

THE SPEAKER

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

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE]

[FOR INLAND AND FOREIGN TRANSMISSION.

VOL. IV.—No. 83.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

[PRICE 6D.

Pears' soap makes the hands white and fair,—the complexion bright and clear,—and the skin soft and smooth as velvet.

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From the "HYGIENE OF THE SKIN," by Mr. J. L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN were released from their iniquitous imprisonment in Galway gaol on Thursday, and met with the reception due to men of honour who have suffered for the sake of others. They made most important speeches shortly after their release, in which they announced that they could not follow MR. PARNELL, who had himself abandoned the principles he had maintained since 1886. This formal repudiation of their old leader may be regarded as the *coup de grâce* of Parnellism. It is noteworthy that the *Times* charges MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN with having taken advantage of their imprisonment until they saw how the cat would jump. The charge is false. Documentary evidence can be produced to establish the fact that before they went to gaol they had refused to acknowledge MR. PARNELL as their leader.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the Mansion House on Wednesday was couched in the tone natural to a Minister who has realised the close of a prolonged and arduous session. Only two points in the Prime Minister's utterances demand special attention. One was his assertion that the General Election of 1886 had given "an irrevocable verdict" on the question of Home Rule. It would be interesting to know by what arguments LORD SALISBURY has convinced himself of the truth of this egregious fallacy. Everybody knows how the verdict of 1886 was secured, on what pretences the Tory leader asked for it, and how narrow was the majority by which it was obtained. Everybody knows, too, that the "success" which LORD SALISBURY attributes to his nephew's attempt to settle the Irish Question has only been secured by such measures as the imprisonment, by an arbitrary tribunal, of such men as MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN, who have been released from gaol this week in order to receive the most signal marks of the public respect and esteem. In these circumstances, the preposterous attempt of the Prime Minister to represent the Election of 1886 as having finally settled the Home Rule Question can only be regarded as intended to encourage his disheartened followers by making them believe that the loss of the next General Election will not involve the loss of the policy of Coercion towards Ireland.

THE other point in LORD SALISBURY'S speech which deserves attention was his reference to European alliances. Here we are glad to find ourselves much more closely in harmony with the Prime Minister than we are upon questions of domestic policy. It is refreshing to find that the head of the Tory Government openly tramples upon the delusion that it is to the interest of England to mix herself up with the entanglements of Continental States, or to take part in engagements in which she has really no concern. "Our allies," as LORD SALISBURY wisely said, "are all those who wish to maintain territorial distribution as it is without risking the fearful dangers or the terrible arbitrament of war. Our allies are all those who desire peace and goodwill."

A VERY painful scene was witnessed in the House of Commons on Monday night. For some days pre-

viously it had been apparent that MR. ATKINSON, the Tory member for Boston, was under the influence of an abnormal excitement, which displayed itself in a number of eccentric actions in connection with his Parliamentary duties. He believed himself to have been wronged by the Speaker, and had placed on the paper a notice censuring that high functionary for his conduct. In other ways he had abandoned the traditional respect in which the Speaker is held by all members of Parliament. On Monday evening he made an attack upon the Chair in the House, and drew from the Speaker a statement of the actual facts of the case to which MR. ATKINSON had called attention. It appeared from this statement that MR. ATKINSON had written certain letters of a very improper character to MR. PEEL, and the latter appealed to the House for protection. The result was the unanimous adoption of a motion suspending MR. ATKINSON from service in the House or admission to its precincts for a week. This motion was only adopted, however, after MR. GOSCHEN had proposed that the offending member be suspended for the rest of the Session, a piece of ill-judged severity which was resented by the House as a whole. The whole incident was a painful one, and we may well hope will stand alone in the history of Parliament.

THE House of Commons has been busy during the week with the work of Supply. We regret to say, however, that the members who have taken part in this important business seem to labour under a strange misapprehension as to their duties and rights. The business of Parliament in dealing with Supply is to check, and if necessary to limit, the expenditure undertaken by the Executive Government. Yet in the debates upon Supply this year, those who have taken part in them have seemed far more anxious to increase than to lessen the national expenditure. It is a constitutional doctrine that no private member can propose the expenditure of public money: yet a hundred appeals have been made to Ministers this Session to increase the expenditure in different ways, and in some cases members have actually moved the reduction of particular votes in order that they might call attention to the necessity for increasing them. It seems to us that it would be well if members of Parliament were to receive a certain amount of instruction in their constitutional rights and duties. If they were to do so, we should hardly witness a repetition of what we may venture to call the scandal of recent proceedings in Committee of Supply.

THOUGH the visit of the PRINCE OF NAPLES to London has lacked the pomp and circumstance which attended that of the German Emperor, it has been marked by a genuine cordiality on the part alike of hosts and guest which goes far to establish the warmth of the relations between this country and that over which the young Prince will some day reign. His Royal Highness has paid many visits during the week to places of interest in and around the Metropolis, and has been entertained not only by members of the Royal Family, but by the Lord Mayor and other representative citizens. He is a young man of evident intelligence and of great amiability, his courteous demeanour having struck all who have come in contact with him. That there is a certain suggestion of mental weariness—the result

of overstrain in education—in the Prince, will hardly be denied by those who know him best. It is one of the misfortunes of Heirs-Apparent nowadays that if they are conscientiously educated for the position they are destined to hold, they are almost invariably over-educated. The PRINCE OF NAPLES does not seem to have escaped this danger, which tells all the more markedly in his case because of his delicate health; but otherwise he appears to be a model of what a man in his position ought to be.

MR. PARNELL, who has had to face some private troubles of his own during the week, consequent upon his failure to pay the costs of CAPTAIN O'SHEA'S divorce suit, has again been giving evidence of the bitterness of his feeling towards the Liberal party. On Monday he made determined attempts to drag the name of SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT into a debate which he had raised on the case of the dynamiter DALY, now a convict at Portland. The charge which has been freely made by Irishmen is that DALY was incited to the commission of his crime by police agents. If this fact could be proved, the burden of guilt lying upon those who induced DALY to act as he did would be of the heaviest kind, and there would be every disposition on the part of Englishmen—we trust of all parties—to deal leniently by their victim. But no evidence worthy of the name has been adduced in support of this charge, and until it has been proved to the hilt, the people of Great Britain will be naturally slow to believe it. In the meantime the attempts of MR. PARNELL to connect SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT in some curious fashion with DALY'S fate are only noteworthy because they show how persistent is his determination to revenge himself, if possible, upon those who have preferred the welfare of Ireland to his personal interests.

