

THE SPEAKER

A Review of Politics, Letters, Science, and the Arts.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE]

[FOR INLAND AND FOREIGN TRANSMISSION.

VOL. IV.—No. 101.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

[PRICE 6D.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR'S series of speeches has given scant comfort to the malecontent Tories. Implored by the *Standard* to comfort the agricultural labourer with the assurance of Conservative sympathy, MR. BALFOUR has responded by declaring that any attempt to prevent migration to the towns must be futile. Village Councils the Leader of the House of Commons declined to discuss, though he was too wary to countenance his uncle's gibe about parish "circuses" which has added a new pang to Tory electioneering. But MR. BALFOUR argued that no Small Holdings Bill could transform the labourers into peasant proprietors, that the rural toiler could have no comfort in tilling his own land; in short, that as Tory legislation will make no drastic change in the Land Laws, the agricultural elector has next to nothing to expect from his oldest friends. As a set-off to this agreeable pessimism, MR. BALFOUR predicted that the Irish Nationalists would some day bless the Act of Union, and then assured MR. MORLEY that there is no more unremunerative trade than that of the political prophet.

BEFORE leaving Huddersfield MR. BALFOUR made a chilling defence of the Irish Local Government Bill, which is to be introduced next session, the Birmingham protest notwithstanding. It appears that this remarkable scheme is to give comprehensive powers to local bodies, while preventing the "disloyal majority" from overerowing the meek and mild minority. The control of county government must be taken out of the hands of the landlords, but the powers of the elective authorities will be so cribb'd and cabin'd that no "loyal" citizen shall suffer either in his sentiment or his purse. With gratifying discernment, the Tory opponents of MR. BALFOUR'S policy have already discovered that such a measure is likely to offer in every clause a new platform for the Home Rule agitation.

ON Friday week MR. MORLEY made a striking speech at Wolverhampton, which was chiefly devoted to an examination of the new doctrine about the constitutional privileges of the House of Lords. MR. MORLEY scouted the idea that the Lords have the right to limit an appeal to the country to a single point. It is surely plain that, if the Peers throw out the Home Rule Bill, nothing can prevent MR. GLADSTONE from going to the constituencies not only with that measure, but with the entire Liberal programme. The very essence of the Opposition argument is that, until the Home Rule question is settled, necessary legislation for Great Britain cannot have a free field. And for the House of Lords to decree that this argument shall not be addressed to the electorate when the new Parliament is dissolved would be an ill-starred inspiration for muddle-headed reactionaries.

MR. GLADSTONE made two speeches in Cheshire on Saturday last. The first was a vigorous reply to LORD SALISBURY, who was told that the prophecy of "unnumbered scenes of cruelty and massacre" in Ireland after Home Rule was like a discourse on hobgoblins by a silly nursery-maid to a troublesome child. In his second speech MR. GLADSTONE touched upon the labour question, and gave eloquent expres-

sion to the hope that good feeling would be established between employers and employed by the gradual adoption of some system of co-operation. How far this specific suggestion may go in the solution of a most difficult problem it is impossible to say; but the spirit in which MR. GLADSTONE addresses both capitalists and workmen is as judicious as it is sympathetic.

MR. PASCOE GLYN has failed to wrest East Dorset from the Tories, but the reduction of the Tory majority by nearly one-half is a sensible proof of Liberal progress. The Unionist assumption that the agricultural vote in East Dorset is a counterblast to South Molton is ill-founded, for there can be little doubt that MR. STURT obtained his majority in the town of Poole by the corrupt traditions which have long made it a health resort for political cripples. Two more vacancies have been created by the deaths of SIR JAMES CORRY and MR. RICHARD POWER, the universally popular whip of the Parnellite party—the only Nationalist member, we believe, of a family of landlords. Mid-Armagh is a safe seat for the Unionists, but in Waterford MR. POWER is tolerably sure to be succeeded by a Nationalist. MR. DAVITT is talked of as the Nationalist candidate, while MR. JOHN REDMOND will probably stand in the Parnellite interest.

THIS week the Textile and Miscellaneous Trades group of the Labour Commission has intermitted the former branch of its investigations in order to deal with the labour of women. The evidence so far has been decidedly unpleasant reading. The sanitary condition of the workshops is said to be very bad alike in the rope, the upholstery, and, what is more disgusting, in the confectionery trade. Inspection in all three is very deficient, and the witnesses are inclined to think that lady inspectors—as distinct from working women—will not discover anything of much importance. Much has been done by women's trade unions; but the formation of these is, of course, attended with special difficulty. As for barmaids, those public-houses are counted "good" in which they do not work more than one hundred hours per week; while even the best off work seventy. They often live and sleep under extremely insanitary conditions, and there is little doubt that some employers directly promote immorality. But there is not much chance at present of a Barmaids' Union. When will popular feeling in England do what it has generally done in the United States and (practically) on the Continent, and replace the barmaid by the barman?

THE news that MR. MUNDELLA has at length induced the Commission to appoint two women sub-commissioners is excellent so far as it goes, but it needs to be supplemented. Two sub-commissioners cannot in any way fulfil the real purpose of the new departure, which is to secure the preparation in advance of women's evidence by experts. In order to fulfil this purpose in any thoroughness it will be necessary to divide the whole range of women's industries into departments. The arrangement of London trades, the same trades in the provinces, textiles, and miscellaneous trades, suggest themselves at once, and with them such names as those of LADY DILKE, MISS ABRAHAM,

MISS BEATRICE POTTER, MISS ROUTLEDGE, MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK, MISS COLLETT, and some women's trade unionist. Unless some such division of labour is permitted we cannot expect much from the over-wide range, ill-assorted material, and unduly vague bent of the vast body of evidence which is daily precipitated at the doors of the Labour Commission.

ON Monday the Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales made a financial statement, which seems to have occasioned considerable dissatisfaction both in Parliament and in commercial circles in the Colony. The accounts for the present year show a deficit of £600,000 on an expenditure of about £10,500,000. Partly from the general financial depression, partly (it may be supposed) from the recent attacks on Colonial finance and credit, no fresh loan can at present be raised in England. Accordingly the Government is driven to "a tariff for revenue." Fixed duties are to be imposed on groceries, alcoholic liquors, oils, tobacco, and other goods, and duties *ad valorem* on certain articles of luxury. The tariff is less Protectionist than was expected, and yet is Protectionist enough to irritate the Free Traders—and New South Wales hitherto has been faithful among the faithless to sound economic principles—while it is sufficiently favourable to the richer classes to irritate the Labour Party. Indeed, its publication seems to have disorganised that party for the time. The Leader of the Opposition has given notice of a motion of censure. Presumably we may soon expect to hear of another Ministerial crisis.

THE nine Salvationists charged with conspiring to break the Eastbourne Improvements Act and with unlawful assembly were tried at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday and Thursday. The authorities of Eastbourne have not much reason to congratulate themselves on the result. The jury acquitted the accused of conspiracy to break the Eastbourne Improvements Act—that restriction of the common-law rights of Englishmen, which in this United Kingdom applies solely to one watering-place—and convicted them of unlawful assembly, as to which the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved will have to decide if there is any evidence. The case for the prosecution was concisely stated by MR. GILL as that "the attempt to play was calculated to excite the mob." No wonder that the six counts into which it was spun out confused the jury or drew indignant comment from MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS.

THE organisation of the landed interest in London, in prospect of a policy which involves the rating of the land values which grow with the growth of London without contributing to its improvement, has attained an almost fantastic development. There are now three societies of this character, nominally independent, but all run by the paid agents of landlords and millionaires, and all spending money on the most lavish scale. From the Liberty and Property Defence League has sprouted the so-called Ratepayers' Defence League, manned by impoverished landowners of the type of the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER and the DUKE OF ABERCORN, and by oppressed millionaires like COLONEL NORTH. A third organisation is the Property Protection Society, in which the ground-landlords form the "vice-presidents," and the ground-landlords' agents the acting "council." The special line of this society, which is run on behalf of the landlords by their own agents, is the propagation of cooked and garbled literature on the land question. The humour of the situation is that while these bodies all represent interests either entirely exempt or improperly relieved from contributions to the public service, they all pose as the champions of the struggling ratepayer.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS—that perennial prophet of the wilderness—is at any rate always worth listening to, and his declaration that Socialism is the only alternative to the *régime* of the Czar need not have alarmed the soberer "Friends of Russian Freedom" who held their annual meeting on Wednesday last. DR. SPENCE WATSON'S answer was clear and completely satisfactory. The Russian people must work out their own salvation, it may be after the manner of Free Italy, or of Free France, or otherwise. But till the chains of their slavery are broken, there can be no question of ulterior development. Outside public opinion can effect more in this, it is evident, than in other instances; and the obligation upon all freedom-loving people to do what they can in such a case is paramount and urgent. Not the least tangible result is the reflex action upon the native mind of which STEPNIAK spoke. With the slight exception we have indicated, the meeting of this young society was all unanimity and heartiness, and its two years' work seems already—so far as the record of it can be published—to have been most fruitful.

ALL through the week the rise in international securities which began a fortnight ago has continued. The monthly settlement in Berlin ended without bringing to light any serious difficulties, and so did the settlement in Paris. Meantime the great bankers have continued their efforts to corner those who had sold securities they did not possess. The appearance of a scarcity of stock was created in Paris, and the speculative sellers, being frightened, have been buying back eagerly, with the result that within a week there has been a rise of from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ in the leading international securities. The rise is being overdone, just as the fall recently was, and another reaction is inevitable before long. There has also been a considerable rise in Consols, allowing for the fact that at the settlement this week the next interest payable was deducted from the price. The rise has been caused by the belief that MR. GOSCHEN'S plan would cause such large purchases of Consols by the Bank of England that it would inevitably raise their price. That is in the highest degree improbable. In Home Railway Stocks there has been little doing, and in the American department prices are fairly steady, but there has been little activity.

THE Bank of England at the end of last week having repaid some of the loans it had previously raised, caused a sharp fall in the value of money, which has continued throughout the week, the rate of discount in the open market being as low as $2\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. The decline has been intensified by the impression produced by MR. GOSCHEN'S speech that the issue of £1 notes is decided upon, and that when it takes place it will inflate the currency and make money abundant and cheap. Furthermore, the falling off of speculation in the American market has stopped the American demand of gold, and the gold movements in other directions are small. Besides, the monthly settlements in Paris and Berlin have come to an end much more smoothly and satisfactorily than anyone ventured to hope, and as the fear of a crash on the Continent has abated, the tendency is for rates to decline. The silver market was very quiet also until Thursday, when the price rose suddenly from $43\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $44\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. The rise is due apparently to a misconception in New York of MR. GOSCHEN'S statement that the Government would be prepared to renew the offer made by MR. GLADSTONE'S Government in 1881 to the effect that if the silver-using countries would open their mints freely to silver, the Bank of England would keep one-fifth of its coin and bullion in silver. It is hardly probable, however, that an offer which was rejected ten years ago will now be accepted by the United States and France.

TORY TACTICS.

MR. GLADSTONE, so at least Mr. Balfour lately assured the good people of Huddersfield, has broken up an historic party, and severed many ancient friendships. It may be admitted without any loss of cheerfulness that the distinguished man referred to has divided the party he has so long led into two—by no means equal—parts or shares. Mr. Chamberlain, a handful of Peers, a scattering of Dons and a few thousand Whiggish electors, have broken away from our main body with many protestations of regret, not always very sincere, and now sit at Tory feasts and register Tory votes with more gusto than grace. There is nothing in this fact, though Mr. Balfour mentioned it almost tearfully, to make the most sensitive Radical the least uncomfortable. When in the fulness of Septennial Act Mr. Gladstone is called to the councils of the Queen, the only office he will find it difficult at once to fill will be that of Mistress of the Robes. We have no duchess in our midst. But this cheek, though severe, need only be temporary.

There is no cause of anxiety about the Liberal party. It keeps moving on, it is true, but that is its destiny. Through all stages it preserves its identity, its essential sameness, its constant attitude. Mr. Balfour need shed no tears over its severed friendships or its old positions, which are only abandoned in the sense of being passed by; but if he wants to be really useful he might exercise his great dialectical gifts far more profitably than he did in his arid discourse on "Progress," by telling us what has become of the other historic party in the State—the Tory party. We are really becoming anxious. What thief of an enchanter, to use Don Quixote's expression, hides them from our sight? Where do they congregate? Round what are they rallying? The boastful authors of a measure casting the burden of education upon the rates, the advocates of district councils and of local self-government for the rebels of the south of Ireland, the by-no-means sworn opponents of legislative interference with the hours of labour, the supporters of women-voters and of equal electoral districts; these we see and hear, but it is not easy to hail this mob of gentlemen who vote with ease by the old defiant menace-breathing style or title of Tory.

Nor does that cast-out Radical, Mr. Chamberlain, make the task of describing the herd into which he has entered any the easier by the substance of his frequent remarks. Regardless of the hints of the *Spectator*, the nudges of the *Saturday Review*, and the kicks of the *Anti-Jacobin*, this facile, if offensive, orator insists upon going about the country telling Tory audiences—for being cast-out he can collect no other—that, Radical as he still is in every bone of his body, and judging as he still does every Ministry by its fruits alone, he prefers the present Government with Lord Salisbury at its head to the late Government of Mr. Gladstone, believing as he does that Lord Salisbury has done more downright, honest Radical work in the last five years than Mr. Gladstone would have done in the same time. These declarations must be very puzzling to the country squire and the country parson and the retired colonel, who want to support a Tory Government because it is a Tory Government, and not because it is more Radical than the Radicals themselves. Why is it, Tories are at last beginning to ask, that though Toryism is not dead in the country, though it still may be heard in the press, it is silent in Parliament and on the platform? The answer must be because the leaders of the Tory party have, in the exercise of their discretion, decreed it must be so.

The House of Commons is now paramount, and the House has for ever in its ears the sullen roar of the constituencies. Composed as those now are, to talk Toryism to them would be labour as vain as quoting Euripides to nine-tenths of the advocates of compulsory Greek. The Tories in high places have discovered this. Like the more exalted and talented Beings described in the poem M. Scherer has called "dull and tiresome," they have begun to consult how henceforth they may most offend their enemy, repair their losses, and overcome the dire calamity of an extended franchise.

The result of their consultation is more creditable to their ingenuity than to their honour. They have argued after this fashion: "As a revolution is inevitable, let us 'boss' it, since by so doing we can at least secure that we and our friends shall fall softly. Free education is abominable, but as it is, with other microbes, in the air which Mr. Chamberlain breathes, let us give free education on the easiest possible terms for our once faithful ally the Anglican parson. There must also, it appears, be a very considerable reduction in the number of publicans' licences. We know not why, but Mr. T. W. Russell, our pet Boanerges, by the side of whom even Mr. Ashmead Bartlett pales his fires, says it must be: and if it must be, let us see to it that it comes about in a manner which will leave Bung, in whom in happier days we put our trust, with money in his pocket to help us along in future fights. That weary Land Question clamours for settlement—it is rotten bad political economy, and a shocking interference with the rights of property, but it behoves us to arrange matters so that the public shall buy its land in the dearest possible market, and thereby enrich our friends the landlords."

These are the present-day tactics of the Tory party in Parliament. They have the merit of being comprehensible, but they have some glaring defects, chief amongst which is that they are dictated by fear and dislike alone. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are democrats in spite of themselves. Toryism is their native tongue, and they are forbidden to speak it. They are thus shorn of their vocabulary whilst the language of Radicalism sticks in their throats. Hence the poor appearance they make as missionaries of a New Faith; hence, also, their bitter sarcasms directed against those more fortunate politicians who, happening to be democrats by conviction, are able to stir the enthusiasm and secure the vote of the agricultural labourer.

The Radical honestly believes that there is a better time coming for the tiller of the soil, that the poor fellow will, bit by bit, gather a homestead round him and keep a grip upon it when he has got it, that a preponderating share in the administration of his parish will soon be his, and that the Squire, the Parson, and the Poor Law Guardian will gradually cease to be the arbiters of his destiny. The Tory has no such faith, and despite his professions, has no such desire. His ideal is a paraphrase of the well-known line of Claudian, for it is his belief that for the labourer there is no liberty comparable to that of living under a pious landlord like my Lord Wantage. He shares his leader's contempt for village ambitions. Wombwell's Travelling Menagerie and Sanger's Royal Circus, perambulating dromedaries, and cream-coloured horses—these are his real recipes, were he free to speak his mind, for agricultural melancholy. But—and here is the rub—he is not free to speak his mind, as sorrowfully he stumps his county. He, too, has to talk of Allotments and Small Holdings and District Councils, and to flog his halting sentences into a hard gallop, as, to his own joy and that of his Committee, he approaches the concluding verses of his shabby gospel.

It is no extravagant compliment to the electorate to say that they find it easy to distinguish between the accents of conviction and those of falsehood. With the electorate it is not, as Mr. Chamberlain characteristically supposes, merely a question of measures; it is also a question of methods. To be asked to sit down to dinner is one thing, to have a joint flung at you from the high table is quite another. An Act of Parliament may turn out to be a good thing, but sympathy and belief are good things whichever way the wind blows.

Another defect in the Tory tactics is that they intimidate the Tories themselves. The leaders are so eager to job a reform as soon as it is inevitable, that they believe it to be inevitable sooner than it is. It is always a matter of terms with them. They do not fight first and settle afterwards, but they come into the field with compromise stamped upon their brow. Whenever the Tadpoles and the Tapers of that party are gathered together, you may be sure they are calculating or guessing what will be Mr. Gladstone's majority at the next election. They feel themselves beaten before they have struck a blow. Their surprise at the result of the East Dorset election was ludicrous. They expected to be beaten by four hundred; but, in fact, they held the seat, though by a greatly reduced majority. They hardly knew what to do. They had the funeral baked meats ready, but were not prepared for a jollification. Hence their hysterics.

A victory over an enemy so discredited and disheartened ought not to be difficult, and should be complete.

MR. BALFOUR DISSEMBLES.

MR. BALFOUR has probably a wholesome contempt, if not a "brutal scorn," for the Tory caucus. An association of whole-pay agents, half-pay officers, and pretentious busybodies, is not, if he can help it, to have a determining voice as to the fate of the empire. But, unlike the shadowy aristocrat in Tennyson's "Maud," Mr. Balfour has the politic sense to conceal his honest and honourable prejudice under a glassy smile. It is from this personal point of view, rather than as contributions to serious political thought, that his performances at Huddersfield are worthy of attentive study.

One of those London correspondents, who are expected by reason of their residence in this great metropolis to have the gift of prophecy, as well as the most correct knowledge of every back-stairs intrigue, wrote some days ago that if Mr. Balfour did not refer to local government at Huddersfield, it might be assumed that local government was to be dropped. Mr. Balfour's speech at the public meeting on Monday must have led this correspondent to conclude that the caucus had indeed prevailed. There were some fairly sensible remarks about small holdings and co-operative farming. The only reference to Ireland was a fresh promulgation of the doctrine of kindly but perpetual coercion. But Mr. Balfour had not done. On Tuesday afternoon he opened the "County Conservative Club," where he was presented with a golden key, while "the path along the central hall was strewed" (as they tell us in the *Times*) "with yellow and white chrysanthemums, dropped from the gallery surrounding the hall by large numbers of ladies." To this select and sympathetic audience Mr. Balfour was able to explain without interruption his views on local government for Ireland.

There was no trace of pique, no menace of disciplinary measures, in his speech. He took up the position, not of a statesman pledged to carry through, in spite of all opposition, a great con-

structive reform, but of a candid and critical citizen of the world. He committed himself to nothing, and asked his hearers to commit themselves to nothing. "I think," he said, "that we really may agree upon two points—that local government should be introduced in Ireland, if we can introduce it safely; but that it should not be introduced into Ireland if it cannot be introduced safely," which precept was considered so commendably inoffensive that it was greeted with "loud cheers." He did not try the party fidelity by anything more definite. With a charming effort to detach himself from his own policy and his own government, he declared that, if the Bill proposed were one which would "strengthen the forces of anarchy," "no intentions expressed by the leaders of the Unionist party ought to stand in the way of our rejecting such a measure in the House of Commons. (Loud cheers.)" If the Bill was not a great measure, it was useless; if it was not a good measure, it was harmful; but while he himself believed that a Bill could be devised which would be at once great and good, he did not venture, even in vaguest outline, in hastiest impression, to show what the Bill would be like. He merely consoled his party by the smooth platitudes which serve as

"Clumsy bridges,
Whereon, as on firm ground, the mob may walk
Across the gulf of doubt and know no danger."

They are to hug those platitudes to their bosoms, trust the statesman who is so very correct in expression, suspend their judgment till Mr. Balfour explains the Bill in the House of Commons, and the whips will see to the rest.

