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THE SPEAKER

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

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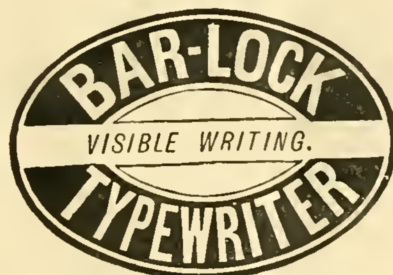

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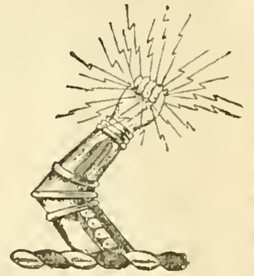

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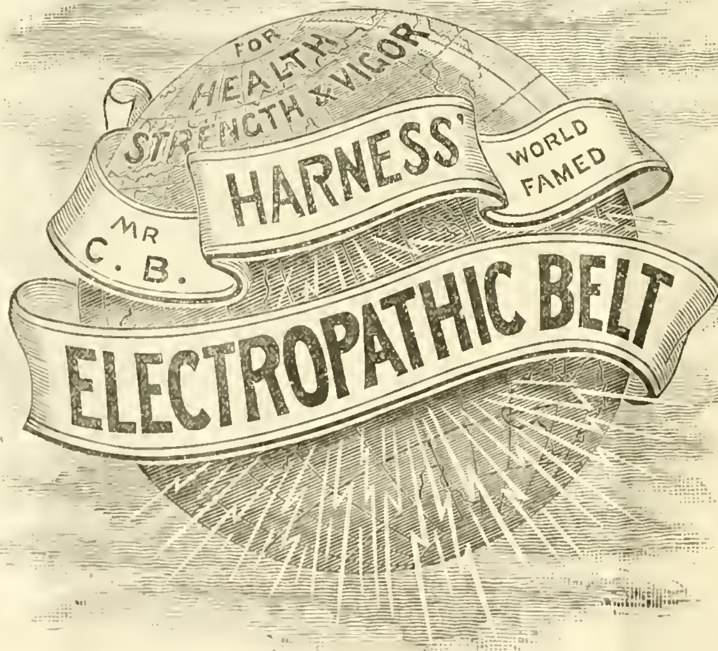

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE German Emperor's visit came to a close on Monday night, when His Majesty left London for Leith, where he joined his yacht, and started on a cruise to the North Cape. The visit has been a distinct success, so far as the establishment of cordial relations between the Emperor and the Government and people of this country is concerned. At the same time an uneasy suspicion prevails in some quarters that LORD SALISBURY has been anxious to give to this natural feeling of goodwill a character which it ought not to possess. We have dealt elsewhere with the question of England's adhesion to the Triple Alliance. No Minister has it in his power to commit us to engagements of this kind. The misfortune is, however, that some of our foreign critics do not realise this fact, and they are consequently apt to overrate the importance of such an incident as the Emperor's visit. LORD SALISBURY, speaking at a Unionist Club meeting on Wednesday, was careful not to say a word in reference to the Emperor's visit. We incline to think that this is not a good sign, and that he held out hopes to our Imperial guest which can never be realised.

ON one point connected with the Emperor's visit it is impossible to speak too strongly. We refer to the extraordinary manner in which the guests at the various state and civic functions who were invited to meet His Majesty were selected. The crowd of utter nonentities who filled the Guildhall last Friday of course needed no explanation. It was a "City" ceremonial, and the "City"—in the sense in which the word is understood at the Mansion House—has nothing to do with statesmanship, literature, science, politics, or even the world of fashion. A few political officials had to be asked. The rest of the invitations were distributed among the Common Councilmen and their friends. But how came it that in the different Court and official festivities such jealous care was taken to prevent the Emperor from meeting any but the "old gang" of the Tory and Liberal-Unionist parties? And if Ministers chose to turn this visit to account for their own personal and party ends, how was it that they had not the grace to bring the Emperor into personal contact with one or two of those representatives of literature, art, and science about whose eminence there is no dispute? They need not have gone beyond their own political following in order to find men at least as fit to meet the Emperor as any Treasury Bench hack is. MR. LECKY, MR. HUXLEY, and SIR JOHN MILLAIS, for example, might reasonably have been invited to Court on this occasion only, if the Court had only known who are the persons who are the worthiest representatives of unofficial England at the present day. As it was, if it had not been for the kindly thought of the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, it is doubtful whether the Emperor would have met a single Liberal statesman or a single man of letters during his visit to London.

THE House of Commons has been engaged in debating the Estimates during the week, and though good progress has been made, and some points of importance have been raised, the advance has not been quick enough to satisfy an assembly of worn-out legislators. Accordingly the twelve o'clock rule is to be suspended, and the remainder of the discussion on the Estimates is to be conducted in the perfunctory fashion which is usual at the end of an exhausting Session. For the moment party feeling seems to have died away, and the House of Commons is chiefly bent upon reaching the holidays at the earliest possible moment. The languor which has distinguished the House during the week is in part due to the absence of so many of its leading members. MR. SMITH is suffering from a severe chill, and the leadership has consequently passed into the hands of MR. GOSCHEN. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY, though both happily better, are still unable to resume attendance on their Parliamentary duties. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT is in consequence acting as leader of the Opposition, and is performing his duties with as much zeal and spirit as it is possible to infuse into political affairs at the present moment. On Wednesday LORD SALISBURY intimated that more than two years have still to elapse before this House of Commons will come to an end under the provisions of the Septennial Act. It is impossible to contemplate without a shudder the condition to which the House would be reduced if it were to linger on for these two years.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech on Wednesday was important for what it did as well as for what it did not contain. The Prime Minister believes that great constitutional changes are impending, and he indicates the line on which the Tory party ought to act in carrying a large measure of Parliamentary reform. He is in favour of the equal distribution of political power, the abolition of the illiterate voter, and the admission of women to the franchise. LORD SALISBURY has been so consistent an opponent of every kind of Parliamentary reform that he cannot blame us if we look with great suspicion at any proposals he may make for the purpose of extending the franchise. For the present, however, his proposals may be left to the consideration of his own party. It will be interesting to know what some of his colleagues have to say on the subject of his declaration in favour of the female vote.

THE case of MISS KATE GREENFIELD is an excellent example—more striking because the victim happens to be an English girl of fourteen—of what happens every day to the daughters of the Armenians, whose protection the Treaty of Berlin bound the Great Powers to secure. MISS GREENFIELD, whose mother is a considerable landowner in North-East Persia, was carried off by Turkish Kurds some weeks ago, with the connivance of her Kurdish maid. She has since been kept in captivity in the Turkish Consulate at So-uj-Bolak in Persia, and it is pretended that her captor is, in fact, her husband, and that she has adopted the Moslem faith. Were this true, it would be immaterial, considering her age. But the Turkish Consul and Ambassador have thrown every obstacle in the way of ascertaining the truth. Persian troops have been sent to the spot, but the Kurds are Turkish subjects, and they hesitate to act. Probably, too, the official Persian and Turkish view is that a young lady who goes for country walks is best shut up in a harem of some sort. The fact is, of course, that Persia and Turkey are absolutely powerless to keep the semblance of order in the wilder parts of their

own dominions. With Persia we have little concern: but with Turkey we are bound to interfere. If she cannot keep her Kurds in order herself, she must allow Persia to do so. Sir James Fergusson says the Foreign Office has done its best. But a notification to both Governments that they will be held responsible for Miss Greenfield's safety, or, in case of her death, for the payment of a heavy pecuniary indemnity, as well as for the capture and fair trial of her murderers, would probably accelerate the recovery of the captive.

The extremely foolish and vulgar trick by which the so-called Moderates at the London County Council prevented the ratepayers from acquiring a handsome tramway property may have the excellent incidental effect of ruining their prospects at the poll. Their action was indeed curiously void of every kind of excuse. The abstention was a gross violation of the spirit of the Act, which obviously was meant to provide for a full attendance of Councillors, not that the minority should, as it were, disfrock themselves for the nonce, and reduce by a third the voting and acting power of the Council. The reasons urged in defence of this miserable laches were altogether groundless. London was simply asked to do what twenty-nine municipalities in all—including Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford—have done at immense profit to the communities they serve, and what a most advantageous law enables her to do. The Tramways Act of 1870 gives the Council power to take over tramways on the expiry of their leases for the cost of their plant, without any allowance for goodwill. If this measure were gradually applied to all the tramways of London, a property returning an income of over £200,000 a year—equal to a saving of at least one penny in the £—would be placed at the disposal of London. The portion of the particular line—the London Street Tramways—which the Council was asked to purchase was also a thoroughly prosperous one, so that Mr. Boulnois, who ranted vaguely about the evils of State Socialism, was simply standing between the ratepayers and a particularly fine bargain. We only hope that this serious misdeed, as well as the scandalous method of doing it, will be well rubbed into the constituencies.

A comprehensive list of proposed London improvements is to be discussed by the London County Council next Monday. The disgraceful little "island" of old houses between Holywell Street and the Strand is at last to disappear, and the "betterment" principle is to be applied to the new frontage by an improvement rate amounting to fifty per cent. of the increased annual value, with arrangements for deferred payment. A new street is to run from Holborn to the Strand, beginning at Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, intersecting the slums about Drury Lane and Wych Street, and descending by a curve and an easy gradient to the Strand at Catherine Street. It is to be made a first-class thoroughfare by the introduction of glass roofs, at least for the sidewalks—an arrangement which unfortunately, considering the neighbourhood, is extremely likely to make it a more offensive reproduction of the Quadrant or Burlington Arcade. But it will be an admirable solution of the question how to get from North-East London to Charing Cross and Waterloo—which is only partially met by the construction of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road, and by the clearances near the British Museum. The south end of Tottenham Court Road is also to be opened up, and there are considerable improvements promised in the little-known districts of Wandsworth, Nine Elms, and the north and south of the Tower Bridge. The scheme is to cost upwards of two millions, and, despite some local contributions to the latter improvements and the application of the principle of betterment (under very fair restrictions) to the former, involves an increase in the rates, for the present, of three farthings in the pound.

During the week ended Wednesday night, somewhat over £1,100,000 in gold were taken out of the Bank of England, chiefly for Russia. A considerable amount also was withdrawn for Holland and Germany, and more will go. It is probable likewise that before long a strong demand for the United States will spring up, and as soon as harvesting begins, coin will flow out to the Provinces. Naturally, therefore, there has been a considerable rise in the rate of discount in the open market. At one time last week it was as low as $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. Now it has advanced to $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent., and in some cases as much as $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. is charged. If gold continues to be withdrawn from the Bank of England, as now seems probable, there will be a further advance. There has, too, during the week been some revival of alarmist rumours, which, however, appear to be entirely unfounded. It was said that the Messrs. Murrieta were again in difficulties. That is incredible, as it is only the other day that they received the assistance which they required. There was also a report that the English Bank of the River Plate intended making a call upon its shareholders in consequence of losses, but the report is contradicted by the Managing Director. But while the rate of discount in the open market has recovered so rapidly, the rate of interest for short loans remains exceedingly low. The speculation in silver has not made much progress. There is still a belief in some quarters that we shall see a rapid rise, partly because of speculative operations in the United States, and partly because of buying by the Bank of Spain. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the belief will be realised. The present is not a favourable time for large speculative operations of any kind, and there is so much opposition in the United States to further silver legislation that the efforts of speculators there will probably be defeated.

Business on the Stock Exchange continues as stagnant as ever. Consols have somewhat declined, which perhaps is one reason for the revival of alarmist rumours. People argued that bankers and great capitalists would not sell Consols unless they had reason to fear some trouble, but probably the only cause of the sales was that money being in better demand, those who bought Consols when they were low desired to realise their profit and to employ the money in other ways. There has also been some check to the advance in Home Railway Stocks and other investment securities, and the speeches of the Chairmen at the half-yearly meetings of Joint Stock Bank shareholders have been regarded as somewhat discouraging, as all of them speak of the past half-year and the present outlook as disappointing. Speculation is utterly paralysed, as it has been for a long time past. The unfavourable reports of the crops in Russia lead to a fear that there will be a sharp fall in Russian Stocks which may cause trouble in Berlin and Paris. The state of affairs in Portugal, Spain, and Italy does not improve; and the crisis in South America deepens. But perhaps the influence which most depresses the Stock Exchange just now is the stagnation that continues upon the New York Stock Exchange. The American crops are altogether so good that people have been looking for a great increase in business of all kinds in the United States; and as it has not come as quickly as was anticipated there is great disappointment here. Besides, much dissatisfaction has been created by the decision of the directors of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company to pay no dividend on the preferred shares. In New York, however, though business remains as slack as ever, there appears to be very great confidence that before long a marked recovery will take place.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

NOW that the Kaiser is gone, well pleased it may be hoped with the cordiality of his reception in his mother's native land, it seems desirable to say something about the grave international questions which have been brought more or less prominently before us during his visit. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that a considerable section of English politicians seem anxious to convert our real feeling of goodwill towards Germany and the Germans into a more decided and active sentiment. Sir James Fergusson, it is true, has been compelled to repudiate the notion of any formal engagement on the part of this country with the members of the Triple Alliance. But he has not been able to conceal his own sympathies, and still less has he been successful in stifling the sympathies of his party, with the Continental Governments who have entered into that alliance. The English Tories have for years past looked to Berlin for their political inspiration. Prince Bismarck seemed to them to be the one strong man in Europe who could withstand the advancing tide of democracy, and they clung to their belief in his statesmanlike sagacity, even after they had received proofs that democracy, so far from standing still under the Bismarckian *régime*, was making more rapid advances in Germany than in any other country in the world. It was enough for them that Bismarck was a genuine Tory of the old school. For despite the fact that this school is now extinct in England, the modern Conservatives still cherish a lingering affection for it, and look back with regret to the days when it was supreme in the counsels of the nation. Bismarck has disappeared from the scene; but still our Tories in London turn to Berlin as their Mecca; for Bismarck's place has been taken by the young Emperor, who personifies the principles of force and personal rule even more directly and openly than the great Chancellor did. Once more, therefore, we have our English Conservatives looking enviously towards the ruler of Germany, and contrasting his vigour in action, his apparent independence of all popular control, his perpetual assumption of supreme personal authority, with the Constitutional and Parliamentary government of our land, and making the contrast with unconcealed regret. Their foolish aspirations for an English monarch of the fashion of William the Second are too absurd to deserve serious notice. No such revolutionary change is possible in this country. The English Sovereign who declared that he alone was supreme in Great Britain, and that he would have no other master in the land but himself, would speedily be convinced of the suicidal folly of his speech. But though sensible Tories are well aware that a ruler of the German type is impossible in this country, they have so strong a hankering after that principle of personal authority which the Kaiser represents that they are anxious to bind our country as closely as possible to Germany, apparently in the hope that they will thus secure an ally who in the fulness of time may come to their aid, not against foreign foes only but against the advancing forces of democracy of whom they entertain so great a dread.

The Liberal Party of Great Britain can have no share in this feeling. Without nursing a spark of animosity towards Germany or the Germans, and whilst cordially re-echoing all those sentiments of mutual goodwill which were shed abroad so profusely during the Emperor's visit, they simply refuse to look upon Germany as having any greater claim upon their alliance than the other nations of Europe. Alliances, indeed, are not for this island monarchy. Her sole interest in international affairs is the preservation of peace. She seeks no extension of territory, she desires no aggrandisement at the expense of others, and, with one notable exception, she has no cause of quarrel, near or remote, with any other Power in the world. With what object, then, should she enter into entangling engagements with the Central European Powers? *They* have their policy to carry out, and they do well to combine together for that purpose. Germany and Austria feel every year the increasing pressure of Russian armaments and Russian intrigues on their Eastern frontiers; whilst Germany and Italy have, or think they have (though, so far as Italy is concerned, we do not understand why it should entertain the notion), reason to dread the aggressive action of France. Their combination in the Triple Alliance has a clear and specific purpose. They combine for mutual protection, not from some vague and undefined foe, but from the possible attacks of Russia and France. Is there any reason why we should follow their example? Have we also such reason to dread Russian or French hostility as to make it wise for us to enter into a league, offensive as well as defensive, directly aimed against these Powers? To that question, which touches the very kernel of our foreign policy, there can only be one answer. We have no individual quarrel with Russia, nor are we likely to have such a quarrel within any period which can be regarded as being within the sphere of practical politics. The ancient bugbear of Constantinople is happily losing its power over us. When the Turk takes his departure from Europe it will fall not to England, but to Europe at large, to determine by whom he is to be replaced; and if a single English life were to be lost in enforcing a particular solution of this question that life would most emphatically be wasted. As for India, one may well hope that the days of craven panic over the possible fate of our Empire there have passed away. It is ours to hold for our own glory and for the interests of the people of India; and if we have so little confidence in our ability to safeguard this splendid possession that we shiver at the movement of a Russian squadron in Central Asia, we had better yield to our fears at once and abandon an Empire which we no longer have sufficient nerve to keep. This, happily, is a solution of the problem to which it is impossible that the people of this country should ever submit. There remains but one alternative: that we continue to hold our own in India, fearing no man's wrath and seeking no man's favour; confident in the justice of our rule and in the strength of our own right arm.

Against Russia, therefore, it is inconceivable that we should have any good reason for entering into a league with her European rivals. There remains France, and with France it is perfectly true that we have an open question which may some day lead to a serious dispute. It is needless to say what that question is. If the Egyptian difficulty were out of the way, there would not be a cloud as big as a man's hand on the horizon so far as France was concerned. We should, on the contrary, find in her our nearest and most loyal ally, community of interest combining with community of sentiment and political convictions, to bind us together in a firm and lasting friendship. We are not blind to the fact that there are two sides to the Egyptian Question. We do not forget that France left us in the lurch in an undignified manner when we had to intervene in that country; we cannot forget that ours was the blood and ours the treasure which we spent so freely in the years of the successive wars in the Soudan; nor are we blind to the fact that English energy and English institutions are now conferring blessings innumerable upon the Egyptian people. All these facts make us feel that the irritation in France against this country is unwise and unreasonable.

But, alas! we have ever to reckon with "the unwisdom and unreason of mankind." Our business is to try and see this question through French spectacles. If we do so we shall note in the first place the repeated pledges we have given before Europe of our intention to depart from Egypt when our work there is finished. From those pledges we can only free ourselves with honour by means of the sword. But is there a man in Great Britain who is mad enough to think it would be worth our while to fight France in order to retain our present position on the banks of the Nile? It is enough to ask the question in order to make sure of the answer to it. Yet, in plain English, it is this Egyptian business, and this alone, which is the bait by which men are seeking to allure us into the entanglements of Continental politics. For the sake of keeping Sir Evelyn Baring, or somebody like him, in high office at Cairo—and keeping him there, it must be borne in mind, in defiance of our own solemn promises to France—we are invited to break from the traditional policy of the last half-century, to destroy the splendid security which our insular position gives us, and to become a mere puppet in the high game of Continental politics! It is incredible that so great an act of folly should be even suggested to us. It is at least certain that the Minister who thus tried to surrender our strength and our independence would deserve to be impeached. By all means let us be friends with Germany; but let us also remember that it is only with France that we have any cause of quarrel, and that the only honourable way of removing that cause is also the way of peace.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR.

TWO incidents this week of interest in regard to labour are to be noted: one a matter for dissatisfaction, the other cause for congratulation. We did not expect much from the House of Lords in regard to the Factories and Workshops Bill; we were not prepared for the absolute barrenness of the attempts to improve it in Committee. Every proposal to alter the measure was met by a *non possumus*, or by arguments revealing the fact that there are many people who, even in these days, do not sincerely believe in the necessity of factory legislation of any kind. The House of Lords, it used to be said, was in advance in regard to this question of the manufacturers and capitalists in the House of Commons. To anyone studying the proceedings in Committee on Monday that will be the last thought to occur. Lord Dunraven and one or two other peers sought to insert in the Bill more effective provisions for the sanitary condition of factories and workshops. They were all pronounced mischievous or useless. Lord Dunraven tried to persuade the Government to bring laundries within its ambit, and proved not only that there was a strong case for doing so, but that the demand for it was practically universal, as shown by the fact that on a canvass being made, 65,939 were in favour, and only 439 against, bringing laundries under the Factory Acts. The answer of the Government, through Lord De Ramsey and Lord Salisbury, was that "excess in sentimental philanthropy" must not prevail, that laundresses liked the long hours and stuffy rooms, and that the proposed legislation would really injure those whom it was intended to benefit—in short, the arguments used A.D. 1831 or 1847 against the Factory Acts by their early opponents. One distinction the spokesmen of the Government put prominently forward. "They" (the Opposition) "were going outside manufacture for sale and were entering upon those matters which were included in domestic service." Not for the first time have we seen this distinction pompously promulgated, as if it were one of principle. It is nothing of the kind; the assumption upon which it is based, that the Factory Acts must never be extended to operations and services not connected with manufacture on a large scale, is most questionable. Let us not be misunderstood. No man of sense would recommend the application, without many modifications, of the principle of these Acts to domestic service, for two excellent reasons: the evils of the factory system do not often there exist; the supervision compatible with that system is impossible in private houses. The whole machinery of the Act is alien to domestic service. But we take leave to question the incompetence of the Legislature to interfere whenever in industries carried on in private houses there are revealed abuses and evils akin to those which existed in factories. Very soon the question may take a practical shape. Some day we may have to look into the lot of the London "slavey" as well as the infant mill-hand. We hope the best from such voluntary agencies as the Metropolitan Society for Befriending Young Servants; still its efforts may have to be supplemented. Success was not to be expected for Lord Dunraven's proposal to raise the minimum age for employment in a workshop or factory to 12; in view of what befell Mr. Buxton's motion in the Commons, it could but have one result, and the amendment was, in fact, not pressed. But that the Government would resist and jeer at every proposal designed to track out and destroy the sweaters' dens was scarcely to be looked for. The history of the new Factory Bill is discouraging, considering what it might have been made—a clear advance in the path of legislation in which hitherto England has been foremost—and how imperfect and mutilated it is.