WHILST the terrible railway accident in the suburbs of Paris has been the leading tragedy of the week, it is impossible to ignore the shocking accident at the Friars Goose chemical works, on the river Tyne, which took place on Sunday night. A number of condensers, each between eighty and ninety feet in height, were in course of erection, when two of them fell, burying a workman in the ruins. A number of his comrades at once ran to his rescue, but they had hardly reached the spot when two more condensers fell, burying them under a mass of stone and mortar. Seven men in all lost their lives by the accident; one of these lingering for nearly twenty-four hours, imprisoned by the legs under a mass of stone, from which it was found impossible to release him. Though the number of deaths caused by this accident is small compared with the mortality in the railway accident of which we have spoken, it is difficult to conceive anything more terrible than this catastrophe, suddenly bringing destruction and a lingering death upon workmen engaged in their usual avocations. It is pleasant to know that in this, as in so many similar instances, a heroism never surpassed on the field of battle was shown by those who sought to rescue their suffering comrades.

A SHOCKING crime was reported from Warsaw in the *Times* of Saturday. A boy, ten years of age, a Pole, had been struck by a ball thrown by the daughter of a GENERAL PONZEREFF, and had, as a child might be expected to do, thrown the ball back at the girl. For this offence the boy was arrested, and by the orders of GENERAL GOURKO, the Governor-General of the Province, condemned to receive twenty-five lashes. This brutal sentence was carried out up to the seventh stroke, when the child fainted. The police doctor and others present declared that it would be dangerous to torture the child further, and they appealed to GOURKO to remit the remainder of the punishment. That miscreant, who figures in history as "the hero of the

Shipka Pass," insisted upon having the remaining eighteen blows given to the child, and the murderous outrage was duly completed. We have not heard, and do not expect to hear, that this cowardly savage has received the punishment he merits. He is, probably, still high in the favour of the CZAR, and rather proud of his infamy than otherwise. A woman-flogging Austrian once received his deserts at the hands of an English mob. But we venture to say that the "hero" of the Shipka Pass is too abject a coward ever to risk himself on English soil.

THE City has again this week been a prey to apprehension, and rumours have been circulating in plenty. One or two institutions have been talked of, and it was reported that two German banks were in serious difficulties, while it was also said that troubles are impending in Paris. Although no confirmation of the rumours has been received, there is a very uneasy feeling; yet the rates of interest and discount continue to fall. In the open market the rate of discount for three months' Bank bills is little more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and banks find it difficult to lend money even at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At a time like the present everyone is naturally afraid to have many bills in circulation, while on the other hand bill-brokers are not ready to discount largely, therefore it is not easy to employ money. Besides, it is now believed that Russia will not take gold this year, as had previously been expected, and although there is a demand for the metal for both Germany and India, it is not expected to be large. Meantime the Bank of England continues to receive gold from abroad. During the week ended Wednesday night it added to its stock nearly a quarter of a million. In short, the usual consequences of a crisis are making themselves felt. Money is accumulating in London, and no one is willing to employ it. The Silver Market remains quiet, the price being a small fraction under 46d. per oz. Portugal and Spain are still buying, but there is not much demand for India; and speculation in the United States is checked, although the agitation for free coinage is reviving, and the belief is growing that a very strong effort will be made in the next session of Congress to carry it through. It is hardly likely to succeed, however, for the President in all probability would veto the Bill if it were carried through both Houses.

PRICES have fallen in nearly every department of the Stock Exchange this week, but the greatest fall has been in South Americans. The Argentine loan of 1886, for example, the interest on which, according to the funding arrangement, is to continue to be paid in cash, fell on Thursday to $52\frac{3}{4}$, and there has also been a heavy decline in other Argentine issues. Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Russian have likewise given way. In preparation for the monthly settlement on the Berlin Bourse, operators have all through the week been selling very largely both in London and Paris. Whether it is due to banking difficulties, as is persistently reported, or whether it is merely an attempt by crippled speculators to meet their "differences," remains to be seen; but there is no doubt at all that the Berlin Bourse is just now in a critical position, and its difficulties are being increased by the failure of the Russian harvest and the increasing intensity of the crises both in Chili and in Portugal. The great Paris operators also have been selling largely. To-day the monthly liquidation begins, and it is expected to be a difficult one. Speculators consequently have been selling. During the month just ended there has been so serious a fall in Portuguese bonds that the losses must be very large, and unfortunately most other inter-Bourse securities have likewise given way. The persistent selling on the part of French and German operators has alarmed the market here. There is great unwillingness to buy, and everyone is apprehensive of further troubles.

PORTENTS OF VICTORY.

STEADILY, not by leaps and bounds, but by an advance which if slow is irresistible, the Liberal party, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, is drawing near to its final triumph. Last week's victory at Wisbech has for a time paralysed even the most blatant of the supporters of the Government; and in very truth the blow has been a crushing one. Sir Richard Webster may prefer to regard it as having no serious importance. It has at least this importance, that it proves that in the Eastern Counties the Liberal cause is certain to triumph when the General Election takes place. And if we triumph there, will our opponents kindly tell us where we are likely to lose ground? No; it is well that all parties should look the facts fairly in the face. Every Tory member of Parliament now knows that when the country is next appealed to the Liberal party will win a majority of the seats in the House of Commons. The best that the most sanguine of our opponents now venture to hope for is that the majority may be a very small one, and that consequently the life of the next Parliament may be brief. It is amusing, in presence of the frank acknowledgment of this fact by all intelligent Ministerialists, to read day by day the old sing-song of rejoicing over Mr. Balfour's "success;" the old congratulations over the "defeat" of the Home Rule party; the old sneers at the "items" who, in the opinion of certain not very wise persons, constitute the bulk of Mr. Gladstone's followers. The day when these things could annoy us has gone by for ever. The bitter insults which were so long the daily fare of the Liberal party in the Unionist press can no longer move us to even momentary indignation. The fact that the country is with us in the fight, and that victory is now assured, has taken the sting from all these things, and we can well afford to wait with patience for the triumphant issue to the struggle.