This is indeed admirable from the point of view of the Tory tactician. It is like oil on troubled waters. But is it really a worthy way of dealing with a great political question? We would venture to suggest to the honest among the Tory party that, if their theory and Mr. Balfour's theory as to the character of the Irish people is correct, no artificial checks can prevent any system of local government worthy of the name from being used to the injury of England and the English garrison. Sir Stephen de Vere's argument in the *Nineteenth Century* seems to us, on this hypothesis and with these premises, to be unanswerable. The Irish people are still with Mr. Balfour "the disloyal majority." The pitiful show which the Unionists made at the Cork election leads him to speak of Colonel Saunderson and all his chivalry as a "small and insignificant" minority. If this be so, the Tory caucus were right. If, as we rather choose to believe, the Irish people have no wish to use their power unfairly, it would be better to trust them altogether. But perhaps it is hardly fair to deal in a serious way with a speech which was merely intended to soothe the uneasy. It was a delicate and graceful speech, in tone with the chrysanthemums.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

TELEGRAMS received in the early part of this week have informed us that a serious revolt has broken out in the north-east of China, that Christian missionaries have been barbarously massacred, and that Peking depends for its safety on the success of the troops sent against the rebels. It is characteristic of the political solidarity which unites all countries of the modern world that this news should contain elements of much future embarrassment to England. We are greatly interested in the stability of the dynasty now ruling at Peking, and in maintaining friendly relations with the Chinese people. A revival of the tumultuous disorder which desolated

the finest provinces of the Empire under the name of the Taeping rebellion, and which was sharply accentuated by our own attack on Peking in 1860, would be keenly felt in our Eastern commerce, and would be exceedingly disconcerting to our Asiatic diplomacy. At this moment, when the affairs of Central Asia are in an ambiguous and fluctuating condition, and when Russia has been throwing forward her outposts into the Pamirs—that important debatable land which lies between Eastern Turkistan and the western frontier of Chinese Tartary—it would by no means suit English policy that the Peking Government should be paralysed at the extremities by a blow at the centre of its dominion. The independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire are of the greatest importance for maintaining a balance of power throughout Eastern Asia, and for establishing some kind of permanent political settlement in the outlying regions, which are beginning to feel the pressure of the two rival European Powers, England and Russia. If a successful insurrection were to reduce China to impotent confusion, she would lose all control over her distant provinces, and along the whole of the frontier of several thousand miles where her possessions are now conterminous with our Indian empire our difficulties would be incalculably increased. The two great Chinese provinces of Kashgar in the extreme West, and Yunnan in the South-West, which were for the time completely lost by the Peking dynasty during the Taeping rebellion, are precisely the countries in which it is important for England that Chinese authority should be maintained. Kashgar commands some very practicable passes that lead from the North into Kashmir; while almost the whole of our new Burmese frontier is covered on the East by Yunnan.

An additional and still more awkward complication may arise out of the possibility that just at the moment when we desire a good understanding with China, she may have given us grounds for an attitude of resentment and protest. The telegrams from Peking assert that the local Mandarins of the disturbed districts saved themselves and their people by abandoning the Christian missions to sack and pillage; and that three hundred European and native Christians have been slaughtered. All outbreaks of this sort are accompanied by widespread and fast-flying rumours of atrocities; and in this instance it is difficult to understand how details can have reached Peking so speedily; while at any rate later telegrams warn us to await authentication of these ghastly reports. The history of foreign missions in China, unfortunately, leaves no doubt that they are unpopular; nor is it surprising that strangers who enter a country with the avowed object of subverting powerful religious establishments that are closely allied with the State, and incorporated with many of the social institutions, should find themselves exposed to formidable animosities. The missionaries may have set out on their enterprise without asking the advice of officials or diplomatists; nevertheless, when outrages are impending, their ambassadors are called in; and a civilised nation cannot stand by quietly when its citizens are murdered by a mob. In times of peace diplomatic influence is exceedingly useful; but those who enjoy the privilege of official patronage are liable to share official unpopularity, so that with the downfall of local authority the missionary may lose his best or only safeguard. Then begins the cross-fire of conflicting diplomatic arguments, remonstrances, and threats, until we may find ourselves again, as in 1860, embroiled with the government of China at a time when we are particularly concerned to befriend it. External complications combine with internal revolt to shake the loose framework of Asiatic administration, and the consequences are soon perceived in

disorder along our frontiers; while any project that might have been entertained of upholding Chinese landmarks as a barrier to the encroachment of more formidable neighbours becomes less hopeful than ever.

We trust, however, that the reports of a dangerous insurrection are exaggerated; and for the present we prefer to disbelieve the stories of a massacre. The point upon which we lay stress is the importance, to England, of maintaining friendship with China, of securing her confidence in our justice and moderation, and of strengthening instead of weakening her position in Eastern Asia. The Chinese are the most rational people on the Asiatic continent; their society is ancient, well organised, and in a certain degree highly cultivated. On questions of general policy we may easily find a common ground; on questions of trade we may find a common advantage; but, although they are singularly free from religious bigotry, on religious questions there is no prospect whatever of an agreement, and there are many chances of a quarrel. It would be a matter of great regret, and a serious drawback to the tranquillity of our Indian frontiers, if that great empire, the oldest by far in the world, should fall away into discord and possible dislocation; and it would be very impolitic on our part to do anything that might expedite a contingency that England should spare no pains to retard.

AN EDUCATIONAL CHECK.

AT the School Board election last week the proportion of actual voters to voters on the register was about one to four, and Mr. Diggle and his party sway the destinies of elementary education by virtue of the fact that about one voter in eight has been induced to support him. A slightly happier adjustment of the voting strength of the Progressives would have robbed him even of the bare majority of three, on which he can count for the supreme end of maintaining his position in the chair. If the Progressives had run three instead of four candidates in East Lambeth, and three, instead of virtually five, in Marylebone, we should, with the aid of the Independents, have drawn fairly level with the astute organiser who has now for three elections maintained a direction—largely factitious—of the affairs of the Board. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Diggle is not to be thoroughly overthrown save by the vigorous efforts of the London artisans, and this, under the fantastic apportionment of voting power between eleven huge wards, each a Dublin or a Manchester in itself, and with the absence of a lodger vote, appears to be impossible. At present the precious heritage of the Education Act is preserved to the working men of London, not by their own efforts, but by the public spirit of the Nonconformists and the lower middle classes, whose interests are purely intellectual and social. It is not a pleasant reflection, but it has to be made, and the working classes will be none the worse for having it thoroughly brought home to them. In Bethnal Green, for instance, notwithstanding the great popularity of Mr. Headlam and a strong and an excellent organisation, only 1,800 voters, out of 16,000, could be dragged up to the poll. The decay of public spirit could go no further than this.

As for the practical results of the election, we regret them, but we do not over-estimate their importance. Practically we are as we were in 1888. Mr. Diggle then had a majority without power. It remains to be seen whether he will do any better with his new party than with his old. To a certain extent his hands are strengthened by the loss of

independent educationalists like Mr. Curtis, Mr. Gent, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Eyton; but, on the other hand, he will miss a henchman of the uncompromising type of Mr. Helby, and he will be confronted with a new reserve of educational energy in men like Mr. Jackson and Mr. Bruce; while we doubt whether he will make any substantial headway against antagonists of the calibre of Mr. Stanley, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Bowie. His party is indeed the poorest in point of talent which has ever wielded power over the educational interests of London. Moreover, he will be confronted at the outset with the penalty attaching to an election fought almost entirely under false pretences. For three years, Mr. Diggle has posed as an economist who does not and cannot economise, and he will now have to sustain the pretence for three years longer. Hitherto he has contrived cleverly enough to avoid pledging himself on such questions as the pianos, the swimming-baths, and teachers' salaries, on which alone any popular running was made; and he has too accurate a measure of the intelligence of Lord Wemyss and his friends to take a policy as well as votes from the ground landlords of London. No one knows better than Mr. Diggle that the expenditure of the new London School Board is, like its predecessors, measured first, by the Code and the custom of the Department; secondly, by the policy of the Board of 1888; and, thirdly, by the irresistible expansion of primary education. The "Ratepayers' Protection League" will rage when they have discovered that in returning Mr. Diggle they imagined the vain thing of a sweeping reduction in the School Board Budget. But we very much doubt whether a single piano will be removed, a single swimming-bath discontinued, or a single teacher's salary curtailed, as the result of Mr. Diggle's victory. That, at all events, is clearly the view of the *Times*, which, having helped to get votes for the economists, is characteristically eager to impress upon them that they must do nothing whatever to keep faith with the men and women who gave them. There are certain classes of men who value office without power. If Mr. Diggle is one of them he can gratify his ambition, but he cannot curtail in any essential particular the provision for the educational needs of London.

Meanwhile, it is well worth while to impress the most hopeful moral of the election on the minds of politicians who expect the working man to do everything for them, while they do nothing for the working man. The one triumph of the Progressive party was achieved in Tower Hamlets in the persons of the two Toynbee Hall candidates, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Bruce. Mr. Barnett may fairly claim that whatever other people's experience of the London working man may be, he has not found him ungrateful. Toynbee Hall is not a social cure-all, and in some respects it has set the note of a rather fanciful eclecticism. But it is the first notable instance of really fruitful association between classes divided as ruthlessly as the islands in what Matthew Arnold calls "the estranging sea." The Toynbee Hall candidates were thus alone able to overcome the perverse electoral arrangement which practically divided the million inhabitants of the East End into two vast constituencies. They were able to go to their neighbours and appeal to sentiments of which even the best type of Progressive candidates were able to take little account. This little incident of neighbourly feeling enlightens the dim and unexplored recesses of London working-class life. The question is whether this sentiment of neighbourliness—so difficult to preserve on account of the bewildering conflict of local areas and authorities which muddles away the store of public spirit in London—can be aroused

in the County Council election, with its smaller constituencies and more democratically composed electorate. There is no need to disguise the awkward truth that London Liberalism is not at this moment efficiently led. The School Board election emphasises the need for once more taking the metropolis in hand and awaking the passion for reform which swept the Progressives into power in 1887, and has, in its turn, lapsed into the pathetic pessimism which is London's prevailing mood.

THE PROGRESSIVES' PROGRAMME.

IT is now more than ever important that the Progressive campaign for the County Council election should be begun at once. The area to be covered is so vast, the indifference to be overcome is so great, that the three months which we now have before the polling day will be none too much for the task of really rousing the six hundred thousand London voters to that decision upon their own municipal destiny which must now be obtained from them.

For the issue is a momentous one. The ensuing County Council election will not be fought, like the School Board contest, upon any narrow grounds of administration. Whatever the Duke of Westminster may this time say, there is no essential difference between "Progressives" and "Moderates" in the actual conduct of County Council affairs. What is at issue between the two parties is, what those affairs should be. On the one hand will be those who see in the London County Council nothing but a kind of "glorified vestry," a parochial body of a larger growth than usual, whose functions should be limited to the strange jumble of business which was entrusted to the Metropolitan Board of Affairs in sheer lack of other organised structure of London's collective life. On the other side are those, like ourselves, who see in London's Council the fitting metropolitan analogue of those Town Councils which have, for nearly two generations, been playing such a useful part in the regeneration or development of every other city of the Empire.

There is no doubt on which side the strength and influence of the Liberal party will be thrown. A year ago we gave in these columns a series of articles upon the main points in that "London Programme" which has since received the hearty endorsement of the Liberal party at the Newcastle meeting. The grant of complete municipal autonomy to the metropolis is, indeed, a matter of more than local concern. The squalor and the poverty, the municipal apathy and political ignorance which are born of London's shameful inability to administer its own affairs, are a standing menace to the prosperity and good government of the whole country. Home Rule for London, like Home Rule for Ireland, has, in fact, ceased to be a merely local issue, and rises now to the dignity of a political necessity for the well-being of the Empire.

But London must help itself. The citizens of its fifty-eight constituencies must promptly set about the task of winning for London reform the majority of seats in an election of which the importance to London and to Liberalism can scarcely be exaggerated. In the metropolis, indeed, the County Council election will inevitably be a kind of "dress rehearsal" of the still more important fight at the polls which must follow at a few months' interval. It is therefore of the most vital importance that the energy of every London Liberal should for the next three months be concentrated upon the earlier struggle.

The programme for the Progressive party is,

indeed, already formulated. It is expressed in the mere recital of those municipal wrongs upon which we have so often insisted. It costs under seven hundred thousand a year to supply London with scanty and polluted water; but London has to pay one million seven hundred thousand pounds for the water so supplied. There is no market authority for the metropolis, and private monopolists levy an utterly unnecessary toll on the food of the people. The system of casual labour at its privately owned docks is denounced by all experts as the main cause of the demoralisation of its riverside population, and a positive menace to its trade. Its gas-supply has fallen into the hands of three bodies of non-competing capitalists, who charge unnecessarily high rates for its chief source of artificial light in order to maintain a thirteen per cent. dividend. Its tramways are used as an instrument for exacting labour for excessive hours and under tyrannous conditions which revolt the public conscience. It has as yet done nothing to follow the example of Glasgow or Huddersfield or Nottingham in rescuing the thirty thousand inhabitants of its ghastly common lodging-houses from their miserable homeless existence. The housing of its poor is a scandal to the world. Over thirty of its parishes, with an aggregate population of nearly half a million, have within their boundaries no baths of any kind, public or private, individual or swimming. Two hundred thousand of its families live each in a single room; but only thirteen parishes have erected public wash-houses. Its hospitals are without co-ordination or control; its poor law administration is anarchic in its vagaries; even the burial of its eighty thousand annual dead is made a source of unnecessary private profit. Its finances are confused and incomprehensible; its rates are heavy and unequal; and, notwithstanding an almost crushing burden on the poorer ratepayers, the most pressing improvements have to be postponed, the most useful municipal services are starved or relinquished, because London's main fiscal resources have been neither reformed nor enlarged since the Middle Ages.

These evils cannot be righted without that genuine reform of London Government which Mr. Ritchie had not the courage to attempt. Those who resist that reform, necessarily maintain in all their strength the causes of London's degeneration. The Local Government Act of 1888 made London a county, and this was no small gain. What now remains is to make the Metropolis of the Empire into a municipal borough, and to divide between the London County Council and the new District Councils all the powers which have so long been enjoyed by Birmingham or Glasgow. It will then be for the London people to work out their own salvation; and what they must now declare is their readiness to take upon themselves these responsibilities of municipal administration, and their determination to be no longer denied the ordinary privileges of municipal citizenship. The bold municipalisation of London's local monopolies is the best chance of developing that local enterprise and local patriotism without which no great urban community can live in health. We are glad to think that the Liberal party is prepared to back with its whole strength the London Progressive programme; what is now needed is a little energy, a little self-sacrifice, a little united action on the part of Londoners themselves. That apathy which has just clouded the educational outlook in London must not be maintained at the election next March. It is high time that the London Liberal and Radical Union, which is to consider this question next Monday, really braced itself up seriously to organise the forces of London Liberalism in the great task that is before them.

MR. GOSCHEN ON ONE-POUND NOTES.

At Merchant Taylors' Hall on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Goschen spoke for an hour and a half in defence of his proposed issue of one-pound notes. The defence was able and interesting, and it was better received than most people would have expected in an audience composed of City bankers and City merchants. It was quite evident, all the same, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not very confident that his proposal would be accepted either by the City or by the country at large. As explained on Wednesday afternoon, his plan differs slightly from that sketched in his Leeds speech. It is decidedly simpler, and somewhat more workable. There is now to be no intervention by the Treasury, and the Bank of England alone is to have the right to issue one-pound notes. On the other hand, there is a new objectionable feature. It is this: when the Bank holds twenty-two millions in gold, it may begin to issue one-pound notes, four-fifths of these new notes to be secured by keeping an equivalent amount of gold, and one-fifth by keeping securities—which we presume mean Consols. For example, suppose the Bank of England were to issue twenty-five millions of one-pound notes, then it would have to increase its gold by twenty millions, and to increase its Consols by five millions. At the present time, in round figures, the Bank holds twenty-two millions in gold, and it issues £16,500,000 besides on the security of Consols. Its total circulation therefore is, in round figures, about £38,500,000. Under the new plan it would retain this circulation, and it would issue in addition twenty-five millions of one-pound notes, adding twenty millions to the gold and five millions to the Consols. Thus £21,500,000 would be issued on Consols, and forty-two millions would be issued on gold. In other words, out of a total of £63,500,000 of circulation, there would be forty-two millions on gold and £21,500,000 on Consols. The Chancellor of the Exchequer urges—and quite correctly—that under the new plan the notes would be better secured than under the present one, for there would be two-thirds of the circulation in gold, while at present there are only twenty-two out of thirty-eight and a half millions, or less than 59 per cent. But it is obvious, on the other hand, that the total gold in the country would be reduced. The Bank of England would be strengthened by increasing its gold from twenty-two to forty-two millions, but the country would be weakened. At the present time there are twenty-five millions in sovereigns and half-sovereigns circulating in the pockets of the people. If one-pound notes were issued, this would be replaced by the new notes, and only twenty millions thereby kept in the Bank of England. The five millions in gold so displaced from the circulation would be driven out of the country.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer admits that this would probably be so; but he urges that twenty millions in the Bank of England would be far more valuable and more available as a reserve than twenty-five millions in circulation, and that, therefore, the country would be better off. But what is the reason for proposing to allow the Bank of England to increase its fiduciary issue—the issue, that is, not secured by gold? The Chancellor of the Exchequer replies that the Bank would have no inducement to issue one-pound notes if it had to keep an equivalent amount of gold; the only profit it would derive would be out of the one-fifth against which it could hold Consols that would yield it interest. But if the object is to accumulate a vast metallic reserve in London which shall be always immediately available, and if this is done for the interest of the whole country and not of the Bank of England, would it

not be better to remit the taxation now imposed upon the note circulation of the Bank on condition that it issued one-pound notes? The Bank would thus have an inducement for issuing those notes, and yet no gold would be driven out of the country.

Mr. Goschen frankly admitted that he is not at all sure the opinion of the country is in favour of his plan. In the South he confesses opinion is against him, but the farther north one goes the more favourable it becomes. The preference of the general public for coin can, he thinks, be neutralised if bankers generally are interested in making the experiment a success; and Mr. Goschen hopes that he has the means of inducing bankers to do this in the power he has to call in light sovereigns for re-coinage. Apparently, he intends to invite the bankers to accept the light coins as of full weight, giving, if the bankers will accept them, one-pound notes in exchange. The bankers thereby would make a profit, since they would get a note worth a full-weight sovereign in exchange for a light-weight sovereign; and at the same time the bankers would immediately be interested in getting the notes into circulation, inasmuch as only thereby could they realise the profit. The plan is ingenious, and possibly it may succeed. We all remember how Mr. Goschen was able to interest bankers and brokers in his Conversion scheme. But this result can only be obtained where the dislike of one-pound notes is not great. It is almost certain that they will fail in London. The majority of Londoners will unquestionably prefer coin to notes, and as the use of cheques is so general in London, there is little occasion for carrying about very many sovereigns.

The most objectionable part of the plan unquestionably is, as we have already said, the certainty that one-fifth of the coin displaced by one-pound notes will be exported, and therefore lost to the country. On the other hand, the best feature of the plan is the proposal to modify in another way the Bank Charter Act. Mr. Goschen professes himself a strong supporter of the Act; but even he has to admit that the Act is too inelastic. It lays down an iron rule which cannot be departed from without violation of the law. Accordingly, when a great panic breaks out, the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank have to apply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a letter authorising them to issue notes without holding gold as a security. Up to the present time the authority has always been given, but clearly it implies violation of the law on the part both of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the directors of the Bank of England; and, as Mr. Goschen also pointed out, it appears to be a breach of contract with the old note-holders. Instead of continuing this system of law-breaking, Mr. Goschen proposes that, if his plan is accepted, power should be given to the Bank of England to issue one-pound notes over and above the amount against which gold and consols are held, on condition that specified rates of interest are charged for them. If the first issue did not allay the panic, a further issue would be made and a higher rate of interest would be charged. The plan, as Mr. Goschen admitted, is copied from a proposal of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, which, however, was never carried through Parliament; and the only credit Mr. Goschen claims for his own plan is that it joins together two different proposals, basing the one upon the other. He might have added that his plan closely resembles a provision of the German law. The Imperial Bank of Germany is authorised to issue any amount of notes it pleases provided it pays the Government a duty of 5 per cent. on the excess above what is called the authorised issue and the amount of coin

and bullion held by the Bank. The German law-givers argue that as the Bank would have to pay 5 per cent. it would not issue these notes until it could employ them at a higher rate of interest; that, therefore, there would be no danger of encouraging undue speculation, but that the Bank would be given a discretionary power to deal with crises; and in practice the power has been found to work well. Mr. Goschen's plan appears to be less simple. It does not give the Bank of England quite as great power, but it is based on practically the same considerations and is defended by the same arguments.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Chancellor of the German Empire has given one of those pacific assurances by which—as a Continental paper remarks—the various Governments of Europe seek, each in its turn, to dissociate themselves from the responsibility of the final explosion. Another Sovereign—the King of Denmark—has paid another visit of ceremony, this time to Berlin: and the question of the position of the Papacy has been somewhat inconveniently revived—in France by the agitation following the ill-advised prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix; in Austria and Italy by some unfortunate remarks of Count Kalnoky on the Italian Law of Guarantees. Otherwise, as is proper when Parliaments are in session, and naval and military manœuvres are out of season, the Continental news this week is chiefly concerned with internal politics.

The Archbishop of Aix has just published the letters of sympathy addressed to him under the title "My Trial." They fill some 500 octavo pages of print. He has also received numerous contributions towards the payment of his not very oppressive fine; and the *Figaro* has collected 5,229 francs for the purpose, and thereby incurred a fine under the Press law. On the other hand, the Bishop of Bayonne uttered an energetic protest in his own Cathedral on Sunday last against the statement by a Jesuit priest that the Archbishop's conduct had the Papal sanction: and inculcated, it is said, abstention from politics on the part of the clergy. The incident has stimulated the agitation for the separation of Church and State among Catholics as well as among Radicals. The Radical programme now being published by M. Goblet in the *Petite République Française* gives this measure prominence. Moreover, a motion is talked of (which has been adopted by a previous Chamber) directing the Government not to fill up any vacancies in the twenty-two sees created since the Concordat—a more effectual blow to the Church than disestablishment.

This week the Chamber has been discussing colonial questions. The forward policy of the French Government in Tonkin and Touat has evoked Radical protests, while a treaty with Dahomey, putting France in the position of England in Cyprus, at least as regards the Customs revenue of Kotonou, was attacked during a four hours' debate on Saturday by Radicals and Chauvinists—partly on constitutional grounds. But the Government secured its own way by a majority of some five to one.