The other event of the week affecting Labour is the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench on various cases as to the rights of workmen, and in particular on the appeal from the judgment of the Recorder of Plymouth as to the legality of strikes. When, some months ago, his decision was given, we expressed our dissent from it; and the Queen's Bench Division—that Court being unusually strong—has quashed the conviction on the grounds which we then indicated. The secretaries of three trades unions in Plymouth told Mr. Treleaven, a shipowner of that town, that if he did not cease to employ non-union men they would call off union men. He refused to do what they asked. They accordingly called off the union men, who thereupon struck work. It was not suggested that any threats had been used, that violence had been intended, or that the secretaries bore ill-will or any grudge against Mr. Treleaven. On the contrary, they had, it was admitted, done their best to prevent disorder. The magistrates nevertheless convicted the secretaries, and the Recorder affirmed the conviction, on two grounds: (1) that in a technical sense there was such intimidation as, notwithstanding 38 and 39 Vic. c. 86 (which legalises strikes), is still punishable; and (2) that, though an agreement by workmen to strike for the purpose of benefiting themselves is lawful, such an agreement, if injurious to others, is still indictable. This reasoning, if sound, makes waste paper of the statutes by which it was supposed Parliament had relieved trades unions of their disabilities, and enabled workmen to use effectively their only weapon against capitalists. Difference of opinion is, in this distorted view of plain facts, intimidation, and a strike—which can scarcely fail to injure someone—is as illegal as when

the old Combination Acts were in force. Both grounds are now pronounced erroneous. "To tell an employer that, if he employs workmen of a certain sort, the workmen of another sort in his employment will be told to leave him, and to tell the men, when the employer will not give way, to leave their work, 'using no violence, but quietly ceasing to work' (we quote the words of the Recorder), is certainly not intimidation within the meaning of the reasonable construction of the statute." As to the second point relied upon by the Recorder, the Court was not less clear. "In trade, in commerce, even in a profession, what is one man's gain is another man's loss; or where the object is not malicious, the mere fact that the effect is injurious does not make the agreement either illegal or actionable, and therefore such an agreement is not indictable." The same principle was also affirmed in another case, "Gibson *v.* Lawson." A and B were employed as fitters in a shipbuilding yard; A was a member of the Amalgamated Society, B a member of the National Society. The former society threatened to strike unless B left the yard or joined the Amalgamated Society; a resolution to that effect was communicated by A to B's employers, who communicated it to him, and eventually, in order to avert a strike, discharged him. The magistrates dismissed a summons taken out against A, and the Court of Queen's Bench held they were right; though morally objectionable, the conduct complained of was not criminal. These decisions are in every way satisfactory. No one can be sure what the law of England is in regard to conspiracy until the House of Lords gives its long-expected decision in the Mogul Case—a case which raises the entire question, and the final decision in which may call for legislation. But we are tolerably confident that the opinions expressed by the Court of Queen's Bench will be upheld. A ruling to the contrary would be fatal to unionism, new or old, and would be a serious obstacle to strikes, those safety valves of modern society; and it would encourage a namby-pamby, thoroughly unreal, view of the relations of employers and workmen. Of course, there must be inconvenience to the former while the latter are seeking to better their lot; such inconvenience must be accepted in a manly, courageous spirit, and it is childish to treat it as a violation of sacred rights.

BAITING THE BARON.

BARON HENRY DE WORMS excites in the House of Commons mind a kind of hilarity, of which the causes and degree are not obvious to the outside world; and on Friday and Monday the House enjoyed one of its annual treats in putting the Baron through his paces over the Colonial Office vote. If the fun be somewhat of the occult and "shoppy" order, the occasion at all events is often the only one in the Session when the student of comparative politics obtains a glimpse of the working of our Colonial Empire. Unfortunately the review of Imperial affairs is not exhaustive, for nine-tenths of the work done by the Colonial Office consists in deeds which excite neither blame nor curiosity, and are therefore deemed unfit for polemical discussion. On Friday, Mr. Labouchere opened the ball with a well-seasoned attack on the finance of the British South Africa Company. He was seconded by Dr. Clark, who, as Consul-General for the South African Republic and a former traveller in South Africa, was able to throw a great deal more of local colour and precise knowledge into his remarks. We warned the Chartered Company more than a year ago that the hostility of Mr. Labouchere, due in great part to the presence of two Dukes upon their board, might be a grievous hurt to their well-meant enterprise. This part of the debate was made amusing to the House by the fact that Mr. Labouchere and Dr. Clark were attacked in rear by Mr. Rochford Maguire, the Parnellite, and Mr. W. A. M'Arthur. It was Mr. Maguire who, at the risk of his life, had obtained the concession from Lo Bengula on which the charter scheme is based, and the House of Commons listened to his maiden effort with the sympathetic respect which it always shows to a man who speaks of what he knows. Here the Baron was perfunctory and unconvincing. Knowing the City and its ways by a long, honourable, and successful experience, he probably saw the strong points of Mr. Labouchere's attack, and he contented himself by blustering out the scarcely serious argument that the Company must needs be above suspicion as it had two Dukes upon its board. The question of the finance of the Chartered Company is a standing dish at all repasts where Mr. Labouchere is among the *chefs*, and we shall see it served again. Should the Company "burst up," to use the classical language of Dr. Clark, Mr. Labouchere's part in the affair will be reckoned with his *vendetta* against Lambri Pasha, Mather, and Walter Austin, as amongst the most brilliant personal triumphs of his varied career.

Presently the debate travelled to Zululand, being lifted to an altogether higher level by Mr. Alfred Webb, Mr. Thomas Ellis, and Mr. Allanson Picton, who pleaded the cause of the Usutu chiefs now in banishment at St. Helena. Here the Baron rather gave himself away, and alienated the sympathy of the House, by a sneer at Miss Colenso, whose case the Opposition had been stating. How he had been tempted into this error was obvious to onlookers, for Mr. Webb had been practically reading his speech from certain ragged-looking slips, printed by Miss Colenso, which the unhappy Baron probably knew more intimately than any other writing of ancient or modern times. We cannot ourselves go all lengths with the advocates of these Usutu chiefs. However reprehensible it may have been of the Zululand officials to repatriate their dreaded rival Usibebu, there were certain ugly features in the rebellion of 1888, which, we think, could hardly have been at once condoned by any Government, however humane. We refer especially to the murder by Usutu levies of traders and their native wives and little ones—these traders being debased whites who had no concern with the quarrel, and had shown no desire to side with the Government. Having regard to the very recent date at which Zululand had been annexed, we quite agree with the Parliamentary friends of Miss Colenso that it is monstrous to argue that the penalties of high treason might have been inflicted on the Zulu royal family for resisting the Queen's supremacy; but we believe that the Baron had a better defence than he saw fit, or remembered, to put forward. The chiefs are *not* enduring long terms of penal servitude, as the House was led to suppose. Lord Knutsford, although he nurses himself in the belief that he is amongst the most benighted of Tories, is a kindly, sensible man, earnestly desiring to stand well with the country and the many Liberals who are of his own household. Under his orders, if we can rely on the story of a recent traveller, the supposed convicts are being treated by St. Helena much as England treated the Kaiser. They reside in a spacious country house, and are everywhere treated as honoured guests. But we think that their exile, greatly as its harshness has been mitigated, should not be prolonged, and we note that the

Radical party is practically committed to their repatriation on its return to power. At one period of the Zulu discussion, the Baron was in danger of being defeated, probably owing to the non-arrival of the Hatfield "special." As it was, Government had a greatly depleted majority, not much exceeding forty. Even when this division was passed, the House was not done with South Africa, for Sir George Campbell, with solitary courage, rose to object to the grant of complete self-government to Natal. The House recognised him as the man who had fought against the grant of self-government to the Western Australians, and been overthrown by Mr. John Morley in alliance with the Baron, and now the Baron had an easy triumph over him, showing how, on constitutional grounds, the question was one in which Parliament had but a secondary right to interfere.

Then the debate sped across the ocean and concerned itself with the grievances of the merchants of the Straits Settlements. Adhering sternly to a promise made by the Colony thirty years ago, the Home Government are exacting from its revenues a contribution towards the expense of its garrison which amounts to four-fifths of the total charge. Here the Baron was dumb, for, as the House suspected and as several speakers insisted, the Baron and his department were strongly averse from the policy of exacting so heavy a contribution from the Colony. Certainly at first sight it seems a harsh use of the powers of the Home Government over a Crown Colony to extort so much when places like Natal and Jamaica pay nothing and Mauritius pays vastly less. But the Government case is not a bad one. The people who complain pay no taxes. The Government of the Straits Settlements derives its income, which is an ample one, from the tribute which the Chinaman is willing to pay for the daily privilege of a five minutes' nap produced by opium. The Chinaman cares nought how his money, once paid, is spent. The grievance of the merchants is that any part of it should be diverted from the elegant and often superfluous public works on which they would spend it. The House was not with the champions of the merchants, Sir Thomas Sutherland and Mr. de Lisle; and the Government had a good deliverance.

Then Mr. Summers raised a useful discussion on the preposterous Ceylon paddy tax; but here the Baron practically threw over the tax, merely arguing that it must be replaced by some addition to the existing sources of revenue, and so the debate ended in peace, after a useful and, for the times, animated discussion, the Baron being, for some reason or another, in unusually hilarious form.

MR. DIBBS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

DIBBS! Heavens, what a name, and what a man! There is something so modern, so unromantic, so unsuggestive, so terse, so "squat," as it were, about the name. It indicates nothing of quality, kinship, or ancestry. Like the personage immortalised by Tacitus, Dibbs is his own ancestor. And yet no other name would have so well fitted the man whom Providence has appointed to do the work of Dibbs. There he stands; and we are forced to take note of him. He is not new to office, but now for the first time he claims a hearing in Imperial affairs; and this just at the moment when so many of us were allowing our imaginations to be fascinated by romantic dreams of Imperial union, of *Zollverein* and *Kriegsverein*, and other high-sounding things, all harmonised and validated by the supremacy of a Throne at once historic and picturesque. Now to Dibbs these things are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Dibbs is a Republican, and Dibbs wants to cut the painter. If our contemporary *The Independent* is correctly informed, Dibbs has won largely on the Tranby Croft case. The thoughts of Dibbs are concentrated on the welfare of his own clients. Dibbs does not want to see English goods in Australian markets. Dibbs believes that they are all manufactured by Polish Jews, or if not by Polish Jews, then by degraded Englishmen who consent to work at the wage of such Jews. Dibbs is quite willing to advise his followers to subscribe a good proportion of their spare cash to enable English workmen to fight their employers. But there his desire to influence the affairs of the Mother Country begins and ends. He would give charity to the English workers; but he would neither buy from them nor sell to them. Here, then, is an end of *Zollverein* as far as Dibbs can influence Australian affairs. *Kriegsverein* is in no better plight. Dibbs finds that he is bound by law for a time to subscribe to the cost of Her Majesty's fleet in Australian waters; but for not an hour longer than the statutory obligation endures will he contribute towards the hated cause of "Militarism."

It may be objected that, after all, Mr. Dibbs is not of such very great account, for he does not command an absolute majority in the New South Wales Assembly. The labour members, it is argued by the admirers of Sir Henry Parkes, are an unknown quantity, and that astute tactician may be able to make a deal with them. This is a vain imagining. If Sir Henry Parkes makes a bid for the vote of the labour party Mr. Dibbs will "go one better." For is not the motto of the Labour party "support in return for concessions?" Were Sir Henry Parkes to succeed in concluding such an alliance, the only result would be that he and his front bench colleagues would be tripped up by a coalition between his followers and Mr. Dibbs. The differences between the followers of the latter and the labour members are little more than differences in name. Any attempt to detach them from one another would be as futile as the attempt of the Tories here to effect a split between the Gladstonians and the working classes. Sir Henry Parkes has been defeated because he offended the Socialists, and it is the Socialists who have recurned the strong cohort of labour members. The victory of Mr. Dibbs and the labour party is the first fruits of the defeat of the strikers. It will be followed in neighbouring Colonies by similar victories. Already Mr. Deacon, who for long ruled Victoria under the patronage of the *Melbourne Argus*, is in two minds whether to place himself at the head of the labour party in Victoria, and thereby constitute it one of the two possible official parties. Queensland, South Australia, and even New Zealand are taking fire or are ready to take fire in the same way.

We do not regard this state of things with entire satisfaction. The Demos, who is thus bursting his bonds, is but an ill-instructed, truculent Leviathan, without self-control, and without what Matthew Arnold called "renunciation" a Leviathan whose growth has been stimulated out of all natural proportion to his surroundings, by a lavish expenditure on State ventures, paid for out of borrowings, which it seems likely that the home money-market will consent neither to increase nor renew. But there Demos stands, and he and his must be fed somehow and fed well, or he will, metaphorically speaking, "smash the 'ome," like a working man who returns to find his supper unprepared.

Nor can we look for any permanent reaction from the domination of such as Dibbs. Dibbs,

in our judgment, represents the winning drift in Antipodean opinion. Most English publicists are wholly at sea on colonial problems because they derive their views exclusively from the wealthy colonists, or rather ex-colonists, who come over here cadging for baronetcies and "K.C.M.G.'s" Dibbs is the typical up-to-date "Colonial." He embodies and expresses the aims, the jealousies, and the limitations of the "Australian-born." Already the Australian-born outnumber the home-born in the proportion of two to one. In ten years the population will be as purely local-born as that of any State outside Eastern Europe. It is the fading class of the home-born which keeps alive the traditions and sentiment of the English connection, and at the same time lends what vitality there is to the rally of Australian Capital against Labour. Every five minutes throughout Australia an Imperialist dies, every four minutes a Republican is born. It has been contemptuously said that the party of "Australia for the Australians" is made up of unfledged boys. That was so two or three years ago. But unfledged boys have a trick of growing into full-fledged men. As long as the leaders were youthful or unknown, the party failed to assert the influence which was due to its members. Now it is confident and increasingly aggressive, for it has "grown up." Towards the Mother Country and its institutions it has the same covert antipathy as has the ill-dressed country bumpkin for his smart cousin in town. It apes England and devours all English news, down to the most piquant "social gossip" of the West End, with untiring appetite. But, nevertheless, its feeling towards England is one of half-avowed hate. This is ignoble; but it is eminently human. We are no better ourselves. The "Outsider" is always malicious and unrestful, and, as far as England is concerned, Australia is fast becoming a nation of outsiders.

THE AGE OF PRUDENCE.

If twenty years ago we had been told that the time would come when the flow of English babies would abate, and that the *Daily Telegraph* would openly rejoice in the fact, we should have set down the seer as a person to whom no English tradition was sacred. Yet both these things have happened. It is now clear, from the summary of census returns for England and Wales, that the "devastating flood of children" is losing at all events its torrential force. The calculations for this census were based on the belief that England would show a population of about thirty millions. We are almost exactly a million below that number. The increase is a trifle over three millions, or 11·65 per cent. of the numbers returned in 1881. It is, moreover, the lowest rate of growth recorded in any previous decennial period in the century, and falls short of the estimate by 703,367. That estimate was in itself a fairly modest one. It is a noticeable fact that each decennial period since 1821 has shown a smaller proportional growth of population than its predecessor. To-day the wheel is moving at its very slowest rate. We are, indeed, still far from attaining the "moral minimum"—as Bagehot called it—at which France, with a scarcely perceptible annual increase and an actual falling off in the supply of its purely native population, has for many years fixed its desire for men and women to till its soil and conduct its industries. The proletariat still breed faster than the peasant proprietor, and we should have to imagine a vast economic and social change in order to produce a state of things in which our people would be content to balance every nine deaths with ten births. Yet an average growth of some 300,000 a year, in a country which is still the workshop of the world, is sufficient proof that we are within hearing distance of the Malthusian formula that the population has diminished, is diminishing, and ought to be diminished. The basis of Malthus's calculations was that a perfectly happy and physically virtuous community ought to double itself in twenty-five years. As things have happened we have not yet "turned over" the stock of human capital with which we started at the beginning of the century. We were over fifteen millions then, we are not thirty to-day. No doubt emigration counts for something; the appalling unattractiveness of our country life sweeps the best blood out of the country into the colonies, or the States, or the ever open jaws of London. Indeed, when we look to the great Anglo-Saxon forcing-ground, the United States, we are still more struck with the slowing down in our own rate of increase. By 1900 A.D. the States will, at their present scale of increment, feed a population, drawn from without and from within, of eighty-eight millions; in about five years more Brother Jonathan should have a more or less compact little family of a hundred million souls, while the august Mother of Nations is struggling to maintain a paltry thirty-three or thirty-four millions. And this tremendous shifting of the world's gravity may come about without artificial agency, without the firing of a shot, or the redistribution of a rood of territory.

Not that even here we are secure from miscalculation. As America fills up, she too will begin to shut off steam. Even to-day the sociologist notes the sterility of the New England family as a counterpart to the severe measurement of resource of the French peasant, albeit the cause in the two instances is widely different. The conclusion of it all would seem to be that the world is now definitely entering on the age of prudence. The moral restraints which Malthus suggested in his character of Christian apologist, in order to relieve himself from the odium of having imagined a world rushing on to a dreary doom, have plainly begun to operate wherever civilisation has developed, and the best land has been thoroughly taken up. The sheer physical restraint of want of subsistence has not been reached, and is happily further off than ever. Whether we measure wealth by the mere vulgar increase of exchange values, or in the more rational fashion of the spread of a mean of comfort among the masses of the people, we find that on the whole the population, though it may be still tending to outgrow subsistence, has been kept well beneath it. The standard of comfort rises slowly, thanks partly to legislation in restraint of extreme "property" rights, partly to the one precious weapon left to a landless proletariat—the power of combination. And as it rises there goes with it an added keenness to preserve and enhance it. A certain wise selfishness, which we admit might very well lapse into a fatally unwise and in its essence childish and unprogressive selfishness, has got hold of the modern world.

In another sense the signs of a slackening of the child-torrent are very much less satisfactory. Part of it we must beyond doubt attribute to the series of checks that Nature provides against reckless multiplication. The futureless hand-labourer bred, and still breeds, with careless ease, knowing that under no conditions can he be worse off than he is to-day. But the town life to which his fate condemns him is not favourable to large families, and we have to thank a calmly inexorable law of Nature for finding a rough remedy for our social crimes and

errors, and for protecting the national stock against swarms of anaemic slum-bred children. We are not in possession of the fuller returns which would enable us to say precisely in what proportion our towns absorb the population. In 1881, 44 per cent. of the people of England and Wales were living in towns; the chances are that the proportion is nearer 60 per cent. to-day. The village does not grow; year after year it stands changeless as its immemorial elms. In 1881, twelve great towns absorbed over six millions eight hundred thousand of people, or 26 per cent. of the total; ten years later we find that these same towns counted seven and a half millions of people, or about the same percentage. But, side by side with the steady growth of the new-old centres of industry—one or two of which, notably Liverpool, have slightly decreased in numbers—innumerable fresh wens have been shooting forth on the fair surface of English soil, with city suburbs, which in London run over three counties. Greater London, indeed, is a vastly bigger business than the London which counts in the Registrar-General's return for a paltry 4,200,000 folk as against 3,800,000 in 1881. In the end, we are doubtless tending to the Australian model of a national life concentrated in province-cities, with the centres devoted to work, and the population, as in unhealthy Eastern towns, spread loosely for sleeping quarters over countrified suburbs.

Next in importance to the facts which show a slower rate of growth in the population are those which exhibit the woman's question in a sufficiently startling light. To-day there are 900,000 more women than men in England. There, at all events, is one everlasting cause of prostitution. But, like more social troubles than we imagine, it is susceptible of cure. The growing economic freedom of women, and the gradual opening up of calling after calling—clerkships, school-work, hotel and restaurant service, journalism, as well as a fair number of handicrafts, provide a choice between unutterable degradation and the lot that nine women out of ten still regard as the happiest for their sex—the life of marriage and motherhood. Indeed, the whole moral of the census is the old one of the immense area of social improveability. We really need not, when we come to think of it, eternally condemn the mass of our people either to the reckless indulgence of one instinct of the race or to unhealthy abstinence from it, or to that physical degeneration which has been the sure penalty of over-haste to be rich.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY BRIDGES.

THE recent railway history of this country has recorded no occurrence more remarkable than the collapse, on the 1st of May last, of the Norwood Road bridge on the main line of the London and Brighton Railway. Our English railways have frequently been contrasted—not to their advantage—with the railroads of the United States. That they give worse accommodation and charge more for it, we have been told times without number. Hitherto, however, it has been admitted on all hands that for perfection of "permanent way," as it is appropriately called, for monumental solidity of construction, English railway engineers could laugh to scorn the rivalry of any other country. Yet here we have a bridge on a main line within ten miles of London collapsing in ignominious ruin as though it were a mere "trestle" on the Wabash or the Missouri Pacific. And this is by no means all, for if Sir John Fowler is to be believed, the condition of affairs on the Brighton line is in no way exceptional, but may rather be taken as typical of the normal state of affairs in this country. "The result of my investigation," says that distinguished engineer, in his report of June 17th, "does not indicate any unusual weakness in the Brighton bridges, which are neither better nor worse in that respect than those on similar lines of railway at home or abroad"—including, we presume, the Forth Bridge amongst the rest.

If this were true, it would imply so sweeping a condemnation of the entire body of English railway engineers that assuredly no layman would venture to pronounce it. For our own part, however, we absolutely refuse to admit that the statement which we have quoted from Sir John Fowler is justified. For what says General Hutchinson in his official report to the Board of Trade:—"Independent of the flaw in this girder, it did not possess a sufficient theoretic margin of safety. . . . The attention of the Brighton Company was drawn by the Board of Trade to this deficiency of strength after the occurrence of the accident on this bridge in December, 1876, when two identical girders at a different part of the same bridge were broken by an engine getting off the rails; and they were then recommended to substitute stronger girders in their place—a recommendation to which, unfortunately, no attention was paid, or the present serious accident would have been prevented. The Brighton Company is, therefore, in my opinion, deserving of much blame for having omitted to substitute stronger girders for the existing ones after attention had been thus specially directed to the weakness of the latter." Does Sir John Fowler really wish us to understand that English railway engineers and English boards of directors habitually and deliberately retain on their main line bridges which they have known for fifteen years to be unsafe, not only from theoretical calculations, but also from actual practical experience? Or did Sir John Fowler insert the sentence which we have quoted in order that his clients might be able to produce a certain amount of that very necessary article, whitewash, supplied by a firm of the highest reputation?