It will not be long delayed. Next July, at latest, will see the overthrow of the Coalition now in power. It is hardly premature, in these circumstances, to think of what must follow that overthrow, of the new situation which will be created when the Liberal party, with Mr. Gladstone at its head, returns to power. Perhaps the first difficulty it must contend against will be the position of the Liberal Unionists. Indeed, that difficulty must arise before the battle fairly begins. What are we to do with the Liberal Unionists? What attitude shall we maintain towards them in the coming fight? Is there any possibility of a reunion of the party which was rent in twain in 1886? These are questions which have long been upon the lips of most men. Happily, they are also questions which can be more easily answered now than was the case a few years ago. The Liberal Unionists have hitherto, with one or two exceptions, stubbornly refused to avail themselves of the opportunity of returning to their old party. They have been more Conservative than the Conservatives during the past five years. There has been no bitterness in the House of Commons so great as that which has marked the bearing of the seceding Liberals to their old party and their old leader. They must take the consequences. Their day of grace is over, and there is no longer a place open to them in the Liberal ranks. Some of them may, indeed, come back, but it will be upon the terms of the Liberals themselves. Without wishing to utter any words of offence, we may say that it is only as suppliants *in formâ pauperis* that those who left us in 1886, and who since have been our most resolute and bitter antagonists, will be re-admitted to our party. As, however, the Liberal Unionists in the

next House of Commons will be reduced to a mere fraction of their present numbers, this determination on the part of those who represent the Liberal majority is hardly likely to lead to a political revolution. There will be a small knot of men still calling themselves Liberals who will sit on the Tory benches and do what they can to thwart the policy of a Liberal Administration. In a few years even this small body will have disappeared, and we shall have to record another failure in the attempt to create a permanent third party in British politics.

We do not pretend that we shall part company with the men who are now our strongest opponents without regret. Whatever may have been the bitterness of feeling which has prevailed in recent years, and however strong our cause of complaint against those who have kept the present Government in office in defiance of their own political professions, we cannot forget the years when the Liberal leader enjoyed the hearty co-operation of the men who have withdrawn themselves from our camp. But our natural regret at losing old allies is assuaged by the conviction that the loss is inevitable. Even if all other obstacles were removed, it would still be impossible for the Liberal party to take back the followers of Lord Hartington for one simple reason—they are now in more pronounced antagonism to the Liberal policy towards Ireland than are the Tories themselves. If proof of this fact is wanted, it may be found in the strange cry of dismay which has been raised by the *Spectator* over the promise of a Conservative Local Government Bill for Ireland. Our contemporary dreads even this small measure as a dangerous concession to the Irish people. It may be right in doing so. We gave last week our own reasons for rejoicing at the proposal of the introduction of such a Bill, and the very reasons which cause rejoicing to Home Rulers produce dismay among the party represented by the *Spectator*. But whether right or wrong, the mere fact that this is the present temper of the Liberal Unionists, that they are more strongly opposed to any concession to Irish opinion than is Mr. Balfour himself, furnishes the best proof of the inevitableness of the change which will be witnessed at the next General Election, when the last tie which connects the Liberal Unionists with the Liberal party will be severed.

As for what will follow the election, we must repeat that Ireland will stop the way then just as surely as she stops it now, and that until her case has been grappled with Parliament will be able to deal but feebly and partially with the other questions which press for solution. But no sooner shall Ireland have received some measure of the justice she demands than "the condition of England question"—to give it the old name—will immediately require attention. There are shrewd judges in both parties who believe that when this question is approached there will come a new division of parties, more serious and permanent in its character than any which has been seen in England since the days of Peel. Then, say these men, will come the chance of So-and-so and So-and-so (naming statesmen who are now no longer in harmony with the Liberal party); then we shall see a new line of party cleavage, and social doctrines rather than political principles will become the Shibboleth of public life. It may be so. But we have heard the prediction so often before that we are in no haste to accept it now, when it is being made with so much confidence in many different quarters. *Festina lente* is still the motto of the Englishman as a politician. That we shall advance boldly in the direction of social reform no one can doubt; but that we shall deliberately break away from old party traditions and principles, that we

shall forget the difference between Tory and Radical, Whig and Democrat, we do not for a moment believe. The next House of Commons will contain a working majority in favour of a policy of conciliation towards Ireland. We believe that it will also contain a majority in favour of a generous policy with regard to the social problems of our time, and it will be strange if that majority does not have its home on the Liberal benches.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

WE cannot altogether regret the vote by which the London County Council has postponed its decision upon the extensive street improvements recommended by its Committee. That the improvements are necessary, no one acquainted with the knots and tangles into which London street traffic ties itself from time to time can for a moment doubt. But two millions sterling are two millions sterling, even in the capital of the Empire, and it is just as well that London should have the summer to think about it. Those Tory newspapers which have abused the Council for not plunging inconsiderately into this expenditure would have been the very first to protest, by all the Gods in the Tory Heaven, if the vote had been the other way. As it is, the matter will come up afresh after the recess, in time to allow of the necessary Parliamentary notices being given if desired.

One of the proposals—perhaps the most important of them all—has a comparatively clear path before it. The chronic congestion of traffic where Little Queen Street debouches in Holborn has become, since the increase in the omnibus service, the very worst “block” in London. The difficulty of reaching the Law Courts from Holborn and the northern railway stations has long been a scandal. The secondary blocks in Chancery Lane and Wellington Street, Strand, arise largely from the absence of a proper “North-West Passage” from the Courts of Justice. The pedestrian may, indeed, venture, greatly daring, down from Lincoln’s Inn Fields into the squalid purlieus of the disused Market of “Clare,” and, guided by the little boys who press upon him their not unneeded aid, eventually reach the Strand. But proper thoroughfare there is none.