The miners' strike in the Pas de Calais ended on Monday, the men's demands being practically conceded, except as to the eight hours' day. This is, we believe, the first occasion in which a Government has intervened to promote arbitration in a labour dispute. The matter was discussed in a business-like spirit by both sides, and it was not necessary to appeal to umpires. A Bill now before the Chamber provides that, if both parties agree, labour disputes shall henceforward be referred to the arbitration of the *juge de paix*, or of arbitrators to be appointed by him. The decisions may be published, and will in time doubtless have the force of customary law. Somewhat similar proposals have been before the

Chamber at intervals since 1886. Other Bills before the Chamber provide respectively that foreigners intending to reside and carry on business in France must register within a fortnight of their arrival; and that all Deputies on election must declare either that they have performed their military service or that they have been excused according to law. This latter Bill is, of course, intended for M. Paul, or, as some Republican papers are now careful to call him, Pablo Lafargue. Another Bill provides that electors absent from home during an election may, nevertheless, record their votes—a very questionable reform.

In Belgium the Liberal League has declared against universal suffrage pure and simple, on the ground that under it the urban electors would be overwhelmed by the illiterate ultramontane country voters, and the eventual result would be civil war. As yet, however, the League seems to have no positive programme.

In the debate on the Imperial Budget in the German Reichstag, General von Caprivi on Friday week assured the world that the relations between Germany and other Powers—particularly Russia—were excellent: that the Russian garrisons, nominally on the frontier, were at least 300 kilometres behind it; and that the pessimistic views of the situation were due to the Press. He defended the Anglo-German treaty, insisted on the value of Heligoland, and hinted—somewhat inconsistently with his own optimism—at an increase of the army in proportion to the population. On Monday Herr Bebel, the Socialist, vigorously contrasted the Chancellor's words with the steady increase of armaments, attacked the corn duties, and made a bold reference to those pessimist orators the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, for which he was called to order. Herr Richter, the leader of the Liberals, severely criticised the Emperor's recent action in issuing decrees without the signature of a Minister, and urged the abolition of the duties on corn.

General Caprivi's attack on the Press has produced a bitter reply from the *Cologne Gazette*—which it need hardly be said is bourgeois, National Liberal, and Bismarckian—reflecting seriously on the Emperor, and hinting that Radicals do not now attack the Monarchy because they see it is committing suicide.

Another astounding speech is attributed to the German Emperor. He is said to have told some recruits at Potsdam that they "had now given themselves to him, body and soul," and that "with the present Socialist agitation, they might have to shoot down their own fathers and brothers." Explanations are awaited, but the report is as yet uncontradicted.

More than 6,000 compositors are still out in Berlin. Some 3,400 have had their demands for shorter hours conceded.

The Bavarian Legislature has just repealed a law requiring the consent of the communal authorities as a condition of the marriage of any member of the commune, which consent is only given on the proof of possession of adequate means of subsistence. The result, of course, has always been a high percentage of illegitimate births, and a comparatively low estimate of wedlock.

The Customs League of Central Europe will be definitely constituted in a few days. The commercial treaties connecting Austria, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Belgium are to come before the respective Legislatures next week for ratification.

Before the Hungarian delegations last week, in reply to a speech in favour of restoring the Temporal power of the Papacy, Count Kalnoky said in effect that Austria could not intervene in the affairs of a friendly nation, but that the position of the Papacy was unsatisfactory. Hence an interpellation by Signor Bovio in the Italian Chamber, and explanations by the Austrian ambassador. Count Kalnoky had to deal with a Catholic audience; but his remarks are ill-timed, in view of the agitation in Italy against the Papal Law of Guarantees.

The Budget statement of the Italian Minister of Finance on Tuesday promises a deficit of only

1,000,000 lire for 1891-92, and a surplus of 9,000,000 lire for the next financial year. It is thought, however, that the statement is much too favourable.

The Abyssinian scandals have taken a startling turn. When Livraghi's story was published last March, his statement that his superior officers had ordered the assassinations with which he was charged was generally discredited—so generally that the correspondents of the English Press abstained from noticing the matter altogether. Now, General Baldissera, formerly in command at Massowah, has publicly taken the full responsibility of fourteen of the secret nocturnal assassinations which have so shocked Italian opinion, and declared that they were necessary for the safety of the colony. One indeed—that of a native merchant, Getheon—he regrets: it was committed without his knowledge; but Getheon's property was divided among the assassins as lawful loot. Generals Cossato and Orero have also taken the responsibility for some of the murders; and they are defended by a portion of the Press. Such are the methods forced on Italy by Signor Crispi's "Erythraean colony" in Abyssinia!

The trial of the persons charged with riot in Rome on May 1st will shortly recommence before a differently constituted court.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened on Monday.

In the Greek Chamber on Monday M. Deliyannis announced that, owing to economies effected and increase of revenue, he has been able to devote twenty-one millions of francs to railway construction and the service of the Public Debt. The issue of a new loan is contemplated, and the revenue of 1892 will balance the expenditure. A committee has been nominated to consider the question of impeaching M. Tricoupis—the immediate decision demanded by his own friends being refused by the Chamber. His party, it is said, believe the impeachment to be a mere threat, kept hanging over him as long as possible to discredit his utterances.

A Cabinet crisis is in progress in Roumania. M. Catargi is spoken of as the new Prime Minister.

Rumours of a projected prohibition of the export of horses from Russia have been in circulation this week, and have been contradicted. There seems little doubt that there is a serious quarrel between the Ministers of Finance and of the Interior, and that the former must soon resign.

A long manifesto by the new President of Brazil was issued last Saturday, promising economy, the supremacy of the law, and the reorganisation of the banking system. Rio Grande do Sul is not yet satisfied.

In Argentina the situation is again threatening. Great complaints are made by the Radicals of the intimidation practised by the Government at the municipal elections on Sunday—which caused the Radicals to abstain almost entirely—and by the Government of the revolutionary manoeuvres of the Radicals. The moderate section of the Union Civica is supporting the candidature of General Mitre and Señor Uriburu for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively, and has definitely broken with the Radicals.

We deal elsewhere with the situation in China.

RUSSIA AND THE ROUMANIAN PRIEST.

MY Roumanian friend had a large farm somewhere between Bucharest and Jassy on the foothills of the Carpathians, and not more than two days' military marching from the Russian frontier. He wished me to pay him a visit in a part of his country which had lain in the path of the Russian advance in 1877, and which would suffer most in the event of another war.

When I had provided safe quarters for my canoe, which was to me more precious than all the Balkan States, I purchased a third-class ticket, by dint of

pantomime mingled with transatlantic Latin, and found that it entitled me to ride for six hours in a wooden box on wheels with a lively assortment of Jews, long-haired peasants, shepherds with tall lamb's-wool hats, Turks with red sashes, and some handsome lasses who wore a single garment strongly suggestive of the most innocent period of ancient sculpture. The day was violently hot, but not hot enough to discourage me from enjoying the society of my box-load, which behaved, by the way, with more courtesy one to another than many a compartment of higher grade in countries that consider themselves more civilised. Two priests of the Greek Church sat near and sought to converse with me. My dress was much the worse for hard service, and as I carried a sailor's kit bag, they took me, of course, for a bankrupt mechanic or sailor sent home by his consul. These priests wore robes of majestic dignity, the effect of which was, however, spoiled by the amount of grease and other filth that had accumulated all over them. They were, like those I subsequently saw, handsome men, with long beards and hair reaching to the shoulder. Each carried a dirty bundle of clothes under his arm—from the corner of one I noticed the end of a loaf of coarse bread protruding. It was some time before either of these priests could find a seat, as no passenger rose to offer his. And yet this was just the sort of passengers of whom, in any other country, such a courtesy might have been expected. What is more, the priests themselves did not act as though they expected any more consideration than other peasants.

However, I was anxious to talk with them, and as they spoke no modern language save their own, I called to a half-drunken man, who had been raising much merriment at their expense, and asked him to interpret for me. This man I had, some minutes before, pushed off the bench in front of me because his behaviour annoyed a little girl next to him, but he bore no malice and spoke to me in pretty fair German.

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"Nowhere! I am a Pole," was his laconic but sad answer. Instead of acting as interpreter, however—for I asked him if the priests spoke Latin—he took his battered hat from his head, shook it at arm's length in the faces of the clerical gentlemen, and said—

"Is there anything inside of that hat?"

"No," was my answer.

"Well, there is just so much in the heads of those dirty pigs!"

The reverend gentlemen thus referred to obviously failed to understand what my Polish informant said; though, from the way in which the people in general treated them, I doubt whether anyone in the car would have much resented the language used.

My Roumanian friend had prepared a welcome for me in the shape of a peasant dance, to which had been invited all the young people of his village, as well as the parents. The dancing was upon the lawn in front of the high verandah. Wine and cake were dispensed without stint; the young lads and lasses danced with wonderful grace and vigour; the maidens were pretty and very active; the old people had seats brought out for them by the servants of the house; and nothing was lacking to form a picture of Arcadian contentment. Soon, too, arrived the village priest, his long grey locks flowing in waves upon his shoulders, and with a beard to make the fortune of a quack. No one paid more attention to him than to another, and it did not occur to anyone to invite him into the house or even to sit upon the verandah. He came, however, without being asked; stopped a few moments to partake of refreshments; then, receiving no encouragement to continue his visit, rose and went again to where the gipsy band was putting life into the frisky feet of the peasants. As his form reached a safe distance, I heard something like "Damn his impudence!" from more than one upon the verandah, and this gave rise in me to the suspicion that my long-robed friends of the

third-class compartment were, after all, not such bad specimens of the priestly craft in this part of the world. I took the first opportunity of comparing notes on this subject with not merely my host, but others in his station, who know their country well and what they have to hope and fear from their priesthood. To put their many statements into a concrete form would make one somewhat like this—

"The Roumanian priest is educated for the most part in Russia, and as the little he knows comes from such places as Kieff, it is natural that our priests in general look to Petersburg for guidance much as the Roman Catholics of London and New York turn to Rome. I cannot deny that they are a power—a great power; but they are far from being the greatest. If they were well educated they would be dangerous, but they are as a rule so stupid, and so little beyond the peasant with whom they consort, that they lose much of the opportunity offered them."

"What is their social position?" was a question I put my host—rather a superfluous one after what I had witnessed.

"They are dirty brutes; no one will have them in their house. This one you saw comes here once a month to scatter holy water about and frighten away the devil, for which I have to give him a few francs so as not to make him my enemy. He goes about doing this sort of thing all over the district, squeezing coppers wherever he can. He had the impudence to come up here to-day because he wanted to see you and find out something about you; but we never dream of having him inside of the house as a guest. Why I don't believe he ever used a fork in his life!"

"Are they then so poor?"

"Not a bit of it. They are much better off than the priests in Greece, and even in Russia. Each of them has sixteen pogons of land—about sixteen acres—and they get in addition a sack of wheat once a year from each one of their peasants, and on top of this they get a State bounty, for here everyone must pay taxes to support the Established Church, no matter whether he is Jew or Protestant.

"Moreover, as in the Anglican Church, the bishops sit in Parliament and influence legislation. The bishops, however, in Roumania are drawn from religious orders whose members are not allowed to marry, whereas the parish priests must marry. The class from which bishops are created is also much superior in intelligence and bred to that from which parish priests are recruited. The bishops are nominated by the Synod, but are selected by a joint vote of both Houses before the names can be submitted to the King for approval. So far, it is taken for granted that names submitted to the King will always be approved."

As to their relations in the event of war I received no encouraging answer.

"The Roumanian priests are the most dangerous enemies we have. They are pretty much all under Russian influence, and cannot conceive of anything good emanating elsewhere than from Kieff or Moscow. The Russians are massing troops against us all along their Bessarabian frontier, and none of us are simple enough to suppose that those troops are there for ornamental purposes."

"What is to be the result then?"

"The patriotism of the people will carry the day the moment war is declared. The priests may do their worst; but they can never make us forget what we did for Russia in 1877, how cruelly we have suffered at Russian hands since then, and how much worse things are in store for us if Russian troops again march across our territory. The present Cabinet seems to be in sympathy with the priesthood—but that is only skin deep. Make no mistake, Roumania realises what Russian friendship means; and that is why we are preparing for a fight to the last man when the signal is made in Berlin."

I need only add that my friends were all orthodox members of the Greek communion.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE view of the functions of the House of Lords which is now being advanced by Unionist speakers and writers involves such a formidable innovation, both in the theory and the practice of the Constitution, that it cannot be too carefully scrutinised. "The House of Lords," said Lord Salisbury at Birmingham, on November 24th, "will not resist the opinion of their countrymen, clearly and definitely expressed, on an issue specially submitted to them. . . . The House of Lords will be right in requiring that the assent of the constituencies should be given to the definite provisions of which the Bill (*i.e.*, the next Home Rule Bill) is composed." The power which the Upper House is here asserted to possess in reference to a particular measure, it must be assumed to possess equally in reference to the general policy of the Government of the day. The proposition comes, therefore, to this: that the House of Lords, when it differs from the House of Commons upon a matter of capital importance, has the right, and perhaps the duty of compelling a dissolution for the purpose of submitting the issue to the decision of the electors.

I propose to-day to show that the doctrine thus formulated is an absolute novelty, and that for the last sixty years not a single precedent can be cited in support of it.

I will first dispose of the instance referred to by Lord Salisbury, and apparently imagined by him to be a case in point. "Lord Grey," he says, "submitted his Bill (*i.e.*, the Reform Bill) to the country. . . . The cry was 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.' When Mr. Gladstone is able to bring back from the constituencies a cry for any Home Rule Bill, asserted by the decisive majority of the electorate in favour of 'the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' I do not think he will have much trouble with the House of Lords." Unfortunately for the appositeness of this example, Lord Grey's "trouble with the House of Lords" began after, and not before, the country had pronounced for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." The dissolution at which the Reform Bill was submitted to the constituencies was caused by an adverse vote in committee in the House of Commons on General Gascoyne's celebrated amendment. The House of Lords were in the act of carrying an address to the Crown against a dissolution, when the arrival of the King in person, for the purpose of proroguing Parliament, put a stop to their proceedings. The General Election took place in the summer of 1831, and gave the Government an overwhelming majority. The result was that the Bill was re-introduced and carried without substantial amendment through the House of Commons in the month of September. It then went for the first time to the House of Lords, who promptly refused, by a majority of 199 to 158, a second reading to "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," for which the country had just before so emphatically pronounced. There was no fresh dissolution. Parliament was prorogued. The Bill was brought into the Commons for the third time in December; and in the following April it was assented to by the Lords, not in deference to the General Election of the previous summer, which they had already set at naught, but under the coercion of a threatened exercise of the Royal prerogative of creating new peers.

So much for Lord Salisbury's rather maladroit illustration. The following table shows the cause of every change of Ministry, and incidentally the occasion of every dissolution of Parliament which has brought about such a change, from the passing of the Reform Bill to the present time:—

1834	...	Lord Grey	...	Resign on account of Cabinet differences.
1834	...	Lord Melbourne	...	Dismissed by the King in the recess.

1835	...	Sir R. Peel	...	After dissolution, not caused by vote of either House, defeated by vote of new House of Commons on Appropriation of Irish Church Revenues.
1839	...	Lord Melbourne	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Jamaica Bill. [Resignation withdrawn.]
1841	...	Lord Melbourne	...	After dissolution, caused by adverse vote of House of Commons, defeated by vote of new House of Commons on Address.
1846	...	Sir R. Peel	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Irish Coercion Bill.
1852	...	Lord J. Russell	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Militia Bill.
1852	...	Lord Derby	...	After dissolution, not caused by vote of either House, defeated by vote of new House of Commons on financial proposals.
1855	...	Lord Aberdeen	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Mr. Roebuck's motion for Crimean Committee.
1858	...	Lord Palmerston	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Conspiracy Bill.
1859	...	Lord Derby	...	After dissolution, caused by adverse vote of House of Commons, defeated by vote of new House of Commons on Address.
1865	...	Lord Palmerston	...	Death of Premier.
1866	...	Lord Russell	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Reform Bill.
1868	...	Mr. Disraeli	...	Resigns after dissolution, caused by adverse vote of House of Commons on Irish Church, and consequential on extension of suffrage.
1873	...	Mr. Gladstone	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Irish University Bill. [Resignation withdrawn.]
1874	...	Mr. Gladstone	...	Resigns after dissolution, not caused by vote of either House.
1880	...	Lord Beaconsfield	...	Resigns after dissolution, not caused by vote of either House.
1885	...	Mr. Gladstone	...	Defeated by vote of House of Commons on Budget Bill.
1886	...	Lord Salisbury	...	After dissolution, not caused by vote of either House, and consequential on extension of suffrage, defeated by vote of new House of Commons on Address.
1886	...	Mr. Gladstone	...	Resigns after dissolution, caused by adverse vote of House of Commons on Irish Government Bill.

From this summary it appears that there have been twenty changes of Government since the Reform Act, of which three—those caused by the resignation of Lord Grey (1834), the dismissal of Lord Melbourne (1834), and the death of Lord Palmerston (1865)—may for the present purpose be ignored. Of the remaining seventeen, two may be regarded as ineffective—namely, the abortive retirements of Lord Melbourne (1839), and Mr. Gladstone (1873)—since in both cases the same Prime Minister returned to office with a reconstructed Cabinet. It is to be observed, however, that on both these occasions the defeat of the Government and the resignation of the Premier was due, not to the action of the House of Lords, but to an adverse vote of the House of Commons. There are, therefore, fifteen instances to be dealt with; in eleven of these the fall of the Government was the direct and immediate result of a vote of the House of Commons; while in the other four the Ministry resigned after a dissolution, without waiting to be dismissed by the new House of Commons, in which it was plain that they were in a minority. In other words, in the whole of the fifteen cases it was either an actual defeat, or the certainty of a defeat, in the House of Commons, which led to the change of Government. There is no case in which a vote of the House of Lords has been the cause of the resignation of a Ministry.

Nor is there any case in which the House of Lords has, directly or indirectly, compelled an appeal to the country. Of the fifteen changes of Ministry just mentioned, six were due to the forfeiture by the Government of the confidence of the existing House of Commons, and the result was acquiesced in

without any challenge to the electors to reverse the decision of their representatives. The remaining nine were the consequence, immediate or proximate, of an appeal to the constituencies which had issued unfavourably to the Ministry. In no single instance out of the whole nine was the dissolution the result of a difference of opinion between the two Houses, or, indeed, of any vote of the House of Lords.

Three of the number (those of 1841, 1859, and 1886) were directly caused by adverse votes of the House of Commons; two (those of 1835 and 1852) were due to the impossibility of carrying on the Government with a permanent minority in that House; and four (those of 1868, 1874, 1880, and 1885) were cases of the natural death of a Parliament, which was either moribund from the infirmities of old age, or had been prematurely debilitated by a change in the constitution of the electorate.

The dissolutions during the period in question not referred to in the above table are those which have resulted favourably to the Government of the day. They are few in number, and, with a single exception, were due to the old age of Parliament or the demise of the Crown. The exception is Lord Palmerston's dissolution of 1857, which was caused, not by the action of the House of Lords, but by a hostile resolution of the House of Commons on the Chinese policy of the Ministry.

It follows from this survey of the facts that since the accession of William IV. the House of Lords has had nothing whatever to do with any change of Government or with any appeal to the country. During that time the House of Lords has done a few good and many mischievous things. But it has never exercised, either in respect of a specific measure or of the general policy of the Executive, the power of compelling a dissolution.

H. H. ASQUITH.

WILLIAM PITT.*

LORD ROSEBERY has written a clever, bright book, in which there is not one dull page, and in which are many sentences sparkling with wit, or vivacious good sense almost undistinguishable from it. There is a certain gaiety, buoyancy, and masterliness about the volume, rarer even than the epigrams and happy phrases scattered through it. We will not flatter him by speaking of it as faultless. He has done well in this book. He will do better when he is a little more concise and precise, when he has acquired a few literary arts without losing the freshness which is the chief charm of this volume. Several of the best passages read like extracts from speeches, and we look for the accompaniment of "cheers" and "hear, hear"; for excellent speeches they would be, and effective are many of the points made. But here and there we note the orator's diffuseness, and we miss the rapid flow of ideas, the terse statements, which may embarrass an audience, but which are the last attained excellence of a writer.

There are at least two well-known portraits of Pitt, the best known perhaps being that painted for the use of Pitt clubs and association dinners: the portrait of "the immortal statesman"; the "pilot that weathered the storm"; the Pitt in honour of whom people wrote and sang Jingo songs with such refrains as "Down with the levelling French"; the St. George who was to slay the monsters, French Atheism, Anarchy, and Republicanism; the Pitt whom Canning and Sir George Rose described as the first of patriots and the wisest of statesmen. There is another portrait almost equally common: Pitt as painted by the Liberals of the end of last century and the opening of this; the Pitt invoked in Brougham's famous apostrophe, beginning "Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country"; the Pitt whose lasting memorials are the National Debt and a peasantry doomed by his policy to poverty and

political servitude; the Arch-enemy of Progress, the Lost Spirit which sold itself to evil, and waged war against the rising hopes of humanity. Neither of these pictures is a perfect portraiture, but for a long time we had no other. With the aid of such a book as Lord Rosebery's, or the highly finished sketch in Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Three English Statesmen," we are better able than were Pitt's contemporaries to measure his virtues and faults, and to note the true character of his policy.