Let us see what Sir John says when he condescends to particulars. He begins by assuring the Brighton directors that two of their bridges, Battersea Bridge and the Ouse Viaduct, are actually "strong and good" and in "excellent condition. . . The work of reparation is evidently never neglected." Really, really! If someone were to go to the directors of, say, the North-Western, and remark with the same air of pleased surprise that the Runcorn Bridge or the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits were strong and good, and that the work of reparation was evidently never neglected, he would stand, one might think, a very fair chance of being sent about his business with the scantest of courtesy. By the Brighton board, however, such an observation is presumably taken as a compliment, whose force is only heightened by the contrast afforded by the rest of the report, which goes on to point out how very exceptional it is for the bridges on the Brighton line to be strong and good. The Shoreham Viaduct, for instance, says Sir John, must be reconstructed from the ground whilst it is still "in a perfectly safe state . . . during the next twelve months, or sooner if possible." Besides the Shoreham Viaduct, there are "about twenty" other bridges whose life Sir John Fowler will not venture to warrant beyond the twelvemonth. Nor is this all. For as soon as the twenty most rickety have been dealt with, "about sixty other bridges should then be reconstructed . . . it being understood that all the eighty or eighty-one bridges are to be reconstructed in the

shortest time reasonably possible, and not exceeding two to three years from the present date." In fact, divested of its vague generalities, Sir John Fowler's report comes to this: half the cast-iron bridges on the Brighton system ought to have been removed long ago, or—to put it another way—scattered over the Brighton system, at an average distance of five miles apart, there are eighty death-traps, any one of which may be expected within the next two or three years at furthest to become almost as dangerous as the Norwood Bridge was at the beginning of last May.

What, then, is the lesson to be drawn from this lamentable failure? Not a few of our contemporaries have cried out without hesitation to their grandmother the State to come and protect them. And if Sir John Fowler be really correct in saying that the Brighton bridges are neither better nor worse than those of all the other companies, we cannot deny that our contemporaries are fully justified. But, as we have said above, we frankly disbelieve Sir John's sweeping generalities, and till he produces specific instances on the lines of one of our great companies to match the specific instance of the Shoreham Viaduct, we shall continue to disbelieve him. To our thinking this fiasco is only one piece of evidence the more to prove, what indeed hardly needs proof, that, in the words of Mr. Foxwell, "our railways south of the Thames are from the public point of view quite another species from those to the north of that narrow stream." And if this be so, the problem is not how to compel a whole band of recalcitrant companies to do their duty, but how to bring up the rest to the standard which has already been attained by the great majority amongst them. The subject is too large to be dealt with adequately at the end of an article, but it may be summed up in two words—public opinion. The same disorganised condition of public feeling which gives Londoners a Clerkenwell Vestry instead of a Manchester Corporation gives us also the London and Brighton Railway in place of the Lancashire and Yorkshire. If Londoners are satisfied with the Brighton management, by all means let them put up with it. If not, they had better take the trouble to improve it. The task will not be found insuperable, if it is resolutely undertaken. Edinburgh and Glasgow have done a good deal since last Christmas to induce the North British to set its house in order, and what the Scotch public and the Scotch press can accomplish should surely not be beyond our power here. One or two points in the programme of reform suggest themselves at the outset. Sixty-eight is full old for the average age of a board of directors; eighty-one is full old for the chairman of that board: and it would be well that at least one director out of the nine should live on the line which he professes to manage. We mention these points as the first needing attention. Perhaps when they are set right, it will not be necessary to call in either the public press or the Board of Trade to reform the rest.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE BERLIN BOURSE.

THE Berlin Bourse just now is in a very critical state, which is exciting not a little apprehension amongst all financially connected with Germany. The protective policy adopted by Prince Bismarck led after a while to great speculation in mining and other industrial enterprises. Manufacturers of iron and steel combined to keep up prices at home, and at the same time competed abroad with foreign manufacturers, selling very much cheaper than they did at home. For a while they prospered greatly, and the prosperity of the iron and steel trade gave prosperity to the coal trade and all subsidiary industries. Then, again, the vast expenditure of the Government upon the army and the navy, upon fortresses and railways, added to the temporary prosperity. As a matter of course, the prices of mining and other industrial securities were run up extravagantly by speculators. Private businesses were converted in large numbers into limited companies, and the old limited companies increased their capital, often selling the new shares at high premiums. After a while, however, the temporary prosperity disappeared, and prices began to fall ruinously. At the beginning of last year there was a sharp crisis in Berlin. Many failures took place, and there was much fear that several banks might be brought down. Quite recently there has been another crisis brought on immediately by difficulties in Italy and Spain. One of the leading iron and steel companies in Germany, whose shares are largely speculated in on the Berlin Bourse, has entered into a kind of partnership with a mine at Savona in Italy, and another at Seville in Spain. It is believed that the two foreign companies are bankrupt, and that in consequence the Germany company will lose very large amounts of money. When this became known there was a heavy fall in its shares, and the fall rapidly extended to all other industrial securities. The *Statist* of last Saturday estimates that within eighteen months there has been a depreciation of about 8½ millions sterling in the securities of seven leading mines dealt in on the Berlin Bourse; in addition it estimates that the securities of other industrial companies have depreciated about 22 millions sterling; so that the total depreciation in industrial securities in about a year and a half has been over 30 millions sterling. Furthermore, there has been a very great depreciation in bank shares. And, of course, everyone knows how great has been the fall in South American securities, in Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish, all of which are more or less largely held throughout Germany.

What makes the matter the more serious is that the banks in Germany are more closely connected with speculation than banks are generally in other countries, that they carry on a Stock Exchange business as well as a banking business proper. And how great is the fear that the banks in consequence will be plunged in difficulties is shown by the fall that has taken place in bank shares. According to the *Statist*, since the end of 1889 there has been a fall of over 180 per cent. in the shares of one bank, of 150 per cent. in those of another, of 140 per cent. in two others, of 138 per cent. in a fifth, and of 118 per cent. in those of a sixth. Doubtless, these shares were unduly run up by speculation like all other securities a year and a half ago, and a fall in them was inevitable as soon as the general market began to give way. But the magnitude of the fall is undoubtedly owing to the apprehension that prevails that the banks have committed themselves too deeply to their speculative customers, and that they must share largely in the losses of the latter. Every now and then, indeed, there have been rumours that some of the banks were inextricably embarrassed. Up to the present, however, there have been no failures; and it is possible that none may occur. For there is no question that Germany has advanced greatly in material prosperity during the past quarter of a century, nor likewise that the banks generally are managed with very great ability of a kind; while they are in the habit of combining in a way that is quite unusual with our own banks. But that they engage in most risky business is beyond dispute, in spite of the ability of the management;

and it remains to be seen whether they will be able to tide over the coming autumn. Fortunately for Germany, there has been a great improvement in the crops during the past month. On the other hand, the latest reports of the Russian crops are disquieting. A bad harvest in Russia at a time when the business of the country is thrown into confusion by the persecution of the Jews, can hardly fail to affect unfavourably, not only the well-being of the Empire, but the credit of the Government, and the prices of all Russian securities. And it is well known that German investment in Russian bonds and shares, in industrial enterprises, and in lands and houses, is very large. Good authorities estimate the aggregate at several hundreds of millions sterling. A Russian crisis, therefore, would have a disastrous effect upon the German Bourses.

The deepening of the Italian crisis, too, will tell adversely upon Germany. For some years past large amounts of German money have been invested in all kinds of Italian enterprise, the Germans being influenced with regard to Italy very much as the French are with regard to Russia. But, as our Italian correspondent has very clearly shown on several occasions, the economic condition of Italy just now is bad. The National finances are in disorder. Those of the local authorities are still worse. The banking and building crisis has not come to an end; and trade is depressed by bad harvests and by the interruption of the commercial relations with France. If matters grow worse, as seems only too likely, the losses to German investors and German speculators will be increased. And though the Germans have not risked so much in Portugal and Spain, yet there is a good deal of German money locked up in Portuguese and Spanish securities, and a crash in these would add still further to the embarrassments in Germany. Lastly, German bankers have ventured too rashly of late years in Mexico, Greece, and Turkey, and the finances of none of those countries are just now in a satisfactory state. It is not surprising, then, that very gloomy views prevail as to the immediate future of the Berlin Bourse. If the harvest turns out well, and the Money Market is not disturbed in the autumn, it is possible that a crash may be averted. There will have, however, even in that case, to be a slow liquidation of the bad business that has been accumulated for years. Failures will be numerous, trade will decline, and some of the banks will still further lose credit, if they are able to avoid winding up. But if the harvest is not good, and the Money Market is disturbed in the autumn, a sharp crisis appears only too probable. And the crisis may be precipitated at any moment by an untoward accident, such as a political scare, a breakdown of Portugal, or the spread of distress in Russia. If there were less distress in London, it might be possible to tide over the difficulty, as doubtless assistance could be got here. But in the present state of the City, it will not be easy to get help should it be required; while the distrust that prevails will prevent the Germans from selling largely in London until prices have fallen so heavily as to attract purchasers.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE German Emperor has gone to hunt the whale at the North Cape, and to reap the full benefit of a well-earned holiday; the French fleet, which has just been received with enthusiasm at Stockholm, will not reach Cronstadt till July 25th; and in the interval international politics have somewhat given place to internal. We have, however, various after-echoes of the talk about the Triple and Quadruple Alliance—the most notable of which is an article in Prince Bismarck's usual organ, ascribing to him the chief credit for the present understanding between England and Italy; Mr. Labouchere's French friends are preparing a fitting acknowledgment of the service he has done to their country by his criticism on the alleged relation between England and Italy; the arrangements for the visit of the young King of Servia to the Russian and Austrian Courts are complete, but it is officially announced that the visit was decided on long before the Triple Alliance; and the Sultan seems disposed to set a good example to other Powers by recognising Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria—which would probably do much to secure calm in Eastern Europe.

In France the *Fête* of the Republic was celebrated on Tuesday with at least the usual spirit. On Monday, by way of preparation, a new Boulevard, the Avenue de la République, was inaugurated by the President. It is three miles long, extending from the Place de la République eastward, past Père-la-Chaise, to the suburb of Ménilmontant, and opens up a number of slums and a curious, shabby-genteel little suburb.

The French naval manœuvres in the Mediterranean have ended with an attack on Toulon by the enemy's fleet, which successfully evaded the defending squadron off the Balearic Islands.

The Senate has modified, generally in the interest of the employer, the restrictions introduced by the proposed Labour Law on domestic workshops and on the labour of women and children. The Chamber, after somewhat confusing and contradictory proceedings, has rejected the duties on cotton yarn proposed by the Commission—though an advance of 30 per cent. on the present duties is to be enforced against yarn from countries which discriminate against French goods. The vote is regarded by both sides as a serious check to the Protectionists. On Thursday the Chamber refused to shelve a debate initiated by M. Laur, the Boulangist, on the enforcement of the passport regulations in Alsace. The debate was to take place on Friday. The sentences in the melinite case were confirmed on Thursday by the Court of Appeal.

In Alsace and Lorraine, the second ballots for several municipal elections were held on Sunday last. Generally—and it is a significant fact—the contest is between the "German immigrants" and the "native Alsatians," and the latter seem generally to have won.

The Belgian Government, which Liberals generally cannot regard with much favour, has done two good things. It has taken steps to limit as much as possible the Sunday goods traffic on the railways; and it is doing its best to check the circulation of indecent literature. Certain French illustrated papers in particular are no longer to be sold at Belgian railway stations, nor carried, at least in bales, by the State railways. Unfortunately, it is maintained by the Liberals that this latter regulation conflicts with that article in the Constitution which prohibits a Press Censorship; and it is easy to see its dangers as a precedent when worked by an unscrupulous and intolerant Government.

The Norwegian Storthing has passed a resolution in favour of separate consular representation for Norway abroad. The shipping and mercantile interests have protested against the scheme, and it will be interesting to see if the nationalist sentiment of the country districts will prevail over practical convenience.

The Swedish Prime Minister, Baron Akerhjelm, who recently aroused the utmost indignation in Norway by the astonishingly incautious remark that, "if the annual military training is extended to ninety days we can go and talk Swedish at Christiana," has at last resigned, and is to be replaced by M. Bostroem, who is said to be a strong Protectionist, a fact which may affect the pending negotiations as to a commercial treaty with France.

The trial at Zürich of the persons accused of

participation in the revolution in Ticino last September—called for convenience the "Septembrists"—terminated on Tuesday with the acquittal of all the accused. On Wednesday, however, Signor Castioni—the proceedings for whose extradition at Bow Street last November have become a leading case—was condemned by default to eight years' imprisonment and twelve years' deprivation of civil rights. The trial has been extremely damaging to the reputation of the Conservative Party in Ticino and of the cantonal Government which the Revolution overthrew. Those pedantic champions of law and order who forced it on by opposing the general amnesty lately passed by the Lower House of the Federal Legislature and thrown out by the Upper, must now sincerely regret that the past has not been left to oblivion. For it was clearly established, and declared on oath by one of the leaders in the Revolution, that its sole object was to force the Federal Government to intervene; and the main object of the defence was to exhibit the ample provocation which the Liberals had received during the last ten years. The ballot stuffing and repeating of a more advanced civilisation were replaced by ruder but not less effective methods. Thus, at a general election in 1881, nomadic bands of Conservative voters, known as "the Kroumirs," were drafted into the districts where they were needed most; so that in one village of forty-three voters 122 votes were cast. These nomads were brought in over-night, and supplied with Government blankets by a local official. The subject set for an essay in a Government school examination was, "Describe how Zwingli, impelled by the Devil, introduced the Reformation into Zürich, and also the Divine punishment he is now undergoing." A book by a Government schoolmaster states that "it is better to be a forger, an adulterer, or a murderer, than a Liberal." Professors in colleges were dismissed for their political opinions as a matter of course, and the gendarmes always received their voting tickets from their commanding officer. The witnesses for the prosecution did not come out very well, particularly Signor Respini, the head of the Government overthrown by the Revolution, who insisted on haranguing the Court at great length, and refused to answer questions, so that the sitting was for a time suspended. The present Conservative Government of the canton had had 500 copies of the preliminary proceedings in this trial printed, nominally for the use of the parties to a civil suit, but really, it was suggested, that all the witnesses for the prosecution might tell the same story—a proceeding severely condemned by the Court. An active controversy arose at one stage of the proceedings as to whether a worthy Conservative lady was killed by the shock of the Revolution or died of cancer in the stomach. Indeed, the trial seems to have been fertile in curious incident—and also, doubtless, in hard swearing. How can the canton ever be pacified again after all these reminiscences?

Enough signatures have been collected to necessitate the submission of the new Customs tariff to a popular vote in September next. The proposed purchase by the Federal Government of a controlling interest in the Central Railway is to undergo a similar ordeal. The corrected totals of the vote on the introduction of the Federal Initiative on Sunday week are: For, 181,888; Against, 120,372.

The Austrian Reichsrath has adjourned for the summer recess.

In Spain a general amnesty to political exiles of all parties has been voted. The passage of the Bill authorising the Bank of Spain to increase its note issue has been followed by the issue of notices by certain shopkeepers in Madrid that they will refuse to accept the notes.

After six weeks of persistent obstruction the Bill for the reform of County Government has passed the Hungarian Chamber. The Opposition has proceeded from about a fourth of the House, chiefly the ultra-Nationalists of the Extreme Left, who, it seems, prefer an archaic institution which is national to improvements which suggest Austrian bureaucracy.

The petition from various Greek notables of Crete has been refused by the Sultan, who has given orders that no more documents of the kind are to be forwarded. The Turkish authorities state that the island is now quiet, and that "no murder arising out of revenge has been committed for three weeks."

In the United States conflicting, but for the most part very unfavourable, reports are current as to the present and recent state of Mr. Blaine's health. Alarming reports are also coming in of renewed disturbances and "ghost dancing" among the Indians in Dakota and Arizona.

The Balmacedist Government of Chili has scored a point by the removal of the embargo imposed by the French Government on the cruisers just completed for it—the first of which, the *Presidente Errazuriz*, left Havre hurriedly on Friday week. The action of the French Government is generally condemned by the French press. It is stated that the United States Minister to Chili, Mr. Patrick Egan, of National League fame, is strongly Balmacedist in sympathies: partly because the English residents and officers of the fleet favour the Congressional party. The latter seem to be really advancing southwards, and claim an important naval victory.

A MEDICAL SCANDAL.

THE honour of the medical profession is gravely affected by a recent revelation in the Paris Académie de Médecine. A well-known physician, Professor Cornil, disclosed an experiment made four years ago by a surgeon whose name was withheld, and whose nationality is a matter for disagreeable speculation. This scientific savage, having to deal with a woman suffering from tumour in one of her breasts, deliberately transferred the malignant growth to the healthy breast while the patient was under chloroform. He was rewarded by the discovery of a new tumour which he had the satisfaction of having planted, and this was removed by a second operation, to which the woman succumbed. The gratification of this professional curiosity was obtained at the cost of a human life after a cold-blooded outrage. It is worthy of note that the iniquity of this experiment does not appear to have struck Professor Cornil until the indignant protests of his colleagues apprised him of the existence in a scientific body of a higher sentiment than medical ambition. To its honour, the chief organ of the medical profession in this country has struck no uncertain note in condemning an unparalleled piece of inhumanity. Professor Cornil, says the *Lancet*, ought to have dealt first with the ethical and not with the scientific side of this case. Instead of confining himself to a complacent review of the addition to medical knowledge, it behoved him to stigmatise the ruffian who had purchased that knowledge by the violation of every instinct of honour. The *Lancet* demands the name of the operator, and no seal of confidence ought to prevent Professor Cornil from proclaiming the identity of this enemy of the human race. It is probable enough that if experiments of this nature were frequently made on patients, medical knowledge would be considerably enlarged. But, as the *Lancet* observes, the medical profession is nothing if it is not a healing profession, and there is no conceivable justification for the surgeon who cures a disease in one part of the human system in order to transfer it to another. That is a truth which will be impressed rather forcibly on Professor Bergman and Dr. Hahn, should it be proved that they have actually made experiments on the bodies of paupers in the transmission of cancer.

If Professor Cornil's anonymous practitioner had inserted a portion of the excised tumour in his own flesh, he would at least have shown an unselfish devotion to the cause of science. Cases are

known in which medical men, in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, have subjected themselves to perilous experiments. We can respect their zeal, even if we are more than dubious as to its propriety. The surgeon who operates on himself with a view to relieving mankind from some physical curse which has hitherto baffled medical skill is a hero. But the man who takes a helpless woman, and treats her with as little regard for her well-being as if she were a rat, puts himself outside the pale of humanity. A human life cannot be weighed in the same scale with lives in the lower ranks of creation. The *Lancet* fairly maintains "that the very justification of careful experiments on animals is the superiority and sanctity of human life in the very humblest man or woman in the most unpretentious hospital." There is a danger that the opponents of vivisection will overlook this distinction. They are already showing an unfortunate disposition to treat the advocates of vivisection under clearly defined restrictions as little better than the miscreant who confided his infamy to Professor Cornil. The indignation of the Académie de Médecine, and of the representatives of the medical profession in this country, shows how unwarranted is any assumption of this kind as regards the great mass of its members. True, there is evidence that a certain type of scientific enthusiast has done the same thing before. A list of fifty similar experiments, recorded in German medical papers, was published last week in Berlin: one of these at least was mortal: and other cases, nearly as bad, can be cited by those who know certain foreign hospitals. But German specialist professors practise purely for scientific purposes. Our great English surgeons are primarily healers of disease, and unflagging and hypersensitive public opinion will assuredly check the slightest excess. After all, too, most people will always refuse to admit that there is no more right to vivisect the lower animals than to vivisect a human being. Man uses the varied forms of life on this planet for his own comfort and convenience. This does not relieve him from the responsibility of treating the dumb creation humanely, but it does not impose upon him the duty of placing the brutes on the same moral level with himself. If vivisection can be shown to have conduced in any way to the prolongation of human life, or the relief of the human frame from life-long torment, the proposition that such a benefit ought not to be purchased by experiments on animals, can never commend itself to the common-sense of mankind. As M. Pasteur's researches have enabled him to reduce the mortality from hydrophobia, it is rash to affirm that the boon he has conferred on the race is counterbalanced by the vivisection of rabbits and guinea-pigs. If the child of an anti-vivisectionist were bitten by a mad dog, it would be the plain duty of the father to send the sufferer to the physician who has unquestionably saved many people from one of the most horrible forms of death. If the anti-vivisectionist refused to avail himself of M. Pasteur's skill for his child's sake, he would incur quite as grave a responsibility as that of the Peculiar People, who sacrifice their children rather than call in a doctor.

This much is necessary by way of protest against the zeal of those who would like to see vivisection abolished altogether. Human life is more sacred than animal life; and there is no moral obligation to treat the microbe as if it had an ethical claim to devour our tissues. The sentiment of kindness to animals is admirable so long as it is not allowed to run into such exaggeration that a civilised sensitiveness to pain becomes the sole standard of right. When this extremity is reached, we find perfectly amiable people, in their anxiety to save dumb animals from torture, assuming that the medical profession is composed of callous inquirers who cannot look at a dog without a bloodthirsty longing to cut it up alive. The weight of opinion on this subject amongst medical men ought to count for something, especially as there is no reason to suppose that they take a brutal delight in vivisecting animals merely for pastime. To say that the prodigy of cruelty revealed to us by Professor Cornil furnishes an illustration of what will become general amongst vivisectionists if their operations are not absolutely prohibited, is a libel not only to the members of a noble calling, but also on the most elementary reason. It might just as well be maintained that if the sale of alcohol is not forbidden, doctors will poison their patients with brandy. The law which carefully limits the operations of vivisection shows that in England the humane treatment of animals is a feature of our civilisation. In some other parts of Europe public opinion is not so advanced: but the excesses of vivisection there do not establish an overwhelming indictment against the whole system.

THE CASE OF MARGARET COLLARD.

MOST of the events of which we propose to give a very brief summary occurred as far back as last February. They called for a rigorous inquiry at the time, and they still call for it. If an injustice has been done—which is at least possible—the circumstances are so intolerably cruel, and the victim is so near her death, that redress can hardly come too speedily. A gentleman of Plymouth, however, who wrote to the Home Secretary, begging him to weigh all the evidence in the case and order a fuller investigation, has received this answer:—

WHITEHALL, 9th July, 1891.

SIR,—I have laid before the Secretary of State your letter of the 29th ultimo, in which you complain of the conduct of the police stationed at Stonehouse in the case of Margaret Collard, and I am directed by him to inform you, in reply, that the control and discipline of the County Police are vested, not in the Secretary of State, but in the Chief Constable of the county and the Standing Joint Committee of the County Council and Quarter Sessions, and that you should address to these authorities any complaint as to the conduct of officers of the County Police force.—Your obedient servant,

E. LEIGH PEMBERTON.

Margaret Collard is an old woman of sixty-four, the wife of an iron-worker at Stonehouse, Devon. Her husband, who is sixty-three, has led a steady and hardworking life; and, although unable to obtain regular employment of late, chiefly in consequence of an injury to his shoulder, which prevents his lifting one of his arms beyond his mouth, he has managed to keep his wife and himself by odd jobs. Margaret was born at Launceston, of respectable parents, and was, for seven years, maid to Lady Trelawney of Harewood, near Calstock. She left this situation to marry, and her mistress provided the wedding breakfast, as a mark of esteem. Her long married life has been—it is not denied—irreproachable: she was known as a steady church-goer so long as her health permitted.