The new street from Holborn to the Strand has, however, more than reasons of traffic to recommend it. The slums which it will demolish stand now as the very worst in the Metropolis. Sardinia Street, with its Roman Catholic Chapel recalling the Gordon Riots, is bad enough to-day from a sanitary point of view; but the festering alleys of Clare Market, with their aristocratic names, are perpetually driving the medical officer to despair. The clearance of these nests of vice and disease—marked in Mr. Charles Booth’s map with the fatal “Black” of criminality—will of itself be worth the whole cost of the new street. It is, we believe, already practically decided that a large portion of the cleared area will be set aside for the erection of those municipal artisans’ dwellings for which the Housing Committee yearns.

Towards the cost of this improvement the Council will be able largely to recoup itself by the re-sale of the new frontages, and the vexed question of “betterment” has, with some wisdom, not been raised here. But two other improvements in the centre of the Metropolis practically cannot be accomplished without its solution. The removal of the “island” in the Strand, which is again proposed by the Council, this time in a simplified form, would at

one blow promote the north side of Holywell Street into one frontage of London’s main central artery, at what would then be its grandest part. It would be nothing short of monstrous to saddle the people of London with the whole cost of this improvement, without obtaining some special contributions from the owners of the property thus benefited. The case of Bozier’s Court is a similar one. The removal of this detached outlier of houses at the end of Tottenham Court Road would elevate half a dozen dingy little shops into one of the best corners for retail trade in London. We hope the Council will be firm in refusing to proceed with either of these proposals unless they are accompanied by some plan of “betterment” assessment. It is high time that London learned from New York or Sydney how to check this particular form of landlord rapacity.

We are, indeed, not sure whether street improvements are, as a rule, the most urgent matters for the Council to deal with. It was all very well for the Metropolitan Board of Works to occupy itself with new streets when that body had neither the ideas nor the capacity, neither the will nor the means, to perform the countless public services which London expects from its new municipality. The Metropolis has for generations lain abandoned to merciless exploitation by private enterprise in even the most indispensable public functions of urban life, and the County Council will have a hard enough task merely to come by its own. The water supply and the gas, the docks and the tramways, the Home Secretary’s police and the so-called Royal parks—all these have to be rescued for London, either from the private speculator in the necessarily collective administration of a great city, or from the equally tenacious clutches of Downing Street or “George Ranger.” The growth of traffic doubtless demands new thoroughfares now and again, but as a rule London needs new houses rather than new streets, and the municipalisation of its public services rather than vistas of not very successful boulevards. We should in this matter copy Birmingham rather than Paris. The “early manner” of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is, as we are happy for once to be able to recommend, a safer model for Sir John Lubbock than the more showy later developments either of that statesman or of Baron Haussmann.

The latest development of the Council is, however, a very happy one. The grant of £1,500 for music in the open spaces under the Council’s control may prove the beginning of that development of co-operation in the means of enjoyment which is already “common form” in France. The Glasgow Town Council softens the manners of the tenants of its municipal common lodging-houses by a municipal “harmoniumist,” whose salary figures unquestioned in the municipal accounts. Even the Colonial Office has permitted the Government of Malta to build, equip, and maintain a splendid Opera House out of public funds. The County Council bands in the parks on Bank Holiday will gain the hearts of many electors, and be of no small interest to the student of social evolution. The “municipalisation of the means of enjoyment” may prove a great deal more feasible than that “nationalisation of the instruments of production” which our Socialist friends are always demanding. It is too much to hope for subsidised municipal theatres, competing—greatly to the educational advantage of the public—with the private enterprise of the lower-class music-halls. But we may yet see “Sir Augustus” a permanent municipal officer, recruiting a magnificent municipal orchestra out of his municipal bands, and marshalling the municipal “supers” to municipal music in a reformed Lord Mayor’s Show on “Labour Day.”

THE HOUSE AND THE CHAIR.

THE House of Commons is seldom called upon to consider grave breaches of propriety by any of its members. Much is said in these days about the decline of self-restraint and good breeding in democratic assemblies; but it is really a fine perception of these qualities which makes the House unwilling to visit harshly even a flagrant outbreak of indecorum. The business of a vast and unwieldy machine of government is conducted in the main with personal forbearance, even in the heat of party conflict; and excesses are so rare, that they excite compassion rather than anger. It may happen, now and then, that the offence is of a kind which lies outside the immediate province of the House; but even in the case of Captain Verney there was a visible reluctance to resort to the extremity of expulsion, and high Parliamentary authorities seriously considered the question whether a member who had forfeited all moral claim to the society of his fellow-legislators ought not to be allowed to show some sense of his deplorable position by resigning his seat. In Mr. Atkinson's case the House had to deal with a member who set himself obstinately and rudely to dispute the authority of the Chair. Such a strain on the general tolerance is rarely imposed. There is no legislative assembly in which the dignity of the Chair is more jealously guarded than in the House of Commons. In the French and Italian Chambers, and in the American House of Representatives, the violence of party passion frequently reduces the personal authority of the officer who presides over the debates to a nullity. But in the House of Commons the supremacy of the Speaker is the chief guarantee of order, and even those who are occasionally brought into conflict with his ruling, in moments of heat, seldom fail to recognise the necessity of deference. This usage has given a unique force and impressiveness to the position of the Chair; and whatever errors Mr. Peel may have made, it will be universally allowed that he discharges the duties of his high office with signal ability and urbanity. It was something like a cataclysm, therefore, to find a member engaged in so violent a controversy with the Chair that the Speaker was compelled to appeal to the House. It may be argued that Mr. Peel would have done better to ignore Mr. Atkinson, to consign his epistles to the waste-paper basket, and to treat his alarms and excursions round the Clerks at the Table as the harmless ebullitions of an over-strung nervous system. On the other hand, it is tolerably certain that silent compassion would not have brought Mr. Atkinson to a sense of his absurdities. He would have been none the less impelled to suggest to the Clerks the appointment of "an impartial chairman" to review the Speaker's conduct. He would have been equally incensed at the desertion of Dr. Tanner in a critical emergency for the timber trade. The only question was, whether the Speaker should relieve himself from a nuisance by making his statement to the House, or whether he should leave Mr. Atkinson to provoke the House to take disciplinary measures at a later stage of his frenzy.