It is impossible to come into his presence without a sort of awe; you cannot leave it without admiration. Of no other Englishman can this be said with more truth. Lord Rosebery expresses it eloquently, but not too emphatically. "From the dead eighteenth century his figure still faces us with a majesty of loneliness and courage. There may have been men both abler and greater than he, though it is not easy to cite them; but in history there is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure." This was the groundwork of his character. No commonplace motives, no mean personal desires, swayed him. He loved power, but loved it in noble fashion. In his case all the little explanations of conduct are out. If he ruined his country, he did it *gratis*, as Byron observes. Even in his worst moods, when he is warring against all that is best in England, he retains something which the Roses and Addingtons, the Percevals, and all the common Tory herd do not understand. This note of distinction characteristic of Pitt we find in no other public man of his time, perhaps not even in Burke. We miss in some of the loftiest of patriots his unflinching superiority to all temptations besetting mediocre natures. He moves in a region which only a few statesmen of all time enter. What a contrast to Grenville, who believed himself, and got a few others to believe himself, the equal of Pitt; Grenville who "reserved what human feeling he possessed for the jobs and sulks of his brother Buckingham," and whose frost-bitten virtues were so akin to jealousy and peevishness. Even Pitt's illustrious rival does not belong to the same region. Over posterity Fox exercises the fascination which enthralled his contemporaries; his faults slurred over, his virtues and talents magnified, and the historians becoming the slaves of the charmer, just as if members of Brooks's, who every night gambled and jested with him. But there is a side to Fox's character which stamps him as morally immeasurably inferior to Pitt. If we were to conceive the ideal statesman, a good half of the picture would be drawn from the real Pitt.

There ends our admiration. There is a lost Pitt, nobler than the actual figure in history: a Pitt whom the "loyalty clubs" never knew, who might have been a Minister of peace and progress, who might have bridged the transition from an oligarchy to popular government, and spared the world many years of war abroad and misery and darkness at home. That better nature was never quite eclipsed. We get glimpses of it even when Pitt is the instrument of insensate prejudices. This element in his character explains much; for example, the fascination which he has always had for noble natures, and the dislike of him by mediocre men; the secret antipathy of George III. to his Minister, even when he found him indispensable, and to whom he infinitely preferred the humdrum Addington; the rancour of what Pitt's last biographer calls "the crawling race of the Welbore Ellises and the Jackson Robinsons."

Unfortunately, very different from the statesman whom England might have had when she most needed one is the real Pitt, the party leader, the reactionary Minister. Rarely is he calmly tried by his actions. Even grave historians pass their verdict upon him in a sentimental, half-whimsical fashion. We know more than one Life of Pitt where he is judged as school-girls judge their heroes of novels, and is acquitted of almost every charge because he is interesting. What had he accomplished when he passed away one gloomy Thursday morning? What

* Pitt. By Lord Rosebery. London: Macmillan & Co.

was the real outcome of the policy to which he had bent his prodigious talents and masterful will? Sir Samuel Romilly, on one of the many occasions on which the House of Commons was invited to pass a eulogy on "the great and immortal statesman," was bold enough to ask his admirers to cite one instance in which he had been the author of measures manifestly beneficial to his country. They could not then answer that question. To satisfy that challenge is even more difficult to-day, when the fruits of Pitt's policy have long ripened, and its wastefulness and futility are scarcely denied. What would England have been if only Pitt had obeyed his better genius, anticipated reforms the necessity of which he foresaw, delighted her with what his biographer calls the "large polity of a free people," used his talents for finance in giving effect to the doctrines of Adam Smith, of whom he professed to be the pupil, persevered in his early policy towards Ireland, as expressed in his resolutions of 1783, and accepted in all honesty the French Revolution with its consequences? What excuse is there for the course which he in the end took? What possible justification of a policy which trebled the National Debt and the Poor rates? The ordinary critics of Pitt allow themselves to be diverted from these questions. Even Lord Rosebery does not put them with sufficient distinctness. Yet upon them should turn the verdict of history. No single man "wrecks his country." That is the rhetoric of men of letters, not a scientific statement of cause and effect. But if ever it had a meaning it is when applied to Pitt's war policy, from which generations yet unborn will suffer.

When all is said for him—and no one has pleaded for him with more persuasiveness, discretion, and generosity, than Lord Rosebery—it remains that he was an Opportunist, a sublime Opportunist, but an Opportunist none the less. Lord Grey's description of him as a "man of showy and shallow parts" is unjust. He had insight, knowledge, generous instincts, and a large range of vision. He had courage, endurance, and if not physical vigour, of him, as of Wallenstein, it might be said, "It is the soul that builds itself a body." He could break with old traditions: his Poor Law Bill, with all its crudity, is a case in point. But he did not use the best that was in him, and his "showy and shallow parts" became more and more dominant. Lord Rosebery puts a favourable colour upon one unfortunate incident in his career, the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam from Ireland in deference to the clamour of the clan of Beresford; and he speaks a little harshly of the "pompous pamphlets" and lack of judgment, reticence, and tact of the ambassador of conciliation. But those who recall Mr. Lecky's narrative will probably agree that on this, as on so many occasions, the haughty Minister yielded against his better judgment to a miserable cabal. We shall know Pitt perhaps a little better when the papers of George III., which, as Lord Rosebery remarks, "have so mysteriously vanished," see the light. Nothing is likely to alter the impression which the latest study of him confirms, that he possessed neither the wisdom nor relentless malignity attributed to him by undiscerning disciples and not less undiscerning biographers.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XLVIII.—THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.

THE present collection completes the series of Exhibitions illustrative of our National History." These were the first words of the catalogue on which my eye lighted when I entered the New Gallery, and I sat down, rather breathless, to ponder a moment before plunging into the infinite variety of treasures which alone could warrant such an introduction. Then I glanced at the catalogue again, and found that the enthusiastic compiler

had branched into a sketch of "Fifty Years of Her Majesty's Reign." He had reviewed the course of politics, the affairs of the Church, the wonders of science, the triumphs of literature. Art, I observed, was disposed of in a dozen lines, and the visitor was invited to examine in the Exhibition "some of the capital achievements of our painters in the domain of portraiture." Science was represented by a few models of mechanical appliances in glass cases. Two of the rooms were devoted almost exclusively to pictures of incidents in the lives of members of the Royal Family. The third room contained a miscellaneous assemblage of portraits, for the most part extremely bad, which showed a remarkable latitude in the appreciation of personal distinction. More portraits, some manuscripts and letters, and a few busts and medals completed this illustration of "our National History."

It is plain that the organisers of this Exhibition have a peculiar theory about the Victorian era. They imagine that its most notable features are the births, weddings, coronations, christenings, travels, and so forth, of our excellent dynasty. They have pushed this idea so far as to exclude from the portraits every living person except members of the Queen's family and Mrs. Fawcett. In the intervals of reflecting on the marvellous benefits which will be conferred upon the country when woman's suffrage is limited to "middle-aged women of property," Mrs. Fawcett may gaze with pride on the curious piece of portraiture in which she figures with her husband, while overhead, in the worst possible light, hangs Mr. Whistler's Carlyle, the only "capital achievement" in the Exhibition. But the masterpieces which excite the enthusiasm of the compiler of the catalogue are the immortal canvases of Sir G. Hayter, Sir William Newton, Mr. E. M. Ward, and the various German artists who have been privileged to paint Royalty in its cradle, in its little frocks, on its throne, on its wedding-day, in every place and on every occasion which courtly painters have celebrated for half a century. The Queen as "an infant on a sofa," at the age of three, of eleven, at every possible age: the Queen with her crown on for the first time; the Queen receiving the homage of a stout gentleman who kneels with great difficulty; the Queen at her marriage, at the christening of each of her children, at their respective weddings, at more christenings; the Queen in some ghastly place which is supposed to be the tomb of Napoleon I.; the Queen in another ghastly place, where she is pinning something to the coat of Napoleon III.; the Queen in a countless assembly of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren—endless vistas of children, incalculable ramifications of Royalty. My goodness! I feel my brain reeling with the spectacle, and I sit down with a sudden dread that I may find myself presently at Colney Hatch, assuring the compassionate visitor that I am the entire Royal Family rolled into one!

When I have strength of mind to look around, I perceive two little old ladies who are disputing in a corner in front of a picture representing the Queen holding Prince Arthur in her arms, with the Prince Consort in the background, and the Duke of Wellington presenting a casket to the Royal infant.

"The Queen, the Prince Consort, and Prince Arthur," says one old lady, reading the inscription on the gold frame of this noble work.

"You forget the Duke of Wellington," says the other old lady.

"But his name isn't on the picture," says the first.

"Then it ought to be!" retorts the second. "Why, he's the little Prince's godfather, don't you see, and he's brought a beautiful present. The least they could do was to put his name on the frame."

"Perhaps it isn't etiquette," persists her companion. "The Queen has to be very particular, you know, and—"

The rest of the argument is drowned by another dispute a little nearer to me, for two more ladies

cannot agree as to the identity of some Maid of Honour at one of the interminable weddings, and this question is complicated by an incidental discussion of the fashions which had their heyday when the picture was painted. To the student of comparative costume, indeed, I should think these canvases might be interesting. To a tailor or a milliner they should present "our National History" in an agreeably professional light. To the large class, too, who find in a Royal wedding or christening something vastly more thrilling than any great event in the life of the nation, all these pageants and ceremonies, these bridal simpering, these panoramas of illustrious babies, these countless processions from the altar to the font, may yield a contentment which is denied to me. But when three-fourths of an exhibition are devoted to loyal daubs which set forth the growth and glory of one capacious family tree, why call this an illustration of "our National History"? Besides (and this is much more serious), why expose the Rambler to an internecine struggle between his devotion to constitutional monarchy and his artistic sense? The Hayters and the Newtons might remain buried in decent oblivion in Royal palaces, but it is a dangerous experiment to hang them in a place where they may be seen by the pitiless, democratic eye of "G. M." I trembled to think of what might happen in such an emergency, so I gave the porter of the New Gallery a rapid description of "G. M.'s" portrait in the New English Art Club.

"If that gentleman comes," I said, "for heaven's sake don't let him in!"

"I won't," replied the porter with chattering teeth. I believe he thinks "G. M." is a "spook."

As for the Victorian "celebrities" not of Royal birth, who have a room to themselves, they were dull and unattractive after the blaze of exalted rank elsewhere. It seems to have struck the directors that this might cause some disappointment, so they have thoughtfully endeavoured to mitigate it by hanging portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Louise amongst this insignificant company. The choice of "celebrities," moreover, shows much elasticity of mind. It is not to everyone that the names of Mrs. Prinsep, Mrs. Cameron, and Mrs. Craik would occur in a list of people who share the lustre of the Victorian age. A portrait of Julia Lady Peel gives the historian of the catalogue a rare opportunity. This work, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1827, and "formed a companion to Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille* for which Sir Robert Peel gave the large sum of 3,500 guineas." Fancy Sir Thomas Lawrence walking arm-in-arm with Rubens in the shades, discussing the history of prices! Such a spectacle could not be more astonishing than this medley of incredible portraits, this stupefying Cardinal Wiseman, this lurid Cardinal Manning, this general lumber-room delivery of bad art. There is one quaint treasure, however, in a heap of rubbish. This is a picture of Thackeray as a "book of beauty" baby perched on a pile of volumes, and encircled by his mother's arms. Such an embryo of Titmarsh is a priceless stroke of humour.

OWEN MEREDITH.

ORIENTALITY in our literature has few admirers just now: but those few are to be reckoned with. Among them may be found a critic or two whose names are hardly less than a guarantee of chastened taste; and when we find these men ardent in their praise of work which seems to us before all things inordinate and extravagant, we rub our eyes and recall their teaching, and give vent to our indignation, saying, "You have taught us that excess in this or that direction is a literary crime, and now that we follow you and eschew this excess, you turn

suddenly round and laud it to heaven." But the fact seems to be that every critic is liable to be bitten by a gad-fly, and to run after something perfervid without any warning. You can never reckon on them. Why does Mr. Andrew Lang sing paeans when Mr. Rider Haggard goes forth to crude warfare? Why does Mr. Henley include the shoddy and bombast of Byron's "Siege of Corinth" in his "Lyra Heroica"? And why does Mr. Lang, who loves Umslopogaas and Skalamagrin Lambstail, fall foul of Byron in the *Illustrated London News*, and declare the "Siege of Corinth" to be arrant rubbish? And why does Mr. Swinburne, who is perfervid himself, and loves even the most inflated productions of Victor Hugo, think meanly of the hot and inflated productions of Byron, and cruelly parody those of Owen Meredith? And why are many sober critics outside the Primrose League thrown into ecstasies by "Coningsby" and "Lothair"? And why, in the name of all that is logical, can none of the lot be found to say a good word for Tom Moore?

It is much to be wished that a few of our critics would give some coherent account of these startling likes and dislikes: for the late Lord Lytton's poems are extremely popular in America, and we have a notion that the same fate might await them on this side of the Atlantic if only the public had a rational excuse for reading them. At present the public here is left with one critic only of poetry whose writings were so coherent that from the opinions he expressed we can infer others that he left unuttered: and unfortunately it is very certain that "Lucile," which is said to have a larger circulation in America than any other narrative poem, would not have pleased Matthew Arnold. One can imagine how his lip would have curled over these lines on the Bird of Paradise—

"From the gardens of Pleasure, where reddens the rose,
And the scent of the cedar is faint on the air,
Past the harbours of Traffic sublimely she goes,
Man's hope o'er the world of the waters to tread!"

"While the cheer from the harbours of Traffic is heard,
Where the gardens of Pleasure fade fast on the sight,
O'er the rose, o'er the cedar, there passes a bird:
'Tis the Paradise Bird, never known to alight.

"And that bird, bright and bold as a Poet's desire,
Roams her own native heavens, the realms of her birth;
There she soars like a seraph, she shines like a fire,
And her plumage has never been sullied by earth."

Now this is obviously not a "criticism of life," and the ordinary man who reads his Matthew Arnold has every reason for disliking it. But there may be an excuse for loving it, as our grandfathers loved Moore's—

"Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!" —
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea —
'No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee!"

Why, such was the Oriental fervour that prevailed, about that time, that even the decent Hannah More caught the infection and rushed from her "old arm-chair" to apostrophise—weird choice!—the Ostrich, in an impassioned ode beginning—

"Here's a song for the bird whose feathers wave
O'er the christ'ning font and the new-made grave! . . ."

It is clearly a pity that Owen Meredith wrote poetry after Matthew Arnold had written criticism. In the happier case the writers of his obituary notices, even though they had not been more laudatory, would at least have shown a more flattering acquaintance with his work. But by some perverse fate he was least Oriental when he began, and while there was some taste left for the Paradise bird never known to alight, and most Oriental when he left off and the taste had clean died out. His first poem, "Clytemnestra," fairly startled those who were judges: and though it was a hard thing, then, to be the son of his father, Owen Meredith made good by that one volume his claim to be taken very seriously indeed. To be sure, the poem was a somewhat sugary version of Æschylus: but there was "Endymion" to prove that the most sugary wine might mellow to

perfection. And some of the descriptive passages were thorough poetry. Take this, for instance, of the Greek fleet becalmed at Aulis:—

“The winds were lulled in Aulis; and the day,
Down-sloped, was loitering to the slumbrous west.
There was no motion of the glassy bay,
The black ships lay abreast.
Not any cloud would cross the hollow skies.
The distant sea boomed faintly. Nothing more.
They walk'd about upon the yellow shore,
Or, lying listless, huddle groups supine,
With faces turn'd towards the flat sea-spine,
They plann'd the Phrygian battle o'er and o'er:
Till each grew sullen and would talk no more,
But sat dumb dreaming.”

“The tall masts stood upright:
And not a sail above the burnish'd prows;
The languid sea, like one outwearied quite,
Shrank, dying inward into hollow shores
And breathless harbours, under sultry bars:
But rushing swift into the hot, broad blue,
The intense, sultry stars
Burn'd strong, and singed the shimmering welkin thro';
And, all below, the sick and steaming brine
The spill'd-out sunset did incarnadine.”

Even the load of epithets here is not without purpose, and adds to the sultry oppressiveness of the picture. “The Wanderer,” Owen Meredith's next volume, excited no less enthusiasm: but to be a great poet it is of first importance to possess the architectonic faculty, and “Lucile” proved that of this its author was fatally lacking. Moreover, the extravagance so amiable in youth had not been curbed; but was growing with age and becoming almost detestable. Pretty soon, for want of self-restraint and any power to construct, Owen Meredith began to be considered (to use Heine's cruel phrase of De Musset) as a young man with a great future—behind him. You may have a wealth of ideas towards middle-age; but you get uncommonly little credit if you can arrange them no better than they are arranged in “Orval” (1869) or in “Glenaveril” (1885). Before this latter poem was published, the Earl of Lytton, diplomatist and statesman, had overshadowed Owen Meredith, the poet; and some may see in this the reason why his maturest and most important work received next to no attention. But in truth “Glenaveril” is incomparably wordy, while its complexity and obscurity of plot may well baffle the most determined. And, as we said, by this time Matthew Arnold had written, and, right or wrong, he at any rate provided people with an excuse for shirking the very real labour of wading through the book. You may find, now and then, somebody who fancies himself able to recite “The Portrait”: and on hearing it for the first time, you probably ask the author's name. But seriously to read the Earl of Lytton's poems is a difficult task to-day, for Orientalism is somewhat out of fashion. And if we desire realism instead, we shall hardly be satisfied with this—a description of a family meal:—

“What sparkling expectation fills with light
The children's eyes! How softly, one by one,
From each parental forehead, out of sight,
Fade the smoothed puckers, as the meal goes on!
How sociality aids appetite
To improve the charm which it bestows upon
Plain wholesome dishes that are not ‘too good
And bright for human nature's daily food!’”

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

THE recent Congresses at Brussels and Erfurt, closely followed by the election of Citizen Lafargue for Lille, give actuality to two questions hitherto more often asked than satisfactorily answered: What are the general characteristics of Continental Socialism? and, What is the precise relationship of English Socialists to their foreign brethren? Hitherto, the zealous inquirer has been dependent for information on the subject to the superficial and one-sided reports of newspaper correspondents,

writing in “capitalist” organs, and addressing themselves to “the bourgeois mind.” Even the Fabian Society, though ostensibly taking all sociological knowledge for its province, and doing it out in exiguous tracts, has as yet told us nothing, or next to nothing, of the stupendous whole of which English Socialism is only a part. There is, then, something no less useful than opportune in the latest volume of the Librairie Académique (Perrin, Paris), “Le Mouvement Socialiste en Europe,” by M. T. de Wyzewa. This book is a study, not so much of measures as of men. It passes lightly over the abstract doctrines and the statistics of the various Socialist parties, to describe in detail the temperament, character, education, and ideas of the leaders. M. de Wyzewa's excuse is that in no political party is the personal influence of the chiefs so strong as in Socialism. Their public is not of a sort to be swayed by abstract theories—which must be incarnated in an orator or pamphleteer. The destinies of Socialism are to-day entirely in the hands of its chiefs. This enormous influence of individuals is attested by innumerable examples. By the personal action of one man, Bakounine, the proletariat of all Southern Europe was converted to anarchism. In France, while the workmen of the north and north-east follow the Marxist party of M. Guesde, those of the Ardennes are Possibilists merely because their compatriot and favourite ballad-writer, J. B. Clement, is of that persuasion. In Paris all the printers are Allemanists because M. Allemane is a printer: the mechanics are Joffrinists because the late M. Joffrin was a mechanic. In Germany the secession of the Bavarian deputy Vollmar from the Bebelists entailed the secession of practically all the workmen of Upper Bavaria.

It is, then, in becoming acquainted with its leaders that one learns what European Socialism is. To know them is, of course, to know some of the most remarkable personalities of our time: “From the conspirator to the fanatic athirst for martyrdom, from the ambitious man to the mystic, from the disillusioned pessimist to the sentimental utopian, not to mention the most extravagant character—that which is compounded of all the others.”

The leaders of European Socialism may be roughly divided into two great classes: Possibilists and Intransigents. They each desire, of course, the same end, but pursue opposite tactics. One division proceeds on the practical principle that “half a loaf is better than no bread,” the principle of taking what you can get—and then asking for more. The cry of the Intransigents is “all or nothing.” They hold that the proletariat hastens his ultimate triumph by refusing any *ad interim* concessions. Thus M. Jules Guesde, when the question was debated in 1881 whether French Socialists should include the acquisition of the public services and of monopolies in their programme, answered with a resolute “No.” “To place monopolies and the public services in the hands of the State,” he maintained, “would possibly give the proletariat some slight advantage for the moment; but the great fight would slacken and victory be retarded.” This uncompromising gentleman stands at the head of the French Socialistic movement. He it was who started the First of May Demonstrations, and who was the real creator of the system of general strikes. In Paris, it is true, he hardly counts five hundred adherents, but all the provincial centres, all the north, the east, and the centre, are under his autocratic thumb. He is described as black bearded and long-haired, like a jack-in-the-box demon; is the son of a humble schoolmaster of the Quartier Saint-Louis; lives modestly in the Avenue d'Orléans; and has a mind as full and ready as Diderot's; in conversation never “finds,” but “brings”—like Charles Lamb's typical Scotchman. His first lieutenant is M. Paul Lafargue, sentenced to undergo a year's imprisonment for some indiscreet utterances at Fourmies and elected *in absentia* by an overwhelming majority deputy for Lille. M. Lafargue is as impregnated with Karl

Marx's "Capital" as Bossuet was with the Bible, can quote you any page at random, and has married "the most intelligent" of the Master's three daughters. He has a pretty literary style, and his essay on "Le Droit à la Paresse," demonstrating conclusively that the great ideal is to live not by work, but without it, ought to constitute him the patron saint of all the Idle Apprentices in the two hemispheres.

