the artistic sweep of Emu Bay rounded off abruptly by a big white breakwater, tipped with a lighthouse. Following the coast line there are indications of a second bay, and Table Cape juts out hazy and indistinct at the limit of vision. Inland from Emu Bay lies the township, compact and well laid out. Burnie has prosperity and up-to-dateness written across it. The breakwater is an engineering triumph. There is a bi-weekly steamer from Victoria, and a regular caller from New South Wales. The town buildings are roomy and well built, and the



A FLASHLIGHT IN THE MOLE CREEK CAVES.



TASMANIAN TIMBER.



HARVESTING IN THE COAL RIVER VALLEY.

streets are lighted by acetylene gas. Timber, butter, bacon, and potatoes—but mostly potatoes—have been Burnie's staples in the past; those and the tourists who come from across the Strait and from nearer home in the summer time. But Burnie has felt the mining fever, and with the railway connection to be made with Ulverstone and the connection just made with Zeehan, a very big future lies before it.

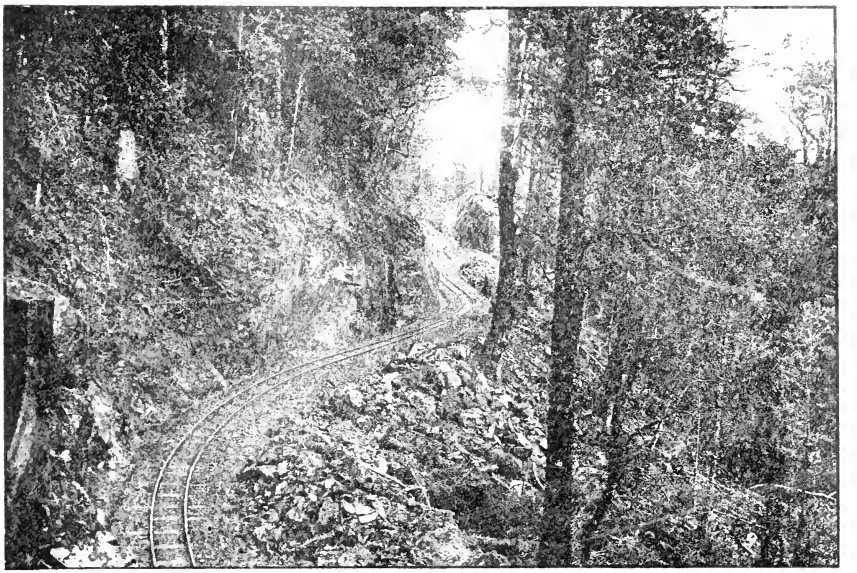
Slumbering Wealth.

Tasmanian mining is full of surprises, and Burnie provides one of the surprises in the shape of what promises to be the biggest iron mine in Australasia. Tucked in a crevice of the hills at the back, some nine miles from the township, the Blythe Iron Mine is at present merely a show spot for visitors. To find it, we retrace the Ulverstone road, some two and a half miles, turn inland, and wheel the bicycles for exactly a mile up a steep zig-zag road. Then follows a level ride through some good, but only half-cultivated, land, till the road suddenly swoops down the thickly timbered valley of the Blythe. Some time back a tongue of flame must have licked the valley sides, for here and there a scarred and blackened giant lies prone; tall, dead trunks stand up, grey threads through the mass of green, and scores of great trees have fought for life and barely won. The undergrowth has had time to clear up all signs of destruction, and from our feet to where—judging only by sound—the river flows, there slopes a pavement of fern fronds. Half down the track, which resembles a fairy glade, we find, new-built, the inevitable public house, sitting down to wait patiently for the army of men that eventually must come to sweep away the beauties and carve out the iron ore from the mountain.

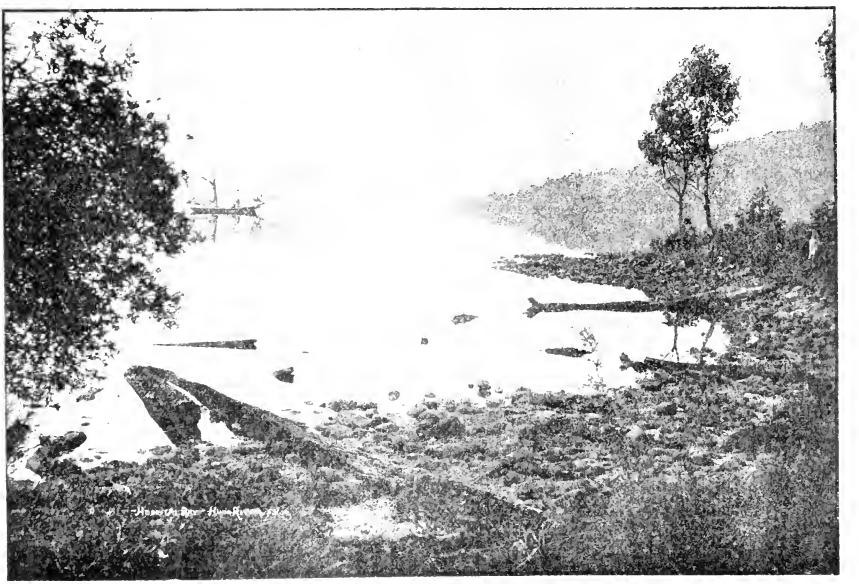
On either side of the river a huge mass of rock has been pushed up through the soil, and these stand like the battered posts of what might once have been a Titanic flood gate. Ten years ago a syndicate took up four sections of land, and did some prospecting; but the mine was practically undeveloped. Government geologists and Government surveyors agreed that the ore was of the very first quality (95.2 per cent. iron peroxide), bore a close resemblance to the famous Cumberland red hematite, used in the Bessemer steel process, and was present in immense bulk. First estimates modestly put the body of ironstone down at 10,000,000 cubic yards, and averaged the weight at three tons per yard. Since then, however, the hill has been pierced by a 260 feet drive, and fully 40,000,000 cubic yards of ore are revealed. The drawback is that the ironstone lies on the wrong side of the mountain, and an immense expenditure will be necessary before it can be moved from its native bed to the seashore. So, for the present, the syndicate exerts its energies in an endeavour to secure the necessary million by a flotation on the London market, and half a dozen clay-splashed miners burrow away into the bowels of the mountain, testing the lode, and keeping the labour covenants fulfilled.

A Land of Forests.

Tasmania has always been one of Nature's garden-plots. Coal-deposits from north to south and east to west bear evidence of long-dead forests, whilst, at the beginning of this century, the only unwooded spots were probably those mountain peaks which had been pushed up to too great an altitude to support any growth. Though truly Australian in its main timbers—eucalyptus, acacia, and myrtle—the vegetation is sufficiently varied and prolific to avoid much of the sombreness of the traditional bush. The beauties of the timber-clad valleys and hills have already been described, but, as an asset, the woods are worth considering. In almost every corner of the entire island to-day may be heard the hum of the buzz-saw. Tourists, following across the thickly-wooded hills tracks that might have been made by a procession of huge monsters forcing their way over every object, come at last to a clearing where a hundred huge trunks lie prone, and one may walk for a quarter of a mile from bole to bole without once touching ground. During the years that man has spent in converting the natural products of Tasmania into hard cash, an enormous sum must have ascended in the smoke of bush fires—intentional and accidental. The bush fire swept the vegetation from a farm area in the time that an axe and "forest-devil" took to clear a kitchen-garden; so the would-be farmer applied a match and "fired" his selection. But the flame is less easy to handle than the axe, and, consequently, an indiscriminate burning resulted in the loss of much valuable timber. Of late years steps have been taken in the direction of forest conservation, and the timber trade is growing apace. The blue gum of Tasmania has a world-wide use and reputation. It stands pre-eminent among the woods of all countries in regard to strength. London 'buses run over its pavement blocks, South African trains travel on its sleepers, and New Zealand wharves are laid on its piles. One specimen has become traditional, having been religiously handed down through half a generation of Tasmanian hand-books as "a blue gum at Southport which the late Baron Von Mueller records as containing sufficient timber to build a 90-ton schooner." Tasmanians would naturally be disappointed at any account of the timber resources which omitted this forest celebrity. But the



THE N.E. DUNDAS TRAM; PIONEER TO THE EMU BAY LINE.