It may be allowed that the shorter way with Mr. Atkinson was distinctly for the better. The full significance of this unfortunate gentleman's condition is now known to his constituents. They will have little difficulty in deciding whether Boston ought to be represented by a politician who proposes to move next Session "that the Speaker be appointed from either House, and that steps be taken to prevent the Speaker's unnecessary acquirement of perquisites of plate." Further, Mr. Atkinson is of opinion that

"the Speaker, if a member, shall immediately resign, in order that he may not be biassed by his political opinions, and shall then sit for life, subject to deposition for misbehaviour, when he shall be turned out." Perhaps the suggestion that the Speaker is engaged in the accumulation of spoons at the public expense is sufficient to determine Mr. Atkinson's capacity for political life. It shows, too, that the compassion which moved the House to mitigate the penalty proposed by Mr. Goschen was only too well founded. It might have occurred at once to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that Mr. Atkinson's method was not that of cool and deliberate insult. It was left to Mr. Sexton to remind the House that its forbearance was specially enlisted by a case which had been watched by many members for some time past with growing uneasiness. In such circumstances it behoved the House not so much to mark its displeasure at a gross breach of discipline as to give the offender a salutary interval of repose. It was a medicinal, not a punitive, measure that was needed. Suspension for a week was a humane contrivance for giving Mr. Atkinson an opportunity of recovering his equilibrium in scenes sufficiently removed from the provocative presence of the Clerks at the Table. There is, unfortunately, some reason to doubt whether the member for Boston will return to the House on Monday with his sense of injustice assuaged; and unless he carries out his threat of vacating his seat in order to take the judgment of his constituents, there must be a considerable interval before he can be remitted to private life. The Boston Conservatives have chosen another candidate, and it is beyond question that Mr. Atkinson will not adorn the next Parliament; but at present he is in possession, and he may have another session of conflict with the Chair and of lament over the faithlessness of Dr. Tanner. This prospect seems to suggest the propriety of a careful consideration by the Parliamentary authorities of the best means of coping with this kind of portent. The House ought to be endowed with a short and merciful procedure for terminating the career of a member who wants the Speaker to resign and then sit for life, superior to the temptations of "perquisites of plate." The subject is surrounded with difficulties, for it involves the interference of the House between a member and his constituents; and in cases in which the lack of self-control was fitful there might not be a unanimous conviction of the necessity for decisive action. But the verdict of an impartial committee would probably be accepted by any constituency, and, at any rate, no section of the electorate can wish to see Mr. Atkinson wrangling with the Chair over impossible motions for months before the dissolution. Perhaps Lord Salisbury will cut the knot by making Mr. Atkinson a peer, and unselfishly sending him to join Lord Denman and Lord de Mauley.

THE PORTUGUESE CRISIS.

WHILE the deepening crisis in Portugal is disturbing the Stock Exchanges of Europe and increasing the apprehension and distrust that prevail, it is beginning to cause also some political uneasiness. The Republican party in Portugal has for years been growing in strength. It was immensely reinforced by the Brazilian revolution, and it has grown more rapidly since in consequence of the quarrel with this country about South Africa. The Monarchy, already weakened by misgovernment, has been utterly discredited by its conduct of the quarrel, and its last foundations apparently have been sapped by the prevailing distress. Everywhere,

therefore, it is feared that a revolution may break out at any moment. But it is said that the Portuguese Government has appealed for assistance to that of Spain, and that the latter has pledged itself to put down revolution by force. If Spain were to interfere, would France look on quietly? Probably the Government would be very unwilling to move; for the Czar could not look with favour upon support given to revolution, and Germany might step in to protect Spain. But if the Portuguese were to resist vigorously, and to appeal to France for help, could French popular feeling be restrained? If not, what would be the conduct of Germany and Austria-Hungary? Even, however, if the good sense of the Spanish Government, the advice of its friends, and the self-restraint of France should save us from the horrors of a great European war, it is possible that a revolution in Portugal may be followed by a rising in Spain. In both countries the Brazilian revolution has greatly strengthened the Republican party, and a successful rising in one would be very likely to lead to at least disturbance in the other. But if there were to be a revolutionary movement in both, would it extend to Italy? And what would be its influence on the grouping of the Great Powers? Unimportant, then, as Portugal by itself is, the progress of the crisis there is not unnaturally being watched with deep concern by politicians as well as by financiers.

The crisis had its origin chiefly in the extravagance and folly of the Government. The outlay on public works has for years been altogether in excess of what so small and poor a country could afford. And, unfortunately, they have often been planned without wisdom and carried out with jobbery and waste. The result has been a piling up of debt upon debt, until it has become impossible to pay the interest without borrowing abroad. In round figures the debt just now amounts to about 150 millions sterling, bearing 3 per cent. interest, and entailing therefore an annual charge of nearly £4,500,000. But the whole revenue of the country does not amount to £8,500,000. Consequently the annual charge for the debt is more than half the whole revenue. Under an international administration like that of Egypt, the people might be compelled to pay enough of taxes to defray this enormous annual charge. But it is quite clear that no self-governed people will consent under any circumstances to do so. Even a foreign authority would find it difficult to wring the money out of so poor a people. For years past, therefore, the interest on the debt has been paid, not out of revenue, but out of new loans. And now that the ability to borrow has ceased, it is quite clear that Portugal cannot go on paying. For more than a year now the Government has been vainly endeavouring to raise a considerable loan. At last, by selling its tobacco monopoly, it succeeded in raising enough money to pay the coupon due on the 1st of July. It is alleged that, although the subscriptions to the tobacco monopoly issue were only partially successful, an arrangement has since been made with bankers in Paris which will enable the Government to pay the interest due at the end of the year. But much doubt is entertained as to whether, in fact, the money will be forthcoming; and, at all events, even if the January coupon is paid, the question remains, Will it be possible to find money enough to pay the next? The wisest course, as matters stand now, would be for the Portuguese Government to inform its creditors that it finds itself unable to pay the full interest, and to ask them to agree to a compromise, promising to do all in its power to minimise their sacrifice. It would be useless for them to refuse, for every competent person knows that Portugal cannot pay £4,500,000