Over against these twain, but not with them, stands M. Bernard Malon, the Nestor of the camp, or rather the David, for he began by being a shepherd, and then, not so fitfully as Mr. Wegg, dropped into poetry. A certain patriarchal simplicity, magnanimity, and sweetness of disposition make M. Malon the most venerable figure of contemporary Socialism. As a Possibilist, who preaches compromise in his organ, *La Revue Socialiste*, he is not in touch with the Guesdists and other more fiery spirits. A chronic laryngitis denies him the immense advantage of popular oratory, and there are sceptics who say that his influence is practically nil. But that is not M. de Wyzewa's opinion. After all, the Parisian workman is not devoid of common sense; he recognises the advantage of compromise, and accordingly M. Malon's programme gains more adherents every day. One other conspicuous figure there is among the French leaders, though he is a leader with scarcely any following. This is M. Brousse, the "born conspirator" of the party, in whose pale face M. de Wyzewa discerns something "de cette expression satanique qui faisait partie, vers 1830, de l'idéal du beau ténébreux." His commerce with Bakounine and the Russian Nihilists has given him a taste for subterranean action; he has tried to revive the methods of the Vehmgerichte and to excommunicate his rivals by secret edicts. In fact, he is the nearest approximation to the Socialist of the Mudie novel and the Adelphi stage. M. Brousse must rest content with having achieved this feat, for the Parisian workman refuses to take him seriously. Of French Socialism, as a whole, M. de Wyzewa declines to be afraid. The system of peasant proprietorship, he thinks, will, in the long run, be fatal to it.

M. de Wyzewa has spent four months in interviewing the Socialist chiefs outside France. "Well, my dears," said Mr. Pecksniff to his daughters, the morning after their arrival in the Borough, "and what do you think of London?" To ask M. de Wyzewa what he thinks of European Socialism, after so short a study, were almost as grotesque. He scampers through Germany, knocks off Bruno Wille and the younger Socialists at a sitting, pays a flying visit to Vollmar at his retreat in the Tyrol, tells us how that distinguished solitary reminds him of Antonio Moro's portrait of the Duke of Alva, disposes of Bebel and Liebknecht in half a dozen pages, and leaves the panting reader not only toiling after him in vain, but with "fine confused" impressions of Teutonic Socialism. Then, hey, presto! we are off to Belgium, look in on M. Anseele, the modern Van Artevelde, and his *Vooruit* at Ghent, and on MM. Volders and Bertrand at Brussels. Belgium, M. de Wyzewa thinks, is the chosen land of Socialism: for four reasons, not to mention the others. First, your Belgian has a marvellous gift of organisation; second, he takes everything seriously; third, he does not sacrifice his initiative to the discipline of common action, like that "mouton inconscient et passif," the German Socialist; fourth, he lives amid exceptional economic conditions—a dense population, a predominance of big capitalist industries over small proprietorship, easy intercommunication, and so forth. Hence all Belgians are Socialists, even the Catholics and the University Professors. Belgium will be the first Socialistic State—and then what will the neighbours say?

Coming to M. de Wyzewa's chapter on English Socialism, one feels the necessity of going delicately. It is a very superficial chapter, very inaccurate, and very diverting. We are told many things, relevant and irrelevant, about Mr. William Morris and his

wall-papers, and not a single word about the Fabian Society. The descriptions of some of the minor leaders are likely to amuse the outsider more than the persons directly concerned. One of these is a "docteur ès sciences, et l'un des hommes les plus savants de l'Angleterre, mais avec une bien étrange figure de vieil acteur vicieux." Elsewhere this learned doctor is said to have "une figure imberbe et fatiguée de vieux clown." Here is a companion sketch of a leading lady Socialist:—"Un visage tout rond et tout plat, quelque chose comme ces poupées que l'on voit coiffées de bonnets trop empressés aux devantures des blanchissenses. Par instants (sc. at the Brussels Conference), un lorgnon se dressait sur le petit nez, et l'on entendait une voix criarde qui prononçait des phrases anglaises, françaises ou allemandes avec une égale facilité et une égale incorrection." When it is added that M. de Wyzewa states that many of the leaders of the temperance party are drunkards, and that Tolstoyism is "en train de se répandre dans la société anglaise," it will be seen that it is not only about Socialism that his book tells us many things which we did not know before.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

FOR painters and those who like painting the exhibitions at the New English Art Club are the most interesting in London. We find there no anecdotes, sentimental, religious, or historical, nor the conventional measuring and modelling which the Academy delights to honour in the name of Art. At the New English Art Club, from the first picture to the last we find artistic effort; very often the effort is feeble, but nowhere, try as persistently as you please, will you find the blank, the crass, the almighty stupidity from which you can hardly escape in the Academy, and which overwhelms you in the exhibitions of the British Artists in Suffolk Street. This is a plain statement of a plain truth—plain to artists and those few who possess the slightest knowledge of the art of painting or even any faint love of it. But to the uncultivated, to the ignorant, and to the stupid the New English Art Club is the very place where all the absurd and abortive attempts done in painting in the course of the year are exposed on view. If I wished to test a man's taste and knowledge in the art of painting, I would take him to the English Art Club and listen for one or two minutes to what he had got to say.

The exhibition this year is the finest the club has ever held. It contains a fine example of the work of the one man living who dares measure himself by the side of Mr. Whistler—Degas. Which is the greater? Which is the greater, Rembrandt or Velasquez? I should be indeed embarrassed to choose between Degas and Whistler. The portrait of Miss Alexander or the "*Leçon de Danse*" in M. R.—'s collection? Can you imagine a more difficult dilemma? There is also in the Exhibition a picture by Monet—the painter who has taken the place that Corot's death left vacant. And these two pictures should suffice to draw all London. After these two stars—stars of the first magnitude—comes Mr. John Sargent. This painter exhibits two life-size figures. One seems to me to be eccentric, the other to be commonplace. Of the two I prefer the eccentricity, the Javanese dancer. I know not why the arms and feet of the dancer should be pea-green; perhaps, according to custom, Javanese dancers stain themselves that colour; perhaps they are covered with green hose. Be this as it may, she wears a multi-coloured gown, and holds a scarf in her green and outstretched arms, leaning back in Oriental fashion, one green foot showing beneath the gown. She wears a strange and heavy headgear, complicated and fantastic, and whatever merit the picture possesses lies in the boldness and vigour with which the outline of the head and face is drawn. The

dancer is painted and decorated until she looks less real than a toy. Mr. Sargent has neither omitted, curtailed, nor attenuated anything. The thing was like that—something he met on his last travels in the East, and he painted it just as it was, and has no excuse to offer. But Degas did not fling his easel in front of a ballet girl and paint her right away, and leave his picture with that look upon it of being more real than reality. If I have any readers who wish to study, to understand, let them compare the artificiality of the Javanese dancer with the artificiality of the white-skirted girls standing on their toes in the light of a dim afternoon at the opera. There is an excellent lesson to be learned from examination of these two pictures. Mr. Sargent's commonplace picture is a life-size study of a nude Moorish girl. Mr. Sargent no doubt said, "I will do an 'Academy,' just as we used to do them in class-time in the old days at Durant's, plus, of course, twenty years of experience." I confess that I cannot but think the experiment an unfortunate one, for it shows Mr. Sargent in his true colours. In this picture he stands before us as naked as his model. I see the marvellous student who can never quite rid himself of his studentship. I can see the superb student, the king of the studio, the admiration of all, taking up his brush and measuring those haunches, marking off the width at once; and then, with two or three rough lines, catching the swing of the figure. Look at the sharp line of that thigh: with what alarming dexterity it is improvised; and then that leg, the calf of which is in full view: in tone, in colour, in drawing, does it not seem somewhat peremptory, somewhat wanting in artistic sympathy and insight? These pictures lead me more than any others to believe that Mr. Sargent will remain a practitioner, a superb practitioner, but no more—a sort of nineteenth-century Franz Hals—to the end of the chapter.

Close at hand we come upon a beautiful picture by Mr. Mark Fisher, "A Hampshire Dairy Farm." On the extreme right is a rough cottage with outbuilding. The picture is filled with green trees, and beneath these trees, all stricken with sunlight, cattle are grazing or feeding out of pens. In the foreground a number of pigs are rooting, and there are numerous fowl by the strip of garden about the cottage. What is so remarkable in this picture is the amount the painter has put into it without losing anything either in breadth or directness of expression. Nowhere has he sacrificed anything—the pigs are finished, the cattle are finished, the trees are full of the most elaborate drawing, the hay-ricks are done, the sky is complete: and yet it is a picture, and a charming picture too, painted in the truest and best traditions of our school.

A little to the right I face a charming portrait by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen—a portrait of a young woman in a muslin frock upon a background of faintly coloured muslin. The pink in the dress is admirably carried through the background; the straw hat with its pale flowers being especially well treated. The drawing is, however, small and paltry—*menue* is, I think, the word I want. How scratchy is the drawing of the arms! How it is picked out! Nowhere is there a bold free line gripping the form, deciding the character. But in Mr. Sidney Starr's sketch of a girl in grey upon a dark background, there is a distinct effort to draw broadly. There are certain weaknesses in the face which are hardly excusable, and which might not have disappeared if the painter had continued his picture. But this is prophecy, and not art criticism. There is withal a distinct and charming sensation of life in this portrait. The painter succeeds in telling us how he saw his model; and he did see her, and that is more than the generality of portrait painters do. But to return to the question of the drawing. I find in it exactly that breath of drawing which I do not find in Mr. Greiffenhagen's. The line is taken right up the figure from the bottom of the skirt, and the dress

contains many indications which are admirably in their place. On either side are two pictures by Mr. Steer. They differ widely. On the whole, I think I would prefer to live with the little girls paddling in the incoming tide. The shallow water is opalescent, full of all the tints of heaven, and in admirable harmony with the pink flesh of the little girls' legs and thighs; and their bright frocks enter into the iridescent colour of that seashore as perfectly as the tints of the sea's own shells. Behind the children the green sea waves are curling and splashing in long endless lines, and the horizon is well drawn, well placed, and full of distance. In the other picture the painter's intention is more decorative. A red stretch of sand curves to the right; beyond it the blue sea with white sails; within it a shallow pool full of the evening's purple. The three girls represent the painter's intention: they are full of colour, grace, and meditative dignity; the yellow hair of the youngest is an extremely original and effective note. Mr. Steer is becoming less eccentric and more original every year.

And now—and now we have come to the Degas, to the great, to the supreme master. To speak adequately of this picture I should want a column, and I have only a few lines. The picture is upon paper. I believe it was originally a drawing done for the *Illustrated London News*; but the *News* could not make use of the drawing on account of its rectory circulation. There are some who would not think it wrong to watch the performance of a ballet, but who would deem a picture of a ballet highly improper, however chaste the treatment might be; and it is with this kind of stupidity, in itself an immorality, that the English artist has to contend. Upon having his drawing returned to him Degas began painting upon it in oil, very thinly—so thinly that the original drawing is still visible through the paint. In this picture, as in nearly all Degas' work, there are things unique which none since the world began could have done but himself. Notice, for instance, that group of three girls. If you do not find there a charm, a grace, a magical beauty, enigmatic and akin to that of the Elgin marbles, believe me that you were not born to understand painters. And take note of the empty space on the right—the paper has just been scrubbed over with paint; and if your finger-tips do not itch to touch it, so exquisite is the quality, believe me that your senses are unfitted for the enjoyment of what is exquisite in art.

And at hand there are two remarkable water-colours by Mr. Francis E. James—two fragments of wall in some old German cathedral. The drawings, though they be only of stone images, are endowed with the same sensitive and intense life which Mr. James's innumerable sprays and flowers possess. What animation among that crowded wall! and how lovingly did Mr. James perceive and trace those grotesque forms in which the mediæval mind projects itself through the centuries. The second drawing is equally good, and both are in every touch of colour and every line a record of memorable hours spent amid the great silences and the august repose of columns, arches, and painted roofs. And just above these we find a London landscape painted in the resistless grey monotone of our dear city. Mr. Paul Maitland is in full sympathy with the grey, symbolic mournfulness of London; and this time he shows us a line of houses curving about a bend in the river. All the blank interspaces which we know so well are there, and all the signs; and deadly grey is a dreary sky without a touch of sky anywhere. Just a rift in the smoke-cloud: that is all. But if Mr. Maitland has said a great deal in the houses and the sky, the coal barges and the foreground have not been mastered. The painter did not quite know what he wanted to say, nor did he know how to say what he was vaguely minded to say. So the barges are wanting in drawing, and the rough bank tells everywhere of a hesitating hand and eye. Mr. Maitland's picture

of "Cheyne Walk" is, in a way, better. It is equally full of sympathetic insight into the little life of the town. See how exquisitely the life of the line of shops is indicated! and how the iron grating that protects the roots of the tree becomes through sympathy a beautiful thing!

To close this notice, I must sincerely congratulate the "New English Art Club." The exhibition contains some masterpieces, and no less than a dozen pictures that anyone with a taste for painting would like to have could be taken from the walls. I see one now as I am writing these last lines—a slight thing if you will, but a charming piece of tone—"A Babe in a Balcony," by Mr. Bernard Sickert. The little London balcony hangs so well upon the wall, and the wall is so deep in colour, and the babe is so well in the picture, and likewise the mother who comes from behind the shutter, that I feel my notice would be incomplete without a mention of this picture. G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"THE PRANCING GIRL"—"HER OATH"—"BRIGHTON."

MR. CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN'S parody of *The Dancing Girl* is like the policeman's lot in the ballad, not a happy one. Dramatic parodies seldom are happy, nowadays. The reason, I take it, is to be sought not in any diminution of our sense of the ridiculous, but in the gradual alteration of the material on which the parodist has to work. Poetic tragedy has disappeared from our stage, and with it has vanished the burlesque-writer's best opportunity. He had only to take the proverbially single step to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous. The lofty sentiments, the imperial themes of tragedy had only to be transposed into a lower key, the key of vulgar everyday life, to become *ipso facto* comic. Nothing was simpler than the recipe. Either you made the big whales talk like little fishes—this was the Meilhac and Halévy formula in the burlesques of classic legend written for Offenbach's music; it was also the method of Aristophanes in his parodies of Euripides. Or you retained the high-pitched sentiments and vulgarised the personages—Othello became a Christy Minstrel with a banjo, Shylock an old-clo'man from Houndsditch, and Ruy Blas a Thackerayan Jeames de la Pluche. Tragedy, being itself an exaggeration, was easily exaggerated.

But now tragedy has gone, and to burlesque the modern drama of real life is no such easy matter: is, I suspect, only less difficult than to write it. The theatrical parodist is as much baffled by it as the pictorial caricaturist is baffled by the physiognomy of Mr. John Morley, and for much the same reason. Its features are not sufficiently salient. When the thing is attempted, there are two (and possibly more) legitimate ways of succeeding. The peculiarities of the characters, their tricks of speech, the theme of the play itself, may be outrageously caricatured. This was the method adopted, with the happiest results, in Mr. J. M. Barrie's recent burlesque of the Ibsen drama. Or the weaknesses of the play may be reduced to an absurdity by being carried out to their logical conclusion—a method by which parody may be elevated into the most joyous form of dramatic criticism. Of this type of burlesque, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* is one of the least known and the best worth knowing.

Mr. Rae-Brown attempts neither of these experiments in *The Prancing Girl*, which is practically little but a caricature of the mechanical features of the original: dependent, that is, for its form, not on the peculiarities of the Haymarket play, but on its "properties"—the broken bowl, the grand staircase, and the bulldog. It may or may not be amusing to see a double of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones precipitated down the staircase just as he is going to read a *Nineteenth Century* article, or to witness a toy-dog pulled across the stage by a string; but

these matters cannot be said to constitute a burlesque of *The Dancing Girl*. The obvious opportunities for parodying the Ouida-ism of the Duke of Guisebury and the Neo-Paganism of Priscilla Ives have not been taken: and the caricatures of mere externals—Mr. Arthur Playfair's imitation of Mr. Tree's voice, Miss Natalie Brande's imitation of Miss Norreys' limp, and Mr. T. A. Shale's imitation of Mr. Kerr's covert-coat—do not hide the author's complete failure to touch the real heart of the matter. In fine, a genuine theatrical parody seems like to become as great a rarity as a white blackbird. For it is dependent for its production upon two well-nigh incompatible qualities—keen critical insight and a talent for dramatic synthesis.

A five-act drama by Mrs. Henry Wylde, *Her Oath*, produced at the Princess's one afternoon last week, proved to be a romantic story of love and jealousy, children changed at nurse, the Indian Mutiny, several *café au lait* rajahs conspiring in Liberty robes

"Which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,"

and one *café noir* ayah with a secret. The mere line in the bill,

Count Theodor (a half-caste brigand).....Mr. Austin Melford,

was, as Mr. Andrew Lang would say, a separate ecstasy. This gentleman appears to have been half-caste in order that he might wear the shadowed livery of the burnished sun and a turban like his companions. But why was he a count? And why a brigand? And, in any case, what did he in that galley? And what was the lady's oath? And why did she take it? While asking oneself these questions, one yet had leisure, during the five long Acts, to admire the prowess and gallant bearing of Mr. Henry Neville as a British officer wounded nigh unto death while carrying despatches, and ultimately saved in the nick of time by some red-coated supers, who were not in the least like Ortheris and Mulvaney. Mr. W. L. Abingdon wore his barbaric pearl and gold with an air, and Miss Beatrice Lamb gave stately dignity to the part of the lady who took the mysterious oath after being changed at nurse. But now that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has given us glimpses of the East as it really is, the moment seems hardly opportune for the extravagantly romantic treatment of Anglo-Indian themes.

The revival of *Brighton* at the Criterion is one of Mr. Charles Wyndham's happiest inspirations. As a series of incidents, Mr. Bronson Howard's piece belongs to the humble category of "knock-about" farce; you are invited to laugh at the spectacle of a gentleman dropping his hat into an aquarium tank, or tumbling into a pond, or trying to conceal the various wraps of various ladies under his waistcoat. But, fortunately, the farce is much more than a series of incidents such as these: it is a vehicle for character, and is almost qualified in respect of its hero, Bob Sackett, to rank as a comedy (in the Elizabethan sense) of "humours." Bob's "humour" is that of Donjuanism *pour le bon motif*—the fancy, that is, for falling in love with every lady he meets, and the amiable weakness of becoming engaged to them all. He is differentiated from many of his great prototypes, *e.g.*, from the Don Juan of Molière, not only by his orthodox views in regard to marriage, but by the fact that he is quite serious—an erotomaniac (of a decent, fit-for-family-consumption sort)—instead of being, like the hero of the *Festin de Pierre*, a virtuoso in the art of love, with whom passion is a mere intellectual and artistic experience. Though Bob is engaged to so many ladies, he has no velleity for Mormonism or the domestic arrangements of the Grand Turk. Indeed, as he is careful to explain, he does not love them all simultaneously, for he only thinks of one at a time. This is a very old *état d'âme*, as readers of a certain story in the "Decameron" will remember; and perhaps M. Paul Bourget will be so good as to consider Bob Sackett's case in the next edition of his "Physiologie de

"l'Amour Moderne?" Meanwhile, playgoers in search of an excuse for laughter will probably find what they want in the joyous spectacle of the successive representatives of "the only girl he ever loved" falling into Bob Sackett's arms "on the place where they originally fell." Mr. Wyndham evidently revels in his part, and when one contemplates the bevy of pretty ladies by whom "the only girl," etc. is impersonated, one perceives his revelry to be eminently justifiable. As the revival is understood to be for a short time only, it would be churlish to complain too vehemently of the rude simplicity of the *misc-en-scène*; but the proprietors of the Grand Hotel at Brighton have certainly no reason to thank Mr. Wyndham for his advertisement.

Those diverting and nomadic trilles, *A Commission* and *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, have now moved house for the fourth time, on this occasion to the Court. I hope to be able to devote a little space to them next week.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

WE shall probably never know the full extent and variety of LORD BACON'S writings. MR. J. E. ROE, an American, following in DR. DONNELLY'S wake, includes among BACON'S unacknowledged works: (1) "The Anatomy of Abuses," by PHILIP STUBBS; (2) all the plays and poems attributed to SHAKESPEARE; (3) "The Court of King James," published in 1619; (4) BURTON'S "Anatomy of Melancholy"; (5) "Robinson Crusoe," together with all the literature which is now attributed to DEFOE, SWIFT, and ADDISON; (6) BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War." Such of these works as did not appear until a century after BACON'S death were "brought forth from his dusty manuscripts." It is by the "deadly parallel" that MR. ROE catches this fry, large and small, to fill the BACON basket. "Throughout this literature the word *wind* is made to apply subjectively to *mind* or its passions, as well as to material change in the outlying world. . . . In the Baconian philosophy *wind*—in other words, air in motion—is the potent influence, within as without, the animal body"; and *Zelus*, god of winds, is mentioned by BURTON, DEFOE, and ADDISON. Hence these writers were merely copyists of BACON'S manuscripts. There are pages of this, and MR. ROE is quite serious. Two happy thoughts occur, of which we make a present to the author of "Typ. Devel." (1) To write an article proving that BACON is still alive. (2) To find out his address, call, and secure a sheaf or two of manuscript. (This means fame and fortune. TENNYSON and MEREDITH *must* know where BACON lives. Much is now explained!)

M. GEORGES VIOLLAT, the young French *littérateur* who died a fortnight ago at the age of twenty-five, had an extensive knowledge of English men and things, all his leisure having been spent for a number of years in Oxford. He has left behind him much material for studies in English literature, and had meditated a book on public and private charity in England. His last completed work is an essay on RUDYARD KIPLING, which will be published shortly.

THE conclusion one comes to after reading the last instalment of CARLYLE'S "Excursion to Paris" (*New Review*) is that he could not carry on a conversation in French. The ASHBURTONS must have been heartily sick of him with his "I decline to go," and his rushing out to smoke, or to the BROWNINGs, when French visitors came. When MÉRIMÉE called JEAN PAUL a hollow fool of the first magnitude, and found GOETHE insignificant and unintelligible, it can only have been the want of a vocabulary which made CARLYLE adjourn to the street with a cigar.

CARLYLE'S egotism was as unconscious and sublime as a child's. "I am told that he [THIBERS] is jealous that I respect him insufficiently! Poor little soul, I have no pique at him whatsoever," etc. It is strange that the greatest English man of letters of this century should have found it indispensable for his contentment to belittle almost every man of real importance whom he met.