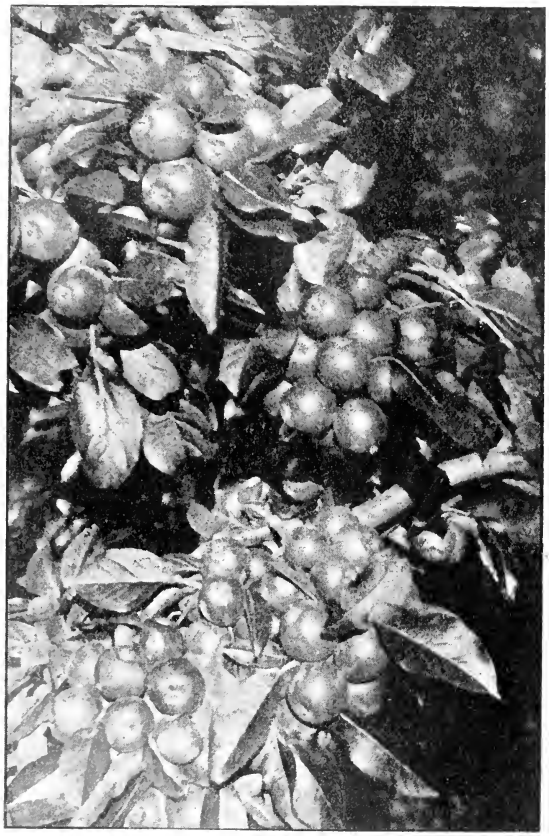


HOSPITAL BAY, HUON RIVER.

blackwood is the gem of Tasmanian hard-woods. For the furniture of public buildings and offices it is equal—and often preferred—to oak or mahogany. Its uses range from the exalted bench of a supreme court to the humble stave of a colonial beer barrel, and from the body of a "grand" piano to the inlaying of a table top.

Amongst the most notable of Tasmanian timbers are the tough stringy bark, the durable peppermint, the Huon pine, the King William pine—strongest of the light woods—and black and white wattles, the latter supplying the bark which forms a heavy item in the exports. Some mention, however, should be made of the famous — or infamous, according to whether you are an explorer or a mere botanist — horizontal scrub. This scrub clothes the south-western highlands below Macquarie Harbour, and has proved an almost impassable barrier to surveyors and explorers. The name "scrub" inadequately describes this natural barrier, for its trees commonly attain a height of 60 feet, throwing out tentacle branches that interweave with the thickness and stubbornness of a glorified Soudan zariba. It is possible to walk above—literally on the tree-top—but underneath every foot must be won with axe and knife. The following figures give the extent of the timber exports for the past six years. The bark shipped—mostly to England—varies little, but in every subdivision of the saw-miller's craft there has been a gain:—

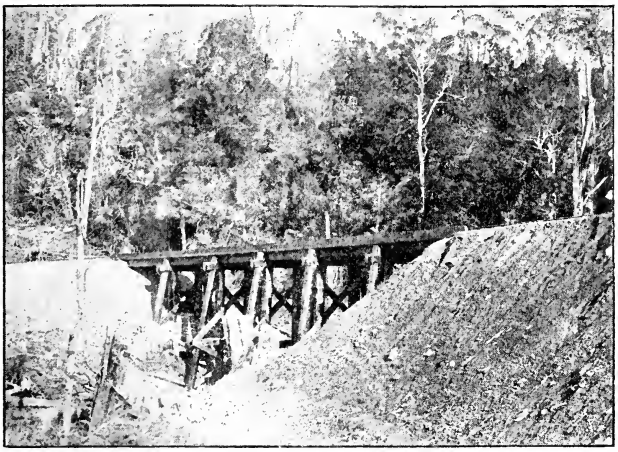
	Timber. Tons.	Bark. Tons.
1894 ..	20,347 ..	32,039
1895 ..	31,372 ..	33,753
1896 ..	32,997 ..	28,429
1897 ..	35,656 ..	26,429
1898 ..	28,995 ..	31,017
1899 ..	40,931 ..	31,042



A CLUSTER OF TASMANIAN APPLES.

An Engineering Triumph.

At last the Emu Bay Railway Company has overcome the tremendous engineering difficulties which beset the way, and the train runs to Zeehan and back every day. In America it would certainly be advertised as a scenic line. For wild and rugged beauty it stands unique. We talk of "little" Tasmania, too; yet here in a corner of it runs a railway for nearly 90 miles without passing through a single township—one might say without a station. A word to the courteous engineer-in-chief, and we are permitted to ride on the engine. There is no way inland except upwards, so we start to climb at once. For five miles or more the engine throbs and pants, and the fireman wishes he could tie up the tell-tale pressure indicator. No sooner does he get it up to 140 pounds than down it comes. The furnace is hungry for more coal, and gets it. What a breakfast the great beast needs! "There's no holding her sometimes," says the driver. "She fairly jumps at it." And the fireman remarks, "Yes, but when we've anything like a load behind she just lies down, and you can't move her. You



ANDREW RIVER BRIDGE, NORTH LYELL RAILWAY.

never know how she'll go. She's just like a woman!"

Rising, the prospect expands into a grand panorama of the township, the wide bay from breakwater to wooded point and the silver ribbon of the Emu winding through the valley. On the upland a few crops are seen spreading over the half-cleared land. The ancient gum trees rear their tall, gaunt, grey trunks at intervals all over the wheat, and tower aloft from the dark-green patches of potatoes. The white and purple blossoms of that vegetable, too, hide the bottoms of the telegraph poles. Away there at the head of the valley the Darling Falls sweep over the ridge, a source of power waiting to be used. A stray hut or two near the railside go by, with their arrogant sunflowers nodding at you over the rough fences; and you sweep round a wide curve into the heart of the desolate country. Belts of fern tree and myrtle, blackwood and musk, are interspersed with here and there an open stretch of tussocky grass plains. Wild flowers become more plentiful. The bright gold of the fireweed, curly white petals of the iron-hard, pink-hair triggers, native box, and waratah light up the forest. Yet with all its beauty and fertility, there is desolation, and the dead hand of the V.D.L. Co., which owns vast tracks of land, seems to have stifled life. Granted the land that it might open up its resources, the company is accused of having stood in the way of settlement. Hundreds of half-wild cattle roam over the vast plateau; but whether their owners will ever be able to muster them is doubtful.

Away up in the hills, the rail branches off to Mount Bischoff, and beyond the junction the scenery becomes wilder and more grand. Fewer gum trees are noticed, but instead the tender green of the celery-top and Huon pines, with the darker shades of myrtle and blackwood, clothe the steep mountain sides. Every yard almost displays a vision of fern splendour, arched over by forest trees worth going miles to see. The train follows the sinuous course of a splendid river, wooded to the water's edge, and takes its rock-hewn way around the cliffs that overhang the stream. The engine leans over like a bicycle on the sharp curves which succeed one another so rapidly that the alteration of the angle of the well-laid lines to suit each twist makes the speed seem greater. So the engine snakes along the mountain side with the ever-varying loveliness of the river two hundred feet or so below.

Zeehan.

The views of the Gorge where the line crosses on a wonderful steel trestle bridge are simply superb; and, indeed, no adequate idea of this forest paradise can be conveyed by mere description. The very making of the line has added a picturesque variety to the scenery. A bit of the landscape is cut out and framed in the brown rocks of a seventy-foot cutting, or a high pinnacle of basalt is left standing on the edge of the cliffy mountain slope. The cuttings, too, through the solid rocks are not V-shaped trenches, but more like unroofed tunnels. You forget that you are on the footplate when the long tunnel comes, and unconsciously expect Stygian darkness. But there's the light in the distance, a small, but perfect, picture in a horseshoe frame. Each instant the frame widens and the details become more distinct. Picture and frame rush at you, touch almost, and the frame vanishes in a flash of sunlit splendour. At last the landscape opens, and there beyond the racecourse is Zeehan, the newly-born city of the west. Eight thousand people have planted their abodes where the fancy has struck them. Galvanised iron is so greatly in evidence that the whole town looks grizzled. Not even the chimneys relieve the monotony, for they are iron too, and the pattern is not pretty. Imagine three miles of main street zig-zagging along an

irregular depression of the plain, with a few scattered offshoots. While iron roofs, iron walls, iron chimneys, for the most part, make up all the small houses, there are many comfortable villas. And no town is more fully supplied with large hotels. The place is simply overrun with huge weather-board hotels, which appear to average at least thirty rooms apiece. They are the most striking feature of this, as well as of the other, West Coast towns.

The mountains which overlook Zeehan from all sides, though stored with untold wealth, look bare and cheerless—as if they have been left out in the rain too long. A miniature train—an engine with two or three open trucks or cars in tow—clatters and snorts along a two-foot railway in the erratic main street. The tennis courts are made of wood grown on the spot, which never warps or shrinks in any weather, and dries rapidly after the rain, which falls nearly every day.

Strahan, the port of Zeehan, is prettily situated on Macquarie Harbour, round which the rail runs to meet the Mount Lyell line. Big hotels line the wharf, the cliffs having been cut away to make room for them and the Post Office. The latter, by the way, looks more imposing than the one in Hobart itself.