Four years ago, when this couple lived at 20, Hobart Street, Stonehouse, Margaret Collard had a paralytic stroke, and, falling, injured her head against a mahogany table. The doctor, who was then called in, has since given the following certificate:—

153, UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, June 18th, 1891.

I was called to visit Mrs. Margaret Collard, Hobart Street, Stonehouse, on the 7th November, 1887, and found her suffering, to the best of my recollection, from slight paralysis. Such attack arising from some disease of the brain, has left some permanent weakness, and a liability to fresh attacks and occasional unconsciousness. These attacks closely resemble the effects of drink.

THOMAS PEARSE, M.D., Surgeon.

Indeed, the poor woman has suffered, more or less, from faintness ever since this seizure: and her husband and daughter were always anxious when she walked out alone. Early in February last she had one of her attacks and lay helpless for two days and a night. But on the 11th of that month, she put on her bonnet and left her home in Goad's Buildings, Stonehouse, at about a quarter to seven in the evening, to walk to the Grand Theatre and see her daughter, who is employed there as a barmaid. A neighbour, Mrs. Hargreaves, who saw her

start, wished her "good-night," and added, "I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

About seven o'clock—*i.e.*, fifteen minutes later—a policeman named Willsman was walking down East Street, Stonehouse, when he found the old woman lying on the footpath. She was bruised on her forehead and on one side of her face. Two women were there, who said they did not know her. The constable lifted her up twice, and twice she fell on the ground again. He then questioned her, and reports that she answered "she did not know how she had got into that condition, as she had only had a little wine and brandy." He at once jumped to the conclusion that she was hopelessly drunk, and, with the help of another policeman, called Ridge, he took her to the police-station, a quarter of a mile away. In the morning her husband came, bailed her out, and found she had sustained terrible injuries. A surgeon, Mr. Bean, was called in, administered an anæsthetic, and found (1) that her knee-cap was fractured, (2) her right elbow fractured and separated from the bone, (3) her right arm was bruised, both above and below the elbow, the result of applied pressure, and (4) both her eyes were blackened. All these injuries, the doctor decided, had been received within twelve hours.

When at length the trial came on there was a mass of police-evidence to prove that Margaret Collard on the evening of February 14th was drunk and incapable. A bench of three magistrates declared themselves "perfectly satisfied" that the case was proved, and that the police were "perfectly justified." The case was dismissed, however, as a first offence: that is to say, there was no punishment inflicted, but this old woman is deliberately declared to have been shamefully intoxicated.

Let us grant it for a moment, and consider her injuries. These injuries must have been received either before the police found her, or while she was in their hands. The second alternative is too horrible for credence, and we will believe, therefore, that when P.C. Willsman found the woman she had a broken knee-cap, a broken arm, two black eyes and many bruises. Now this, on their own word, is the manner in which the constables treated her:—(1) P.C. Willsman swore, under cross-examination, that the defendant "walked as well as she could" and that she "was not dragged along." (2) On the other hand, P.C. Ridge swore, "On going to Willsman's assistance, I put my arms round the legs of the woman, and lifting her off the ground, assisted to carry her to the station." The two statements conflict; but the fact is atrocious enough, whether it be that this old woman with a broken knee-cap was walked along for a quarter of a mile or was lifted by the legs. Worse, however, remains. (3) P.C. Beere, the reserve constable, who was in the station when Mrs. Collard was brought in, explained in his evidence that he carried her to her cell on his back! Let our readers consider the poor creature's broken bones and ask themselves how this could have been done without inflicting torture. Lastly (4) the female searcher at the police-station, a Mrs. Horwill, never discovered the injuries, or, if she discovered them, neglected to send for the doctor. And when the husband, John Collard, came in the morning to the station it is alleged that he was not only refused permission to see his wife, but even to fetch a doctor for her!

But was Margaret Collard drunk at all? Her husband deposed—and she herself has since declared—that she had not one drop of any intoxicant on the evening of February 14th. The neighbour who saw her start and wished her "good-night" swore that she showed no signs of intoxication. On the other hand, P.C. Willsman, P.C. Ridge, P.C. Gibbens, P.C. Beere and the female searcher are confident that she was helplessly drunk. She "smelt strongly of spirits"; she asserted that she had had "a little wine and brandy," and later that she had taken "a drop of gin." A person called William Henry Thompson, "a writer at the Dockyard," gave evidence for the prosecution, and had no doubt that she was drunk. If we believe all the evidence, therefore, we must come to the conclusion that this old woman of sixty-four, subject to fainting-fits and paralysis, walked from Goad's Buildings to East Street, Stonehouse—some little way—drank wine, brandy, and gin in rapid succession, broke her knee-cap and elbow and blackened both her eyes, and all in the space of fifteen minutes!

Meanwhile Margaret Collard is dying. The doctor told the magistrates, a fortnight ago, "The woman is now in a perfectly hopeless condition. She is unable to move the bone that was fractured; she has a stiff elbow-joint, and she is apparently sinking. She will never recover from her injuries." If, then, it should turn out that the police were mistaken, she is perhaps too near her end to care very much that the stain of drunkenness, put upon her in her closing days, should be removed. But she has a husband and a daughter who bitterly resent that stain, while they fight with their poverty to give her a few comforts in her lingering illness. And the public has a right, at any rate, to be certain whether the stain is deserved or not. The *Western Morning News* and the *British Medical Journal* have spoken vigorously about this affair; and we must add our voice to the assertion "that, besides the questions of the cause of the injuries, and when and how they were received, the conduct in several respects of the sergeant in charge of the station, and the conduct and veracity of every police-constable who gave evidence before the magistrates, and of the female searcher, need strict investigation."

MR. SPURGEON.

As we write, Mr. Spurgeon still lives, but his life seems to be hanging by a thread, and even before these words appear in print the thread may have been snapped. How many people, we wonder, are fully conscious of the loss which the breaking of the golden cord in this case will inflict upon London and the world? The time has long since passed when it was fashionable to deride this master of the English language in its noblest forms; this preacher whose tenets were those of a former day, whose creed, as fervid as it was narrow, seemed little likely to lay hold of the sympathies of a generation like the present. There was a time when Mr. Spurgeon was on the whole the best-abused person in England; when orthodox Church circles regarded him with horror as the representative of everything that was odious to the members of an Established Church; when men of light and leading sneered at him as the typical Philistine, and when smart essayists in weekly reviews regarded him as a butt provided for the special purpose of enabling them to sharpen their small wits upon him. Long ago Mr. Spurgeon lived down all the bigotry, the folly and the flippancy of which he was for many years the mark. People came at last to see that, even if they could not share his creed, they could admire the fervour of his zeal, the purity of his life, and the large-hearted charity which he showed in every matter that did not appertain to dogma.

And even our men of light and leading, after years of scoffing at his pulpit style, awoke to a perception of the fact that in Mr. Spurgeon England had one of those born orators of whom this generation has seen only two—to wit, himself and Mr. Bright. Gifted with splendid common sense, with a genuine humour, with a large-hearted love for his fellow-creatures which no narrowness of creed could stifle or distort, and with those unequalled powers as a preacher which enabled him for nearly forty years to sway the largest congregation in the world, Mr. Spurgeon has unquestionably been a figure of real importance as well as of real interest in the community in which he dwelt. But he has been something more than this. The sermons which delighted by

their simple Saxon eloquence and genuine piety those who flocked to the Tabernacle to hear him, printed from week to week, were carried throughout the world, and formed the spiritual pabulum of scores of thousands of men and women dwelling in the uttermost parts of the earth. To these, even more than to his own sect in London, Mr. Spurgeon was the accepted teacher of Divine things; and though, as we have said, his theology was not that of the present day, not even that of the majority of the members of his own Church, it was at least distinguished by that note of manly honesty which commended it to everybody. Old-fashioned it was in very truth, and some of his dogmas seemed hard and repulsive to enlightened minds; but none could be brought within the range of his personal influence, none could see how the warmth of his own heart fused the cold crudities which jarred upon those who studied his creed from a distance, without feeling that here at least was a good man who had a message from the Highest to his fellow-men. Well tried by time, which tries all things, Mr. Spurgeon's life and character have been shown to be of that pure gold against which the sharp edge of ridicule and satire must ever be turned in vain. In parting from him we part from one who was both great and good; and whatever differences on points of theology may separate us from him, there are few amongst us who will not feel that when he dies the world will be the poorer for his loss.

OF THE DIVERSIONS OF PRINCES.

AN ESSAY. PART II.

—formist conscience.

[Though occasion turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and the Emperor be now sunk below the horizon of our seas, a retiring guest, leaving me a day behind the fair; yet will I abate no doit of this essay. For my cutlery will hardly prune an opinion where it must first carve a printer's urchin, by which furtive little beast his inkiness my manuscript hath twice in this se'nnight been brought to hash: nor, I am determined, shall my salary be docked upon any flimsy motion—as, that I am lethargique. So I have taxed my familiars for the price of a type-writer, and will consider principally of Foreign Princes, how they should be entertained.]

'Twas a stingy vile business, and reasonably abhorred by the late Khan of Tartary, that he travelled from Dover to Buckingham Palace in a third-class-smoking with no choicer company than a babe of low birth. I pass over his treatment of the cushions, imputing it to a native tetchiness, which, certes, had found no vent could Her Majesty have brought herself to go and fetch him up from the coast. But there is always some boddle how the host shall be apparelled on these formal occasions. Theseus, prince of Athens, having to receive the Queen of the Amazons off her long-ship, at Piræus, was at first minded to attire himself in the livery of her second regiment of cavalry, of the which he acted honorary colonel. But the impediment was, they wore no insignia but an amputated breast. Less queasy hath been our George, Duke of Cambridge, these few days, whose mother, could she have trod again this funambulous planet, had assuredly cut him in the street for an idol of the market-place; as the small boy hinted, *coram populo et sine fuligine*, who cried "I vow you are out, George—but is your mother certified thereof?"

I counsel, then, that upon these pompous opportunities we blow the expense and lay in store of horns, Jewish harps, accordions, castanets, recorders, haut-boys, tom-toms, ocarinas, and the like—besides instruments of percussion, as the big and little drum. As it was said—

> "*With trumpets also and shawms.*"

And again—

> "*By the pricking of my thumbs,*
> *See, the conquering hero comes!*
> *—Blow the trumpets, smite the drums.*"

And again, by an obscurer mouth—

> "*Blow the recorder of the City of London!*"

and all to make a pretty bombination. For luncheons let us have *bisque d'écrevisses*, and for pageants a plenty of Venetian poles and triumphal arches. Only let us be cautious concerning the mottoes thereon. "*God speed the plough!*" is a fair text for all weathers: but *Have you seen the Shah?* standeth upon a nicer contingency, and I have known times that it was clean impertinent.

Histiæus, tyrant of Miletus, wishing to welcome his cousin Aristagoras in a befitting manner from abroad, made a bon-fire of his mother-in-law: and Philip of Artois was used to blow up his cooks upon the arrival of any considerable guest. We may use these exemplars, so it be at a humane interval and we have a care to adjust our pyrotechniques better than did that Swede, who touched off a rocket with "Here goes for King Charles!" "And there goes with my eye!" quoth his Majesty: which indeed was the case, and I have seen it at the end of the stick in the collection of a rich merchant in Christiania—a mighty curious toy. I mislike flags and ensigns, as breathing too much of war in pacifick ceremonies: as I have noted in another place—

> "*Marry, this is stitching calico: it means mischief.*"

Nor, maugre his good intent, can I commend that scrivener in Fleet Street who knows no better how to make exhibition of his loyalty than by sitting at his piano and playing of the scales while the Emperor was passing; and so miss'd all.

Against Freedoms of the City I have no dog's letter to grate, so the luncheon be well set out and the casket of a fair popping value, as they say. But 'twas a chuckleheaded and unblessed generosity that gave the late Swiss ambassador his freedom in a cuckoo-clock. For the vulgar opinion that the Emperor had more to eat than was good, I make no bones of it, *nec flocci facio*. I could have done it on my head.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

III.—ARE CHILDREN GOOD IN JULY?

MOST of us know that oysters are never spelt with an "r" when the month is out of season. Everything has its time. Every dog has its day; every roast duck has its proper seasoning. New potatoes are not ever with us. Which of us has not stood, awed and silenced, by the death-bed of the asparagus? We know these things, but we do not think enough about them. We say that they are platitudes, but what of that? The epigrams of one generation are the platitudes of the next. A platitude is only a truth gone dull because it has been kept too long. Even truth has its season. Now the season for goodness is undoubtedly childhood. "Be good" is the nursemaid's commonest injunction. Therefore, if it can be shown that during one month of the year children are not good, action of some kind seems imperative, and the possibility of a close season for perambulators becomes worth discussion.

Are children good in July? The question would perhaps be easier to answer if it were put in a slightly different form—are children sticky in July? For a child which is sticky is generally a child which has not been good. Adhesiveness is in children the concomitant of sin. If a child is sticky, somewhere or other in its past you probably will find an excess of exercise or of jam, a neglect of the ceremonial of the table, even a perverted love of uncleanliness. Jubilance is another sign of sin; few adults have that triumphant joy in wrong-doing which children always display. Once, about the hour of noon, I

tried to find the cause of the ecstasy of happiness which had possessed a small male child during the whole of the morning. He gave his reason as follows: "'Cos I never washed this morning when I got up, and nobody's found it out yet." He went away laughing. It was hideous.

Most of us probably have noticed the increased jubilance and increased stickiness of children during this month; we might now be inclined to consider that this was not an open question any longer, and to answer definitely that children are not good in July. But although wrong-doing in children is certain to be evidenced by either jubilance or stickiness, and probably by both, it does not follow that nothing else but wrong-doing could cause such jubilance and stickiness. We must not forget that the approach of the holidays may cause the one and a legitimate use of strawberries may cause the other.

Now the ways of a man with strawberries are very many. No artist could reduce them to hideous pulp with a fork as the commercially minded are wont to do. Very spiritual natures refuse cream with them; the average woman takes rather too much sugar with them. Simplicity and manliness make one prefer to pick and eat them in their native garden: one is in closer commune with nature so; no fruiterer interprets her to you; and nobody sees how many you take when you eat them in that way. It is the way which children like best, and I dare not—I positively dare not—say that they are wrong. But—and these are important words—it is impossible to eat strawberries thus without becoming sticky. A child which is sticky is generally, but not *always*, a child which has not been good. What is a virtue in a postage-stamp is not *always* a vice in an infant.

It may be urged that even if the jubilance of July really is caused by the approach of the holidays, we should remember that holidays are to children simply increased opportunities for sinfulness. It is true, but it is beside the point. We are not asking whether children are likely to be good in August and September, but whether they are good in July. If we confuse the point at issue, we are only too likely to come to some clear and definite conclusion.

And we have absolutely no grounds for forming any such conclusion. We might obtain them, of course, by sending to each mother in England a paper for her to fill up, containing a few questions about some other mother's children. We might interview some of the leading infants of the day and see what they thought about it. Ultimately we might be able to do something towards securing that close season for perambulators. At present we can only leave it an open question, another problem for a weary, sinful, sceptical age. However, the age likes problems and loves to brag of its sorrowful inability to answer any of them.

THE DRAMA.

THERE is a trick known to the contrivers of burlesque by which events only described in the play parodied are shown in action in the parody, and mute or unseen personages are brought on the stage and made to speak. For example: in the *Francillon* of Dumas *fils* the heroine relates the story of the famous visit to the Restaurant, which she makes for the purpose of putting into practice her "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" theory in the matter of conjugal infidelity. In *Franc-Chignon*, the burlesque of the Dumasian play, by MM. Busnach and Vanloo, the visit to the Restaurant is actually shown, and so is Eugène, the head waiter, who in the original play is merely a name.

It is obvious that this process, the process of "showing Eugène," may be applied to serious drama in all seriousness. Narrative may be turned into action, *personæ mutæ* into "speaking parts," and the dramatic clock may even be put back, so that events which are supposed to have happened before the rise of the curtain in the original play may be subjected to the faithful eyes, in accordance with Horatian precept, in its derivative. Thus we might have a new *Hamlet*, in which Scene 1 would show Claudius poisoning his brother, and Scene 2 his marriage with Gertrude, or a new *Merchant of Venice*, introducing Leah in a scene wherein she gives Shylock the ring he tells us he had of her "when he was a bachelor." To the process of "showing Eugène" there is, indeed, hardly any limit. It has been applied this week to Browning's *In a Balcony*, by Mr. Leonard Outram, in his two-act drama, *A Mighty Error*, produced at the Avenue Theatre—in accordance with a new fashion which threatens to set us all jumping out of the fire of the trial-matinée into the frying-pan of the trial-soirée—"for one night only." Mr. Outram's play may be described as a serving-up of Browning's Liebig-extract in the *sauce tartare* of Victor Hugo. The author prefers, however, to describe it as a mediæval romance—doubtless because its atmosphere is that of the Renaissance, and its personages wear the costumes of the early seventeenth century. Or possibly Mr. Outram intends a subtle allusion to its middle-aged heroine, the Queen of Spain? According to the best Iberian traditions, Queens of Spain have no legs, but this one has a heart, and, like Robert Landry's on his release from the Bastille, it is dead. Her husband has deceived her, and is now an exiled traitor. Wherefore Her Spanish Majesty has "abjured the hope of love and being loved" upon her "pedestal, where she grows marble." Yet was she once a woman like another, all a-hungered for love, so much so, she says, that—

> There have been moments, if the sentinel
> Lowering his halbert to salute the queen,
> Had flung it brutally and clasped my knee,
> I would have stooped and kissed him with my soul.

And one fine day there comes along a young courtier, Norbert, who sets the dead heart throbbing once again. Norbert has risen from an obscure adventurer to a great statesman, and saved the kingdom, and the Queen (remembering, doubtless, that little story about Ruy Blas and her predecessor, Maria de Neubourg) thinks the youth has been inspired by love of herself. Only too ready to return his love, she is naturally vexed when she finds that the lady of Norbert's affections is not herself but her favourite Constance, and she dooms the pair of lovers to death. So far the poet Browning, who gets his story told in triangular dialogue by the three characters I have mentioned. The poet Outram—for *A Mighty Error* is in blank verse, if you please, and really, by comparison with the numbers of the average stage poetaster, not bad blank verse—turns the triangle into a pentagon. He shows us Eugène—I mean Don Miguel, the Queen's wicked husband, and introduces a fifth personage, Count Xante, in love with the Queen's favourite, who is also a fifth wheel to the coach in that he is quite superfluous.

We are allowed to catch the hero in the act of saving the Kingdom by overcoming Don Miguel (with a duel, rifle-practice by supers, and other bustling delights) and (here you have the Victor Hugo sauce) a new ending is provided for the story in a poison scene, wherein the Queen, after vainly trying to persuade the courtier and his sweetheart to swallow the deadly potion, relents at the last moment, recognises that she is *de trop*, and drains the cup herself. Now that the romantic movement of 1830 has spent its force, dramas of this lurid sort are out of fashion except on the stage of the Italian Opera or at the Théâtre Français, where *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* are still politely tolerated out of consideration for M. Mounet-Sully. They had, of course, no Mounet-Sully at the Avenue to play the gallant young courtier, and Mr. Outram was but an indifferent substitute; but Miss Frances Ivor played with some

force and distinction as the Queen, Miss Mary Ansell made a pretty *ingénue*, and if Mr. Whistler had not asked his famous question, "Why drag in Velasquez?", I should be tempted to say that Mr. Frank Worthing's Don Miguel was a Velasquez portrait in three dimensions.

Another instance of "showing Eugène" is furnished by *Rosmer of Rosmersholm*, a four-act drama published this week by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. Its anonymous author, pointing out that "the dramatic incidents of Ibsen's play *Rosmersholm* had all transpired (*sic*) previous to the rising of his first curtain," offers this dramatisation of the incidents in question "as a respectful study in the new school of natural drama." And so we are shown Mrs. Beata Rosmer in the flesh and the gradual process by which that poor lady was driven by the wicked Rebecca into the mill-race. To the author's notion of "natural drama" only copious extracts from the dialogue would do justice. I must, however, content myself with two gems only. Rosmer and Rebecca are discussing the fictions of conventional education.

> REBECCA: When we were children we were satisfied with the fanciful tales told as to where we were discovered. I, for instance, believed as a child that I was found under a gooseberry bush.
>
> ROSMER: And I—that I was found in a manger. Ah! and the appositeness of that to the career to which I was destined (*i.e.*, the Church), had a great deal to do with reconciling me to its adoption.

If this is not "natural" enough, What say you to this?

> Beata shows Rosmer a photograph.
>
> ROSMER: What a bad photo.
>
> BEATA: Well, of course, Johannes, those travelling photographers who work in the open air cannot compete with the ordinary shop work.
>
> ROSMER: It is so blurred.
>
> BEATA: Yes, it is indistinct; but surely you remember the day——
>
> ROSMER: No, Beata, I don't remember it.
>
> BEATA *(walking towards window, excessively pained)*: Oh, Johannes; that was when you proposed to me. *(A pause.)*

And I pause, too, wondering whether this "natural" dialogue is not, despite the author's "respectful" protestations, the sly joke of a man who "jocks wi' deeficulty." When he proceeds to parody Ibsen's stage-directions with

> (REBECCA *is startled by the suggestion that she is enceinte*)

doubt is changed to certainty. *Rosmer of Rosmersholm* is evidently another Ibsen burlesque, done by a worker "in the open-air," who, therefore, by his own ratiocination, will see that it is "natural" in me to prefer "the ordinary shop-work." If *par impossible* he be really serious, I can only say to him, Almost thou persuadest me to be an Anti-Ibsenite.