WITH the new year the *New Review* will be enlarged both as regards the number and size of the pages. A special feature will be introduced every month in the shape of an article on Literature and the Drama by competent writers. The DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, MADAME ADAM, M. PAUL BOURGET, and MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL will contribute to the January number, which will also contain the beginning of CARLYLE'S unfinished novel.

THE death of *Murray's Magazine* is looked upon in America as another indication of the "supremacy which the great American monthlies have secured in England among persons who really want good reading." *Murray's Magazine* was at least always as well written as the *Century* and *Harper's*, the only American magazines that really compete with our lighter periodical literature. English people who "want good reading" find it in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and in a number of the cheaper magazines, the *Century* and *Harper's* being regarded by them merely as good picture books. But probably both in America and England those who "really want good reading" very rarely take up a magazine at all, books being in their eyes the best of all good company.

IN the December number of the *New England Magazine*, MR. WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE makes an onslaught on unprofessional writers—the "dollarocracy" as he calls them. The day of literary men in literature he declares to be over: "it is now the triumphal hour of the imbecile millionaire; the rich society woman who has nerves, hysteria, a vast deal of impudence, a store of proverbial platitude, and a continual itch for notoriety; actresses who have more gowns than brains; English lords and ladies, and some asinine royalties." One always reads between the lines of such dull bluster. The question is: How long has MR. HARTE been striving in vain to get upon familiar terms with some of those millionaires and society queens?

THE smallest edition of the Scriptures ever issued is the "Oxford Miniature Bible" (HENRY FROWDE). It is printed on 1,566 pages of Oxford India paper, and is half the size of a lady's hand. The binding is chocolate-coloured Russian leather; and it is put up in a box-like confection. What it is for, we don't know.

IN their *édition de luxe* of MR. W. D. HOWELLS'S "Venetian Life" MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO. have produced one of the most artistic publications of the season. The illustrations from original water-colour drawings are exquisite. We have not had anything quite like them in England before. The two volumes are bound in white boards with covers of corded gilt paper.

THE fifth volume of MESSRS. PICKERING & CHATTO'S "Aldine Edition" is STERNE'S "Sentimental Journey," with illustrations by MR. STANLEY L. WOOD. The same publishers issue a handsome edition of PIERCE EGAN'S "Life of an Actor," a really amusing book which has been out of print for a number of years. The re-issue is in a style similar to the original edition, with all the numerous illustrations "fac-similed and coloured by hand."

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

UNDER the irreverent title of "The Modern Odyssey, or Ulysses up to Date," MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. publish what appears to be an entertaining and well-illustrated volume of travel. The author is a contributor to the *St. James's Gazette*. Other volumes of travel are "How I Found Health: A Winter Cruise in the Summer Seas" (Low), by MR. C. C. ATCHISON, and a popular edition of Mr. W. S. WEBB'S "California and Alaska," published by MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS.

MESSRS. OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co. publish a translation by CLARA BELL and HENRY W. FISCHER of MOLTKE'S "Letters;" and MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. the fourth volume of the English version of TALLEYRAND'S "Memoirs."

POLITICS AND LITERATURE IN SCANDINAVIA.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 30.

THE cause of Liberalism in Denmark has suffered an irreparable loss by the sudden death, on Saturday morning, of M. C. P. Berg, the old Opposition leader in the Folkething, of which he for several years was Speaker. For a quarter of a century he has been perhaps the most conspicuous and consistent of Danish politicians. No man has done more for the advancement of democracy in Denmark than he, and without venturing to compare him with the great English Liberal leader, it may be said that he had quite exceptional qualities as a truly democratic politician. He possessed a wonderful perseverance and capacity for work; he was a fluent and powerful, if not a brilliant, orator; and he had a unique gift of making and remembering personal friends. Although Berg's star did not shine with quite the old splendour during the last few years, no man's death could have evoked more general sympathy throughout the country than that of the old Liberal champion.

The most important of Berg's political labours was the introduction of Parliamentaryism in the Folkething, thus securing for the Second Chamber a predominance in the Government of the country which cannot be said to be in accordance with the constitution. There was something of Mac Mahon in the tenacity with which Berg stuck to his ideas; had he been a little more of an Opportunist he might have achieved greater results. Democracy was the only deity for which he would bend his knee, and, indeed, he would not quite literally give to the King what was due unto the King. King Christian, whom Berg once said might be looked upon as a kind of clerk to the people, has received many a slight from the late leader, who, genial and helpful as he was amongst his own followers, was apt to be overbearing in his relations with political opponents. Berg, who was only sixty-two years of age, has been a member of the Folkething for twenty-five years, having through the whole of this time represented the town of Kolding, in Jutland. He soon attained to a prominent position in the House, and his influence rapidly widened and increased. He was instrumental in cementing the union of the various Liberal fractions, and received, as their leader, a majority in the Second Chamber as early as 1872, a majority which grew by degrees until it was made to embrace about four-fifths of the members. Of late, however, it has shown signs of disintegration—a process which, it is to be feared, Berg's death will materially advance. In the year 1877 he was, perhaps, the leading spirit in that opposition to the Budget, which resulted in no Budget being voted. This move had, however, not the expected effect, as the Government did not, as the Opposition had fancied they would, shrink from issuing a provisional Budget, which became the first of a series.

Subsequent efforts to bring about a more rational

and satisfactory state of political affairs caused several divisions within the Opposition during the following years. Berg, however, always being the leader of the Left wing. After the election in 1881, the Opposition again amalgamated, and now began, under Berg's leadership, a new era in Danish politics, the Folkething declining to consider nearly all the Government Bills, and afterwards also the Budget. This plan, to which Berg remained faithful to his death, proved altogether futile, as far as its calculated effect upon the Government is concerned.

In 1883 Berg was elected Speaker of the Folkething, and his influence and popularity have probably never been greater than during the following two or three years. In the summer of 1885 he was on one of his frequent tours in Jutland—he was an indefatigable stump orator—when at one of his meetings the local magistrate was forcibly removed from the platform, where he was entitled to be, and this offence was brought home to Berg. The highest Court confirmed the verdict of a special Court, and Berg was sentenced to six months' imprisonment on ordinary prison fare. Although he was fêted in various ways both during and after his imprisonment, his authority had suffered; still he was again elected Speaker, but resigned the chair in the year 1887. Since then his political influence in the House has been on the wane, although it has at times looked as if his old friends would again rally round him. He was an uncompromising opponent of M. Estrup, the Premier, and only the other day he vehemently denounced the tendency to moderation and, at least, temporary co-operation with the Government lately displayed by a large portion of the Opposition. Berg was also closely allied with journalism, being himself the publisher of about a dozen provincial papers and the editor of a Copenhagen daily. He was a hard worker, and it was his wish that he should die in harness. He was chairman of the Financial and member of several other Parliamentary Committees, and had been attending a committee at the House only a few hours before his death.

In the Upper House of the Danish Legislature, one of the two Socialist members the other day introduced an Eight Hours Labour Bill, which, however, was disposed of in an hour's time, and refused a second reading. In the Second Chamber a Bill has been introduced providing for a minimum limit to wages in tenders for public (State or Municipal) works, and also restrictions as to hours. A Bill has also been introduced for the purpose of giving municipal suffrage to unmarried women over twenty-five years of age who pay taxes.

Dr. Ernst Brandes, a brother of Dr. Georg Brandes, and himself a well-known author and politician, has just published a new play: "Under the Law." It is essentially a modern play, with its usual inter-matrimonial complications, and with its usual conflicts between the individual and his or her surroundings, with an ending that is no end. The book is, however, both clever and witty, and rather adds to than detracts from its author's literary fame.

Alexander Kielland, the Norwegian author, is having his candidature for the Stavanger Burgo-mastership warmly recommended by the Radical papers.

Henrik Ibsen is getting quite a lady's man. To Fru Hennings, the *prima donna* of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, the creator of Nora and other celebrated parts, who last week celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance, Ibsen sent the following telegram:—"DEAR FRU HENNING,—A thousand thanks, on the day of your jubilee, for your Nora, your Hedvig, your Hedda! And thanks for all you have been and still are for contemporary dramatic authorship and art in Scandinavia.—Your affectionate HENRIK IBSEN."

Björnstjerne Björnson has commenced proceedings against three more Conservative or moderate papers, thus completing the first half dozen, and he

has written an article in a Swedish paper protesting that he does not hate Sweden, and that he only wishes to secure for Norway what is her due.

THE PARTING.

THOUGH it was market-day at Tregarrick, buying and selling went forward languidly in the streets, and the stream of traffic from the country trickled but thinly through the two main entrances to the town. Nobody was surprised: for this Saturday fell in the middle of the hay-harvest, and most prudent wives had pinched, the week before, to lay in groceries enough for a fortnight. The wasps were thick on the sweet-sellers' standings—a sure earnest of hot weather for days to come—and along the hillsides that surround the town in the form of a rude amphitheatre the music of the hay-cutting machines was incessant as that of the grasshoppers. From the very centre of the market-place, if you glanced up at the town clock above the Guildhall, you saw that its turret divided a steep slope, whereon the haymakers at work, a mile away, resembled small automata clustered around the dial. A few of these would descend to buy provisions late in the evening, as soon as their wages were paid; but throughout the sultry afternoon business was very dull.

Towards three o'clock, however, Farmer Lear drove in as usual from Gantick village; that is to say, by the westerly road, which gives the more gradual descent into the Fore Street. The first building it passes in this descent is a sombre pile of some eminence, having a gateway and lodge before it, and a high encircling wall. The sun lay warm on the long spine of its slate roof, as Farmer Lear came over the knap of the hill and looked down upon it. He carried two people beside him in his tax-cart—a man and a woman—and withdrew his eyes nervously from the Workhouse roof to glance at them. At the same moment he pulled up his dun-coloured mare.

"I reckoned," he said, speaking with some timidity and as if he merely wanted to explain this action,— "I reckoned you'd be for stoppin' hereabouts an' gettin' down. You'd think it more seemly—that's what I reckoned: an' 'tis all down-hill now."

The couple beside him were old, and for five seconds and more after he had spoken neither gave a sign of having heard. The tax-cart's oscillatory motion seemed to have entered into their spinal joints, and now they were come to a halt their heads continued to wag forward and back as they contemplated the blue haze of smoke spread over the town, and the one long slate roof that rose from it as if to meet them. At length the old woman spoke, in a tone of some viciousness, though her face remained as blank as the Workhouse wall.

"Th' next time I go back up this hill, if ever I go, I'll be carried up, feet first."

"M'ria," said the old man, feebly reproachful, "you tempt the Lord, you do."

"Thank'ee, Farmer Lear," the woman went on, paying no heed, "you shall help us down if you've a mind to, an' drive on. We'll make shift to trickley 'way down so far as the gate, an' I'd be main vexed if anybody that had known me in life should see us creep in. Come 'long, Jan."

Farmer Lear alighted and helped them out carefully. He was a clumsy man, but did his best to handle them gently. When they were set on their feet, side by side in the dusty road, he climbed back and began to arrange his reins while he cast about for something to say.

"Well, folks; I s'pose I must be wishin' 'ee good-bye." He meant to speak cheerfully, but overacted and was hilarious instead. Recognising this, he blushed.

"We shall meet in Heaven, I dessay," the woman answered. "I put the door-key under th' empty

geranium pot 'pon the window-ledge: an' whoever the new tenant's wife may be, she can eat off the floor, if she's minded. Now drive along, that's a good soul an' leave us fend for oursel's."

They watched him out of sight before either stirred. A week, a day, a few hours before, they had been willing enough to discuss with their neighbours what was about to befall them. But the last decisive step, the step across the Workhouse threshold, must be taken with none to witness. If they could not pass out of their small circle by the more honourable mode of dying, they would at least depart with this amount of mystery. They had left the village in Farmer Lear's cart: and Farmer Lear had left them in the high road: and, after that, nothing should be known. They had never heard of the dim vale of Avilion, nor to their knowledge had any one since the days of Elijah been rapt up to heaven in a chariot of fire: yet of the many acquaintances who had preceded them on this journey they were used to speak always as "gone" simply, without mention of their destination or if they reached it.

There was a gate beside the road, with a small triangle of green before it and a granite roller that had lain there since early spring and was now half-buried in burdock-leaves. The woman sat down upon this and pulling up a handful of the leaves dusted her shoes and skirt.

"M'ria, you'll take a chill that'll carry you off, sittin' 'pon that cold stone."

"I don't care. 'Twon't carry me off afore I get inside, an' I'm goin' in tidy or not at all. Come here an' let me tittivate you. The muck you be in!"

"I allays did sweat a heap, come hay-makin' time." He sat down beside her and submitted to be dusted.

"You'd as lief lower me as not i' their eyes, I verily b'lieve. An' your weskit, that I've kept the moths from, these fifty odd year, wi' strakes o' dust in every crease!"

Old Jan looked down over his waistcoat. It was made of good West-of-England broadcloth, and he had worn it on the day when he was married to the woman beside him.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, "I'll find it hard to make friends in—in there. 'Tis such a pity, to my thinkin', that by reggulations we'll be parted as soon as we get inside. You've a-got so used to my little ways an' we've a-got so many little secrets together an' old-fash'ned trifles o' knowledge that you can take my meanin' a'most afore I starts to speak. It'll be terrible hard, when I wants to talk, to have to begin at the beginnin' ivery time. There's that ould yarn o' mine about Hambly's cow an' the engine-house: I doubt that anybody 'll enjy it so much as you allays do; an' I've so got out o' the way o' tellin' the beginnin'—which baint extra funny, tho' needful to a stranger's understandin' o' the whole joke—that I 'most forgets how it goes."

"We'll see one another now an' then, they tell me. The sexes meet for Chris'mas-trees, an' such like."

"I'm jealous that 'twon't be the same. You can't hold your trillin' confabs wi' a great Chris'mas-tree glazin' in your face."

"Well, I'm going to start," decided the old woman, getting up; "or else someone'll be drivin' by and seein' us."

Jan, too, stood up.

"We may so well make our good-byes here," she went on, "'stead of under the porter's nose."

An awkward silence fell between them for a minute, and these two old creatures who for fifty years had felt no constraint in each other's presence now look in each other's eyes with a fearful diffidence. Jan cleared his throat, much as if he had to make a public speech.

"M'ria," he began in an unnatural voice, "we'm bound for to part, an' I can trewly say, on leavin' ye, that——"

"—that for two score year' an' ten you've niver noticed whether I've made 'ee a good wife or a bad.

You've got that used to me, it niver occurred to 'ee to conselder. Kiss me, my dear old man; for I tell 'ee I wouldn' ha' wished it other. An' thank 'ee for tryin' to make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"Why—'t make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"Why—'t make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"It reminded me o' that, too. Come along." They tottered down the hill towards the Work-house gate. When they were but ten yards from it, however, they heard the sound of wheels behind them on the road, and walked bravely past, pretending to have no business at that portal. They had descended a good thirty yards beyond it (such haste was put into them by dread of having their purpose guessed) before the vehicle overtook them—a four-wheeled dog-cart carrying a commerciale traveller, who pulled up and offered them a lift into the town. They declined.

Then, as soon as he had passed out of sight, they turned and began painfully to climb back to the gate. Of the two, the old woman had shown the less emotion. But all the way, her lips were at work; and as she went she was praying a prayer. It was the only one she used night and morning, and she had never changed a word of it since she learnt it as a chip of a child. Down to her seventieth year she had never found it absurd to beseech God to make her "a good girl," nor did she find it so as the Work-house gate opened and let her in to a new life.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES."

SIR.—I have just, at a price that for any other English sixpenny paper I would have considered exorbitant, purchased a copy of *THE SPEAKER* at one of the charming kiosks that decorate Paris; institutions, by the way, that I think we should at once introduce into London. The kiosk is a delightful object, and, when illuminated at night from within, as lovely as a fantastic Chinese lantern, especially when the transparent advertisements are from the clever pencil of M. Chéret. In London we have merely the ill-clad news-vendors, whose voice, in spite of the admirable efforts of the Royal College of Music to make England a really musical nation, is always out of tune, and whose rags, badly designed and badly worn, merely emphasise a painful note of uncomely misery, without conveying that impression of picturesqueness which is the only thing that makes the spectacle of the poverty of others at all bearable.

It is not, however, about the establishment of kiosks in London that I wish to write to you, though I am of opinion that it is a thing that the County Council should at once take in hand. The object of my letter is to correct a statement made in a paragraph of your interesting paper.

The writer of the paragraph in question states that the decorative designs that make lovely my book "A House of Pomegranates," are by the hand of Mr. Shannon, while the delicate dreams that separate and herald each story are by Mr. Ricketts. The contrary is the case. Mr. Shannon is the drawer of dreams, and Mr. Ricketts is the subtle and fantastic decorator. Indeed, it is to Mr. Ricketts that the entire decorative design of the book is due, from the selection of the type and the placing of the ornamentation, to the completely beautiful cover that encloses the whole. The writer of the paragraph goes on to state that he does not "like the cover." This is, no doubt, to be regretted, though it is not a matter of much importance, as there are only two people in the world whom it is absolutely necessary that the cover should please. One is Mr. Ricketts, who designed it, the other is myself, whose book it binds. We both admire it immensely! The reason, however, that your critic gives for his failure to gain from the cover any impression of beauty seems to me to show a lack of artistic instinct on his part, which I beg you will allow me to try to correct.

He complains that a portion of the design on the left-hand side of the cover reminds him of an Indian club with a house-painter's brush on top of it, while a portion of the design on the right-hand side suggests to him the idea of "a chimney-pot hat with a sponge in it." Now, I do not for a moment dispute that these are the real impressions your critic received. It is the spectator, and the mind of the spectator, as I pointed out in the preface to "The Picture of Dorian Gray," that art really mirrors. What I want to indicate is this: the artistic beauty of the cover of my book resides in the delicate tracing, arabesques, and mass-

ing of many coral-red lines on a ground of white ivory, the colour-effect culminating in certain high gilt notes, and being made still more pleasurable by the overlapping band of moss-green cloth that holds the book together.

What the gilt notes suggest, what imitative parallel may be found to them in that chaos that is termed Nature, is a matter of no importance. They may suggest, as they do sometimes to me, peacocks and pomegranates and splashing fountains of gold water, or, as they do to your critic, sponges and Indian clubs and chimney-pot hats. Such suggestions and evocations have nothing whatsoever to do with the æsthetic quality and value of the design. A thing in Nature becomes much lovelier if it reminds us of a thing in Art, but a thing in Art gains no real beauty through reminding us of a thing in Nature. The primary æsthetic impression of a work of art borrows nothing from recognition or resemblance. These belong to a later and less perfect stage of apprehension. Properly speaking, they are not part of a real æsthetic impression at all, and the constant preoccupation with subject-matter that characterises nearly all our English art-criticism, is what makes our art-criticism, especially as regards literature, so sterile, so profitless, so much beside the mark, and of such curiously little account.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

OSCAR WILDE.

Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

WEISMANN'S THEORY OF HEREDITY.

DEAR SIR.—The interesting review of Professor Weismann's "Essays upon Heredity" in the last two numbers of *THE SPEAKER* is entitled "Weismann versus Darwin." The title will not mislead any scientific specialist nor indeed anyone who reads the review with sufficient care, but to the general public it is misleading. And, as one of the many non-specialists interested in the great biological controversy of the day, I ask leave to protest. Weismann is not an antagonist of Darwin. He might rather be described as more Darwinian than Darwin himself. He trusts exclusively to Darwin's principle of natural selection and discards the Lamarckian theory of use-inheritance which Darwin did not entirely reject. It is surely a mistake to use Darwin's name for just that part of his theory which is not distinctively his own. "Weismann versus Lamarck," or even "Weismann versus Herbert Spencer," would be a more accurate description of the controversy.—I remain, yours faithfully,

November 30th, 1891.

D. G. RITCHIE.

"THE NEW SOPHIST."

SIR.—The moderate—the very moderate—line which you often take on ecclesiastical and theological questions would not, I am sure, lead you deliberately to treat sophistically those who go farther. The conclusion of your article on Nietzsche seems a glorification of illusion. Happiness may, indeed, consist in being well deceived, but faith, equally with scepticism, has produced its human warnings. In fact, for one Nietzsche there have been one hundred Simeon Stylites. The evil of disillusion only arises if men do not go "through it." Goethe, as you say, "came out serene;" but not with the serenity of faith. His was a sceptical position—without illusion. *Credo quia impossibile* seems to be the only logical alternative. The result of inquiry is, of course, largely a matter of temperament. Life was a comedy to Goethe, because he thought; a tragedy to Nietzsche, because he felt. There are many who, like George Eliot, face great problems and feel relieved on the loss of many of the religious illusions which are very common in England. There are some, like S. T. Coleridge, afraid to cross the desert. If there be such a thing as intellectual virtue, there can be no doubt which is the nobler attitude.—Yours obediently,

Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W. GEORGE WHALE.

November 30th, 1891.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

SIR.—The objections urged by "M. W. H." in your last issue are singularly ineffective.

(1.) The advantages conferred at a general election by proportional representation would not be diminished by the fact that it could not be utilised at by-elections, the relative importance of which, besides, will become even less than at present should triennial parliaments be adopted. It seems a strange objection to come from one who is content with the present mode of election that in some cases that mode would still prevail under a reformed system. But this is not altogether true. The area of each constituency would be considerably wider, thus giving more value to the verdict of a by-election upon the burning question of the moment. And the transferable vote would, of course, be retained, which would permit more than two candidates to stand at a by-election without risk of letting in one who had only a minority of votes.

(2.) Under proportional representation a large majority of votes would always secure a large majority of members. If "M. W. H." thinks otherwise, he misunderstands the plan of the proposed reform.

(3.) This plan the average elector has always understood well enough when it has been put before him. What is more important is that it would give renewed interest in politics to many who are at present deterred from voting by the fact that only Hobson's choice is open to them.