All the steamers at the wharf wear red funnels; and, indeed, the Union Company seem to control the whole West Coast trade, which is making great strides every year. A regular service is maintained between both Melbourne and Hobart and Strahan, and their boat makes a daily trip to Kelly's Basin, twenty-two miles down the harbour. The comfortable little steamer dodges out from the flotilla of coke barges and the funny old stern-wheeler that lies beside them. In a few minutes Regatta Point is rounded, and the coast line opens up beyond the mouth of the King River. To the west the rugged outline of treeless mountains leads the eye along to Hell's Gates, at the Heads. Mount Sorell rises above the clouds, which shift and drift across its rocky head or bank up in the valleys. Well-wooded islands—some historic as well as beautiful—dot the foreground; and to the south, at the head of the harbour, range after range of mountains rear their mist-wreathed peaks. The changing cloud effects on island, sea, and mountain are wonders of tone and tint. Right from the heart of these mountain chains flows the famous Gordon River, a scenic gem in a most noble setting.

Railway and Mine.

An exquisite little bay, ringed round with hills, is Kelly's Basin, the starting point of the North Mount Lyell Company's new railway. A train, as well equipped as any in Australia, starts from the steamer's side, sweeps round the rim of the basin, and plunges into the heart of the forest. And such a forest! The pines stand far apart, although their twisted branches intermingle above. Over a carpet of springy moss lichen ferns of every shade of green spread their cool fronds, and a streamlet ripples down the valley. It is a scene the perfect loveliness of which will haunt one like a vision. Even the rough pits beside the line from which the ballast was scooped a few months ago are overgrown with delicate ferns, that all day long look down at their perfect reflection in the pools. Shortly the climbing begins, and for miles you wind through the river gorges rising steadily. Ten miles from the Basin the train leaves the zone of hills through which it has been wriggling like a gigantic snake, and sweeps round the base of Mount Darwin. A stop is made at a railway station that consists of a candlebox on the end of a stake, and a man runs towards the train frantically waving a letter he has come miles to post. Just here is a typical sample of a mine in embryo, and an idea may be obtained of the difficulties that face would-be miners. Mount Darwin towers up 4,000 feet, a tiny speck of still unmelted snow on its summit. Two-thirds of the distance up, a stream of water takes an almost clean drop of 500

RAZOR-BACK CUTTING, NORTH LYELL MINE.

feet, and betwixt this waterfall and the skyline a hut roof marks the spot where prospectors are busily testing a copper deposit. It looks inaccessible; yet, if the ore prove rich enough to rail to the seaboard for treatment, the lines of an aerial tramway will soon spread like threads of a spider's web over the mount, and the stuff will be swung to the level in ore trucks. The railway makes all the difference to the inland prospector, and the North Lyell Company will benefit mutually with him.

Four o'clock is a capital time to reach Linda Valley, where the line terminates at the foot of the North Lyell mine, for it enables the tourist to glance over the township of Gormanston, cross through the entire length of the celebrated Mount Lyell ground, and reach Queenstown by dusk. The Mount Lyell district is, in itself, worth a week's visit. To describe the operations of the Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company alone, the wonders of the mine, and the beauties of the line, in a single column, would be impossible. Accordingly, it has been decided to publish, in our next issue, a special illustrated article, devoted entirely to the Mt. Lyell Company. The West Coast tourist usually remains the night in Queenstown, sees the truly magnificent spectacle of smelters and concentrators at night, and catches an early train to Strahan. Here this particular trip practically ends with a choice of a twenty-four hour boat journey round to Hobart, or the retracing of the way by rail.

A Treasure Chest.

In an article of this character, a geological description of Tasmania—and a rare geological jumble Nature has made of the island—would be out of place; a technical review of lodes and reefs, or a catalogue of claims and companies, would be a weariness to the flesh. All that can be attempted is some description of the growth of the mineral industry, and the part it now plays in the life of the colony. There are several striking features to be noted: The richness of the island in comparison with its size; the variety of its minerals, and their wide distribution; and the fact that while most of the discovered mines are only half developed, one-third of the island is practically unexplored and unprospected.

Among the States, Tasmania has been the richest mineral-producer in proportion to population, and in actual metal won she ranks first in gross and annual production of tin, first in annual output of copper, and second in silver. The wealth of individual mines is startling. This tiny, heart-shaped island contains the greatest tin mine in the world; the fourth—and what may one day be the first—copper mine in the world. A single gold mine in the island has obtained £1,841,288 worth of gold from 422,685 tons of stuff, and paid £733,071 in dividends; while one as yet unworked iron mine shows a body of ironstone containing at least 140,000,000 tons of high-grade hematite.

The enormous difficulties of working are responsible for the slow opening up of Tasmania's treasure stores. One has but to travel the West Coast to realise these. It is as though, in the making, the island was squeezed too tightly, and had puckered up at the edges; so, while the gold and tin fields of the north and east were steadily making their history, the riches of the west were locked in mountain chests, with wild and almost impassable mountain ranges guarding them. A little over a dozen years ago, however, silver was discovered at Zeehan, and copper at Lyell. The amazing value of the treasure-trove quickly proved that results paid for all trouble, and in ten years the annual value of minerals won leaped from £450,000 to over £1,450,000. The increase will, perhaps, be more quickly grasped by reference, on next page, to one of the diagrams of Mr. R. M. Johnston, the very able Government Statistician of Tasmania.

The values for four successive years are shown in the following table, just published by the Government:—

	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899-00.
Gold ..	£232,180	£230,282	£188,478	£205,936
Silver ..	222,948	216,893	167,618	208,869
Copper ..	1,659	317,437	378,565	761,880
Tin	159,038	150,586	141,439	281,947
Total ..	615,825	915,198	876,100	1,458,632
Per cent. to total exports	41.15	52.46	48.58	56.58

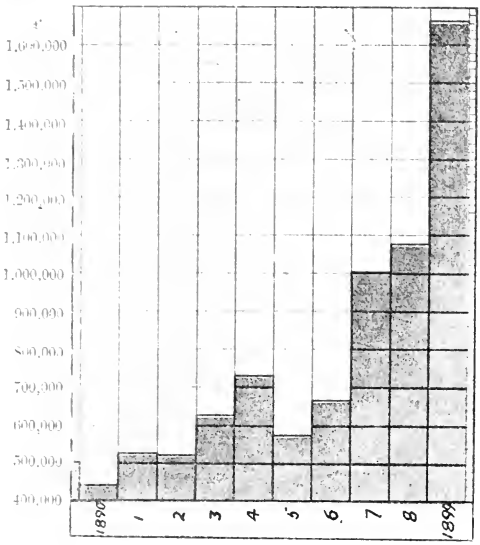
The finding of gold dates back to the early fifties; but for twenty years the amount of precious metal obtained did not average 200 ounces a year. Quartz mining has so far proved patchy and unlike that of Victoria or Western Australia in character. Mines like the Tasmania mine at Beaconsfield, and the New Golden Gate at Mathinna, are wonderfully rich, and appear more so from the fact that in point of yields they stand alone in their respective districts.

A comparison of the total value of gold raised by the various colonies to the close of 1899 is interesting:—

Colony.	Value of Gold.
Victoria	£254,156,820
New South Wales	47,546,013
Queensland ..	47,338,074
Western Australia	16,506,449
Tasmania	4,282,192

The Miner's Pick.

Tasmania has contributed fifty-seven per cent. of the Australian tin yield. Neither the alluvial deposits nor the lodes—with the notable exception of Bis-



ANNUAL VALUE OF MINERALS RAISED IN TASMANIA FOR TEN YEARS.

choff, which has paid about £1,700,000 in dividends—have been worked to full advantage. The tin produced varies according to the market value of the mineral. The total value to date is £5,692,035.

The chapter which Mount Lyell contributes to Tasmania's mineral history might almost be written, if space permitted, in terms of a romance. What Mount Morgan is to Queensland, and Broken Hill to New South Wales, Mount Lyell is to Tasmania; and the fortunes lost and won over this now celebrated mine are almost as great. To be successful in West Coast mining, a company has to build a railway system, become owners of an electric-lighting plant, create a township, and support an army of men. All these things the Mount Lyell Company has done in little more than half-a-dozen years; and now its near neighbour—the North Lyell Company—has followed suit, though on a somewhat less extensive scale. But the most important feature is that, to all appearances, in their mines only the outer crust has yet been broken, and the value of the south-western ranges as an asset to the Commonwealth is simply incalculable. Below are the values of the annual output of copper from Tasmania for five years:—

1894	Nil.
1895	£9,677
1896	1,659
1897	317,437
1898	378,565
1899 00 ..	761,880

As Mount Lyell stands for copper, Zeehan stands for silver-lead. Though less picturesque than the great copper centre, Zeehan has much of the typical wildness of scenery about it, and in a gallant ten-year fight civilisation has conquered, and Zeehan now ranks as the third town in the island. The most important factor in developing the district's resources has been the establishment of the great Tasmania Smelting Company's works, and the consequent treatment of low-grade ores rendered possible thereby. In consequence, the Zeehan district production of silver-lead for 1900 was 26,106 tons, valued at £357,421, as against 14,100 tons, valued at £260,418, for the previous year.