a year on the service of its debt. And if a reasonable compromise were arrived at, the Portuguese Government would get breathing time to set its house in order, and introduce a wiser policy for the future. If it does not do this, then it will have to suspend paying the interest altogether sooner or later. The mistakes of the Government have not been confined, however, to extravagant and wasteful public works; they have extended to naval and military armaments altogether beyond the ability of Portugal. The little kingdom did not wish to be behind the great European Powers in the scramble for Africa, and very soon found itself involved in a dispute with our own country respecting certain territories in South Africa. Just now we need not stop to inquire on which side lay the right. Unfortunately for Portugal there was no question at all as to the side on which stood might. Portugal, however, refused to recognise that she could not successfully fight the United Kingdom. She engaged in costly naval and military preparations, and thus increased the already excessive pressure upon the finances of the country. The fear that she might find herself in a war with Great Britain, of course, intensified her discredit. Lending was dangerous enough while there was only the expectation of a financial crash. But, if to that were added an inevitably disastrous war with the greatest naval power in the world, it would be out of the question. If Portugal were to consent to sell her African and Indian possessions, she might, no doubt, raise a further sum, and so put off the evil day. But even so she would not restore the equilibrium between revenue and expenditure. And, unless she also changed her whole policy, she would sooner or later have to acknowledge herself insolvent.

The difficulties of the country have been enhanced by depressed trade, the breakdown of speculation, and other causes, but undoubtedly of all the influences weighing upon her outside the action of her Government, the Brazilian revolution has been the most disastrous. Brazil has always remained closely connected with Portugal economically, and every year there has been a steady and considerable stream of emigration from the older country to the newer. As a rule, the emigrants have prospered in their new homes. Some of them have risen to great wealth, and all have been generally in the habit of remitting large sums annually either for investment at home or for the relief of relatives who have remained behind. In this way a very considerable tribute was received by Portugal, helping her to settle the balance due from her because of the excess of her imports over her exports. But since the revolution in Brazil the remittances to Portugal have very greatly fallen off. Owing to rampant speculation, to a bad coffee crop last year, to the cessation of Brazilian loans in Europe, to excessive note issues, to the failure of the English Bank of the River Plate, and to other circumstances, the Brazilian Exchange upon London has fallen nearly one-half, from about 27d. to about 16d., which means that there would be a proportionate loss in remitting money from Brazil to Europe. The consequence is that Portugal has not now this large annual sum to draw upon in order to enable her to settle her debts abroad. Hence she has been compelled to send all the gold that could be scraped together to London. Practically there is no Portuguese gold coin in circulation. The sovereign is the real gold currency of Portugal. And it is said that since the beginning of this year over four millions sterling in gold have been shipped to London. As a matter of course, gold has risen to a premium. Silver, which, as compared with gold, is at a depreciation of about 20 per cent. in the open markets of the world, is actually also at

a premium in Portugal—not, however, reckoned in gold, but in the paper money of the country. Even copper coins are at a premium, which shows that the Portuguese public has absolutely no confidence either in the Portuguese Government or the Portuguese banks. Naturally trade is almost at a standstill, the poorer classes are in deep distress, and, therefore, everyone is apprehending a revolutionary outburst from day to day.

A MINISTRY OF JUSTICE.

WE notice with regret a proneness, even among Liberal journalists, to condemn proceedings in Supply, and to treat the criticisms of private members as if all frivolity, self-advertisement, and vanity. We only regret that all public services are not on the Estimates, so that they might be discussed, their shortcomings freely pointed out, in Committee of Supply. Were no public services charged on the Consolidated Fund, but all alike made subject to Parliamentary criticism, a Ministry of Justice would soon be an admitted necessity. We do not much believe in the notion that a new Department of State is always a great gain. There are Mr. Chaplin and the Board of Agriculture to prove the contrary. The case for creating a separate Department of Justice is exceptionally strong. It is not an accident that almost every earnest legal reformer has attached importance to this proposal. Among lawyers, Lord Brougham, Lord Westbury, and Lord Langdale, were the boldest and most sincere reformers, and all of them recorded their emphatic conviction that such a Minister was urgently needed. This is what Lord Langdale said in 1849, and his words have the more weight if we remember the rare moderation, caution, and honesty of him who used them:—"I believe that you cannot work out a system of safe and rational law reform without an authority of the kind of a Secretary of State for the Affairs of Justice who should have a superintendence over all the Courts and every branch of the law; for everything connected with the law requires to be subjected to a proper inquiry and authority, and everything which ought to be laid before Parliament should be laid before it regularly and officially, in order that it may usefully consider what may from time to time be proper to be done, and how best to do it." The answer given to Lord Langdale's suggestion is repeated to-day whenever it is revived: We have a Minister of Justice in the Lord Chancellor; you would but change the name of his office. That is a mistake as to what a Minister of Justice should be, and what the Lord Chancellor always is. There is a *morcellement* of authority. Some of the proper functions of the office which we suggest now devolve upon the Lord Chancellor; others fall to the Home Secretary; the Attorney-General has his share of responsibility; so has the Public Prosecutor. For the supervision and control of the whole field no one is responsible, and so things are done which ought not to be done, and many more things left undone which ought to be done.