A. B. W.

VERDI'S *OTELLO.*

THE first performance of Verdi's *Otello* was for the Royal Italian Opera a new production; one of the few which, under Mr. Harris's for the most part admirable management, the theatre has known. Time was when Italian composers wrote at the rate of two or three operas a year. The conditions of art rendered it possible and the conditions of life necessary that operas in those days should be written in what at present would look like the wildest, most reckless haste. Instrumentation, instead of the difficult art it has since become, was little more than a process. The composer either laid on his orchestral colour with a very light hand, or in most cases did not lay it on at all. More too is now expected from the composer in the way of dramatic appropriateness; and the criticism to which his opera will be subjected is more searching and on a far wider scale than in the happy days when the Opera House was a place of amusement with which æsthetic considerations had very little to do. As regards external conditions, a composer, if he possesses a commanding position in Europe, may now take time over his labours; for they will be adequately remunerated. Since 1859 Verdi has written only four operas—*La Forza del Destino*, for St. Petersburg, in 1862; *Don Carlos*, for Paris, in 1867; *Aïda*, for Cairo, in 1871; and *Otello*, for Milan, in 1887.

Under the altered circumstances of the time, an opera of high importance does not travel so fast as in former days when there were no international copyright laws to obstruct its progress, and when a manager was at liberty to take from any country whatever work pleased him, and do what he thought fit with it. The famous house of Ricordi at Milan will not allow Verdi's *Otello* to be played except on payment of high dues and with an approved cast. The latter condition has hitherto prevented the work from reaching Paris; and the two conditions have deprived us of the pleasure of hearing it, except during one very brief season, in London. Two years ago, four years after its first production at Milan, *Otello* was brought out by M. Mayer at the Lyceum Theatre with a cast which included Tamagno and Maurel, the original interpreters at Milan of the characters of Otello and Iago, and with a somewhat indifferent Desdemona, who, for that reason, need not be named. At the Royal Italian Opera, the management has secured in Madame Albani a representative of Desdemona who is certainly superior to all previous Desdemonas. The one weak point in the original Milan cast was the impersonation of Desdemona by Madame Pantaleone; and, in addition to Madame Albani, Mr. Harris had already in his company an excellent Otello, M. Jean de Reszké, and the original Iago, M. Victor Maurel. Some of the circumstances attending the production of *Otello* at the Royal Italian Opera have possessed quite a dramatic interest. For several years M. de Reszké was said to object altogether to the part of Otello—less because it was not quite suited to his vocal powers than because it had immediately after its first presentation been offered by the composer to another tenor, engaged like M. de Reszké at the Paris Opera House. When at last he consented to undertake it, he was a little put out by the sudden success of the tenor named Van Dyck, and, as rumour has it, was so much troubled by the favour with which his unexpected rival was received that he fell first morally then physically ill, until at last (not merely in the American sense of the word) he was sick, and in his convulsions broke a small blood vessel in his throat. This was bad enough. But, to make matters worse, Mr. Harris, after many postponements of what he knew would be the great artistic success of the season, resolved, by reason of M. de Reszké's long-continued ailment, to engage another tenor; who in the person of M. Durot was brought over from Paris and put to rehearse the part of Otello with the other members of the cast. Not until the very day of the performance was it known whether M. de Reszké or his newly-imported substitute would play the leading part. There is no being in the world whom an operatic vocalist, and especially a *primo tenore*, detests as he detests his understudy. To prevent this impertinent aspirant from filling the part on which, without the slightest regard for the feelings of the principal "artist," he has set his heart, there is nothing that the leading tenor—*tenore di primo cartello!*, as he sometimes likes to call himself—will not do. He will even sing when he is really not in a fit state to do so; and this was generally reported to be M. de Reszké's condition on the day when the before-mentioned M. Durot

arrived in London. But on the night of production he sang, in spite of obvious physical weakness, with undoubted impetuosity and fire.

The greatest figure in Wednesday's performance of *Otello* was M. Maurel, whose Iago is one of those studies and one of those realisations of study which are only to be met with now and again on the operatic or any other stage. The hatred and jealousy he not only portrays but actually exhibits are those which the baritone of brains must naturally entertain for the fatuous tenor. From whatever quarter the inspiration may be derived, Maurel's Iago is really an inspired performance. The French baritone has, according to his habit, thought out the part; and he at once understands and feels the motive of every word that he utters, every note that he sings. His celebrated "Credo," a modern philosophical and quite unreligious profession of faith, is by no means a lyrical piece; but the singer declaims it with so much meaning as to make it thoroughly dramatic. In the beautiful "dream," on the other hand, wherein he repeats the alleged exclamations of Cassio during his sleep, he is thoroughly vocal. His acting of the part is all of a piece; and if Maurel makes Iago a leading character of the drama, directing the personages and commanding the action generally, that result is due to his mental superiority over his companions in the performance.

The lyrical portion of the work is naturally for Otello and Desdemona; and their love duet which terminates the first act is based on a theme as beautiful by its melody as by the rich and constantly varied harmonies to which it lends itself. Nothing is more effective in the opera than the re-introduction of the love motive in the scene of the assassination, just when the tragic act is on the point of being committed.

Otello may in a few words be described as a musical drama in which the composer has without deviation in the way of incidental airs and concerted pieces, followed with the greatest strictness a very dramatic libretto. Verdi takes part in the preparation of the opera books he proposes to set to music; and Boïto's libretto of *Otello* is cast in such a mould that a setting of a severely dramatic kind was the only one it admitted of. With the exception of the before-mentioned duet, one or two of the choruses, the "Ave Maria," and the "Willow Song" of the last act, there are but few musical pieces in *Otello* possessing the simple melodic attractiveness of so many pieces which have helped to secure popularity for *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, and, at a later period of Verdi's career, for *Rigoletto* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*. But the work is admirable as a whole, and Mr. Augustus Harris deserves the thanks of the musical public for having at last produced it. It was said at Milan on the night of the first representation that with one little handkerchief on the stage, the handkerchief which at the critical moment Desdemona could not show, Verdi caused two thousand handkerchiefs to appear waving in the air from boxes and stalls. The miracle of the multiplication of handkerchiefs was not repeated at the Royal Italian Opera, but the representation nevertheless provoked much genuine enthusiasm.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

THEY must all wait, the many various subjects for articles stirring within me—"Morality in Art," "The Joy of Art," "Royal Patronage in Art," "Artistic Education," etc.—and I must continue my article of last week, explaining and developing my proposal that the artists and art lovers of Great Britain should subscribe and purchase one of the portraits by Mr. Whistler now hanging in Piccadilly for the National Gallery. After my article of last week I am obliged to do this, for it would be surely unjustifiable to advise that such a movement should be set on foot in a casual phrase run off the end of the pen. Besides, my proposal was deliberately put forward, and for definite reasons, which I desire to make clear.

For the last ten years the Press has teemed with complaints against the Academy. Every journal, in turn, has espoused the cause of the malcontents, and all have espoused it vainly. It was urged that the Academy, being in receipt of public money, was obliged to do this, that, and the other. The Academy sat still, in a Buddha-like tranquillity, unmoved by piercing shrieks from the *Pall Mall Gazette* or howls from *Truth*; the cries grew fainter, ceased, and in the heavy stupidity of a corporate body the Academy continued to accept and reject pictures just as before.

I have explained in another article that I have always found myself unable to acquire any interest in the reformations that have been proposed in the constitution of the Academy, not because success seemed impossible—the failure of to-day is the success of to-morrow—but because of my implicit disbelief in the value of public exhibitions of pictures. Now it seems to me that the purchase of one or the other of Mr. Whistler's portraits would be a splendid manifestation of our artistic faith. Are they not the supreme expression of all that English academic art has chosen to ignore? Either picture, if purchased by us, will express, and in immortal fashion, the contempt of the artists and the art lovers of the nineteenth century for all they believe to be base and worthless in art. We can say now, and our speech shall be for all time, how much we loathe the art of Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Leader, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Frith, Mr. E. M. Ward, and Mr. Long. These are the names which personify the art which is most disagreeable to a large body of artists, and it is this art which the Academy, with unwearying—indeed, with increasing—persistency, has chosen to honour.

Should the younger school of artists in England show signs of a desire to subscribe and purchase one of the two portraits by Mr. Whistler now hanging in Piccadilly for the National Gallery, the first question that will arise will be which portrait—that of Miss Alexander or of the artist's mother? It matters little, both are masterpieces; either is sufficient to eternalise a name. I chose last week to praise the portrait of Miss Alexander, but that was because I did not know it so well. A perfect reproduction of the mother's portrait hangs in my room, and for years I have given it daily homage, and I thought I should be able to write better under the dictation of the new passion, the more immediate emotion; and I doubted my power to explain Beauty, which, from long contemplation, has become an integral part of my life, an habitual vision—something which, if it had never been, I should not be what I now am. Doubtless the portrait of the mother is one of the most important events in our lives. We marry, grow weary of our wives, and are divorced; we forget relations, friends, perhaps even our parents, but that picture we never forget—it is for ever with us, in sickness and in health, in loss of fortune, and in moments of extreme despair, when life seems hopeless, the strange magic of that picture springs into consciousness, and we wonder by what wizard-craft was accomplished the marvellous pattern on the black curtain that drops past the engraving on the wall. We muse on the extraordinary beauty of that space of grey wall, on the black silhouette sitting so tranquilly, on the large feet on a footstool, on the hands crossed, on the long, long black dress that fills the picture with such solemn harmony. The wall is a shudder of colour, and the delicacy of the execution transports us. Again has been used a canvas prepared with a dark tint, and the learnedly foreseen greys were laid on lightly, lifted off here and there with a dry brush; perhaps in one place we can detect the passing of the palette-knife, and their charm is an actual palpitation. Then mark the transitior

from grey to white—the tenderness of that white cap, tender as the perfume of a field flower, the white lace cuffs, the certainty and choice in the execution, and think if you can of anything, even in the best Japanese work, so exquisite in perception, so illusive in execution. And if the lace cuffs are marvellous, the delicate hands of a beautiful old age, lying in the small lace handkerchief, are little short of miraculous. They are not drawn out in anatomical diagram, but appear and disappear, seen here on the black dress, lost there in the small white handkerchief. Then, when we study the faint, subtle outline of his mother's face, we seem to feel that there the painter has told the story of his soul more fully than elsewhere; that soul, strangely alive to all that is delicate and illusive in nature, found perhaps its fullest expression in that grave old puritan lady looking through the quiet refinement of her grey room, sitting in solemn profile in all the quiet habit of her long life. Never did hand trace an outline more expressively than that nose and forehead; and that eye, how well it looks through all the years! Velasquez' work would have been stronger, but he would not have seen the model so exquisitely; and to me the grace that pervades the drawing of that profile, grace verging often on weakness, is additional beauty. No; I cannot find or forge a fault, for had that face quite the strength that Velasquez would have given it, it would lose some of that wavering grace, that tenderness of choice, which makes it a thing alone in the history of the beautiful things of this world.

Last week I said that Mr. Whistler's art seemed to me to have reached its apogee in the portrait of Miss Alexander. I remember I said that the execution in the mother's portrait seemed slower, less spontaneous. I qualified this criticism by the suggestion that the greater suppleness of execution in Miss Alexander might be merely the result of the youthfulness of the subject matter. I am inclined to think I was guilty of a sophistry. The execution in the mother's portrait is less mature, and I should be surprised to hear that the portrait of the mother was not by some three or four years an earlier work. However this may be, the execution in Miss Alexander's portrait more nearly approaches Mr. Whistler's present execution than that in the portrait of his mother. But looked at from another side, the portrait of the mother possesses indisputable advantages over every other work by Mr. Whistler. Great artist as he is, he has always lacked the force of the greatest masters; he has not generally failed in grace, in delicacy, in exquisite artistry of design; there he stands alone, unequalled; but with the single exception of the portrait of the mother, he has never been able to write on his sitters' faces the story of race and of life; the resemblance is uncertain, vague, it never haunts us. Nine times out of ten we remember a portrait by Mr. Whistler by an exquisite transition of colour, by some happy choice of movement; now and again some fragment of the face comes back to us, but rarely the whole face. Of Miss Alexander's portrait I remember the frock—how it cuts against the black wainscot, how the matting is indicated, the grey hat, the flowing hair, the mouth, the line of the jaw bone; but the eyes escape me. Mr. Whistler is often wanting in the qualities of the great portrait-painters, for the qualities I speak of are the result of entire absorption in observation of the model, and Mr. Whistler is a man who has thought a great deal about himself and very little about others. But in the portrait of his mother he was prepared by a fund of observation gathered in years when the ego was not so strong, and in this picture he nearly equals Velasquez where Velasquez is strongest—exceeding him in many other issues. I would not exaggerate, but truly this portrait seems to open up wider possibilities in art than any portrait by Velasquez, and it has been most certainly a greater event in our lives than the Philip in the National Gallery or the two Infantes in the Louvre.

Let us therefore buy the picture for the National Gallery. By electing Mr. Dicksee an R.A., the Academy has offered a deliberate insult to the young artistic spirit of England. The purchase of this picture will be a splendid counterblast, and it will remain an eternal reproof, and will immortalise the names of forty ephemeral Academicians, the electors of Mr. Dicksee and the purchasers of a picture, "The Cave of the Winds," which even the most ignorant among them knows to be worthless.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

It is not yet a hundred years since DANTON said to the executioner, SANSON, "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing," and now he has a statue—not by universal consent, however. M. WALLON, self-elected devil's advocate, tried hard to revive the mythic DANTON with the head of the PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE in one hand and a glass of wine in the other; but the DANTON of history was too strong for him. All the more terrible charges against him seem now finally rebutted. M. F. AULARD has disproved MADAME ROLAND'S accusation of embezzlement, by discovering DANTON'S account of the 100,000 livres granted him for extraordinary expenditure; some 70,000 of it he spent in the public service, not a sou on himself, and the remainder he returned to the executive council.

As to the September massacres, his share in them seems to have been that he alone of his colleagues foresaw them, and tried to prevent them; and his famous, "Il vous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace," was intended, unavailingly, to turn the swords of the Septembriseurs against the Prussians.

IT is easy to understand why DANTON did not have his account published and the facts of the September massacres made known. He was, to begin with, one of those rare men in whom immense ambition reconciled itself with an almost total indifference to public opinion; then, as he was guiltless, he had no reason to suppose that such accusations would be brought against him, and by the time the scandal came to his ears, it had been propagated so sedulously by the Girondins, that it would have been about as useless in the delirium of the times to attempt to disprove it as to expect to live it down. The chance to clear himself came at his trial, and doubtless he would have done so had he been allowed; his judges seemed to anticipate it when they interrupted his defence with the death-sentence. They took his life, but they failed to destroy him utterly as they hoped: they are forgotten, while he is now justly regarded as the greatest French statesman between MIRABEAU and GAMBETTA.

CARLYLE'S rendering of DANTON'S battle-cry is different from M. AULARD'S. "Il *nous* faut de l'audace, *et* encore de l'audace, *et* toujours de l'audace," reads more smoothly with the two connectives, but the other is liker what the heat of the moment would have brought forth. It is also more in keeping with DANTON'S character to exclude himself in his exhortation.

CURIOUSLY enough, the chief enemy of the three-volume novel is said to be that body of tradesmen which it created—the keepers of the circulating libraries. They say it doesn't pay them. In the eyes of some relentless people this would be a sufficient reason for retaining the three-volume novel,

those literary arbiters of the circulating libraries being, like JESHURUN, much too prosperous already.

MR. JOHN C. NIMMO has in the press a new translation of the "Lettres Persanes," the first published work of MONTESQUIEU. M. SOREL, in his memoir of MONTESQUIEU, remarks that on the death of LOUIS XIV., sanctimonious in his old age, France, as one man, changed from Tartuffe into Don Juan; and it is this mocking, inquiring, unspeakably debauched libertine, this France of the Regency, that MONTESQUIEU depicts in the "Persian Letters." Although not a work of such historical importance as his "Esprit des Lois," from a literary point of view it is probably his best. Its composition extended over a number of years; and it was not laboured at, but written as the mood seized him. It was the first unmistakable literary sign of the French Revolution, and it was the most popular book of its time. More than a century has elapsed since it was last translated into English. The version which MR. NIMMO has in the press will be issued in a limited edition to subscribers.

GENERAL BOULANGER will probably find that his promised "Reflections, Thoughts, and Maxims" are a day after the fair. If he is capable of it, a good graphic history of BOULANGISM, which would amount simply to a volume of confessions, would find a readier market. MARCUS AURELIUS is not a part which suits BOULANGER.

OF the two translations of ARISTOTLE'S "Constitution of Athens," published this week, it is no forestalling of criticism to say what MACAULAY'S schoolboy could tell at a glance, that MR. POSTE'S (MACMILLAN) is the more literary, and MR. KENYON'S (BELL) the more literal. There is considerable difference also in the attitude of the two translators to the text. MR. KENYON is positive that the reappearance of this treatise is the most striking event in the history of classical literature for perhaps the last three centuries; MR. POSTE, more cautious, is not yet quite sure as to its substantive character and interest.

THE translation of the third division of M. RENAN'S "History of the People of Israel" (CHAPMAN) dates from the time of HEZEKIAH to the return from Babylon. The volume shows how the work of the monotheistic prophets acquired such solidity that the terrible blow dealt to Jerusalem by NEBUCHADNEZZAR failed to destroy it.

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE have published for the Stationery Office the "Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding with Delinquents," preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Record Office. The calendar of cases extends from 1643 to the Restoration.

IT will be an interesting experiment which MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is about to make in the publication of his dramas. The public will be able to decide whether their undoubted literary "flavour" is a mere sprinkling, or of the essence of their workmanship; and MR. JONES will find out how much of his popularity is due to his skill as a playwright. "*Saints and Sinners*," and the *Nineteenth Century* article on "Religion and the Stage," will be included in the first volume.

TWO books for holiday reading are "Bear-hunting in the White Mountains" (CHAPMAN), by H. W. SETON-KARR, illustrated by the author; and "Four Welsh Counties" (LOW), being the story of Brecknock, Caernarvon, Merioneth, and Pembroke, told by E. A. KILNER.

"PREACHERS of the Age" is the title of an important new venture which MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO. have in contemplation. They have made arrangements for the publication of a group of volumes by distinguished living representatives of the Church of England and the chief branches of Nonconformity. The volumes will be uniform in size, appearance, and price, and each will contain some twelve or fourteen sermons or addresses specially selected by their authors for this series. The books will contain five photogravure portraits—in many cases new ones—brief biographical sketches, and a bibliography of published writings. Amongst those who have definitely undertaken to contribute volumes are: The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., Manchester, CANON KNOX-LITTLE, the REV. HENRY R. REYNOLDS, D.D., the REV. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D., the REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, of Mansfield College, Oxford, the REV. CHARLES A. BERRY, the BISHOP OF RIPON, and other well-known representative men.

LONDON is at last to have what almost every other capital in Europe has long possessed—a Teaching University of its own. At present there are to be faculties of arts, science, and medicine, though others—presumably of law and theology—may be instituted by and by. No religious test, of course, can be imposed. Law is to be well represented on the governing body, as also the Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, though their demand to constitute the medical faculty themselves has not been complied with—which is fortunate in the interest of women students of medicine, to whom they have not hitherto granted degrees. The teaching staff of the constituent colleges will, of course, be largely represented on the Examining Boards—a welcome contrast to the London University, where the examination papers often show that the examiner has a very slender acquaintance with the mind of the average examinee. Unfortunately the new institution makes rather a bad start. The name London is already taken by a body which now has less claim to it than ever; and the new body must get on as best it can with either the vulgarly inaccurate name "Metropolitan," or the really deplorable "Albert," which suggests that it is a copy of the vigorous little Victoria University, whose headquarters are at Manchester. Great cities, not country towns as CARDINAL NEWMAN thought, are, after all, the right places for energetic and serious study; and the only danger is that the present University of London may fall more than ever into the hands of the crammer—especially the crammer by correspondence.

THERE was much really admirable descriptive writing in the London dailies on Monday last, the writers having two splendid scenes to describe, and all Sunday to do it in. Perhaps out of the many dozen columns devoted to Wimbledon and the Crystal Palace, no more impressive passage could be selected than the following from the *Daily News*:—"The night proved favourable for MESSRS. BROCK'S display of fireworks, and the most marvellous sight of all was the black mass of spectators on the terrace below, as seen from the Queen's corridor. When the Emperor and Empress appeared in their box a great cheer was raised, and the whitening of the dark mass, as the faces of tens of thousands of persons were turned upwards, was a very curious change to witness." Here the effect of simplicity is strikingly seen. A simile would have been inept; the brief metaphor, "the whitening of the dark mass," is the thing itself.

RECENTLY DR. O. W. HOLMES asked a young woman of Harvard "Annex" if she ever wrote

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

poetry. "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "I never indulge." "Perhaps it is best," said Dr. Holmes. "Real poetry is hard to write; many are called, but few are chosen. Yet, if one wrote a thousand lines of doggerel, and in it were found hidden two or three lines of real poetry, wouldn't the game be worth the candle?" We should say surely, if the writer used the candle to burn up all the doggerel.

What an admirable "double number" is that which *Punch* presents to its readers this week in celebration of its Jubilee! The picture by Mr. Linley Sambourne of the *Punch* staff at dinner (is the weekly banquet *always* of so sumptuous a character?) is in itself an art treasure of no mean order. The other illustrations, in which past and present are so ingeniously contrasted, and many of *Punch's* old triumphs recalled, give completeness to a number which will be precious to the collector of future days, and is even now grateful to the lovers of our weekly humorist.

DOCTOR POMEROY.

Though it be less than three lustres since some officious person discovered our parish to be beautiful and our parish-church to "repay a visit," the tourist is already commoner than the weasel beside our hedge-rows and threatens to grow commoner than the blackberry. Yet I cannot pass a brace of these gentry, with their ribbed stockings and undiscriminating, if approving, stare, but I long for one particular apparition to confront them on the highway and frighten them out of their skins. I imagine their demeanour in face of a sudden hooded carriage, of local manufacture, with a buff lining, through which, by attrition of the weather, the horse-hair shows in a dozen places. It is drawn by a sorrel mare with salient knees, and is ostensibly guided, at a foot's pace, by a grey man, whose trousers of corduroy betray the faded splendours of blue livery coat, metal buttons, and silk hat. Besides this driver sits a woman whose head nods with the palsy, and on the back-seat are perched a man with the jaundice and a convalescent in a frieze coat: while, some fifteen paces behind the vehicle, a tall lean man wanders from one side of the road to the other with his shoulders bent and nose buried in a book.