The geological map of Tasmania is freely dotted with small black spots, showing where coal has been obtained. The coal is of fair quality in general, and some particularly good seams have been met with. In twenty years, 597,035 tons have been despatched across the Straits, the amount varying as the market price rose or fell. High-water mark was reached in 1890, when the quantity exported was 50,500 tons, representing in cash £45,450.

To sum up: Tasmania has a vast storehouse of mineral wealth; a happy set of agricultural and pastoral conditions; and a climate that, in itself, is a priceless heritage. It is singularly rich in landscape beauty. Its politics have always had a high degree of sobriety and steadiness; but now a new note of energy and enterprise is discoverable in them. Tasmania has thrown itself with decision and energy into the Australian Commonwealth, and alike in the politics and in the resources of the Commonwealth it will fill an honourable and most useful part.

[Illustrated with photos by J. W. Beattie, Alfred E. Edeiston, and the writers.]

The Church Grammar School,

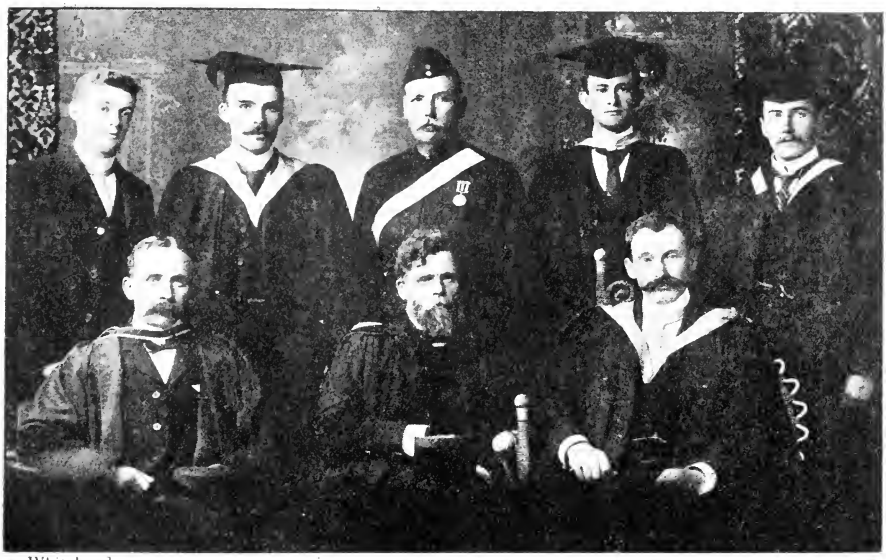
LAUNCESTON.

Tasmania ranks amongst her institutions two old-established Public Schools, both of which were founded in the year 1846, and celebrated their jubilee five years ago. Of these, the Launceston Church Grammar School is one, and is at the present time undoubtedly the leading school in the Island State. The school stands on rising ground in the healthiest city in the island, which, as is generally known, is far-famed for its pleasant and altogether salubrious climate. We believe that throughout the history of the school there is no record of any sickness of a serious character, and this is a matter of no small consideration where schools are concerned. At this school many of those who now hold leading positions in this and the other States of the Commonwealth received their education, and many acknowledge their success in life to have been mainly due to their early training there. During the last five years the school has witnessed a most remarkable expansion, the number of boys having more than trebled itself. In order to accommodate this large increase, it has been found necessary to make considerable additions to the school

Whitelaw,] [Launceston.

LAUNCESTON CHURCH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

F. Shann. J. Cameron, B.A. Serg.-Major Welsh. J. R. Oberlin-Harris, M.A. T. C. Brammall, B.A.



Whitelaw,] [illegible]

H. Gillett, M.A. Rev. C. G. Wilkinson, M.A. H. Fraser, M.A., B.C.E.

THE STAFF.

building, so that during the last two years two new wings have been built, with every modern convenience.

The teaching staff of the school includes men of the highest qualifications for their work, there being at the present time in residence four Masters of Arts and two Bachelors of Arts, of English and Colonial Universities, besides junior and visiting masters. The course includes instruction in such subjects as will qualify boys for commercial pursuits, as well as for the professions; young and backward boys receiving a large amount of attention.

Religious instruction is given throughout the school; but boys can be withheld from this on the written request of the parents, and members of every religious denomination are found at the school.

There is accommodation in the school-house for over fifty boys, and all vacancies are speedily filled. As the masters all reside in the house, a close and thorough system of supervision is maintained.

Military drill is taught to the whole school, and, in addition, there is a large and efficient Cadet Corps, which is attached to the Launceston Artillery. Interest in all manly sports is encouraged, and the school has for some years taken the leading position among Tasmanian schools in cricket, football, and rowing, holding at the present time the premiership in all three.

Boys are presented every year for the Senior and Junior Public Examinations of the Tasmanian University, for the Melbourne Matriculation, when required, for the South Kensington Science and Art Examination, and

for the Diocesan Examination in Religious Knowledge. The Tasmanian Scholarship, of the annual amount of £200, tenable for four years, was, during the brief period of its existence, eleven times gained by boys of the Launceston Grammar School. Year by year the school is sending forth its pupils in increased numbers equipped for the task of successfully claiming their place in the world, and for the faithful discharge of honourable avocations everywhere.

The school is remarkably well furnished with scholarships, viz.: The "Richard Green," of the annual value of £16 16s.; the "William Turner," of the value of £15 per annum; and the Hawkes bequest of £1,000, the interest of which (about £50) is awarded annually in certain prizes, or as the trustees think fit.

The following is a list of the officials of the school:

Visitor:

THE LORD BISHOP OF TASMANIA.

Trustees:

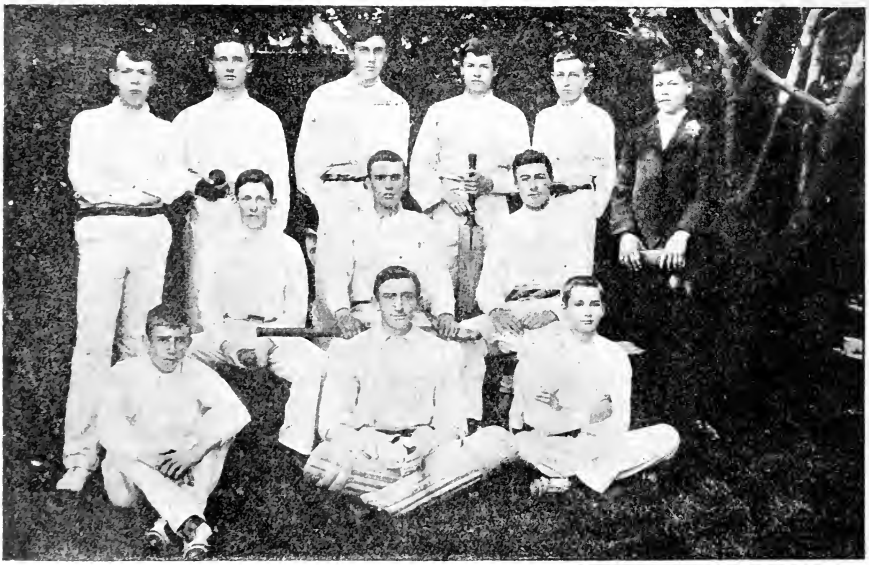
ALFRED GREEN, DAVID RITCHIE, JOSEPH ARCHER, W. H. D. ARCHER, HON. G. T. COLLINS, C. CROSBY GILMORE, W. MARTIN, HARDWICKE WEEDON, ERNEST WHITFELD, O. C. WILLIAMS, and S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Esquires.

Principals:

The REV. C. G. WILKINSON, M.A.
(Honours, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

H. GILLETT, M.A.,
Cambridge. Certificated of English Education Department, Whitehall, and of South Kensington Science and Art Department; late Lecturer to Teachers' Birkbeck Institute, London.

And a strong staff of graduate masters.



Whitelaw,] [Launceston.

THE FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN.

FEDERAL ELECTION SUPPLEMENT.—I.

CANDIDATES FOR THE COMING COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.