Three defects, traceable to the absence of such a Ministry, are palpable. Of every other public service we know the cost. We can easily tell to a shilling what the Army or Navy or Civil Service costs, what is the intended expenditure, whether there is an increase or decrease, and at what point. Not so with respect to the judicial establishment and other parts of our legal system. By a study of Parliamentary returns—most of which we owe to Mr. Henry Fowler—we can get at approximate figures; but when we analyse the expenses of Law and Justice we find it extremely difficult to detect variations of

receipt and expenditure at particular points. Given a Minister of Justice, and we should soon have a clear budget of Law and Justice—a budget which would reveal some startling facts as to the expense of administering them. It was Lord Langdale's suggestion that the proposed Minister of Justice should "report quarterly to the Queen the state of the administration of civil and criminal justice; the proceedings of the several courts; the business therein transacted; the new regulations made; any inconveniences which have occurred in the administration; what remedies have been suggested and ought to be applied." If this be deemed too great an innovation, we might at least have that which we get from the President of the Local Government Board or the Secretary of State for the Army or Navy, a connected statement of what has been done and is proposed. A third advantage would be the removal of what is now a serious practical defect; some one person would in each House of Parliament be responsible for all matters relative to legal administration. As things are, the Attorney-General may say in answer to complaints, as he did, the other day, "Do not blame me; the Director of Public Prosecutions is answerable." When called upon to intervene in regard to the action of erring magistrates, the Home Secretary can generally say, "That is not my affair." If a complaint is made that much-needed changes in procedure are not made, the Lord Chancellor's answer can always be, "That is the province of the Committee of Judges; I am not answerable for their action or delay." If there is a complaint as to circuit arrangements, the stereotyped answer is, "All such matters are settled by the Lord Chief Justice in concert with the other judges." It fell to Mr. Ritchie on Thursday night to answer a question about the costs of prosecutions at Assizes. In short, the office of Minister of Justice is in commission; its functions are parcelled out among officials, some of whom are altogether beyond the control of Parliament.

The Lord Chancellor is said to be the Minister of Justice. Even if he were such, the presence in the House of Commons of someone fully representing that department would be desirable. But such is the variety of his duties, so many are the claims upon his time, that he cannot perform more than a small portion of the work which would devolve upon such a Minister. The Lord Chancellor is required in the House of Lords when sitting as final tribunal of appeal; it is not a time for him to withdraw from discharging that function when grave complaints are made as to the enormous interval between the hearing of important appeals and their decision. He is required to preside occasionally in the Court of Appeal. His attendances there have become rarer and rarer; they cannot become fewer if he is to be an appreciable element in that tribunal. He must watch over Bills affecting legal interests while passing through the House of Lords; and if a Bill be complicated—for example, a measure such as the last Land Transfer Bill—it is enough to absorb the energies of the ablest lawyer. A large amount of patronage must be exercised; the Chancellor's presence at State ceremonials is imperative; he takes his share, as a member of the Cabinet, of its deliberations; and he must be ready to join in all important debates. No one could perform satisfactorily all the duties annexed to the office of Chancellor; certainly no one has performed them.

In point of fact, some of them are neglected even by the most conscientious holders of the office. Lord Lyndhurst threw himself into politics, and he grew careless about the judicial and administrative duties. Lord Westbury gave the best of his mind to the large

schemes of reform which he meditated, and few of which unfortunately ripened. Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, and Lord Herschell were laborious, and eager to do their best. But even they could not compass the vast variety of duties within the Chancellor's province. That is not all our point. In the memorandum which Lord Langdale prepared with respect to a Minister of Justice and Legislation, it will be found that he proposed to assign to that official duties now performed regularly by no one. For example, "to inquire into and ascertain the merits of all complaints made of neglect or irregularity in the administration of justice, and to make such representation, or report thereon, as the occasion may require, for the redress of any grievance." Many other functions omitted by Lord Langdale and now imperfectly discharged might be named; we pass over all except two—the duty of continuously carrying on the codification of our law, and of taking note of and rectifying, all defects brought to light in the working of it. We might swell the list of duties to be performed; but enough has been said to show the expediency of reviving a forgotten article of the Radical creed.

ENTENTE CORDIALE AGAIN?

THE knowledge that we are to be the entertainers of the French fleet at Portsmouth, and the probability that the Queen will herself review the ships, give an agreeable turn to the situation. We should like to describe this highly picturesque and interesting event more strongly still. It is long since the two European countries who resemble each other most strongly in the general bent, if not in the form, of their political institutions have been on other than highly ceremonious, and even, at times, coldly irritable, terms. As for the thought that inspired the invitation to France, it is necessary to examine it with some little care. We may well suppose that it has occurred to Lord Salisbury to vary our entertainments of the sovereign and prince of two nations deeply concerned in the Triple Alliance. If so, the thought was a happy one. If we could see in it a reversion to the part which is most in harmony with our place in the European system—the occupation of a neutral ground where hospitality was free to all and sundry, but where no serious political business was done—we should call it happier still. It would be something to get back the old *entente cordiale* with the country which touches us six times where any other nation but Russia, of which we will speak further on, touches us once, even at the price of losing the illusion of the grand *rôle* in foreign affairs which we owe to Lord Beaconsfield's mischievous and meddling genius. We wish, therefore, we were quite sure that, as Lord Salisbury very genially and happily suggested at the Mansion House, we are to place the French invitation on the same level as that extended to the Kaiser and the Prince of Naples. But that depends on what Lord Salisbury has been doing since 1887.

Let us put the European situation hypothetically. It is generally admitted that Mr. Gladstone left the country absolutely unentangled as to European alliances, and that the first year of Lord Salisbury's Government saw no change. Suppose, however, that in 1887 the first formal communications with the Italian Government were opened up. In his speech at the Mansion House, Lord Salisbury sniffed disdainfully at the notions of politicians who think that all diplomacy is done by protocol. It is not necessary to assume that anything of the kind has occurred in relation to the Triple Alliance. After all,

the treaty-making power with us, though it nominally resides with the Executive, is never for long out of the people's hands. But there are more ways than one of defining spheres of interest and arranging diplomatic combinations. Suppose that a series of communications had been exchanged between the two Governments, which had been narrowed down to a precise statement of the position of Italy and England in the Mediterranean, and of the points where united action might become desirable. If this were done, the result might be to leave England formally free, unfettered by any of those documents which, to use Lord Salisbury's polite cynicism, have practically no binding powers on nations, but committed to act in certain events. We do not know how far the Prime Minister would dispute this description of the departure—the very serious departure—for which his Government is responsible. Assuming that it be correct, let us see what possible effect it might have on the courses of European diplomacy.