This whipper-in of the procession (as I have met it many a score of times) was old Dr. Pomeroy, now with God—a misleading phrase in his case, for I believe him to have been with God all his days. It was his habit thus to carry patients who were too ill or too poor to walk or send for their physic: and their usurpation of his proper seat never irked him so long as the book amused, of which he always made certain by taking an old favourite. He loved Ovid, Propertius (moderately), Lucretius, Tacitus, and, I regret to say, Petronius. Horace he never read, nor Catullus, because he knew them both by heart, as well as a third of Virgil. Juvenal he could not stomach. He was an indifferent Greek scholar, but could just manage with Plato. In English literature he had curious preferences. None of the Elizabethans came amiss to him: and he swore by Latimer, Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, and Jeremy Taylor. Then came a long gap, and at the end of it Lamb and Carlyle. It seemed that he had no liking for the men who are generally supposed to have made our prose. Nor was it in accordance with other men's judgments that he declared very roundly Hood to be among our first of poets. He used to insist that a man should be rated at high-water mark, and that Hood's high-water mark was about level with Keats's. He was wrong, perhaps; but could be forgiven easily as he intoned the "Ode to Autumn," or, with obstructed throat, the "Song of the Shirt": for his voice had an infecting knack at all times, and to hear him speak cheerfully was often a week's addition of life to a dying man.

He was voracious of new books, too, which reached him in the smallest driblets; but always took the precaution of stowing his Petronius under the carriage cushions, in case of disappointment. For some reason or another the American humorists held complete power over him—possibly because he had once, during a brief visit to London, heard Artemus Ward lecture. He would always pull out his book as the mare slackened her pace at a hill's foot, and I have met him, half-way up an ascent, rolling from side to side, mopping his eyes and shaking the welkin with helpless laughter over Artemus or Mark Twain. More than one casual hedger has fallen on his knees, hearing this elfin laughter approach down a green, unfrequented lane: and more than once the doctor has arrived, yet shaken by his paroxysms, at a sick man's bedside, and endeavoured in vain to compose his face. It was no good: his fingers quivered on the pulse and the jest rippled over his features and twisted them in kinks as he struggled to pull them down to a befitting length. Funerals, again, he detested. It was odds that he estranged a dozen friends for every one he attended, owing to his incorrigible carelessness in choosing the book for the mourning coach; and without a book he would not travel a rood.

His laugh was a sheer abandonment to mirth. He hated your smilers and was used to quote Fletcher's madman on his side—

> Laugh—laugh—laugh—laugh!
> Wide, loud, and vary!
> A smile is for a simpering novice,
> One that ne'er tasted caviare,
> Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.

His complexion was sanguine and its colour deepened by wind and rain. The hair grew thinly about his temples, and the length of his underjaw and reddish beard gave him a Don Quixote look. His clothes were of a subfusc colour and appeared to have been flung upon him from a distance: they did not fit, but rather caught on the angles of his person. Between his stock and coat-collar it was always possible to drop a walnut.

He cordially loathed his profession, and devoted his spare time to excogitating a book on the Holy Wells of the west country. Every holiday found him on a pilgrimage to one of these wells to drink its waters: and by draughts of one and another he made himself (according to the superstitions of the country) proof against ophthalmia, hanging by hemp, rickets, dropsy, witch-craft, evil spirits, drowning, etc. etc. In the late evening, while he worked in his library on the notes he had collected, it required some hardihood to disturb him, and young husbands, nervous about the first childbirth, were the only ones who ventured, as a rule. I remember that, at half-past ten, on a winter's night a man came sweating up to the door on a stout cob and hammered bravely on the knocker. A window was flung up with a violence that boded no good.

"Who is it?"

"Jan Polsue."

"Then go to the devil, Jan Polsue."

"My gran'mother's main bad."

"Ha!"

"She's brok' her leg."

"Ha!"

"Tumbled over a chair."

There was a long pause here.

"Won't 'ee come an' see her?" appealed the countryman.

"No."

"I wish you would."

"If your grandmother chooses to skip over chairs at this hour—"

"She didn't skip: she tumbled."

"If she chooses to play the tumbler, then, over

chairs at her age and this time o' night—Why, in the name of thunder, wasn't she in bed, hours ago?"

"Supper."

"What did she eat?"

"Rabbit an' onions."

"Skittish old ewe! And then, I suppose, she began at gymnastics to amuse her descendants."

"That wasn' how it happened, doctor dear!"

The colloquy lasted twenty minutes, and then, of course, the doctor came out. When once he arrived at the house of sickness his skill and his manner were admirable. No glacier could be cooler, and his very touch imparted a cheerful courage. His speech to woman-kind was somewhat brusque: you were apt to mistake it for rudeness until you found that no woman resented it—they detected in it a desire to treat them as creatures of full-grown intellect. He had as little patience with a fool of a woman as with one of his own sex. To the casual rustic he would sometimes address a word or two of mere whimsicality—nonsense, as often as not—and enjoy the effect with his eyes half-closed and head tilted a little on one side. Thus to one who greeted him on the road with "Your mare's pretty fresh to-day, doctor," he replied, pulling up, "You think it's time she was salted?" and waited with disconcerting gravity for the answer.

He was a widower and childless: and the hours he spent alone in his house and garden he devoted, when not engaged upon his book, to the making of curious mechanical toys, such as water-clocks and little windmills. It always amused him to make a dial, and I remember a dozen at least in different corners of the garden and along the south wall of the house, each carved with a motto—*Heu! quærimus umbram; Horas non numero nisi serenas; Pereunt et imputantur; Make haste therefore while it is prime*, and so on. The flight of time was really indifferent to him, in spite of these texts, and he died, after a short obscuration of the mind, leaving his *magnum opus* but half-finished.

Indeed, so far as achievement goes, his life was, as he called it, "a poor, incomplete, left-handed business." But he is tenderly remembered by the generations he helped to bring into the world. There is a certain green triangle, where three roads meet, that I never pass without seeing the old equipage. It was early dawn in summer, and I was walking down to the river with my rod, when I came on the hooded carriage at a halt here, and the grey mare nibbling. It was half-way on the road homewards from a midwifery case and the charioteer's head was sunk in sleep on his chest. Beside him the doctor sat, equably reading in the sunshine, "the world forgetting." I had not the heart to disturb him; and there, I suppose, he waited and read until the driver woke up.

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

Dear Sir,—The future of Canada, which was debated in the General Election of March last, once more demands discussion, owing to the death of the Canadian Premier and the consequent disorganisation of his party.

That Canada must speedily see some change has been generally admitted even by the Tory party, which proposed partial reciprocity at the late election; but outside of Canada there are few who realise that annexation is the form that change must ultimately take. The protective policy of the last ten years has given the country an unreal measure of prosperity in its protected industries, while it has impoverished the farmers, increased the national debt, and left almost untouched the true resources of the country—resources which, as it has been said, could not fail to make Canada the Lancashire of the West. Thus it is that her timber trade, fisheries, agriculture, and mining maintain an unequal struggle against the tariff and competition of America. Of nickel, for example—a metal which is becoming of the first importance—Canada has an inexhaustible store, yet the high tariff prevents the importation of good machinery to work the mines, and shuts Canada off from an enlarged market which would provide her with men and money. Again, she has a vast supply of iron ore, and statisticians tell us that the world's iron trade is passing from East to West, yet Canada only produces one-fifteenth of what she should and could produce as compared with the United States.

Her fleets, again, are fourth in the list of the mercantile navies of the world, yet of the large trade on the lakes Canadian ships carry but one-tenth; while the returns since 1889 show a steady decline in the trade of Canadian ships as compared with other nations, as well as in the number and tonnage of her vessels.

Her animal and agricultural produce, the backbone of Canada, was estimated in 1886 at nine million pounds, yet in 1889 it was returned at a little over seven millions; while in Ontario, the great farming province, land has steadily deteriorated in value.

The tariff, and the constant exodus of Canadians into the States, are largely responsible for the present depression; for the rest we must blame the want of cohesion between the different parts of the Dominion. Ontario and Quebec, the North-West, the Maritime Provinces, and British Columbia, have severally, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has shown, more connection with the United States than with any portion of the Dominion, such is the importance of contiguity. He shows, too, that the price of a nail is more than doubled in course of transit from Montreal to British Columbia, while for Provinces dealing in perishable goods a near market is essential.

Hence, throughout Canada the McKinley tariff, with an all-round duty of more than twenty per cent., is a burthen beyond endurance.

As a solution of the problem, Imperial Federation has been suggested, the commercial aspect of which scheme is naturally paramount in the Canadian mind. At present Canadians insist on the taxation of English goods as a right and as a necessity for purposes of revenue, nor is it conceivable that if these duties were relaxed England could or would impose preferential duties in favour of Canada and resign the world's market for the sake of her Colony.

What then remains?

Canada is in hourly communication with her great southern neighbour along a border line of 4,000 miles. In 1889, despite hostile tariffs, 49 per cent. of Canadian trade was with America and 41 per cent. with Great Britain. In that year the States bought the whole supply of wool and eggs from Canada. The province of Ontario sent three-quarters as much produce to the United States as it did to any quarter, and in spite of duties, continues to get its coal from Pennsylvania instead of Nova Scotia.

Beyond question Canada would derive advantages from the market of her own continent not obtainable under any other circumstances, while Great Britain would have the same access to her market as before.

The change will take the form of annexation for these reasons:—

Partial reciprocity, such as reciprocity in natural products, is evidently not obtainable, as Mr. Blaine's letter before the election clearly showed. It must be unrestricted reciprocity or nothing, and this means, as more than one Canadian statesman has explained, differential duties against the rest of the world and an assimilation of tariffs between the two countries; in other words, commercial union.

If this is the case, it would be shortsighted not to recognise what must follow on the establishment of commercial union between two countries which even a high tariff wall cannot separate, namely, political union.

The position which Canada would hold as a part of the United States would enable her to exact terms in the settlement of commercial questions which would be otherwise unattainable. Indeed, without such a foothold it is hard to see how the nation of sixty millions could fail to override that of six millions in every case.

The advantages derived by Great Britain to-day from the Canadian connection are slight and largely a matter of sentiment.

A timely recognition of the inevitable a hundred years ago would have saved the loss of much blood and more temper between this country and America: ought we not to profit by the experience?—I remain, yours faithfully,

P. B.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

The Speaker Office,
Friday, July 17th, 1891.

"Now it is more noble to sit like Jove than to fly like Mercury; let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like, buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be arrived at. But let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive, budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit—Sap will be given us for meat and dew for drink.

I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness. I have not read any books—the Morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the Morning, and the Thrush said I was right, seeming to say—

> 'O thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
> Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist;
> And the black Elm tops 'mong the freezing stars—
> To thee the Spring will be a harvest time.' "

So wrote John Keats from Hampstead, in the merry month of February, 1818—the year of the first publication of "Endymion." Poets, we know, have "forward reaching" thoughts, and no poet had more of them than Keats, who could discern a "budding morrow" in the blackest night, and sing a song of the spring-tide even in Pluviôse; but the chief interest of the passage consists in its being a charming example of the pleasing petulance so frequently displayed by bookmen, who every now and again, in sundry moods, are to be found disputing the sway of literature, and, like the angry heathen, flouting their favourite gods.

It would be easy—but I fear unpopular, for the age is one impatient of quotation—to fill a page with examples of this amusing petulance, which is, of course, the veriest whim of the moment. Keats's next letter, written but three days afterwards and from the same place, contains the following passages:—"I am reading Voltaire and Gibbon. . . . I hear Hazlitt's lectures regularly; his last was on Gray, Collins, Young, etc., and he gave a very fine piece of discriminating criticism on Swift, Voltaire, and Rabelais. I was very disappointed at his treatment of Chatterton." The chains of literature here clank very loudly. Gibbon, indeed! A fascinating writer if you will—but the morning thrush does not sing amongst his leaves, nor are the impulses to be derived from Voltaire akin to those which, according to Wordsworth, may be gained from vernal woods.

Bookmen must be content to be bookish, but none the less their little fits of temper and dissatisfaction with their bookshelves, and their futile longings after lives of action and far travel and intercourse with nature in her hidden recesses, are both touching and pleasing; but were these uneasy desires to be carried out and executed, the result would be disappointing. Horton, in Buckinghamshire, proved sufficient inspiration for the most beautiful of the poetry of Milton. Gray's Elegy was not, in fact, written even in a country churchyard, but in the author's rooms at Peterhouse, where he had all his papers handy; and Hampstead and Lempriere were together sufficient *pabulum* for Keats.

Mr. Colvin's volume of Keats's Letters is a book sure to be noticed with becoming dignity by "a real reviewer" in THE SPEAKER, that is, by some grave writer fully alive to the importance of his own duties, as those have been recently expounded to us by masters of the art in the inspired pages of the *New Review*. Far be it from me to quarrel with reviewers properly so called, or to hint that, after all, their disquisitions and judgments are only sought and paid for because they make easy and varied reading in the newspapers, and perhaps serve to make politics a little palatable to a weary electorate, not quite sure of its own mind about anything. Even to drop a hint of this kind would be to review the reviewers, and expose oneself to sneer jest and gibe, and therefore without doing anything of the sort I will simply urge the traveller to see to it that he takes Mr. Colvin's little volume away with him on his holiday.

Having said that, I will say no more. When the traveller returns he can write his own review, and assign John Keats his true place amongst the letter-writers of the world, comparing him with Pliny, and with Cicero, and with Fitz-Osborne, or with Cowper, Lamb, and Fitzgerald, exactly as his humour pleases him. But as the subject has inadvertently become irritating, there is nothing for it but to change it violently. I noticed in last week's SPEAKER a reference to a volume of literary studies by M. Octave Lacroix, which was stated to contain an Essay on the Double Anniversary of the Death of Shakespeare and Cervantes. I have not seen the book, therefore am not sure whether M. Lacroix really is to be found adhering to an error, so frequently corrected, as that these two great men, the pride and glory of Europe, really expired on the same day.

As a child I remember being taught that they did, but Carlyle—somewhere, though I forget where—made it common knowledge to all English readers that the similarity of date, the 16th of April, 1616, is only nominal, as our calendar then remained unreformed, and was therefore twelve days behind the Spanish. Even Mr. Oscar Wilde would, I presume, admit that coincidences derive any force they may possess from the circumstance that they do, in fact, coincide.

Were it not that a folio volume—even a small folio—takes up an uncomfortable quantity of room in a portmanteau, I should urge the traveller to pack up along with Mr. Colvin's volume the translation, if he does not already happen to be familiar with it, of "Don Quixote," made "out of the Spanish tongue into the English in the space of forty days" by Robert Shelton, and first published in 1612. This was the first part only. In 1620 the second part appeared, but some have doubted whether this is the work of Shelton. It certainly is not so good as the first part, but then is the second part of "Don Quixote" so good as the first? If it is not, it is only because no second part can ever be as good as the first.

The editions of 1612 and 1620 are not easily packed in anybody's portmanteau, for they are hard to lay honest hands upon—but the folio of 1652 is neither hard to find nor costly to secure.

It is far and away the most spirited translation we possess of the great work of Cervantes. It was written in the golden era of our language by a vivacious, if hasty, man, who loved his author and knew him as one keen-witted contemporary may know another. There was no question of any point of view, or of archaisms or anachronisms. Shelton simply put, as Mr. Ormsby, himself an admirable translator of "Don Quixote," has well said, "the Spanish of Cervantes into the English of Shakespeare." "Shakespeare himself," so Mr. Ormsby proceeds, "most likely knew the book; he may have carried it home with him in his saddle-bags to Stratford on one of his last journeys, and under the mulberry tree at New Place joined hands with a kindred genius in its pages."

No one has ever entered more completely into the very spirit of Sancho Panza than Shelton. When Don Quixote suggested giving "a turn about this little rock, and perhaps we may meet with this man whom we saw even now, who, doubtless, can be none other than the owner of our booty," Sancho replies in Shelton's translation, "It were much better not to find him, for if we should, and he were by chance the owner of this money, it is most evident that I must restore it to him, therefore it is better without using this unprofitable diligence to let me possess it *bonâ fide* until the true lord shall appear by some way less curious and diligent, which perhaps may fall at such time as it shall be all spent, and in that case I am free from all processes by privilege of the king."

There is another small folio connected with the same wit-inspiring theme which the traveller may be safely recommended to leave at home—though when at home it is not a book anyone need be ashamed of —I mean Edward Gayton's "Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote," published in 1654. These notes also bear the lively title of "Festivous." Gayton belonged to that small and to my mind not very savoury class of person, the indecorous Don. He was a Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, but in an evil hour for himself, took a literary turn, found Oxford dull—travelled up to London and was "sealed of the tribe of Ben." He was as unfortunate as ever a Vice-Chancellor could have wished him to be. Gayton's Vice-Chancellor was that unlovely Dr. Fell of whom all men know and who with characteristic spite appears to have searched the pockets of this unhappy man and found only one farthing concealed therein.

However, Gayton managed to write a book or two, and a great many bad verses, which must have given him great pleasure; and although he died in poverty, and in the immediate vicinity of Dr. Fell, a most interesting sketch of his life may be read in the twenty-first volume of that glorified Grub Street, that Paradise of Poor Authors, the "National Dictionary of Biography."

There are some unseemly stories, and a great deal of forced mirth in this book of Gayton's, who had no business to make Don Quixote, that noble, sorrowful figure, the text of his college wit: still I hold by the judgment of the Curate of La Mancha, who was one of the most sensible critics that ever lived in fiction or died in reality, namely, that because a book stands in need of a little rhubarb to purge its excess of bile is no reason for destroying it, but only for keeping it in your house and letting nobody read it.

This is the right course to adopt with Gayton. It is a very easy one. I have had my copy for ten years, and can safely say that throughout the whole of that period, no one, with the just and fitful exception of myself, has ever opened the book or expressed the faintest desire to do so. A. B.

REVIEWS.

MARIA DRUMMOND.

Maria Drummond: A Sketch. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

THE multiplication of biographies of unimportant persons is no unmixed blessing. Many of those ponderous monuments of vanity we should gladly exchange for something much less unpretending—for a short, simple sketch, such as a friend might pen with no thought of authorship. But it is found that such brevity, far from being facile, requires much more art and insight than the mechanical, soulless compilations falsely designated biographies; and so it happens that such sketches are rare, and that we are poor in a kind of literature in which the French are enviably rich. We do not say that Mr. Kegan Paul's account of Mrs. Drummond takes rank with the many masterpieces in this field of Sainte-Beuve. But her friends will prize this little volume more than any laboured record. They cannot all hang on their walls a picture of her whom they loved and venerated, and now miss. This miniature will be some consolation; it will help to recall a strong, sweet spirit; here at least are her features, even if the exact expression which played upon them has not been perfectly caught.

What was the secret of that charm exercised by her as a child, as a wife, and in old age—a charm felt most by the worthiest? All her life she was thrown among the clever and the wise, and everywhere the best in that circle of notables drew nearest to her. At the house of "Conversation Sharp," at Fredley Cottage, and in Park Lane, she, as a girl, met the statesmen, wits, and poets of the time. Before her marriage she mingled much with the most celebrated of her contemporaries, and one and all, whether it was Turner, or Sydney Smith, or Macaulay, or Browning, recognised in Maria Kinnaird no common spirit. It was her fortune to marry one possessed of rare nobility of soul; and when that perfect union of affection and intelligence ended, throughout her long widowhood, to her house delighted to come men of true distinction, irrespective of creed and party. What was the secret of this charm which age did not impair? Mr. Kegan Paul gives no certain answer. We have put the question to her friends. They admit the fact; they do not agree as to the explanation. Perhaps it was chiefly, but not entirely, in what was most evident in Mrs. Drummond: she was supremely reasonable, she was supremely sympathetic, so that men came to her with difficulties of heart and head. Mrs. Drummond was no visionary. To the last she retained the *joie de vivre;* she had a firm grasp of things about her from first to last; and she did not disdain ordinary means of making her home a pleasant resort to men of the world. When she settled in London in her widowhood, she consulted her old friend Sydney Smith.

"He swiftly grasped the situation. 'My dear,' he said, 'engage the best cook you can get.' 'I have done so already,' Mrs. Drummond threw in as a parenthesis. 'Send out cards of invitation for three dinners, three weeks running, and I will dine at each of them.'

"In those days to ask guests to meet Mr. Sydney Smith was to ensure the success of a dinner, and those three memorable occasions were the prelude to others which were never discontinued, even during the last season their hostess was able to spend in London. The wine, I am told, was always good. The viands, I know, were excellent; the company better than either. A very distinguished man of letters, remarkable also for his power of enjoying the good things of this life, sat next a lady known for her inherited talent as well as that peculiar to herself. 'Annie,' said the poet, as the ladies were about to leave the table, 'I call that a thoroughly conscientious dinner.' 'And conscientiously eaten, Mr. B.,' said the lady, as her parting shot."

But good wine and clever *cuisine* do not explain the fact that for nearly half a century Mrs. Drummond's house was the meeting ground of people who met nowhere else, that there distinctions of rank were ignored as they nowhere else were, and that she had the sincere friendship of people with apparently nothing in common. She was not colourless or lukewarm; a good hater with a very sharp tongue, she was, nevertheless, trusted and respected by men of all parties and creeds. In recent years, Mr. Dillon and other Nationalists were, as was natural, welcomed at the house of the widow of one of Ireland's purest heroes, but that was no reason why Sir Henry Layard, or some other stalwart Unionist, should not be there next week. Tory members strayed there, and as likely as not met Mr. Bright in days when the meeting would be to neither particularly agreeable. Mr. Bright talked there at his best. Some living yet recollect his eloquent comparison between Cobden and Gladstone, winding up with the sentence: "Cobden was limited: there was finality for him; for Mr. Gladstone there is none; like the sunflower, he is always turning to the light." In her later years the company had a distinctly Home Rule flavour. "Now," said a statesman and ambassador, "I can never go to Fredley without finding some Radical or other, in a red tie, coming out of the bushes." What a pity there was no phonograph, recording the wit and wisdom of Hyde Park Gardens, or a faithful diary of the things said on the Terrace at Fredley! In the little volume are a few scraps of conversation and reminiscences; they may at least help to recall others. Here is an account of the manner in which, according to Madame Duchatel, Guizot escaped from Paris:—

"Guizot was the Minister in the greatest danger from the mob. He came to Madame Duchatel's drawing-room to concert measures for their flight. It was determined that Guizot must be disguised, as if

he were recognised the whole party would have been endangered. Madame Duchatel said: 'Le déguiser n'était pas aisé, car sa figure était bien connue. Heureusement la bonne de mon petit garçon était une grosse Normande, qui portait toujours le costume de son pays. Elle me prêta les habits, et comme le temps pressait, j'en affublai M. Guizot dans mon salon. Je lui mis ses jupes, son corsage et fichu; et le gros bonnet normand cachait bien sa figure. Mais . . . pour le pantalon, M. Guizot n'a jamais voulu l'oter. "Non, non, non, je ne l'oterais pas!" il tenait tant à son pantalon, il n'a jamais voulu en démordre.