[The coming Australian Commonwealth will need the service of the best political brains in the six colonies. On an area equal to that of Europe, if Russia be omitted, and greater than that of the United States if Alaska be put aside, a nation has to be built! It is a happy circumstance that, in all the colonies, the ablest men are offering their services for this great task. We give in this Supplement some account of the views and personal record of the candidates for the Federal Houses.—Ed. "Review of Reviews."]

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BARTON, P.C., New South Wales, Candidate for the House of Representatives.

PERSONAL RECORD.

HON. EDMUND BARTON, K.C., M.A.—Sydney University; Barrister-at-Law (admitted 1871); for sixteen years member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly; Speaker, 1883-7; M.L.C., 1887-9; Attorney-General, 1889, and again in 1891; Member of Federal Convention, Sydney, 1891; Senior Representative, N.S.W., to Federal Convention, 1897 (98,540 votes); Leader of Federal Convention, Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, 1897-8; Leader of Opposition, 1898; Fellow of Senate, University of Sydney; Trustee Free Public Library.

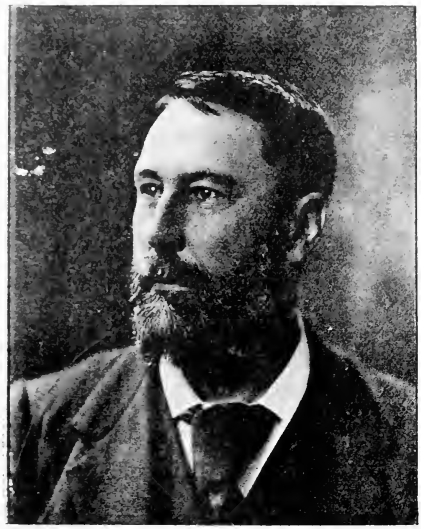
Residence:

"Miandetta," Carabella Street,
North Sydney.

HON. EDMUND BARTON, K.C., M.A.

THE HON. R. E. O'CONNOR, N.S.W.,

CANDIDATE FOR THE SENATE.



HON. R. E. O'CONNOR.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

1. A Policy which will make effective the Federal spirit of our Constitution. The combining of the States into a strong, progressive nationality in all Australian affairs, taking care at the same time to interfere as little as possible with the independent development of resources and the political activity and vitality of the several States.

2. By every act of administration and legislation to make the change from the old to the new order of things with the least possible disturbance of existing industrial, financial, and commercial conditions in the several States.

3. A Fiscal Policy which in the amount to be raised will give due consideration to the needs of the Commonwealth and the financial requirements of the several States, and in the methods of raising it, will aim at constancy and certainty in yield, and also, wherever possible, at the development of Australian commerce and resources.

4. The early attainment of uniformity in the Franchise of the Commonwealth by the adoption of adult suffrage.

5. The early removal of every obstacle to the internal trade of Australia by fair and Federal adjustment of inter-State railway rates, and the creation of an inter-State Commission with adequate powers.

6. To put the Defence of Australia, both Naval and Military, on a footing which will have due regard to the importance of her interests, her position in the Pacific, her proximity to the Far East, and her place in the British Empire, and which yet will have due regard to the necessities of reasonable economy in such expenditure.

7. A white Australia.

8. The early recognition of the duty of the Commonwealth in regard to Old Age Pensions.

9. Conciliation and Arbitration.

10. Uniformity of Laws in all matters of Australian mercantile interest..

FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

SIMON FRASER

Is a CANDIDATE for

THE SENATE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

It is my ambition to represent my State in the first Federal Parliament, and I am a candidate for a seat in the Senate.

I represented the County of Wellington in the first Parliament under responsible government in 1856, and was re-elected in 1858.

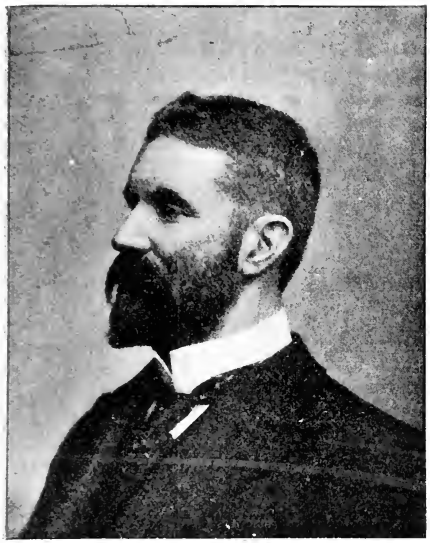
I was nominated to a seat in the Legislative Council in 1863, which honourable position I have since held.

If elected, my desire would be to assist in framing a tariff that would raise sufficient revenue without interfering or obstructing the course of trade, and without giving preferential support to any individual, firm or company.

I would strive to place our commerce with the mother country on the most favourable terms, and would hail with extreme satisfaction the accomplishment of unrestricted trade throughout the British Empire.

GEO. H. COX, M.L.C.

HON. ALFRED DEAKIN, Victoria, Candidate for the House of Representatives.



HON. ALFRED DEAKIN.

PERSONAL RECORD.

HON. ALFRED DEAKIN.—Melbourne University; Barrister-at-Law (admitted 1877; for twenty years member of the Victorian Legislative Assembly; Minister of Public Works, 1883; Solicitor-General, 1885; Chief Secretary, 1886; Senior Representative Imperial Conference, London, 1887; Member of Federal Council, 1889-95-97; Member of Federation Conference, Melbourne, 1890; of National Australian Convention, 1891; of National Australian Federal Convention, 1897-8; Victorian Delegate to London to secure passage of the Commonwealth Act, 1900; Author of "Irrigation in Western America" (1885); "Irrigation in Egypt and Italy" (1889); "Irrigated India" (1892); "Irrigation in Australia" (1893); "Temple and Tomb" (1894).

Residence: South Yarra, Victoria.

CONSTITUENCY: BALLARAT, VIC.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

1.—The adoption of a Federal policy recognising the interests, conditions, and aspirations of the several States, and harmonising them upon a national basis.

2.—The organisation of the Commonwealth for defence, and for the efficient exercise of all its powers.

3.—Provision for raising the revenue necessary for the Commonwealth in such a manner as will secure stability to the finances of the States.

4.—The progressive development of all the resources of the Commonwealth within the scope of its jurisdiction.

5.—Overland railways to the western and northern seaboards, and the opening up of the interior of the continent.

6.—Encouragement of an Australian marine.

7.—An uniform Federal franchise.

8.—An Australian tariff.

9.—A "white" Australia.

10.—Conciliation and Arbitration.

11.—Old Age Pensions.

12.—Vigilance in regard to Australian interests in the Pacific.

SYDNEY STOTT, Candidate for the MERNDA Seat in the House of Representatives, Commonwealth Parliament.

Born at Ballarat, Victoria, August, 1857. Educated at State and Grammar Schools.

PERSONAL RECORD.

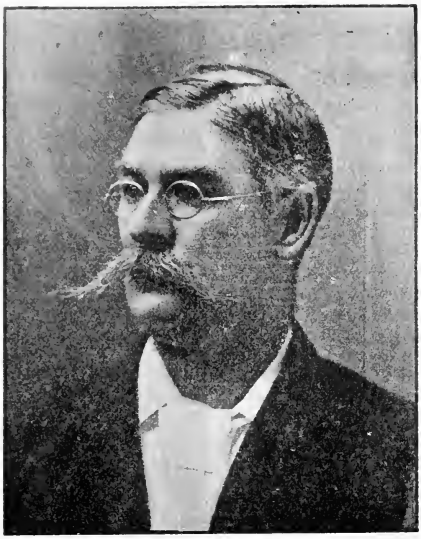
Member of the Australian Natives' Democratic Association, 1880; of the Young Australians' Liberal Association (Sir John Quick, President), 1882; Editor of the "Australasian Shorthand Journal," 1885; Member of the Australian Federal League, 1894; Delegate from the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects to the Philadelphia Commercial Congress, U.S.A., 1899; President of the Toorak Branch of the National Liberal Organisation (Hon. Alfred Deakin, President), 1900; has acted as the official notetaker for Their Honours the Supreme Court Judges in many important trials, notably Speight v. Syme, in Melbourne, 1894; Ricketson v. The Government of New South Wales, in Sydney, 1896; and the Queensland National Bank Directors Prosecution in Brisbane, 1897. At the end of the first case, which lasted eighty-three days, Sir Hartley Williams, the presiding Judge, publicly stated: "I say without reserve that Mr. Stott has performed his arduous task in a most satisfactory manner. The accuracy with which he has taken down the shorthand notes of the evidence and of my charge is, in my opinion, little short of marvellous. When in cases of this lengthy description the evidence and the Judge's charge to the jury can be taken down with the industry and accuracy which Mr. Stott has displayed in this instance, I feel it is only doing him a common act of justice in making a public acknowledgment of it and expressing the opinion that such reporting is of great advantage to the parties in law suits and to the administration of justice when cases last a considerable time." In the second case in Sydney, His Honour Mr. Justice Owen, of New South Wales, also publicly referred to Mr. Stott's industry and accuracy. In the case of The Queensland Government v. The Rockhampton Harbour Board, the late Hon. T. J. Byrnes, Premier of Queensland, who was senior counsel, spoke approvingly of Mr. Stott's work.