(4.) In the case of three candidates, one of whom, A, has a great preponderance, the return as a second member of B or C would depend, by the doctrine of averages, upon which had the most secondary votes on A's papers, the overplus of which would be impartially taken. In the very unlikely case of these being evenly balanced, the return of either B or C would be equally just. In practice the case would not occur, but, at all events, it is only the individual B or C who would suffer, and not the electors, the vast mass of whom would, *ex hypothesi*, be represented some by either B or C, and the remainder by A. Those who object to even the possibility of such a case occurring should be strong advocates for proportional representation, for what would then become only a remote contingency is of everyday occurrence under the present system.

(5.) The counting of votes under the proposed scheme would be just as much local as is the counting in School Board elections now. Its soundness and good faith could be ensured by every guarantee which is obtainable in the case of any election by ballot whatever.—Yours, etc., W. J. D.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.
December 1st, 1891.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, December 4th, 1891.

WHAT I am about to say will, no doubt, be set down to tribal malevolence; and it is true that I was sent to study at another University. But I confess that if Cambridge men appeal to me less at one time than another it is when they begin to talk about their poets. The grievance is an old one, of course—at least as old as Mr. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta": but it has been revived by the little book of verse that I have just been reading. I laid it down and thought of Mr. Birrell's essay on Cambridge Poets, as he calls them; and then of another zealous gentleman, hailing from the same University, who arranged all the British bards in a tripos and brought out the Cambridge men at the top. This was a very characteristic performance; but Mr. Birrell's is hardly less so in these days when (to quote the epistolary parent) so much prominence is given to athleticism in our seats of learning. For he picks out a team of light-blue singers, as though he meant to play an inter-University match, and challenges Oxford to "come on." He gives Milton a "blazer," and says we oughtn't to play Shelley because Shelley isn't in residence.

Now to me this is as astonishing as if my butcher were to brag about Kirke White. My chemist might retort with Keats; and my scrivener—if I had one—might knock them both down with the name of Milton. It would be a pretty set-to; but I cannot see that it would affect the relative merits of mutton and laudanum and the obscure products of scrivenage. Nor, conversely (as they say at Cambridge), is it certain, or even likely, that the difference between mutton and laudanum is the difference between Kirke White and Keats. And this talk about "University" poets seems somewhat otiose unless it can be shown that Cambridge and Oxford directly encourage poesy, or aim to do so. I am aware that somebody wins the Newdigate every year at Oxford, and that the same thing happens annually at Cambridge with respect to the Chancellor's Prize. But—to hark back to the butcher and apothecary—verses are perennially made upon Mr. Lipton's Hams and Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer. Obviously some incentive is needed beyond a prize for stanzas on a given subject. I can understand Cambridge men when they assert that they produce more Wranglers than Oxford: that is a justifiable boast. But how does Cambridge encourage poets?

Oxford expelled Shelley: Cambridge whipped Milton. *Facit indignatio versus.* If we press Juvenal's words, Oxford erred only on the side of thoroughness. But that, notoriously, is Oxford's way. She expelled Landor, Calverley, and some others. My contention is that to expel a man is—however you look at it—better for his poesy than to make a don of him. Oxford says, "You are a poet: therefore this is no place for you. Go elsewhere; we set your aspiring soul at large." Cambridge says, "You are a poet. Let us employ you to fulfil other functions. Be a don." She made a don of Gray, of Calverley. Now over Calverley I have a particular quarrel with Cambridge men. They are for ever casting him in our teeth; whereas, in truth, he is specially to be quoted against them. As everybody knows, he was at both Universities, so over him we have a fair chance of comparing methods. As everybody knows, he went to Balliol first, and his ample cabin'd spirit led him to climb a wall, late at night. Something else caused him to be discovered, and Blaydes—he was called Blaydes then—was sent down.

Nobody can say what splendid effect this might have had upon his poetry. But he changed his name and went to Cambridge. And Cambridge made a don of him. If anybody thinks this was an intelligent stroke, let him consider the result. Calverley wrote a small amount of verse that, merely as verse, is absolutely faultless. To compare small things with little, you might as well try to alter a line of Shakespeare's as one of Calverley's. Forget a single epithet and substitute another, and the result is always disastrous. He has the perfection of the phrase—and there it ends. I cannot remember a single line of Calverley's that contains a spark of human feeling. His verse, his language, is as exquisite as La Fontaine's: but it has none of the blood that warms La Fontaine's classicism. Mr. Birrell himself has observed that Calverley is just a bit inhuman: but the cause of it does not seem to have occurred to him. Nor does the biography explain it. If we are to believe the common report of all who knew Calverley, he was a man of simple mind and sincere, of quick and generous emotions. His biographers tell us also that he was one who seemed to have the world at his feet, one who had only to choose a calling to excel in it. Yet he never fulfilled his friends' high expectations. What was the reason of it all?

The accident that cut short his career is not wholly to blame, I think. At any rate it will not explain away the exception I have taken to his verse. Had that been destined to exhibit the humanity which we seek, some promise of it would surely be discoverable; for he was a full-grown man at the time of that unhappy tumble on the ice. But there is none. It is all sheer wit, impish and extravagant at times as a fairy changeling's, and always barren of feeling. Mr. Birrell has not supplied the explanatory epithet, so I will try to do so. It is "donnish." Cambridge, fondly imagining that she was showing appreciation of Calverley thereby, gave him a Fellowship. Mr. Walter Besant, another gentleman from Calverley's college, complained, the other day, that literary distinction was never marked with a peerage. It is the same sort of error. And now Cambridge, having made Calverley a don, claims him as a Cambridge poet; and the claim is just if the epithet be intended to mark the limitations imposed by that University on his achievement. When Obermann was called "a German Milton," the answer was, "Yes, a *very* German Milton."

Of "J. K. S.," whose second volume, "Quo Musa Tendis?" (Macmillan & Bowles), has just come from the press, it is fashionable to say that he follows

after Calverley, at some distance. To be sure, he himself has encouraged this belief by coming from Cambridge and writing about Cambridge, and invoking C. S. C. on the first page of his earlier volume, "Lapsus Calami." But, except that J. K. S. does his talent some violence by constraining it to imitate Calverley's form, the two men have little in common. The younger has less wit, it may be allowed; or, at least, a very different wit. On the other hand, he is seldom academical. He thinks and feels upon subjects that were far outside Calverley's scope. Among the dozen themes with which he deals under the general heading of "Paullo Majora Canamus," there is not one which would have interested his "master" in the least. Calverley appears to have invited his soul after this fashion—"Come, let us go into the King's Parade and view the undergraduate as he walks about having no knowledge of good or evil. Let us make a jest of the books he admires and the schools for which he is reading." And together they manage it excellently. They talk Cambridge "shop" in terms of the wittiest scholarship. But of the very existence of a world of grown-up men and women, they seem to have no inkling, or, at least, no care.

The problems of J. K. S., if solved by aid of a cynicism with which it has never been my own lot to consent, are very much more grown-up. You have only to read "Paint and Ink" (a humorous, yet quite serious, address to a painter upon the scope of his art) or "After the Golden Wedding" (wherein are given the soliloquies of a man and a woman who have been married for fifty years) to assure yourself that if J. K. S. is not Calverley's equal, it is because his mind is vexed with problems bigger than ever presented themselves to the Cambridge don. To C. S. C. Browning was a writer of whose eccentricities of style delicious sport might be made. J. K. S. has parodied Browning too; but he has also perpended Browning, and been moulded by him. There are many stanzas in this small volume that, had Browning not lived, had never been written. Take this, from a writer to a painter:—

"So I do dare claim to be kin with you,
And I hold you higher than if your task
Were doing no more than you say you do;
We shall live, if at all, we shall stand or fall,
As men before whom the world doffs its mask
And who answer the questions our fellows ask."

Many such lines prove our writer's emancipation from servitude to the Calverley fetish, a fetish that, I am convinced, has done incalculable harm to many young men of parts in either university. It is pretty, in youth, to play with style as a puppy plays with a bone, to cut his teeth upon it. But words are, after all, a poor thing without matter. J. K. S.'s emancipation has come somewhat late; but he has depths in him which he has not sounded yet, and it is quite likely that when he sounds them he may astonish the world rather considerably. Now, if we may interpret the last poem in his book, he is turning towards prose. "I go," he says—

"I go to fly at higher game:
At prose as good as I can make it;
And though it brings nor gold nor fame,
I will not, while I live, forsake it."

It is no disparagement to his verse to rejoice over this resolve of his. For a young man who begins with epic may end with good epic; but a young man who begins with imitating Calverley will turn in time to prose if he means to write in earnest. And J. K. S. may do well or ill, but that he is worth watching has been evident since the days when he edited the "Reflector."

To say an ill word of so sweet and sane a wit as Calverley is an ungrateful business. But I am firmly of opinion that a worse fate can hardly befall a young man than to attempt to write as Calverley wrote. The man played with shadows, and did it so

exceeding well that his perfection of form blinds one to the worthlessness of his matter. And to become his disciple is to accinge oneself to the exquisite treatment of matters in themselves worth very little. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

MR. GORE'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

THE INCARNATION OF THE SON OF GOD: BEING THE BAMPTON LECTURES FOR THE YEAR 1891. By Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1891.

THESE Bampton Lectures deserve, what they are sure to receive, a cordial welcome from all students of theology. They do not, indeed, reach the level of some of the Bampton's we have known: they do not approach Mansel's in speculative power, or logical dexterity, or simple weight of mind; nor have they the brilliance or rhetorical pomp of Liddon's; nor can they compare with Hatch's in subtle historical sense, delicacy of literary touch, faculty of minute analysis and bold combination: and it is simply impossible that they can ever hold the same place in the estimation of scholars, or exercise anything like the same influence on historical inquiry. The book suffers from the form in which it appears; it was written to be spoken, and, as Mr. Gore himself recognises, was fitter for the congregation of St. Mary's than for "a special theological audience." And St. Mary's is a congregation always more sensitive to personal qualities than capable of critical appreciation, especially in the higher theology. Yet on every page we feel the presence of a deeply convinced man who has thought for himself, inquired for himself, with a fixed mind but an open eye; who sees clearly, speaks lucidly, with the force and courage born of completest conviction. His point of view, from which he has looked at his subject in all its bearings, may be described as pre-Copernican—i.e., he represents in historical theology the Ptolemaic standpoint. This language is not all figurative; his centre is but a dependency of the system he would understand, and if even the most honest and able man should mistake so small a planet as the Anglican Church for the one fixed point on which the observer can securely stand, it will be no easy thing for him to see and to describe things as they are. This involves a double difficulty—he cannot well understand people who do not occupy his point of view, and they cannot very well understand him. This inveterate Anglican provincialism, which seems to make scientific method in theology impossible, makes criticism a task as hard as it is delicate, for it is not always an easy or grateful thing to state the blunt truth. The work, besides, is disappointingly slender, none the less so that the author himself is quite conscious of the slenderness. If we were to compare this book, so far as it is concerned with the Incarnation, with some of the treatises on the same subject which we owe to the great German theologians of this century, we fear we could not even congratulate Oxford on being the place where good German theologies go when they die, unless, indeed, their ghosts are as pallid as those Odysseus met in the underworld. But such a comparison would not be just: for the work is, in a double sense, occasional as well as popular. Its main purpose is to give such an exposition of what is conceived to be the fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith as shall supply a reasoned basis for a specific theory of the Church; its subordinate purpose is to be an indirect apology for certain much-contested positions in "Lux Mundi." We shall not concern ourselves with this double purpose further than to say—these lectures are an excellent exposition of Mr. Gore's conciliation of our Saviour's claim to authority and his use of current views as to the Old Testament. Our concern, however, is with the book as a whole.

One of the most characteristic episodes is the criticism of the late Dr. Hatch. His last work—the Hibbert Lectures—is in many respects open enough to question, for, as he confessed, it was the work of a “pioneer” who had ventured “into comparatively unexplored ground,” where he had, no doubt, “made the mistakes of a pioneer”: but it certainly does not lie open to criticisms so flagrantly obvious as those of Mr. Gore. He assumes that Dr. Hatch’s purpose was as dogmatic as his own, while it was a simple historical purpose, an inquiry into the process by which certain dogmas and institutions had been formed. This inquiry may have had a subsidiary purpose, to indicate that, coincident with the formation of certain dogmas, there came a change in the centre of gravity in the Christian system. But such an inquiry, in itself, certainly in no way denied the necessity of the constructive process, and was not designed to invalidate, only to explain, the dogmatic result. On page 251 Mr. Gore quotes and italicises a sentence from Hatch as if it were an answer to Hatch, but all the italics do is to show, by what he emphasises as an incidental admission, that he has only too well misapprehended his author. He takes, too, a most carefully worded statement by Hatch of one of two alternative positions that may be held as a consequence of his inquiry, and reasons as if it were categorical and exclusive; and then deals with the objective historian as if he were an unqualified polemic. He answers Dr. Hatch’s contention that the Nicene Creed was due to the influence of “Greek metaphysics” on Christian thought, by some general remarks, too obvious to be questioned by anybody, as to Christianity becoming “metaphysical simply and only because man is rational.” But such an answer has a twofold irrelevance—it affirms what never was questioned, and contradicts a position that never was maintained. Dr. Hatch said nothing about metaphysics in general, but about a special school—or, rather, type—of metaphysics, to wit, “Greek metaphysics”; *i.e.*, the School philosophies of the Patristic period, with their scholastic terminologies; and his problem was to inquire how far these had contributed to the being of “the metaphysical creed” which stands “in the forefront of the Christianity of the fourth century.” In working out his problem, he may not have taken account of all the factors needed in its solution—this reviewer is very far from thinking that he did; but he certainly did not mean to deny to metaphysics a place in religion—he only meant to show that a certain metaphysical product was due to the action of certain metaphysical schools, with their scholastic terminologies. And the curious thing is that Mr. Gore agrees with him. The moment he ceases to fill the rôle of critic and begins to play the part of constructive thinker, he becomes almost, if not altogether, such an one as Dr. Hatch. He says of the decisions of Chalcedon, “that they represent the Apostolic teaching worked out into formulas by the aid of a terminology which was supplied by Greek dialectics” (p. 91). And, again, the Church learned “to use that exact terminology with which the Greek genius supplied her to enshrine her creed” (p. 100). “What the Church borrowed from Greek thought was her terminology, not the substance of her creed” (p. 101). Now that these statements differ formally from Hatch is true; but that they materially repeat his position is true also. Stress is indeed laid, as he did not seem to lay it, on “Apostolic teaching,” and “the substance of the creed”; but his position as to “Greek metaphysics” is simply affirmed. For what do “Greek dialectics” mean save “Greek metaphysics” applied to the forms and processes of thought? And if a creed is “enshrined in a new and exact terminology,” is it in substance the same creed as before? Substance and form are delicate and subtle things; neither can be changed without changing the other, and the power of form over substance is immense, especially where form is old and substance is

new. Language has been described as the incarnation of thought; but where the flesh is old—a body so ancient as to have been enriched by the speculations and hardened by the handling and the labour of centuries—then certainly the spirit that passes into it has in many material respects to be fitted to what it finds. And so the terminology of Greek thought affected the very substance of the Christian creed; and to recognise this is simply to recognise the historical place and value of the Greek creed, with all its significance alike for Greece and Judea, for East and West, for ancient and modern thought and faith.

Another and no less characteristic piece of criticism is the eloquent and surprised remonstrance with Dr. Hatch for having “left out of consideration the theology of the Apostolic writers.” It is so very obvious a criticism that one would have thought an acute critic like Mr. Gore would have jealously questioned himself before making it. Surely, if Dr. Hatch’s purpose had been, as Mr. Gore supposes, a polemic against doctrine, and not simply, as it was, an historical inquiry into the influence of “Greek Ideas and Usages on the Christian Church,” he could not have made a more extraordinary blunder than the omission for which he is censured. It would have been a sort of unconditional surrender of himself into the hands of the enemy. But for his purpose such an inquiry was not necessary, though it seems to us that it would, if it had been prosecuted, have enormously strengthened his contention. He did not analyse the Sermon on the Mount, though he introduced his subject by an allusion to it. He did not attempt an exhibition of the theology of Jesus, though from Mr. Gore’s point of view this ought to have been a much more serious omission than even his neglect of “the theology of the Apostolic writers.” His work, in reality, begins outside and after the New Testament, though he is never forgetful of its being. It is a matter the student of the primitive Church can hardly be ignorant of, that the development of doctrine does not begin where the New Testament ends; it begins, not behind it, but without it, though, perhaps, after it, on a lower level, amid influences less strong and less noble than those of the Apostolic circle. It starts with tradition, with confused memories, with blind and stumbling endeavours to comprehend what was said and believed by the multitude, not what had been written and explained by the Apostles. To deal with the sub-Apostolic age as if it had, or had used, the New Testament, as if the Pauline or the Johannine theology had worked itself into the collective consciousness and become intelligible as a reasonable or even as an oral tradition, is not to exhibit the historical or scientific spirit, it is simply to deal with history in the categories of a sect or a school. The age when “Greek ideas and usages” began to exercise their influence on Christian thought was an age when for that thought the theology of the New Testament, as we understand the term, could not be said to be. And when it did come to be, the mind that came to the New Testament was one penetrated by those very Greek ideas whose influence it was the function of the historian to trace. Hence the omission seems to us to have been due to a scientific appreciation of the problem; the criticism to be due to the absence in the critic of a like scientific appreciation and critical sense.

These incidental criticisms enable us to touch the fundamental defect of the book: it is never so much dogmatic in idea and principle as when it is most historical in form. There is ample knowledge of literature that may be used in history, but no corresponding historical use of it. The appearance of inquiry is illusive; there is abundant evidence both of search and research, but not for the purpose of discovery, only for proofs and arguments in support of points to be proved. The process is conducted in the interests of a dogma which existed before the process, and is made to determine all the results

to be reached. And this dogma, spite of appearances to the contrary, is not the Incarnation, but the Church: the one is primary, the other secondary. The Church is the one fixed point, the one sure reality—what is of it and in it is, *ipso facto*, of God. And it is the Church of dogma, not of history; very different from the society that can be seen by the eyes of men organising itself through struggle with its environment and assimilation from it. Dogma frankly using its own tongue is doing what can be understood, but dogma speaking as if it were an historical inquirer only confuses issues and bewilders learners.

And it is because of this prior and parent dogma that we join issue with Mr. Gore. As to his actual construction of the doctrine of the Incarnation, little need be said. Our main regret is that he views the doctrine through the Church rather than the Church through the doctrine, and so he narrows his doctrine to the Church instead of raising and enlarging the Church by the measure and majesty of the doctrine. As a result, his treatment is inadequate and wanting in catholicity; it is handled too much as the apology for a local ecclesiastical theory, and too little as the supreme and all-determinating mystery of the Christian faith. So far as he goes in dogmatic exposition, he is lucid, reverent, often penetrating, always thoughtful. We cannot, indeed, conceive how our Lord "habitually spoke under the limitations of a properly human consciousness," unless He thought under the same limitations; and if He did, some of Mr. Gore's positions must be modified. Can he maintain, for example, the idea that Christ was impeccable and "could not sin," and yet affirm His true and proper humanity? If it could not fall, in what way was it like man's, and wherein did His virtue or merit consist? or what could temptation signify to the impeccable? Would it not be a mere appearance? Then, how can he reconcile the universal significance and function of the Incarnation with his dogma of a limited Church and particularist sacraments? By his theory of the Church he gets possession of the creeds; but by his doctrine of the Incarnation, which places Christ in universal relations, the particularism of his ecclesiastical theory is cancelled. Then his doctrine of development strikes us as curiously abortive. It must either be good for the whole history of the Church, or good for no part at all; and how does it harmonise with the remarkable difference of his attitude to modern and to patristic thought? Into the handling of the Fathers much unreality seems to enter. A modern mind full of ideas which it owes to modern thought may easily read into the Fathers ideas they never meant to express, or did or could conceive. It is the business of the historical student to read the mind of the third century with the mind of to-day; but it is the temptation of the dogmatist to read the mind of to-day into the mind of the third century. Surely the time has come when this should cease, and we should frankly say: "The Fathers did not know the Apostolic age or the age of Christ as well as we do; their knowledge was less accurate, their canons and methods of interpretation more arbitrary and less sure: therefore we shall use them as authorities for the study of history, but not as authorities in doctrine." If Mr. Gore had come to his subject in this spirit, all his doctrine as to the Incarnation might have stood, or have even assumed a more perfect form; but all his doctrine as to the Church and its orders and sacraments would have been different.

A FRENCH ESSAYIST ON ENGLISH POETS.

ESSAYS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

THE general reader has good cause to be grateful to Mr. Saintsbury for the admirable patience which has enabled him to do into English a dozen of the late M. Scherer's critical papers. The thing was worth doing, and Mr. Saintsbury has done it well. He has

also told us his motives for doing it. This was not so well. The less we are asked to concern ourselves with men's motives the better. No one would ever have thought of asking why Mr. Saintsbury's busy pen has been so employed. When a competent workman puts in a new pane of glass, curiosity seldom prompts the question—Why the workman became a glazier. Mr. Saintsbury had three motives for translating M. Scherer instead of doing something original. The first was self-improvement; the second (almost as adequate) the conviction that such "well-nourished and robust criticism" was worth reading; and the third was the desire "to have an opportunity of raising a little pile of coals of fire on M. Scherer's defunct head, an occupation as interesting to the man of humour as it is creditable in the eyes of the philosopher and the divine." This very odd language is explained by the fact that once upon a time M. Scherer reviewed a book of Mr. Saintsbury's and forbore to praise it. The latter's "soft answer" now lies before us.