"'Il était temps de partir, aussi faute de mieux je retroussai son pantalon jusqu'aux genoux par des épingles, et parcequ'il est très petit, les jupes étaient assez longues pour cacher le pantalon.'"

Here is a pendant to the story:—

"Mrs. Drummond often acted as a kind of cicerone to M. Guizot, and took him about sight-seeing. 'I took him to the Tower of London, where he was most impressed by the gloomy water entrance called "The Traitor's Gate!" He remembered that Queen Elizabeth, when Princess, entered the Tower by this gloomy portal, and is reported to have sat down on the steps and refused to move for some time.

"'He was so fascinated by the spot that he begged the great gates might be shut behind us, and asked me to sit down on the damp steps by his side, saying, "Madame, nous voici des traitres!" Then he sat for some minutes in silence, no doubt thinking how narrowly he had escaped a traitor's fate when he escaped from Paris.'"

We should have liked to be told a little more about Mrs. Drummond's married life. Neither here, in Mr. McLennan's, nor in Mr. Barry O'Brien's biography of her gifted husband, do we learn enough about a union which we know to have been full, rich, and harmonious. The married life of a busy, overworked politician, such as was Drummond's in Ireland, does not generally bear looking into. It is pretty sure to be disappointing to his admirers. Not so in Drummond's case; husband and wife were equal and united labourers in a common cause; both were constant in respect melting into tenderness towards each other; and surely angels, sphered in far-off celestial altitudes, might envy such a lot—that perfect marriage of reasonable minds busied with lofty affairs.

Anyone turning over this little volume must make one reflection: what a certain reward awaits those humble virtues, sincerity and kindliness. We are under no delusion as to her talents. We do not hide from ourselves the fact that Maria Drummond had no rare gifts of intellect, that she did well not to write, that neither her letters nor her talk sparkle or effervesce, and that she wisely measured her powers when she chose to be no more than she was. But how ephemeral is much literary fame, compared with her fortune! The spoken word coming from lips of truth is so lasting, the written letter often so evanescent: a memory green and fragrant awaits those whose ways are simple, sincere, and kindly, as were hers.

AN AUSTRIAN VIEW OF ITALIAN FREEDOM.

UNE ANNÉE DE MA VIE, 1848-1849. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1891.

THE emancipation of Italy is one of those movements which lends itself admirably to biographical treatment. In Victor Emmanuel we follow a warrior king usually beaten but ultimately successful; with Cavour we trace the tangled threads of diplomatic intrigue: in company with Mazzini we lead the life of conspirators, not only against Austria, but against all government that is not both national and Republican: with Garibaldi and his redshirts we fight again the guerilla campaigns which played so large a part in the making of modern Italy. King, statesman, conspirator, and warrior each lead us to the contemplation of one side of a great movement: but our view is still imperfect if we leave out of sight the Austrian aspect of the question. This is supplied by the work before us.

Count Hübner was the confidential friend and agent of Prince Metternich, and as such was present at Milan during the exciting days of 1848, when it seemed for a moment as if a popular insurrection in Lombardy, backed by the bayonets of Charles Albert, were about to make the freedom of Italy a reality. For a time he was a hostage in the hands of the insurgents, and was employed by them to communicate their views to Marshal Radetzky; on being set at liberty he returned to Germany and became an observer of the Viennese revolt and of the Hungarian insurrection. These events form the subject of the diary, which the veteran diplomatist has just published, with comments suggested by the experience gained during forty years' observation of Italian history.

The Count gives the impression of a studious desire to be strictly fair. He is perfectly alive to the strong points of the national movement; he is anxious to pose as a sincere lover of Italy, but is naturally desirous of drawing attention to the Austrian side of the question. It is this which gives his book its great interest, not only because it sheds a good deal of light on facts, but also because it exhibits the difficulties of an enlightened politician face to face with a national movement, with which he cannot help sympathising, but which his position compels him to resist.

Consequently, his views all along are the result of a compromise, not always conscious, between what he is compelled to observe and what his official position requires him to state. He frankly admits that the Milanese have grievances; but the real cause of hostility to Austria—hatred of foreign rule—is kept in the background, while he puts in the forefront such a comparatively trivial matter as the reservation of two front rows at the opera for the Austrian officers. He admits that throughout the country the national movement was spreading in 1848, but dwells on the material prosperity which Austrian order secured, and on the absence of taxes. Yet a line or two further on, he shows that he is aware that "material prosperity cannot by itself satisfy the aspirations of the human heart."

While no enemy to nationality in the abstract, the Count refuses to believe that the insurrectionary movement is a genuine outcome of national feeling. It is, he believes, the product of other causes, such as the ambition of the House of Savoy, the liberal opinion of Europe, the secret societies, the ferment caused by the revolutions in the South American colonies, above all, of the Machiavellian interference of Lord Palmerston. But, after all, what were these things except symptoms of the action of the sentiment: "Si noble, si élevé, si naturel," the love of liberty and the love of home?

On the other hand, he pleads strongly for Austria. She is in Italy not of her own will, but as the authoritative representative of Europe—at any rate, of the Europe of the Holy Alliance. Her mission was "au maintien de l'état de choses politique en Italie, établi ou sanctionné par les traités de 1815." She has acted "avec justice, prudence, modération, souvent avec abnégation et toujours, quoiqu'on ait dit le contraire, avec un entier désintéressement." When one has to maintain one's power by the bayonet, one cannot, he thinks, expect to be popular; but the stories of the French and English press about cruelty and tyranny are malignant inventions. It is clear that the advocate is ill-pleased with his own brief; but when he tries to make up for his own deficiencies by being sternly severe to the fatuity of the Austrian officials, and denounces the "marasme" that has settled on the Government at Vienna, and the apathy of the Lombardo-Venetian authorities, he forgets that the same causes which made Count Hübner an indifferent advocate were not without their influence at head-quarters.

It is interesting to turn to the Count's views on the condition of Italy in 1890. He had never believed in the possibility of a united Italy, mainly on the ground of the great diversity of races and dialects, and on the absence of military courage which was exhibited by the masses. "Facts, however, have given, or seem to have given, him the lie." He shelters his reputation, however, under the belief that the events which have changed Europe were "hors ligne," and, without animosity, discusses the

Italian question of the future. The most hopeful fact in the situation is the hearty acceptance by all classes of Italian politicians of the principle of Italian unity. In this Monarchists and Republicans alike agree, and the author hopes that in no circumstances will Austria be led to interfere in order to restore a state of things now "neither desirable nor possible." On the other hand, unity has been purchased at great material cost. The whole Peninsula is heavily taxed, the conscription is rigidly enforced, discontent is shown in wholesale emigration. Naturally the Count asks himself whether this heavy burden is essential. Seemingly he thinks not, and regards Italy's attempt to play the part of a strong military Power as unwise. Rather he would advise her to reduce her armaments and rely upon the strong position which is given her by diplomacy.

A further cause of difficulty Count Hübner recognises in the position of the Papacy; but in this delicate matter his opinions are naturally guarded. It is plain, however, that he has a strong sympathy for those who regret that the unification of Italy was consummated by the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and that he does not regard the matter as finally closed.

For the future of Austria, face to face with the uprising of national sentiment, Count Hübner sees no ground to fear. He accepts Sadowa with resignation, believes that if "Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her," and wonders that any feeling of hostility is possible against a Power "so essentially pacific."

Of two European statesmen with whom he came much in contact, the Count gives an interesting estimate. He describes Prince Metternich as the "most calumniated man in Europe," and credits him with drawing up a Constitution for Austria which the timidity of the Emperor Francis refused to carry into effect. On the other hand, he has little good to say for Lord Palmerston, whom he evidently regards as the "Meddlesome Matty" of diplomacy, and credits him with the assumption, "L'Angleterre c'est moi."

On the whole, this biographical fragment increases our knowledge of a very exciting period both of Italian and Austrian history, and sheds a very curious side-light on the feelings of a politician of cosmopolitan sympathies, whom circumstances—not choice—have made the defender, and at one time the agent, of an odious *régime*, and of a most unpopular Minister.

SOME BOOKS IN THEOLOGY.

Physical Religion. By Max Müller. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

The Permanent Elements of Religion. By W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Essays in the History of Religious Thought in the West. By the Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Stones of Stumbling. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. London: William Rice. 1891.

Some Aspects of Sin. By the late Aubrey L. Moore, M.A. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

Essays, Reviews, and Addresses: Personal and Political. Vol. I. By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

Much of our present-day theology is so wholesomely historical as almost to encourage the hope that men may yet inquire themselves out of the disagreements into which they have for centuries been so industriously arguing themselves. The old systematic treatise which covered the whole realm of belief has almost ceased to be. The universe has grown too big for it; it is too rich and varied to be reduced into an intellectual system by any one man; and instead, we have any number of separate discussions and inquiries by persons of all degrees of competence and incompetence. If a multitude of books means intellectual vitality, it is evident that whatever is going to die, it is not theology, only one could wish that its literature were in quantity less and in quality better. For it is unhappily too true that the most mysterious of human problems often becomes the most common and most provoking of human foibles; men ruthless to incompetency and triviality in every other department of life and thought—science, arts, politics, commerce—will here both tolerate triviality and exhibit incompetency with apparently the best of consciences and the most robust good faith. And this is a special trouble to the critic. Good books review themselves: to review poor or bad books is of all labours the most thankless and the most unprofitable.

Professor Max Müller's new series of Gifford Lectures may be said to represent movement without progress. The title of the book is new, much of his material is old, and has passed through several editions. Here we have much speculative philology, a good deal of imaginary mythology, not a few personal reminiscences, but very little comparative religion, and still less light on the old problem. He would be a bold man who should say that the book was worthy either of its subject or its author. We deeply regret to say this, but the truth must be said. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Professor Max Müller; no man has done more to create an interest in comparative studies whether of language or religion; no man can write a more fascinating and instructive book; but here he does not do what he can or what we have a right to expect from him. The work that has been done on the Rig-Veda by younger scholars, like Kaegi, Geldner, Zimmer, Hillebrandt, Ludwig, Bergaigne, is immense; and while new work on it from so experienced a scholar as Professor Max Müller would be most welcome, what is not welcome is work that is either not new or not calculated to advance our knowledge. Even in what relates to the interpretation of Christianity, he is perfunctory and out of date. His discussion on miracles is of the kind we expect from smaller and less gifted men. To dismiss physical miracles is an easy thing; what is not so easy is to determine the value of a religious personality, to ascertain his relation to Nature and history, and their common cause and law. What leaves the person miraculous is only burdened with greater difficulties if it holds that the sphere of his action shows nothing correspondent to the quality of his person; what denies the miraculous personality reduces us to a Naturalism that may find everywhere the reign of necessity, but will fail to reach anywhere a personal God. It were better if our author, instead of wasting his genius and insight on inconsequent discussions, were to use them to open up a way for us through the wonderful wilderness of the later religious developments in India.

The Bishop of Ripon's Bampton Lecture appears in a second edition, and in a very handy form. It is an interesting book, not learned, not distinguished by first-hand knowledge, not always logical in arrangement, or cogent in criticism or in reasoning, but vivid, liberal, genial, felicitous in quotation and illustration, a kindly, helpful, in the best sense instructive, book. The lectures, as delivered, were boldly unconventional; they crowded St. Mary's, and though they might not edify the drier dons, they delighted the fresher and more open minds by the frank way in which they quoted the last new novel almost in the same breath as the most venerable philosopher or divine. And as printed they retain their best qualities; the book will liberalise, edify, inform the educated man who is no specialist, yet is interested in religion. Its least satisfactory parts are the critical, for the bishop is too little acquainted with the history of opinion to be able to appreciate the full significance or genetic relations of the theories he criticises; but in his analysis of the elements essential to religion, in the sketches of their action in history, and comparison of their place and worth in the greater religions, he is often very felicitous. A question like that of personality and the infinite is too hard and metaphysical for his method; but his quick eye

for the picturesque makes him, though seldom abstruse, never trite. His illustrative and didactic method appears in quotations like the following:—

"Men have vainly striven to drive the world by theories—by doctrines, religious, scientific, and political. They have missed the mark by following bookish theories and ignoring man. The politician, no less than the theologian, has made this mistake. Alva had theories, and his failures were the failures of a theorist; for he forgot, as many others have forgotten, that he had to deal, not with mere inanimate matter, but with men and women who had wills, intellects, feelings, personal power, and consciences of their own. Alva failed in his plans because he forgot that man was man. England forgot this in her struggle with America. She was deaf to the voice of Edmund Burke when he reminded her that in this problem she had to deal with men; that not by 'bonds, affidavits, cockets, and clearances,' could she bind America to the Mother Country, but by a large and generous recognition of their common blood and common humanity. 'You cannot falsify,' he said, 'the pedigree of the people. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.' Frederick the Great was wont to say, 'If I wished to ruin a province I should commit it to the government of philosophers.' He meant just this: that men with theories are of very little good, for they are liable to forget that they are governing men."

The Bishop of Durham has issued a series of essays which, though but "fragments of an early design," are welcome both for their own sake and the sake of the design, which was a great one. The essays on Plato, Æschylus, Euripides, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Origen, are old friends, here happily made accessible and placed in explanatory juxtaposition, though the order would have been better if it had been more historical, and the Areopagite placed after Origen. It would have been well, too, if the significance of Dionysius for the development of ritual and worship had been indicated. He ends one period and introduces another: he illustrates not only the process by which Neo-Platonic thought was made Christian, but still more the process by which heathen ceremonies became Christian sacraments; while the peculiar allegorism, both as to nature and literature, of the Alexandrian schools supplied them with a philosophical basis and *motif.* Dionysius and Augustine (and surely essays on Western religious thought, without any notice of him, are strangely incomplete) represent two distinct factors in the development of the Church. Augustine provided it with a political ideal and a justificatory philosophy; Dionysius with a theology for its ceremonial: his system, indeed, may be alternatively described as an attempt to translate the hierarchical system into a speculative theosophy, or to articulate such a theosophy into the hierarchical system. As such it had a most determinative influence not only on scholasticism, but on the whole mediæval system of faith and worship; and no treatment of him is adequate that does not bring out and illustrate this sphere of his influence. Besides, he belongs to the great cycle of pseudonymous and fictitious literature which, from the fifth to the tenth century, played so great a part in the organisation of the Church and its creed, and a part that was the more curious because what the literature as believed to be genuine tended to create, its exposure as fictitious was not allowed to discredit or destroy. Dionysius is one of the writers who would most repay minute historical study. A book on him, as this essay well shows, though more by what it omits than what it contains, is one of our greatest desiderata. The essay on Origen is more adequate; here the bishop writes as one who loves because he has learned much. Taken by itself, anyone may here get a fairly satisfactory picture of the noblest of all the Greek Fathers, who, because of his very greatness, we had almost said saintliness, has not been made a saint, either by the Church of East or West. The essay on Whichcote, which shows the action of Greek, specifically Alexandrian, thought on an English divine, is genial, appreciative, touched with the fine personal emotion proper to one who speaks of a distinguished Provost of his College. But he fails to see the connection between Puritanism and Cambridge Neo-Platonism. These two were not antitheses, but complementary. Neo-Platonism was as much the child of Puritan Cambridge as ceremonialism was the child of Laudian Oxford. Nathaniel Culverwel and John Smith, Ralph Cudworth and Henry More, were men who owed their inspiration and thought to the same men and same influence as Benjamin Whichcote. Yet though the book has the defects of a volume of essays, written at different times, but with a common purpose, it is one to be read with the pleasure that comes of contact with a well-furnished, large, and generous mind.

It is only by a kind of innocent euphemism that the essays of Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache can be described as theology. They are clever, entertaining, full of the qualities of the *raconteur*, the man who knows a good saying when he has got it, and has the faculty of using it at the right moment. The themes are graver than the method; the criticism, though never profound or decisive, is often sharp and searching. The "Recollections of Pattison" are vivid, full of insight, and help us to see the late Rector of Lincoln, if not at his best, yet as he lived and talked when he was happily at home and at ease.

It will be enough to say that these sermons of the late Aubrey Moore show everywhere the intense conviction, the fine spirit and tender feeling of their lamented author. His peculiar ecclesiasticism colours his literary and theological judgments; but his purpose was noble; and he is at his best when, as in the first course of these Lenten sermons, he speaks to young men. They could not hear him without being improved. He says indeed some questionable things, like this: "Standing fast in the faith implies an exercise of the *will*, not of the *reason*." But surely if faith be, as he proceeds to argue, "the correlative of truth," it must concern the reason more than the will: it is impossible to a dissatisfied reason to continue in the faith. The correlation is will and authority, reason and truth; and a phrase like the above indicates that in the last analysis the man who uses it conceives religion not as truth, but as authority.

All we can do meanwhile is to accord a hasty welcome to Dr. Martineau's new volume, reserving a fuller and more critical discussion and appraisement till the series be complete. The essays have both an intrinsic and a relative worth. They are fine examples of philosophical and literary criticism: and while they exhibit the labours and the growth of a singularly gifted mind, they help us to measure the wonderful progress of the period spanned by his literary activity. Some of these papers were contained in the two volumes of his essays published in America, others are rescued from forgotten or inaccessible magazines; all are welcome, for they exhibit some of the finest philosophical and critical work of the venerable yet vigorous author.

ECONOMIC FACTS, AND AN INFERENCE.

THE EIGHT HOURS DAY. By Sidney Webb, LL.B., and Harold Cox, B.A. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

APART from its purpose, this little book deserves to be studied by all who are interested in economic fact. It is an admirable example of the merits—and we fear we must add of the defects—of the inductive method in political economy. It is stuffed full of facts gleaned from all sorts of sources: Parliamentary papers, trades union reports, the experience of various firms who have tried the experiment of reducing the hours of labour worked by their

employés, accounts of foreign legislation on this and kindred subjects, and so on; mostly of very great interest and value, and often quite inaccessible to the ordinary student. It will form excellent matter for the future historian, and is accompanied by a brief but good bibliography.

On their main thesis we cannot altogether follow the writers. No doubt the strongest reason for the change is the promotion of social health. But with all that is said on this point most people will agree. There is ample evidence, again, to show that wages and productive power in many cases do not fall with a reduction of hours. And the *à priori* argument that the labour of adult males is not and ought not to be interfered with is met by citing numerous cases in which it is interfered with already —indirectly, as by the Factory Acts, which interfere with the labour of women and children; directly, as by the Truck Act; and—the strongest case of all—by the laws against Sunday labour. Of course, the interference in all these cases is an accident or bye-product of the legislation rather than its main end. But that is probably too fine a distinction for the inductive economist, as it is for the practice of a nation which seldom is logical. And (it is argued with some force) the choice is between legislative interference and the costly and often unsuccessful private warfare of a strike. There is, of course, a third alternative, agreement between employers and employed under the sanction, not actually resorted to, of a strike or lock-out, but this presumably is to be superseded by the well-known Fabian plan of Trade Option. A sort of *plébiscite* is to be taken among the workers engaged in a trade as to whether they will adopt the Act or not, with or without special limitations of overtime due to their special circumstances. Here, of course, it is easy to see difficulties. What sort of test is there to be of the voters, and are the unskilled men, the women, and the "young persons" to be polled or not? If the test is to be at all rigorous, every trade will tend to become a close body; and in view of the opportunities of change of employment offered by the development of modern machinery and by the division of labour, that is eminently undesirable. Then the authors have a theory—which assuredly is not borne out by observation—that Gresham's law holds with employers as with money: the good employer is driven out by the bad. Thus the shopkeeper cannot close early, even if he desires it, unless his neighbours do, whence the need of an Early Closing Act. Here contradictory instances stare one in the face. The Saturday half-holiday is a product of public opinion; it is adopted by the largest and best shops, and is not adopted by the little struggling tradesmen who have hard work to maintain themselves at all. Then, too, Mr. Herbert Spencer's great argument—the danger and waste of an over-development of the regulative system of society—is simply ignored; and Government is treated as "simply the executive committee of the governed," which is very far from being true of the most democratic State of to-day, and certainly will not bear the argument the authors base on it so long as society contains anyone besides labourers and artisans.

But the great weakness of the book is the usual one with advocates of an Eight Hours Day. There is no satisfactory answer to the question, what will be the effect on the national wealth? It rather shakes one's faith in the economic soundness of the authors when we find them borrowing from Mr. Gunton, whose economic paradoxes are of the most glaring kind, the doctrine that the increased wants of men working an eight hours day imply more demand and more production. They do not satisfactorily explain where the purchasing power this demand implies is ultimately to come from. They hold that the loss to the national wealth, if any, will fall on profits and interest. But they are quite easy about this point, because Professor Marshall has said that many men would save as much if the rate of interest were lower, because they would have to put by a larger sum to yield the same income; and Professor Sidgwick has said we need not yet be near the stationary state; and capital will not go abroad, because other nations are also improving their factory legislation, and relatively little goes abroad now, and much capital is immovable. All very true; but there are enormous facilities for investing capital abroad now, which there were not ten or twenty years ago —Trust Companies, for instance; capital does not usually go abroad to be invested in factories, and it is not the existing fixed capital—which will by and by wear out, and will very likely be superseded first—but the fresh capital which would naturally replace it, which would go abroad if interest and profits fell considerably. Besides, the more the joint-stock principle and the system of large capitals develop, the more mobile, on the whole, fresh capital must become. And if capital goes into other employments in preference to manufacture, neither the consumer of manufactured goods, nor the factory hand, will have much reason for satisfaction. In their anxiety to repudiate the wage fund theory the authors rather ignore the conditions under which wealth becomes capital at all.

We said that the work exhibited the great defect of inductive economics. That defect is that nearly all the facts are unsifted, and some are omitted. You take those which strike you, put them together, and however much you know, and however careful you may be, you are very apt to get the conclusion that you started to seek. A certain type of Ricardian economist talks of "tendencies," but absolutely ignores the question of their relative strength. But the inductive economist is also very liable to fall into a similar error, because he can always cite a multitude of particulars, some of them out of measure inferential. Life is too short to discuss them *seriatim*, and such words as "induction" and "fact" obscure their frequent uncertainty.

FICTION.

1. Humbling his Pride. By Charles T. C. James. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
2. Elsa. By E. McQueen Gray. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
3. Jerry. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.
4. Strangers and Wayfarers. By Sarah Orne Jewett. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.
5. Bertha's Earl. By Lady Lindsay. London: Bentley. 1891.