MR. SYDNEY STOTT.

Mr. Stott has since established successful mercantile businesses in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, which he controls personally. This necessitates his travelling very often from Victoria to New South Wales and Queensland; and he has, therefore, a knowledge of the general requirements of each of those States.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

1.—The steady development of Australian resources—rural, mineral, and industrial—by means of duties, bounties, and other encouragements.
2.—A "white" Australia.
3.—The well-being of the community as a whole, so far as it can be fostered by equitable and progressive legislation.
4.—A uniform federal franchise.
5.—The organisation of the Commonwealth economically and efficiently.
6.—Overland railways and opening up the interior of the continent.
7.—Maintenance of Australian interests abroad, and particularly in the Pacific.
8.—The progressive development of all the resources of the Commonwealth.
9.—Old age pensions.
10.—Conciliation and arbitration.



THE HONOURABLE
SIR RICHARD CHAFFEY BAKER,
K.C.M.G., K.C.

PERSONAL RECORD.

The Honourable SIR RICHARD CHAFFEY BAKER, K.C.M.G., K.C. (South Australia):—Cambridge University; Barrister-at-Law, admitted 1864; Member of South Australian Parliament, with one short interval, for 32 years; Attorney-General, 1870; Minister of Justice and Education, 1884; President of Legislative Council, 1893, which office he still holds; Special Delegate from Five Australian Colonies to British Government, to arrange Postal Matters, 1885; Member of National Aus. Convention, 1891; of National Aus. Federal Convention, 1897-8; Q.C., 1900; Author of "Federation Manual," 1890; "Introduction to Political Economy," 1894; "The Executive in a Federation," 1897; "The Constitution of South Australia," 1899; "The History of Federation in South Australia" (in the press); etc.

CANDIDATE FOR THE SENATE.

T. de M. MURRAY PRIOR, of Marvin, Logan, Queensland.

CANDIDATE FOR THE FEDERAL SENATE.

PERSONAL RECORD.

Born on the Logan in 1848; son of a Queensland pioneer who was several times Postmaster-General, and for some years member of the Legislative Council; brother of Mrs. Campbell Praed, the well-known authoress; educated in Brisbane and Hobart; travelled extensively in Europe and in India, being a member of the Imperial and Colonial Institutes; well acquainted with Queensland and her resources, having interests in the North, West, and South, and having successfully followed pastoral pursuits in various parts of the colony; a frequent contributor to the Press on topics of public concern, and a keen advocate of Federation; member of the Executive of the Federal League of Queensland.

T. DE M. MURRAY PRIOR.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

The subjects I consider of primary importance are:—Administration, Finance, Defence, Commerce, and Regulation of Alien Labour.

1.—In administration, efficient and able organisation, with economy.

2.—In finance: (A) A revenue tariff for Queensland and the colonies as a whole.

(B) Free-traders should be content with inter-State free-trade, and Protectionists should be satisfied with a customs tariff based on the principle of raising revenue.

(C) The funding and amalgamation of the debts of the different States, so that a great saving might be made in the interest charges.

3.—As commerce and trade are the life and soul of prosperity, they should be fostered and encouraged by the removal of obstacles to business. The subject of deep and open ports is of vital consequence to Queensland, with her long stretch of coast.

4.—The regulation of alien labour should be cautiously dealt with, and great care should be taken that in the case of Queensland her sugar industry should not be crippled through rashly dealing with the question, and by depriving planters of their most reliable labour without finding other to replace it.

OUR FEDERAL FLAG COMPETITION.

A PRIZE OF £50 OFFERED.

[We re-publish the terms of our offer for the most successful design for a Federal Flag. The judges must make their award when they visit Melbourne at the time of the opening of the Federal Parliament. The date of this event is not yet fixed, but it is clear it cannot take place until the end of April or the beginning of May. We are able therefore to extend the time for sending in designs up to April 15, 1901.—Ed. "Review of Reviews for Australasia."]

THE coming Australian Commonwealth will need a Flag, and many efforts are already being made to evolve a graceful, characteristic, and effective national symbol; a Flag which shall at once express kinship with the Empire and yet be characteristic of the new and great political entity which has come into existence.

A Melbourne journal, the "Evening Herald," offered a prize of £25 for the best design for a Federal Flag, and we reproduced on our Covers of the October and November numbers the design of the Flag which won that prize.

But the competition which evolved this Flag was purely local, and the competition was fettered by the conditions that the Federal Flag must include both the Union Jack and the Southern Cross. A flag, perhaps, which omitted these symbols might have small chances of success; yet it seems unwise to fetter the competition with any such absolute limitations.

The proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" offer a prize of **£50** for the best design for a Federal Flag; the competition to be open to the whole of Australasia.

The following gentlemen have very courteously consented to act as judges:—

SIR WILLIAM LYNE, Premier of New South Wales.
HON. ALAN McLEAN, ex-Premier of Victoria.
HON. F. W. HOLDER, Premier of South Australia.
HON. ROBT. PHILP, Premier of Queensland.
HON. W. H. LEWIS, Premier of Tasmania.
RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN FORREST, K.C.M.G., Ex-Premier of West Australia.

The Premiers of the six federating colonies will of course constitute a jury of unrivalled impressiveness and authority, and the Flag they choose will have an excellent chance of fluttering high for generations to come as the symbol of the Australian Commonwealth!

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

The following are the conditions of the competition:—

Each competitor must forward two coloured sketches of his design—one for the merchant service and one for naval or official use (one in red, that is, and one in blue)—and not less than 6 inches by 3 inches in size.

All designs must be endorsed on the cover "Commonwealth Flag," and addressed to the Business Manager of the "Review of Reviews," 167-169 Queen Street, Melbourne.

Each design must bear a motto or nom de plume, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing on its face the motto or nom de plume with which the design is signed, and enclosing the name and address of designer.

Designs must be sent in not later than April 15, 1901, and the award will if possible be published in the May number of the "Review of Reviews."

The award of the judges, or of a majority of them, will be final, and no appeal against it will be permitted. The prize of £50 will not be awarded to any design which in the opinion of the judges, or of a majority of them, is not superior to the successful design in the Melbourne competition reproduced on our Cover. But a consolation prize of £10 will, in that event, be paid to the designer of the Flag judged to be the best amongst those sent in.

The right to publish any design submitted, whether it takes a prize or not, is specially retained by the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews."

The appeal here made is to the artistic imagination and designing skill of the seven colonies. It ought to have the effect of giving birth to a Flag which will hold a proud and long-enduring place amongst the Flags of the civilised world.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "Australian."

January was scarcely a satisfactory business month in Victoria, and it cannot be said that February showed much improvement. Partly the dulness has been due to unseasonable weather, and partly to the uncertainty regarding the Federal tariff. It is certainly unsatisfactory that the Federal Ministers who have so far spoken have treated the tariff question rather lightly. It is, of course, impossible for them to make definite statements regarding duties, etc., but it was confidently hoped that the Ministry would see its way to place the Federal tariff first on the list of the momentous matters to be dealt with. If we can take Mr. Barton's speech in Melbourne as an indication, such is not to be the case, however, and it is not expected that the tariff will be touched prior to the second session of the first Federal House, say in September next. All this uncertainty materially prejudices the business of this and other protected States, and increases that of New South Wales. Importations will be small, and bonded payments as low as possible during the currency of this year in Victoria. In New South Wales they will probably reach a very high limit, owing to the fact that it appears as certain that Victoria's duties will be decreased as it is that New South Wales' will be increased under the Australian tariff. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the rush of business at the first session will not be so great as expected, and that an early start will be made to handle the tariff problem. Is it that the first Ministry fears to rouse this sleeping dragon too quickly?

Generally, business throughout the whole of the other States has been fair. In New South Wales, for the reasons above, it has been active, while Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth report a fair trading month, and Hobart is also less quiet than usual. There have been no very notable trade changes. Higher prices have ruled for sugars. Tea has risen slightly out of the awful dulness which enveloped the trade for the last six months of 1900; jute goods continued on the downward career which for the time seems now to be checked; oils remained quiet for the most part, but in the case of linseed fell with a sickening thud; softgoods have been fairly active, but heavy stocks of unsold summer lines are in hand; while, in farm and pastoral produce, the turnover has been large and the business very active at rates showing little alteration.