When considering M. Scherer, you must at once deal with the objection that he is often commonplace. That he is so undisguisably mitigates, but does not obliterate, the offence. A worthy man, fundamentally sound, correct and judicious, but undeniably dull at times. To say of him, as he says of Wordsworth, that *ennui* clings to his name, would, we hope, be to exaggerate, but his strain is not soul-animating. Mr. Saintsbury sees this clearly enough, and seeks in his introduction with much skill to avoid the objection, by sneering at the critics who are not dull. We live, so it would appear, amongst a skittish generation, always seeking as their sign, "Laughter holding both his sides." There is—so Mr. Saintsbury says—"so much criticism which crackles to deafening with epigram, which blazes to dazzling with epithet, which amuses even while irritating, and which yet is, alack! absolutely unimportant." We are also told that M. Scherer "knew very well, and always acted on the principle, that to make an avowedly critical study a mere stalking-horse for shooting random shots of pleasantry, a mere embroidery frame for elaborating patches of fine writing, is a gross offence against art, and a gross dereliction of literary duty."

These observations, however, do not remove the objection—which is, not that M. Scherer does not toss a cap and bells, or indulge in fine writing, but that his general effect upon his readers is a little wearisome; an effect which is produced—so, at least, the reader feels persuaded—not by any self-denying ordinance placed upon himself by M. Scherer, or by any resolute determination to forswear gaiety, but by something congenital, inevitable, incurable. M. Scherer is quite as lively as God made him, and does his honest best to be as sprightly as he can. Most people do. Even Mr. Saintsbury, despite the fact that he might fairly apply to himself the words of Provost Pawkie in Galt's delightful story—"I dinna think I was ever what could be called a funny man, but only just as ye would say a thought agee in that way"—and though he tells us he hates "critical fireworks," is yet to be found making the surely very squibbish remark to be read at the top of the thirty-second page of his introduction, to the effect that M. Scherer, in his treatment of George Eliot, "twitches that nymph's last garment of childish faith off with a rather icy gravity, and apparently without the slightest pleasure." This surely is rather waggish.

But Mr. Saintsbury is quite right in protesting against the boycotting of authors, particularly critical authors, simply because they are not all Arnolds or Bagehots. Readers should remember their own necessities as well as their pleasures.

The present reviewer recalls once humbly assisting at a consultation between an eminent leader of the Chancery Bar whose head, to employ Mr. Saintsbury's phrase, is now "defunct," and a famous Common Lawyer who has since abandoned his profession and become a Cabinet Minister. The latter was volatile and rhetorical, the former had as

much volatility as Sir Robert Peel and as little rhetoric as the Duke of Wellington. In the course of the consultation the volatile one exclaimed, with rueful humour, "But, Mr. Southgate, you have no enthusiasm"; whereupon the gentleman referred to looked solemnly over his papers and replied, "Our client has no need of enthusiasm; he seeks an injunction."

It would not be true in critical matters to say that we have no need of enthusiasm—for we have great need of it—but we also sorely lack wise injunctions; and such are to be had from M. Scherer—not, indeed, in great abundance, but in a very appreciable quantity.

M. Scherer was by birth and education a French Protestant, and when a boy spent some time in England under the care of a divine who is described by M. Octave Gréard, in his monograph on Scherer, as the Rev. Thomas Loader of Monmouth. Mr. Saintsbury's comment is amusingly characteristic. He suggests that had M. Gréard been less ignorant than he presumably is of English ecclesiastical matters he would have discovered that Mr. Loader belonged to some Dissenting sect, and was not, therefore, entitled to be called Reverend at all. It does not occur to Mr. Saintsbury that it is at least possible that an acquaintance even with English ecclesiastical matters might have left M. Gréard what it found him, a gentleman, and therefore indisposed to dock a learned stranger of a title usually attributed to him. But indeed it is barely imaginable to suppose a foreigner interested in a question so bleak and dreary as to which of two kinds of Protestant pastor is the better entitled to the use of a prefix indicative of a sacerdotal character which no sane man born beyond the four seas would ever dream of imputing to either.

Mr. Saintsbury, however, is nothing if not parochial. He affects, in a note on page 46, to be much shocked with M. Scherer for calling George Eliot "Mrs. Lewes," when it is notorious she was never married to anyone of that name. This introduction of "Mr. Legality" into literature, once so general and therefore so offensive, is now amusing as a relie.

With regard to the contents of this book, the papers best worth reading are those on Milton, Sterne, and Wordsworth, the last being, in our judgment, not only the best in the book, but a really great achievement. Read the last ten pages of this criticism, and you will never withhold from M. Scherer the respect due to a real critic. His comprehension of Wordsworth is complete: "He [Wordsworth] possesses, at a pinch, sublimity of sentiment and of language, but it is only as an exception and by a kind of infraction of his principles." And again, "Taking him where he is pure and without blemish—that is to say, somewhere halfway between his deliberate simplicity, between his propensities of a somewhat didactic kind, and between the lyrism, also too conscious and slightly declamatory of the great odes—you will find something of altogether superior quality."

And yet with all this understanding language is a terrible barrier. M. Scherer quotes with rapture from the Excursion the dreadful lines beginning—

"At length towards the Cottage I returned
Fondly, and traced with interest more mild."

"Never," he says, "has there been expressed as a whole, with such puissant simplicity and with plasticity so sovereign, the whole gamut of sentiments which Nature awakes." This unlucky quotation shakes one's faith to its centre. A man who says that of those lines, will say anything; but we shall do well to calm ourselves. M. Scherer had no great feeling for language. Had he had it, he would not have said, "Yet, with all these faults, Keats is very far from being an ordinary person;" but even without a feeling for language it is possible to be a sensible critic. The two papers on Shakespeare are no great things. Indeed, we wonder how Mr. Saintsbury

came to include the first, which is not above the level of the schoolroom. There are also three papers on George Eliot, only the last of which can, in Mr. Saintsbury's phrase, be called "important," though there are excellent observations in both the others. But the whole book is one which sensible people will take pleasure in reading if they are not already acquainted with its contents.

DICKENS-LAND.

A WEEK'S TRAMP IN DICKENS-LAND: Together with Personal Reminiscences of the "Inimitable Boz" therein collected. By William R. Hughes, F.L.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

MR. HUGHES is not ashamed to call himself a hero-worshipper. Indeed, his exploration of the places where Dickens lived, or which he used for the purposes of his novels, seems to have been of the nature of a pious pilgrimage. Coincidence attended him from the outset; he started in the month of August, when Dickens considered that Nature was at her loveliest; he started on a Friday, the day upon which most of the important incidents of Dickens's life happened. Returning from his preliminary journey about London, he dined according to the notions of Mr. Sam Weller—"pair of fowls and a veal cutlet; French beans, taters, tart, and tidiness." Fortune placed him in the bedroom that Mr. Tupman occupied in the Bull at Rochester: and either fortune or choice made his breakfast Pickwickian on the following morning. All this seems to have encouraged Mr. Hughes; he writes fervently, devotedly. He is, he allows, a Dickensian, attached to a personality which he regards with intense affection and admiration. But his enthusiasm seems to us to have obscured his critical abilities. We do not mean that he cannot criticise the works of Dickens. The young woman in the drawing-room may say that she cannot read Dickens; Mr. Howells, in one of those little places where he takes his intellectual exercise, may try him delicately, and find him wanting; an enthusiast like Mr. Hughes may admire vastly. None of these things will affect appreciably Dickens's reputation. Nor is literary criticism wanted in a volume which deals chiefly with the personal aspects of the man and with the description of his haunts. We mean that in the selection which he has made in his choice of materials Mr. Hughes is frequently injudicious. In this volume of more than four hundred pages many incidents are recorded which do not seem to us to be specially interesting and significant. Dickens once paid a tradesman by two cheques, and the tradesman took them to the bank. "The clerk just looked at the cheques, the signature apparently being very familiar to him, and then put the usual question—'How will you have it?' to which he replied, 'Notes, please.'" There is nothing in this story which could hurt the feelings of any man; it is not profane nor immoral; but it seems to us to be absolutely without point. There are too many futilities of this kind in the book. Again, Mr. Hughes allows too little for the method of an imaginative writer; he expects always to find the original from which Dickens copied. There are, for instance, three gate-houses near Rochester Cathedral, and Mr. Hughes was much exercised to find out which of the three was Jasper's gate-house. At last it dawned upon him that, "with the usual novelist's licence, some points in all three gate-houses have been utilised for effect." Dickens, in short, was not writing a guide-book to Rochester: he simply took suggestions and hints, combined them, and altered them at his will. He surely should not be said to be employing the novelist's usual licence—we prefer this order of the words; he was not at the end of the novelist's right, but at the beginning of the novelist's necessity, when he let his imagination and his observation work together.

On the other hand, his enthusiasm led Mr. Hughes to take an immense amount of pains. He knew far better how to acquire material than how to omit it judiciously afterwards. If a local tradesman had done

any work for Dickens, Mr. Hughes swooped down upon him at once, and extracted from him his utmost information. Sometimes such information was quite insignificant, as in the instance which we have already quoted; but often enough Mr. Hughes came away with an interesting fact to weave into his book. We hear several estimates of Dickens from such sources. "Mr. Dickens," says one—a builder—"was always very straightforward, honourable, and kind, and paid his bills most regularly." Someone, shortly after the death of Dickens, referred to the great loss when speaking to the waiter at the "Sir John Falstaff." "A very great loss to us, sir," the waiter answered; "he had all his beer sent in from this house"! A labourer with whom Dickens had been chatting was asked if he knew who it was that had been speaking to him. "I don't know who it was," the man said, "but he was a d—d good fellow, for he gave me a shilling." One notes the class-bias. He paid his bills, got his beer from the local inn, and gave tips; men could appreciate his justice and generosity who had but little notion of his genius. Those who would consider him solely as an author, find his work so full of his strong human personality that they are compelled to think of him also as a man. In "David Copperfield" one finds a good book, but one finds a good friend also. The charm of his work is largely personal; there is in it a perfectly natural attitude of friendliness towards the reader. It is not only that Dickens had wide sympathies, although that commonplace is true; he had the power of winning the sympathies of others. His critics will never, perhaps, be quite able to explain its existence; most certainly they will never be able to argue it away—not even in America, where, as Mr. Howells in one of his most Bostonian moments informs us, "the race has gained a height never reached before."

The interest of Mr. Hughes's description of those places which Dickens has made famous is increased by many illustrations, mostly by Mr. Kitton, who accompanied Mr. Hughes on his pilgrimage; and a good index makes it a very useful reference volume. A less fervent disciple might, perhaps, have shown more judgment in the selection of material; and the material selected might have been arranged with more coherence and lucidity. But we are not ungrateful for much which is new and important in the volume.

THE MAGAZINES.

ONE naturally turns to the fiction in the lighter December magazines; for, although only a few of them blossom like Christmas roses into double numbers, they almost all contain a special story. The reviewer has read more than a dozen—none of them without entertainment, and several with much interest. "On the Western Circuit" (*English Illustrated*), by Mr. Hardy, is not quite in his most moving vein, yet it is truer and more human than any of the others: a story would need to be very good indeed before it could be equalled with Mr. Hardy's second-best. It tells how a man wooed and married one woman while he was, without knowing it, in love with another. She whom he weds borrows the soul of her he loves and deceives him, not understanding what she is doing; and the only art-magic employed is human nature. It is very skilful. "A Castaway of the South" (*English Illustrated*), by Mr. Gilbert Parker, is a good sensational narrative with some powerful passages: the omnivorous and the credulous readers of fiction will like it better than those who are slower to take things for granted. "Pearlin' Jean" (*Blackwood*), by Mr. J. M. Scott-Moncrieff, is a carefully-studied story of homely Scotch life in an east-coast fishing village. A very old story it is, and the writer has not introduced any new element into it. A shallow-hearted girl forsakes her poor lover and marries a well-to-do gentleman of infirm health, and the jilted lad blows his brains out: it is the

environment of the melodrama that interests us—the simple folk, the pleasant Scotch dialect, the primitive ways and ideas, all fresher and more charming than the latest century-end romance from New York or Paris, because they are all a century old. "The History of a Failure" (*Longmans*), by Mr. E. Chilton, is a story with a purpose—a Christmas legend with a Dickensy flavour. The persons are all caricatures, including Emerson Postlethwaite, a well-bred Tiny Tim; but the lesson—that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in philosophy—can be taught fantastically quite well. Mr. Chilton brings it straight home to our bosoms. It would be difficult for anybody with the merest rag of temperament to read the conclusion of "The History of a Failure" dry-eyed: nor need the fact repel anybody, for the pathos is not maudlin. "Desdemony" (*Temple Bar*), by Mr. H. Musgrave, is not without power; but the brutal jealousy of such an inferior creature as Bob Kewney, even though it ends in murder and suicide, is not interesting. Desdemony herself is delicate and delightful; art, however, won't have Caliban married to Miranda, no matter what may happen in actual life. Dickens was right when he made Quilp's wife a heartless fool, though pretty. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "Christmas Shadrach" (*Century*) is too evidently made to order. A shadrach is a piece of iron or iron-ore which passes through the smelting furnaces without being affected by the great heat. On that account the iron-workers have given it the name of one of the Hebrew children who passed through Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace unhurt. The Shadrach is able to give out to human beings something of its power to keep their minds cool when they are in danger of being overheated. In Mr. Stockton's story the talisman changes hands several times among two pair of lovers—with results. Mr. T. B. Aldrich's "Christmas Fantasy" (*Century*) is a pleasant invention, with a moral for children of all ages. "Tryphena and Tryphosa" (*Macmillan*) is not comic, in spite of the title. It is a tragic story of the Salvation Army, well written and convincing till the very end. Tryphosa's great self-sacrifice is quite right; but it is inartistic to ask us to believe that Tryphena spent the rest of her life as a Salvationist. "The Candidate" (*Cornhill*) is a most entertaining account of how Seng of Peking failed for thirty years to pass his exams.; and how, when he was certain to pass, he, for reasons sufficient, failed to sit. "The Adventures of a Guinea-Pig" (*Argosy*) deals with that prosaic biped—given to wandering in many pastures, especially on Sunday—the pulpit-supplier, and is very bright and amusing. International fiction is represented by Mrs. M. F. W. Cross's "Mrs. Hibbert" (*Gentleman's*), the story of an American widow who comes to Europe and London, and after breaking hearts returns to New York to marry a Yankee doctor. It is more after the style of Julien Gordon than the style of Henry James. Professor Church's "Demoleon and Artystone" (*Victorian Magazine*), the loves of a disciple of Hippocrates and a Persian damsel, is somewhat tame, though pleasant to read. "The Highwaymen" (*Newbery House*), by Miss Florence Scannel, will please girls; and so will Mrs. L. T. Meade's "Yellow Dragon Vases" (*Atalanta*). Everybody should read Mr. Hardy's "Western Circuit," Mr. Chilton's "History of a Failure," and the anonymous "Tryphena and Tryphosa."

The completed fiction is really bright this month. For the rest, the magazines are dull—the literary papers unusually so. In *The New Review* Mr. H. D. Traill gets into deep water over the paradox that "the literary drama" is, and always has been, a contradiction in terms. He actually becomes quite stupid in a comparison of Shakespeare with Dion Boucicault. Only eight out of Shakespeare's plays hold the stage still; therefore the rest as plays are failures. "More than 75 per cent. of failures to less than 25 per cent. of successes! Compare such a record as this with that of, say, the late Mr. Dion Boucicault!" What

record of the late Mr. Dion Boucicault? None of Shakespeare's plays, so far as we know, were total failures at the time of their production. Some of Dion Boucicault's were. Three hundred years hence these eight plays of Shakespeare will in all likelihood still hold the stage; in thirty, Boucicault's very name will be forgotten. A review of Signor Negri's "Life and Works of George Eliot" in *Blackwood* is well worth reading. Signor Negri appears to be the first foreigner who has really understood George Eliot. Mr. Saintsbury writes of William Cobbett in *Macmillan's*, a careful and elaborate essay. Professor Hales, remembering that Milton once projected a drama on the same subject as Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, has been led to institute a comparison between *Macbeth* and "Paradise Lost" in the *Nineteenth Century*. In the same magazine Professor Blackie writes in his breezy style of "Shakespeare and Modern Greek" apropos of a modern Greek translation of *Hamlet*. Vernon Lee's "Of Writers and Readers" (*New Review*), and Mr. Andrew Lang's "Mimes of Herondas" (*Contemporary*), are the most attractive of the literary articles.

Lord Ribblesdale's "Railway Journey with Mr. Parnell" is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on Lord Carnarvon's scheme of Home Rule. However complete it may have been, it had this radical error—that it was based on distrust of Ireland. "Home Rule was to be a measure granted by degrees to Ireland on her preferment." Dr. Dunckley's "Democratic Government" (*Contemporary*) is an able review of M. de Laveleye's "Le Gouvernement dans la Démocratie." Other attractive papers are "The Mistletoe Bough" (*Cornhill*); "The Coming of Summer" (*Longman's*), by Richard Jeffries; "Angels in Art" (*Atalanta*), an illustrated article by Miss Helen Zimmern; and an illustrated article on Raphael (*Century*). The *English Illustrated* contains a great variety of matter, and makes a charming picture-book.

We reserve our opinion of the *Victorian Magazine* and of the *Welsh Review* until we have seen more of them.

SHORT STORIES.

1. DECK-CHAIR STORIES. By Richard Pryce. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
2. ELEVEN POSSIBLE CASES. By Frank R. Stockton, Q. and others. London: Cassell & Co. 1891.
3. THE POET'S AUDIENCE AND DELILAH. By Clara Savile Clarke. London: Cassell & Co. 1891.

MR. RICHARD PRYCE, in his new collection of short stories, frequently deals with very familiar materials. The discovered fraud and the stolen jewels are subjects which, since the first monthly magazine emerged from chaos, have been very popular with the writers of short stories. But Mr. Pryce can do something with such materials; he has a touch, a manner, that lends them a certain distinction. He has that air of authority which gives conviction even to the most improbable tales; he writes clearly and, as it seems, without hesitation; he frequently will allow something for the imagination of the reader, and in the writing of short stories the art of judicious omission is peculiarly important. Of those stories which deal with the old magazine subjects, the cleverest is probably "Without the Wedding Garment;" it contains some useful suggestions for the acquisitive and unscrupulous. But we like better a story on far more unconventional lines—"The Curious Case of William Batten;" much in it is hinted, effectively, which would have been explained at length and spoiled by a more common writer. In "The Venus of Paris" Mr. Pryce seems to miss his usual authority and directness; he mistrusts his own story, and is consequently lost. If we were anxious to find more fault, we might speculate as to the origin of the first story in the book. But, on the whole, this is a very bright and readable collection of tales; a word of praise should be given especially to the

dialogue throughout. It is particularly fresh and natural.

"Eleven Possible Cases" consists of short stories by eleven different writers, and is consequently a very unequal book. Mr. Stockton tells a story of a lady who imagined that she had dropped a diamond bracelet into the sea. She sent a diver to look for it. As she had never dropped it, the diver naturally never found it. But he found a shark, who swallowed his electric lamp. The shark died from the shock, and the diver secured its body. He cut it open and found inside a bottle containing the confession of a murder for which his brother had been wrongfully accused. But it is not a humorous story. There is a marvellously vivid and impressive sketch by Joaquin Miller, entitled "A Lion and a Lioness," which would make a good subject for a popular picture. Most of the stories in the collection are of the exciting kind; the adventures of a million dollars, the theft of jewels, the end of the world, provide subjects for such stories. Readers who are fond of romance will be well satisfied with "Eleven Possible Cases."

Of the two stories, "The Poet's Audience" and "Delilah," the first is, we think, the better. The characters contained in it seem to us particularly real; their circumstances, the scenes in which they move, have much less conviction. Most of these characters do not possess proper names: they are distinguished as the Princess, the Poet, the Foreign Gentleman, for instance. This trick, however, is partially abandoned after a certain point in the story; it is, indeed, a clumsy trick and only effective in a very short story, or in the case of one character only. The heroine of "The Poet's Audience" has three lovers: one whom she hates, one whom she likes, and one whom she loves. She marries the one whom she likes, who is certainly the finest character in the story; but she is not able to forget the Poet, whom she loves. The concluding scenes of the story are pathetic and artistic. "Delilah" is more commonplace. It deals with a politician, married, who is drawn away from his wife by an ordinary adventuress. His character is well drawn, but the quality of the story as a whole is not very high. The author is better suited with a somewhat fanciful subject, as in "The Poet's Audience," than in this description of a dull intrigue.

THE GROWTH OF PUBLIC THRIFT.

MUTUAL THRIFT. By (Rev.) J. Frome Wilkinson, M.A. ("Social Questions of To-day.") London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

THIS is an interesting contribution to the inductive side of Social Science. It is a history and description of the various types of Friendly Society that have existed in England—from the local, unstable, and financially unsound little clubs which appear to have been common at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, and the secret orders (in imitation of the Freemasons) which began during the latter period and were suppressed by law in consequence of the French Revolution—down to the great societies of to-day. There is a good deal of curious learning in the book, and much that is interesting to the student of charitable methods. Thus in the South and East of England we find a type which may be called "the patronised friendly society," a form of thrift imposed on the working classes from outside, and only rendered possible by the spirit of dependence fostered by the old Poor Law; and regarded by the author apparently as incidentally beneficial but essentially bad, because it contravenes the principle of self-help. Mr. Wilkinson severely condemns the present "collecting societies"—though he has a good word for the management of the Prudential—and considers them at best necessary evils of a transitional stage in the development of Society. There is a useful sketch of the growth of central control, and some timely criticism of current schemes of national insurance, especially Canon Blackley's—which he has before attacked—and Mr. Moore Ede's, the insuperable difficulty of which seems to be the cost of collecting contributions. Mr. Wilkinson hopes, for his own part, to see something done towards a scheme of national insurance by the future Parish Councils—which we are afraid will necessitate a great deal of that central control which he deprecates—and insists that, whatever happens, nothing is to be done to weaken the spirit of self-help. The book contains much that can only be dealt with fairly by specialists; but it is timely and useful, if only as an indication of the mass of data that must be mastered in order to propose a tolerable scheme of national insurance.

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