It is a great pity that "Humbling His Pride" does not carry out more fully the promise of its first volume. The hero catches the sympathy of the reader at once; the interest of the story begins at once. The descriptive writing in the second chapter, dealing with Bleakwold Farm, is vigorous and picturesque. Some of the characters come near to being original creations; hardly one of them is utterly conventional. Page after page shows that the author possesses true humour. And yet this is not a first-rate novel; the motives are too weak. Even the conspiracy to ruin John Horlock, or as the Vicar of Faircliff preferred to put it to humble his pride, is not entirely convincing. The last volume of this story, which began with so much promise of originality, falls back on the old tricks. The blacksmith's son is not really the blacksmith's son; and the child which was thought to be Rose's is not really Rose's; and the hero, who was believed to have committed the murder, did not really commit the murder; and Laura, who was supposed to have committed suicide, had not really committed suicide; and even George Thompson, who does not appear until more than half the story is over, has time to show that he is not really George Thompson. It is a pity, too, that an author who has true humour should frequently condescend to something which is not humour at all. When, for instance, he says the black of Brunswick instead of Brunswick black, or uses one adjective while obviously meaning its opposite, he is not being humorous; he is simply being comic

and waggish, and using a common device of the cheerful but deficient. Some of the satire is not very pointed: the description of the Sin-no-more Society would have been far more telling if it had not been palpably exaggerated. He describes, also, the ordinary procedure of literary critics of "two great literary sheets." Ordinarily, they read we learn—the first page and the last, and then damn the book. On the occasion which he mentions they read nothing, and make their damnatory notices rather stronger. If Mr. James really believes this to be true, why in the name of common sense does he allow his own novel to be sent for review? If he knows it to be untrue, why in the name of common honesty does he say it? We are not concerned, however, with Mr. James, but with his book. A reviewer is always tempted to praise unduly a book which contains anything particularly ignorant or untrue about reviewers, to show his impartiality: we have tried not to give way to this temptation. "Humbling his Pride" contains good work—some very good work—but it is not a first-rate novel; the motives which give rise to the action of the story are not sufficiently strong, and the third volume is commonplace.

"Elsa," the daughter of Colonel von Hochwald, was gifted and amiable. As a singer she was wonderful—phenomenal; indeed, on the only occasion on which she appeared on the operatic stage she gained a great success in the face of great difficulties. As a woman she was nearly perfect—perhaps, too nearly perfect: for it is hard to be faultless without being like the heroines of many faulty novels. A continuous interest in Elsa von Hochwald, through the six hundred pages of this story, would have been easier if she had possessed a more distinct personality. The other characters are not more original in conception. They are repetitions, types; and the author seems to have brought but little new observation to their portrayal. We have the typical Englishman, who is reserved and knocks people down; the typical German, who drinks beer and is sentimental; the typical Italian, who is crafty, villainous, and ultimately foiled; the typical *maestro*, before whom aspirants tremble. There are grades in conventionality, and the author of "Elsa" has not reached the lowest or nearly the lowest: even marionettes may be worked well or badly, and these are worked rather well. But a fresher observation, a finer touch, a more subtle method, are required before much praise can honestly be given. The plot of the story is fairly ingenious; and the book, although it is not enthralling, is at least readable. Many of the six hundred pages might, however, have been very well omitted. There is too much of the dialogue which leads to nothing, which merely occupies space, which is not interesting in itself and does not illuminate the characters of the speakers.

The mother of "Jerry," whose more prolonged name is Jeremiah P. Wilkerson, died while her son was still very young. The child, beaten by his father and by an objectionable Minervy Ann Salter, took refuge in flight, seeking the "Golding Gates" whither his dying mother had told him that she was going. He journeyed always west. On one occasion he slept in a railway car laden with hay; when he awoke, the car was moving. At first he was terrified; then arranged the hay around him. "When it gits through runnin' away and busts," he muttered, "I misewell fall soff." The various adventures of the runaway occupy only the first part of the story; the child's pilgrimage has, of course, been done before, but seldom, we think, with truer pathos and humour. Jerry arrived finally at the mining district of Eureka and Durden's; here he was befriended by Joe Gilliam. (The sketch of Joe Gilliam, by the way, is one of the best things in the book.) He was educated by the doctor, and grew to manhood. The greater part of the story deals with the rival mines of Eureka and Durden's. It is full of incident, spirited and vigorous, yet marked by the same tenderness and delicacy of touch that are the characteristics of the opening chapters. Jerry became a leader of men; he schemed boldly and well; schemes and actions were alike aimed at one object—the greater happiness and prosperity of the mining community which he now to a great extent controlled. Joe Gilliam warned Jerry against the ingratitude of the men and the impossibility of raising them. "Orl they wants, or knows 'bout, is whisky, an' terbackey, an' dirt; they's usen to it—an' born to it—an' likes it." Joe found, however, a better method than argument to lead Jerry from his unselfish, communistic notions; he managed to show him the power of gold, and to inspire him with the love of it. The closing scenes of the story are intensely exciting and dramatic. It is seldom that one finds in a tale of action and adventure a sketch of character so strong, so true, and so subtle as that of Jerry. In short, this is a story of quite unusual merit.

"Strangers and Wayfarers" is a collection of short stories and sketches, quiet in tone, unpretentious, not without a certain gentle charm. They deal with the sorrows of the poor and aged, and with the love-stories of later life. It is not only in their subject that they remind us of the work of Miss Wilkins, which, however, they can hardly be said to rival. They are, indeed, rather pictures than stories, some of them being entirely descriptive.

The reader whose palate requires the flavour of highly spiced incident, and whose mind is so constituted that he cannot enjoy a story which is not tangled up into a maddening knot of mystery, will do well to avoid "Bertha's Earl." Neither is this a book that can be recommended to anyone who feels that a novel is outside the pale of cultured people (what a stuffy atmosphere the inside of that pale often is!) if it does not treat of some abstruse moral problem; nor to those who only get their joy from photographic reproductions of real life. But, on the other hand, Lady Lindsay's last work can be strongly recommended to those who still appreciate a genuine piece of artistic work, in which nature has been carefully studied, but not servilely copied, and in which creation has not been lulled by imitation. Not that Lady Lindsay's story is by any means an ambitious effort; it does not aim at an heroic standard in any shape or form. It is neither more nor less than a simple tale told in direct and simple fashion; yet it is impossible to read half-a-dozen chapters without being aroused to the fact that a skilled hand is filling in the canvas. It is difficult at first to assign any definite reason for this impression. You are sorely puzzled for a while until, perhaps, you remember that you were troubled with the same doubt when you read "Sense and Sensibility," and still more so when "Cranford" was first revealed to you. And coming down to a later date you recall the effect "A Humble Romance" produced upon you. There is at first sight hardly one attribute in common to be found in these three works, and yet it is impossible to deny that the same charm is to be felt in them all; and, to a certain extent, the same impression is produced by Lady Lindsay's story. Why is this? The reason after all is not far to seek. It is because the atmosphere, to use again an artistic metaphor, which each of these writers has succeeded in creating, is so exquisitely true, and also because the rare gift of selection and elimination, both as regards character and incident, has been so skilfully brought to bear.

We do not propose to give any outline of Lady Lindsay's story, for the sufficient reason that there is very little story, properly so-called, in the book. What there is has to do with the complications that naturally arise from a young artist marrying a nobleman of high degree. We are thus introduced into two widely different societies—Bohemia and Belgravia—and the writer gives the impression of drawing from both sets of models with equal accuracy and correctness. "Bertha's Earl" is a piece of delicate work throughout, and well worth reading, if only for the two delightful sketches of the little Duchess and Aggie.

COMPARATIVE POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Essays in Politics. By C. B. Roylance Kent, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. 1891.

Mr. Kent's book does not profess to be very profound or to open up any very recondite province of knowledge. It is, however, a most useful attempt to connect some of the questions of current politics with the larger problems and doctrines on which their form depends. Thus, Imperial Federation and Home Rule involve the consideration of the accepted doctrine of sovereignty, and where it lies in a Federal Government: as well as of Federation itself. Labour questions again suggest a discussion of Socialistic legislation, which contrasts the different attitudes towards it of the English and Continental democracies, but fails, like nearly all that is written on the subject, to give the obvious historical explanation—that the ideas of Continental Socialists, and of some people (like Fichte) who were precursors of "organism theories" of the State, however much they may seem to be the product of abstract reasoning, are really suggested by the existence of that bureaucracy whose real parent is Macchiavelli—the bureaucracy of Colbert, adopted in Prussia by Frederick the Great. On the "Progress of the Masses" Mr. Kent is sensible, painstaking, and tolerably full, though he might have made more use of the work of Mr. David A. Wells and Mr. Edward Atkinson. The last chapter on "Science and Politics," taking its text from Professor Freeman, shows how modern means of communication facilitate both large states and local government. Unfortunately, the suggestion thrown out that economic conditions are supreme over politics would destroy the value of the book were it true—which it is only in a much more comprehensive sense than the author contemplates. Nations do not live by material progress alone. Germany is a great country in spite of its poverty, and the best machinery by itself would not do much for Paraguay, nor have nitrates and guano ensured the prosperity of Peru.

There are a few other contestable points in the book. There is Sir Henry Maine's exaggeration about the Referendum—the fact being, as was shown by official statistics noticed in The Speaker last January, that, taking all the cases to which this "legislative phylloxera" has been legally applicable, only 14 proposals out of 144 have been rejected; the South American republics, except perhaps Argentina, are hardly worth mentioning as examples of Federation; and the term "Helvetic Republic" should be kept for the grotesque creation of Napoleon I., and not applied to the Switzerland of to-day. Still, the book is a useful, clear, and generally very accurate sketch of facts which the intelligent voter ought to know, and which it is not easy for him to find in such a concise form elsewhere.

FEUDALISM.

Feudalism: its Rise, Progress, and Consequences. Lectures delivered at Gresham College. By J. T. Abdy, LL.D. London: G. Bell & Sons.

The best parts of this book are those which are taken from other books. The object of the work is apparently to explain the fact of feudalism, to show what were its antecedents, and to account for the form it finally assumed. Dr. Abdy tells us a great deal about the rise, little about the progress, and next to nothing about the consequences of feudalism. The sources of the lectures are the standard text-books on the subject, and from these text-books the author has imported passages wholesale into his lectures. Even when inverted commas do not mark the verbatim transference to the lectures of pages of Guizot, Hallam, Kemble, Pearson, Green, or Stubbs, the lectures are, for the most part, consciously or unconsciously on the part of the author, an epitome of one or the other of the writers named. We venture to doubt whether the students who had the privilege of attending the lectures would gain much from them. It would be interesting to see the note-books of the class. The first six lectures would, we think, fail to convey any definite meaning to a person not already more or less intimately acquainted with their subject or the technical terms employed. Information is conveyed in a jerky and spasmodic fashion. It is clouded by a constant reference to matter not already explained, and which students could not be expected to know. The gaps in narrative and explanation sometimes seem to exceed the actual information conveyed. We have searched these lectures in vain to find any substantial information about the "progress and consequences" of feudalism. It is true there is a discussion of chivalry, which no doubt was a consequence of feudalism. There are also lengthy and verbatim extracts from Domesday Book, as from many other ancient documents. It may perhaps be that the "progress and consequences" of feudalism are reserved for a later series of lectures which are apparently threatened by Dr. Abdy in the last two pages of his book. If that is the case, we sincerely trust that the lecturer will endeavour to make his future addresses more plain and intelligible to the ordinary student than those we are reviewing. It is difficult to say to whom the present volume is capable of being of service. It is too mysterious and unconnected for the beginner. It has too little originality for the advanced student. It is neither pleasant nor profound reading, and it is not worthy of Dr. Abdy.

COMPANY LAW.

A Manual of Company Law for the use of Directors and Promoters. By William Frederick Hamilton, LL.D., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, assisted by Kennard Golborne Metcalfe, M.A. London: Stevens & Sons, Limited. 1891.

For some time past the formation of companies has supplied no small part of the work and income of a large class of lawyers and of business men. It is already calculated that between twelve and thirteen thousand persons, with many varieties of character and degree, fill the position of company-directors, and this number is increasing every year. Mr. Hamilton's object in writing this book has been to provide the directors of every kind of company with a useful handbook to guide them whenever any legal question arises in connection with their duties. With that object he has arranged, in a clear and intelligible form, the general rules of law which regulate the position of promoters and directors, and without going too minutely into the intricacies of company law, he has endeavoured to produce a book which laymen can refer to and easily understand. It does not come within the scope of the author's plan to state the law relating to the winding up of companies. He considers them only as going concerns, and he formulates clearly the rules which govern them as such, and illustrates those rules by examples drawn from decided cases. After dealing with the legal position of promoters and directors, and attempting the perilous task of defining a company-promoter, Mr. Hamilton discusses at length the duties of directors, the important question of *ultra vires*, the powers with regard to allotting, transferring and forfeiting shares, with regard to contracts, with regard to mortgaging and borrowing, and with regard to other difficulties in the conduct of companies, which directors are called upon to exercise, and the limitations imposed upon their exercise by the law. He has something also to say of the directors' position with respect to the accounts of the company, the payment of dividends, the holding of meetings, and the reconstruction of companies. And in his four concluding chapters he treats the vexed question of the liability both of directors and of promoters with the carefulness demanded by a subject of such immediate interest to those for whom the book is principally intended. One section deals with the intricate question of Misrepresentation at Common Law. Another sets forth, with a useful commentary, the Directors' Liability Act of last year. A third discusses briefly the criminal liabilities attaching to either position. Mr. Hamilton's book is designedly a popular book in a sense; but we see no reason why it should not justify its author's hope that it will be found by many professional readers a good introduction to the study of company-law. The careful table of cases and the excellent index compiled by Mr. Riches, the librarian of the Inns of Court Bar Library, add considerably to the value of the book, and the type and appearance of the volume leave no cause for complaint.

PANAMA.

Five Years at Panama: the Trans-Isthmian Canal. By Wilfred Nelson, C.M., M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

Dr. Nelson, in a long and rambling preface, tells us that he resided for five years in the Panama isthmus (1880—1885) in two capacities: "A Practitioner of Medicine" and "Accredited Correspondent of the *Gazette* of Montreal." It is to be presumed that much of what is contained in this volume has already appeared in the *Gazette*; but it is none the worse for that. Dr. Nelson can hardly be said to have any style. The book throughout is a rambling and often slipshod gossip. There is, moreover, a good deal of padding from various somewhat vaguely indicated sources, and a fair amount of irrelevant matter, such as the chapter on the whale fishery. But with all its faults, and keeping in mind that the author's reminiscences are several years old, the book gives a very satisfactory idea of the country, and the life of the famous isthmus. Neither the one nor the other is pleasant. The former is mainly an unhealthy swamp; and the people can hardly be described as either moral or clean. There is a full "Code" of law in the Columbian Constitution; but in practice it is a dead letter. The prison at Panama is a noisome dungeon. It is not even thought necessary to bury the dead in this extraordinary country. When the police want to arrest a man accused of crime, their short and easy way is to shoot him first, and try him afterwards. Altogether, this notorious isthmus seems to be about the most unpleasant place on earth for a civilised man to have to spend his life. The mortality among the labourers engaged on the abortive canal was one of the most unhappy features about it. Dr. Nelson has a long chapter on the Canal and its history, which will be useful for reference. A recent visitor to Panama informs us that the most striking monuments of this ruinous undertaking are the pyramids of empty bottles, champagne and other, which line the route. There is also a chapter or two of a historical kind. The book will be found to contain much that is entertaining, and a fair modicum of instruction.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE Mansion House Council, in the bulky "Report on the Dwellings of the Poor" just issued, claims to have done in 1890 an encouraging year's work. Not only have the direct operations of the Central and Local Committees been more numerously affected than in any previous year, but—and this perhaps is still more important—the local authorities have been taught to give diligent heed to the purposes for which they exist. Quite recently the Council made an interesting experiment in order to enlist the practical co-operation of the working classes in a matter which is so closely bound up with their welfare. Invitations were inserted in the weekly penny papers asking artisans and labourers to help forward the work by sending particulars of courts and houses which from a sanitary point of view were a menace to the community. This appeal met with an immediate and almost overwhelming response, and apparently in the vast majority of cases the complaints were not captious but justifiable. There have in consequence been more prosecutions undertaken by the Vestries under the Sanitary Acts during 1890 than in any other year since those measures became law. Two public inquiries have been brought about at the instance of the Mansion House Council—one by the Local Government Board into the condition of Ham; and another by the Home Secretary into the sanitary requirements of Shoreditch. The result was that the Local Board at Ham received a well-merited censure, whilst a perfectly disgraceful condition of affairs was brought to light in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. At the beginning of the century this parish contained, roughly, thirty-four thousand people, and in round numbers there are now at least one hundred and twenty-six thousand. Anyone who wishes to see how far a London Vestry can neglect its duty, ought to read the detailed official statement given to the Home Secretary, which is given as an appendix to this report. Unfortunately, as the law still stands, there is no power to compel the Vestry to carry out the reforms which are absolutely necessary, if decency and health are matters of the least consideration. The Council express their great disappointment that Mr. Ritchie has not brought forward this year the promised and greatly needed "District Councils' Bill." The fact is that, until this measure becomes law, the London County Council must remain sore let and hindered as the chief metropolitan sanitary authority. On the other hand, distinct progress in the direction of sanitary reform remains to be chronicled. The chief legislative enactments in this direction during the past year are the Housing of the Working Classes Act, the Infectious Diseases Prevention Act, and the Public Health (Amendment) Act. It is gratifying to be able to add that some of the worst and most lethargic of the local authorities have at length turned over a new leaf, and are making a tardy atonement for former apathy and neglect by energetic attempts to stamp out nuisances. We agree with the Bishop of Chester, who, in the course of a sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral a few weeks ago, exclaimed "All honour to the Mansion House Council for what it has achieved. It has done much in the work of improving the homes of the poor."

Ten essays, packed with suggestions, wise and otherwise, on various aspects of "The Volunteer Question," together consitute a volume of upwards of four hundred pages. In the spring of last year the West of Scotland Tactical Society offered prizes of £100, £50, and £25 for the three best essays on the present condition and future organisation of the Volunteer Force. Lanarkshire, Manchester, and South Lancashire carried off the honours in the persons of Captain Carteret Carey, Captain Spenser Wilkinson, and Captain F. A. Adam respectively, and they accordingly are responsible for more than a third of the book. Afterwards follow the next seven essays of greatest excellence, and placed, of course, in order of merit. It is impossible to sum up what is practically a succession of summaries in a single sentence; we have only space to say that the volume deserves to find its way into the hands of all our citizen soldiers.

It is thirty years since Mr. Coventry Patmore selected and arranged for the Golden Treasury Series "The Children's Garland, from the Best Poets," and the book has been reprinted about a dozen times since then. It still holds the first place as the best collection of genuine poetry in the language within the comprehension of intelligent children. The dainty volume needs no praise, but "parents, teachers, and friends," to borrow a familiar and comprehensive expression, will probably be glad to learn that "The Children's Garland" has at length been published in a cheap edition.

"Types of the Saintly Life" is the title of a group of addresses delivered by the Rev. Arthur Turberville in Milton Congregational Church, Huddersfield, on successive Sundays. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Lewis Morris, in whose poetry Mr. Turberville thinks the "deeper faith and tenderer charities of the age have found sweetest and noblest utterance." Marcus Aurelius is taken as the representative of spiritual aspiration and endeavour in the pagan society of ancient Rome. Another and very different type—the "Catholic Saint," Mr. Turberville calls him—is Francis of Assisi, and next in this line of succession stands the dauntless figure of the "heretic" Savonarola. We then find ourselves confronted with the Puritan as saint in the person of John Bunyan, and finally we are asked to consider a typical "saintly woman," Elizabeth Fry, and a "modern saint," and the latter proves to be President Garfield—a worthy man, but hardly worthy of the company in which Mr. Turberville has placed him. The results of considerable reading and a tolerable amount of thought are attractively presented in a volume which can lay claim, at all events, to one distinctive merit—the grace of charity. Mr. Turberville has avowedly attempted to trace the secret affinities of men who differed widely in their views of truth, but who yet manifested in "things essential" unity, and, on the whole, we can fairly congratulate him on the manner, no less than on the method, in which he has accomplished his task.

Quite one of the most satisfactory volumes of its kind which we have seen is "Among the Butterflies," a manual for young collectors. It is written in a manner which is certain to render it acceptable to boys and girls, for the clear scientific explanations of the text are given in conjunction with an animated account of the rambles in field and woodland of a merry group of young enthusiasts. The only fault we have to find with the book is one for which the author is not responsible. The pictures of the butterflies and moths ought to have been worked in colours; that is all which seems to us to be needed to render this in every sense an attractive book. We hope the publishers will take the hint when they bring out a second edition.

Everybody who is interested in dogs—and that means about every second man and every third lady—may pick up some useful hints about "Our Canine Companions in Health and Disease," from Mr. Woodroffe Hill's practical and convenient manual. Mr. Hill is well known as an accomplished veterinary surgeon, and his claim to be regarded as an expert in canine pathology is attested by the position which he formerly held at the College of Agriculture, Downton, as well as by a row of scientific books. In the present instance, he has written a brief popular exposition in which with great clearness the causes, symptoms, and treatment of the various diseases to which dogs are liable are explained. Simple indications of disease are pointed out, and a number of practical directions, of a kind which all dog-fanciers will value, are given. The pulse of a full-grown dog ranges from ninety to one hundred a minute, and in old age falls to sixty or seventy. The respirations of a healthy dog, when not excited, are from fifteen to twenty a minute, whilst the normal temperature is 100° Fahrenheit. Evidently, Mr. Hill believes that prevention is better than cure, and he accordingly devotes a good many pages to feeding, condition, exercise, washing, grooming, kennel management and the like. As for the muzzle, Mr. Hill regards it simply as an instrument of torture, and thinks that resort to it is only excusable under quite exceptional circumstances, such as uncontrollable ferocity, or when anæsthesia is impracticable in surgical cases. He laughs to scorn the notion that muzzling will do anything to stamp out canine rabies; in fact, he declares that so far as that is concerned the muzzle is "absolutely useless." Good reasons, too long however to quote in this column, are given in support of this opinion. Good-natured contempt is expressed for the "hysterical scares" which are responsible for the lively time stray dogs in sultry weather enjoy when compelled to run the gauntlet between the policeman's baton and the lethal chamber. This is an interesting book, and one which all lovers of great or small dogs are sure to appreciate.

* REPORT OF THE MANSION HOUSE COUNCIL ON THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR. For the year ending December 31st, 1890. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Post 8vo. (1s.)

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Printed and Published for the Proprietors by E. J. KNIGHT, at the Office, 2, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—London, Saturday, July 18, 1891.