Financially, there has been no change in the money market. The City Council and the Government of New South Wales have both successfully floated loans, while the Metropolitan Board of Works has announced an issue for this month. The negotiations for the conversion of £3,000,000 Victorian 4 per cents. have been practically completed for July 1 next. All the banks are doing well, and in several instances increased profits are mentioned.

Trade in 1900.

So far the complete returns of the trade of Australia for 1900 are not available, but several of the individual figures are out which we append in tabulary form, compared with 1899:—

IMPORTS.

	1899.	1900.
Victoria	£17,952,894	£18,301,607
South Australia	6,884,357	8,034,552
Queensland	6,764,097	7,052,212
Tasmania	1,769,324	2,073,657
Total	£33,370,672	£35,462,028

Increase, £2,091,356.

EXPORTS.

	1899.	1900.
Victoria	£18,567,782	£17,422,552
South Australia	8,388,396	8,029,157
Queensland	11,942,858	9,072,675
Tasmania	2,577,475	2,610,617
Total	£41,476,511	£37,135,001

Decrease, £4,341,510.

It will be seen that while the imports have been more than maintained, there has been a heavy drop in the exports. The extent of importations is due mainly to the proceeds of the highly profitable wool-clip of 1899-1900, while the falling off in exports is the result of the enormous drop in wool values during the currency of 1900, coupled with small realisations of the same article, and a reduced gold yield. Until the figures for the whole of the Commonwealth are available, the particular movements of each line cannot be fairly compared; but the indications are that the drop in wool values during 1900 meant approximately £7,000,000 sterling less to the colonies for their produce.

Gold.

In our January issue we gave the principal returns of the gold production of Australia during 1899 and 1900. Since that date we have received the official New Zealand returns, and the production for Australasia compares thus:—

AUSTRALASIAN GOLD PRODUCTION.

1899	4,438,130 ounces.
1900	4,209,384 ounces.
Decrease	228,746 ounces.

The value of the decrease is, approximately, £850,000. It is interesting, with these figures in hand, to compare how Australasia stands with the rest of the world as a gold producer. We say Australia, for to include New Zealand, under existing conditions, with the Commonwealth would be unfair. A comparison is as follows:—

	1899. Oz.	1900. Oz.
Australia	4,048,582	3,837,591
United States	3,432,532	3,837,213
India	440,249	492,000
New Zealand	389,558	371,993
British Guiana	112,944	115,000
South Africa	4,116,742	92,000
Total	12,590,607	8,745,597

There is a decrease of 3,745,010 ounces shown. The production of the Transvaal in 1899 was 4,101,441 ounces. Therefore, excluding the mines in that colony, which have been idle during the past sixteen months, the production of the other centres mentioned increased by 356,421 ounces during 1900. The similarity between the Australian and United States figures is interesting as a coincidence.

Stock Exchange Movements.

An interesting review of the movements in the prices of all Australasian, South African and Alaskan mining stocks has reached us, indirectly, from a well-known Australian broker, now a member of the London House. Taking the principal stocks, we find the following movements recorded, which clearly show the fluctuations which take place in the mining market:—

	1898.		1899.		1900.	
	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.
Associateds	135/	47/6	277/6	112/6	147/6	50/
Broken Hill Proprietary	48/6	39/6	53/6	39/6	55/	42/9
Golden Horseshoe	367/6	112/6	1,020/	900/	950/	555/*
Boulder Perseverance	90/	42/6	325/	82/6	265/	155/
Great Boulder	25/6	16/3	41/6	21/	38/	23/6
Hannan's Brownhill	185/	130/	287/6	147/6	225/	80/
Ivanhoe	160/	87/6	370/	130/	310/	165/
Kalgurli	162/6	87/6	272/6	115/	195/	75/
Lake View Consols	230/	150/	572/6	182/6	312/6	160/
London and Globe	53/9	12/9	31/	15/	22/	5/
Mount Morgan	120/	80/	117/6	92/6	105/	95/
Sons of Gwal'a	45/	30/	122/6	37/6	122/6	50/

*On old basis of £5 shares.

Some extraordinary movements, it will be seen, have been shown, nearly all fully reflected in the local market.

The most notable movement on the local Stock Exchange during the last month of a depressing character is the drop in Mount Lyells to under £5.

The most important movement of an upward character has been in Glenfine Souths, which have risen to £11 15s., and are still going strong. This mine, if managed and developed properly, will certainly eclipse all other Victorian concerns.

The Announced Victorian Loans.

The Finance Committee of the Metropolitan Board of Works in Victoria has become intoxicated with the extent of its past success (sic). In October last it floated a loan of £350,000 at 3½ per cent., and now it wants £300,000 at the same rate. A comparison of the terms of issue is appended:—

	Per cent.	Amount.	Minimum.	Price paid.
Feb., 1900 ..	3½	.. £250,000 ..	£99 ..	£99 9 0
Oct., 1900 ..	3½	.. 350,000 ..	98 ..	99 2 9
Feb., 1901 ..	3½	.. 300,000 ..	99 ..	—

Why, in the name of goodness, the Board of Works took the trouble to depart from the terms of the October loan, and advance its minimum to 99, is not known. By speculative tendering the Board of Works obtained 22s. per cent. over the minimum for its October issue; but, in a worse market, on its own figures it now only leaves itself a 2s. per cent. margin. The credit of the Metropolitan Board is sinking slowly; but certainly it is time some public protest was entered against the Finance Committee assisting speculative brokers on the Stock Exchange by raising the minimum from 98 to 99 to save the market from a heavy fall.

The £300,000 to be borrowed by the Board of Works is to meet the £287,000 odd falling due on July 1 next to the Victorian Government, and therefore, for the time, the Government's intended issue should be put off. The Government borrowed £500,000 at 3 per cent. in September last, and took £250,000 from the Savings Banks for two years at 3½ per cent. With the £287,000 to be paid by the Board of Works, it will have used up £1,037,000 in six months or so—a noble rate of expenditure, likely to soon land us in trouble.

Late Issues.

The Melbourne City Council has every reason to be satisfied with the results of its loan for £350,000 at 3½ per cent. at 99. Applications to the extent of twice the amount wanted were offered, and the average was a fraction less than £99 9s.—a good one, considering the circumstances. The loan has since advanced to £99 12s. 6d., and £99 15s. in the market.

The New South Wales Government issue of £500,000 3½ per cent. 5-year Treasury Bills was another immense success, the net average being £99 16s. 10d. A comparison of these Treasury Bill issues is as follows:—

Issue.	Date.	Amount.	p.c.	Years.	Price.
London	Jan. 1900 ..	£1,000,000 ..	4 ..	2 ..	£99 19 0
Sydney	April, 1900 ..	500,000 ..	3½ ..	5 ..	100 3 4½
Sydney	Sept. 1900 ..	500,000 ..	3½ ..	5 ..	100 1 6
Sydney	Feb. 1901 ..	500,000 ..	3½ ..	5 ..	99 16 10

Cannot our knighted and distinguished Treasurers see that the policy of the State should be TO ISSUE ALL LOANS SIMULTANEOUSLY IN LONDON AND THE COLONIES, THE INTEREST TO BE PAYABLE AND PRINCIPAL RE-PAYABLE AT WILL OF LENDER? When this system is adopted there will be little fear of Australia being crushed with an enormous debt due to outsiders.

Money.

As far as Australia is concerned, money is still dirt cheap. Deposits continue to flow freely into the banks, and over 40 per cent. of the same bear no interest. On the other hand, there is great difficulty experienced in finding outlets for investment, and it certainly looks as if—provided no improvement takes place—instead of money coming into the colonies for investment, an outflow of local funds will take place. A judicious system of local borrowing such as has been indicated in the "Review of Reviews" on previous occasions would do much to improve the condition of affairs. Trade paper continues scarce in all capitals, and discount rates are comparatively low. We hear of first-class mortgages at 3¾ to 4 per cent., and second do. at 4½ to 5.

As regards the London money market, the returns for 1900 show that there has again been a further rise in the average price of money. The "Investor's Monthly Manual" gives the following comparison:—

BEST THREE MONTHS' BILLS.

	Average Bank Rate.	Average Market Rate.	Market Below Bank.
1895 ..	2 p.c. ..	15/11 p.c. ..	£1/4/1 p.c.
1896 ..	£2 10/5 p.c. ..	£1/7/7 p.c. ..	1/2/10 p.c.
1897 ..	2 12 6 p.c. ..	1 15/10 p.c. ..	16/8 p.c.
1898 ..	3/4 9 p.c. ..	2 11/10 p.c. ..	12/11 p.c.
1899 ..	3 13 6 p.c. ..	3/5 p.c. ..	8/6 p.c.
1900 ..	3 19/2 p.c. ..	3 13 3 p.c. ..	5/11 p.c.

Apart from the rise in the value of money, the closer approach of the open market rate to the banks' official terms is noteworthy.

The Drought.

Although there has been a moderate improvement in some parts of New South Wales, we regret to have to repeat previous gloomy reports concerning the Western and North-Western areas, as well as the whole of pastoral parts of Queensland. The position of the latter colony is most unsatisfactory, and the pastoral industry has been almost completely annihilated. Losses of stock have been enormous, and as yet no improvement in the weather is reported. Sugar production has again been interfered with, and a smaller crop is again expected. In New South Wales the improvement in the northern middle areas is reflected in the sheep returns for 1900, which show a large advance, the total being 39,938,138 head, against 36,213,514 at the end of 1899. It is noteworthy that recuperation in New South Wales and Queensland after previous droughts has been very rapid. In three years in New South Wales there were added at one time 15,300,000 sheep, 560,000 cattle, and 58,000 horses to the live stock of the colony.

Insurance News and Notes.

A fire, involving heavy loss, broke out about 8 p.m. on the 17th ult., on the premises of Messrs. Mason, Firth and McCutcheon, printers and manufacturing stationers, situate in McKillop-street, Melbourne. The building is an old one, but in good order, built of brick, three storeys and basement. Chief Officer Stein attended, with steamers and hose-carts, and seventy-eight men, but found the hold of the fire was so great that the building could not be saved, and he confined his efforts to prevent the spread of the fire. The adjoining building of Walker, May and Co., printers, was slightly damaged. With the exception of the heavy machinery on the ground floor, Messrs. Mason, Firth and McCutcheon's plant and stock was totally destroyed. The insurance was for £8,950, divided equally amongst the New Zealand: London and Lancashire; Northern; Manchester; and Liverpool, London, and Globe offices.

* * * * *

The Australian Mutual Provident Society has beaten all records in its new business for 1900. The amount for the year exceeds £4,220,000, compared with £3,955,000 for 1899, being an increase of £265,000.

* * * * *

Mr. James Pullar, F.F.A., has been elected president, and Mr. A. Campbell vice-president, of the Insurance Institute of Victoria for the ensuing session.

* * * * *

The new business of the Mutual Life Association of Australasia for the year 1900 exceeds £622,000. This company has just issued an attractive policy, a combina-

tion of life and accident assurance, whereby the assured, in addition to the usual benefits, is compensated in event of accident disabling him.

* * * * *

The Equitable Insurance Society of the U.S. has received advice of the position of the company at January 1, 1901. The figures are as follows:—Assurance in force, £229,166,666; assets, £62,500,000; surplus, £12,125,000; increase in insurance in force during 1900, £9,496,578; increase in assets, £4,126,815; increase in surplus, £413,025. The company continues to make the same rapid progress that it has achieved in former years.

* * * * *

Careful statistics of the Empire's losses during the war show that the actual deaths returned as "killed or died of wounds" number only 4,400, out of a total force engaged of 260,000 men, scarcely more than 2½ times the normal death-rate of healthy men of the age of 25, in times free from epidemic disease. The total deaths from all causes were about 13,000, equal to only a little more than three times the death rate of healthy young men of all occupations in times of epidemic disease.

* * * * *

From a return of fire insurance business for 1899, of British offices represented in Australia, it is found that in six out of the twenty-four companies named, the losses and expenses combined exceeded the amount received in premiums for the year.

* * * * *

Taking Australasia as a whole, there are seventy-four life policies held to every 1,000 of the population—an ample field still for energetic life agents. The average in the United Kingdom is 32, United States 30, and Canada 37 per 1,000 of the population.

* * * * *

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, with whom the Canadian contingents to the Transvaal war were insured, have paid twenty-one claims on the lives of Canadians killed in the war.

* * * * *

The Sun Life Office of London, a company whose assets exceed £4,000,000, have just made a distinct innovation in life assurance by issuing policies without any medical examination. No increase is made in the rates of premiums, but the policy is subject to the following express conditions:—

(a) If the assured die during the first year following the date of assurance, the amount payable will be one-third of the sum assured; if he die during the second year two-thirds of the sum assured; and if he die at any time after two years from the date of assurance the full sum assured will be payable. In the event of the assured's death from accident at any time the full sum assured will be payable.

(b) No assignment of a policy is allowed until the expiration of two years from the date of assurance.

Every year sees the life assurance contract made more liberal, and it may be safely assumed that the day is not so very far distant when life companies will issue policies free of any conditions and (on somewhat of the above basis) without any medical examination.

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A peculiar experience recently befell a well-known accident insurance company. The local agent reported a breakage of an extra large plate-glass window, and the manager went out to inspect the loss. He found the only way to inspect the break was to place a plank over the tops of two boxes, and stand on this. After doing so, the agent did likewise, and, while stepping down, slipped and fell, breaking one of the bones of his leg. The manager found the agent was insured against accident with the company, and he had, therefore, not only to meet a large claim for the glass; but, in ad-

dition, was muleted in an accident claim arising out of the investigation of the cause of the breakage.

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Up-to-Date.—Following the recent beer-poisoning scare, the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation advertised in London that they are prepared to grant policies indemnifying brewers against legal liability arising from arsenic in beer, and will issue policies insuring £200 to the representatives of any person whose death may result from such poisoned beer.

* * * * *

The Victorian Court of Marine Enquiry delivered judgment on the 6th inst. in the case of Mr. H. Emmerson, pilot in charge of the R.M.S. Ormuz on December 11 last, when that vessel collided with the steamer Ismaila, near Port Phillip Heads. The decision of the court was that the charge of misconduct against Pilot Emmerson had been sustained, and that he improperly altered the course of the Ormuz to port, on seeing the port light of the Ismaila, and, further, that he failed to observe Article 21 of the Regulations for preventing collisions at sea. The court therefore suspended the pilot's certificate for twelve months, and ordered him to pay the costs, £60, of the enquiry. Mr. W. H. Croker, who appeared for Pilot Emmerson, gave notice of appeal, on the ground that the decision of the court was bad as to law, and also as to fact.

* * * * *

The Equitable Life Assurance Society report that the new century has opened propitiously with the company. The business of the Equitable prospered greatly in Australia during the last year, and the last six months of 1900 produced more new business than any similar period since the "boom." The president's prize for individual work during the month of October last in the Australasian branch was won with a record of policies for £10,000 for the month.

* * * * *

A destructive bush fire raged in the vicinity of Queenstown, Tasmania, on the 25th ult., and threatened the working of South Lyell, Tharsis, and West Mount Lyell mining companies. The new South Tharsis concentrating mill was in great danger, but escaped the flames. This company's haulage line was damaged. A number of dwellings and camps were consumed, together with hundreds of tons of firewood, and many miles of tramways.

The January "Sunday Strand" is a very mild number; but a study of "Sunday in Paris," by Mary Spencer Warren, is worth reading, and there are several rather belated Christmas articles.

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. . . THE . . .

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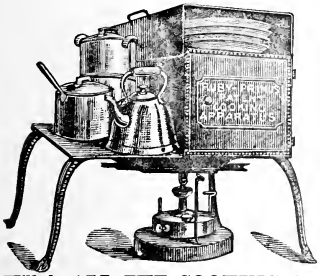

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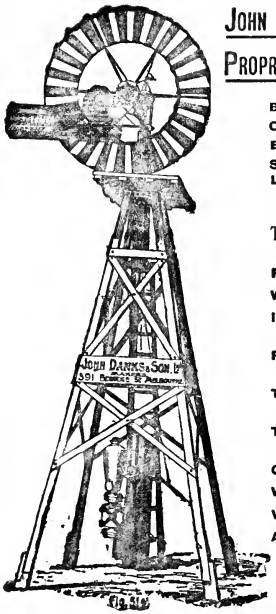

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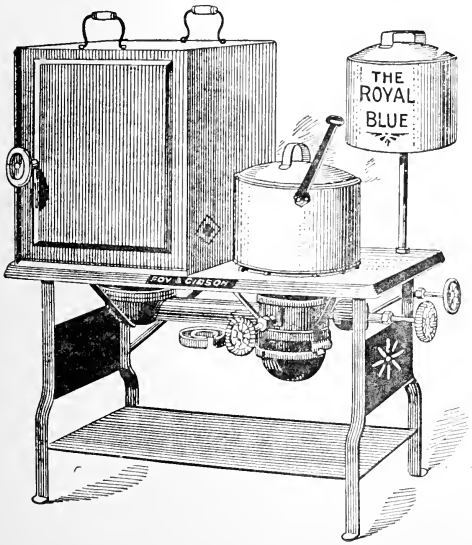

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