Prior to 1887 nothing can have been more fluid than the state of European affairs, so far as alliances were concerned. The Triple Alliance was solidifying, but it was the only piece of really concrete diplomacy in Europe. The Russo-French combination seemed impossible on account of the Nihilist difficulty, and the yawning chasm which divided a spiritual autocracy from a country which has nearly always led progressive Europe, and is still soaked with democracy and free thought. It must be admitted that neither Russia nor France treated us particularly well. We paid for Egypt in Madagascar and in Newfoundland; we paid for Lord Beaconsfield in the Afghan trouble and Komaroff crusade. Whether it was wisdom to resent such treatment by throwing our influence into the scales weighted with the Triple Alliance is another question. That Lord Salisbury did it, and that the momentous consequences of his actions were instantly perceived in diplomatic Europe, we cannot affect to doubt.

And now what has been the result? At first it was clearly the consummation dear to certain diplomatists, the isolation of France. And yet it was precisely that fact which did all the mischief, especially when Bismarck, a steady pro-Russian, disappears from the stage. France, as the *Times* truly says, began to court Russia. And for an excellent reason. The Quai D'Orsay might have submitted to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; it was in no mind to condemn a great and proud country to a permanent minor *rôle* in European diplomacy. The story of the palingenesis of France as a European Power is a signal tribute to the genius of her statesmen, even though it may have produced the most *bizarre*, and perhaps the most formidable, combination of modern times. At all events, the episode of Cronstadt, with the Tsar beating time, as it were, to the Marseillaise, that musical menace of despots, puts the seal to a companionship which, though we doubt its formal diplomatic basis, may possibly be as close as that which binds us, as a useful kind of annexe, to Italy, and through her to the Triple Alliance. The German papers, who are naturally anxious to minimise the affair of Cronstadt, point out that the Russian hosts were careful to say "Vive la France!" rather than "Vive la République!" But in toasting France, it is obvious that the Tsar toasts the head of the Government; just as in toasting England he would toast Queen Victoria, who is no more his model of a Sovereign ruler than is M. Carnot. The fact remains, that for the first time since 1870, Europe is, in the words of a very distinguished diplomatist, again divided into two camps, the leaders of which are nicely calculating the number of men and guns which each new ally has added to their strength. It is all very well for Lord

Salisbury, whose words are invariably better than his deeds, to say—with a cynical reflection on Lord Hammond's prophecy of peace on the eve of the Franco-German war—that the surface of European politics was never so tranquil, never so uncrossed by shadow or ripple. No one speaks of an immediate menace of war. Russia is not ready—her re-armament will not be complete for another two years; and Turkey is not at the moment rotten-ripe enough for plucking. Europe, however, bristles with armaments, and, what is very much worse, she may again be, after the lapse of a century, at the mercy of that detestable and artificial arrangement, the mechanical device of a dead-and-gone school of diplomatists—the Balance of Power.

There, as it seems to us, lies the peril, which is not entirely excluded by Lord Salisbury's sensible taunt at the gossip-mongers who are always concocting European alliances. Of course, we do not imagine that we shall go to war with France or Russia. The bulk of the French people is not warlike, and our policy is still in the main based on the wise selfishness of non-intervention. Even if it were otherwise, Lord Salisbury is not permanently installed at the Foreign Office, and if he were, he would probably find half a dozen reasons to prevent him carrying out any engagements he may have formed with Italy. The trouble is not what we shall do, but what we have forced others to do. We have found ourselves in the position of the pivot of the European situation. If it should most unhappily turn out that we have given it the wrong turn, no reception, however warm, however heartfelt, of the gallant fleet which all but wrested from us the mastery of the seas, will wipe out the lamentable consequences of our error.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE season, the weather, the bad harvest prospects in Germany and Russia, and the fresh series of international courtesies now in progress at the Russian capital, combine this week to reduce to a minimum the purely political matter of the chronicle. The arrival of the French fleet at Cronstadt on Friday week seems, as a spectacle, to have left nothing to be desired; while the enthusiasm, both of the visitors and of their hosts, seems to have increased day by day. From the Czar downwards, the utmost cordiality has been shown to the French squadron, and has met with the heartiest possible response; and, while the German and English press generally seem disinclined to attach very great political significance to these expressions of goodwill, considerable apprehension as to the dangers attendant on a Franco-Russian alliance have been expressed in England by the *Standard* and in Germany by the chosen organ of Prince Bismarck. And we know that in the best informed circles there is believed to be ample ground for these apprehensions at the present time. We deal with the subject in detail elsewhere. But as regards the durability of the feeling, a nation in which the important elements are the nobles and the peasants, and whose head and embodiment will not mention the French Republic, and chooses to exalt its President and very humble servant into the semblance of a personal ruler, can have little in common with a people so essentially republican and *bourgeois* as that of France. The naïve astonishment of the Czar at the bearing and discipline of the "Republican crews" shows how very much that potentate has still to learn. The "understanding" between France and Russia, if it has any surer basis than effervescent, evanescent, and, generally speaking, vicarious sympathy, must be based on the Russian consciousness of isolation and on that persistent

provincialism which is the curse in France alike of *ouvrier* and *bourgeois*, of peasant proprietor and *boulevardier*.

The terrible accident at St. Mandé—the worst, save one fifty years ago, that has ever occurred in France—seems to have been due, after all, to very simple and ordinary causes. A crowded train was delayed, and the next train, disregarding the signals, ran into it, crushing the rear guard's van, which was full of passengers, and two other carriages, and setting fire to the *débris*. Fifty persons were killed or have since died, and two hundred were injured. The wild stories as to tampering with the signals and brakes, and as to the inability of the engine driver to see before him because his engine was travelling tender first, are now definitely contradicted. The driver ignored the signals, and an official at Vincennes—the station before St. Mandé and almost in sight of it—started the train while the line was blocked. Doubtless the collision was aggravated by the two-storied arrangement, borrowed presumably from the old diligences, so much affected on the Paris suburban lines. A civil funeral was proposed by some members of the Municipal Council, but was prevented by a threat of resignation on the part of some of the municipal officials.

The French Census shows the smallest increase on record in the population—an increase due, moreover, mainly to foreign immigration. There has been a considerable increase in the population of the towns at the expense of the rural districts. The total is 38,095,000.

Some curious statistics as to higher education in France are given in a report just issued by the Minister of Public Instruction. The *lycées* and colleges supported by the State have lost about 7 per cent. of their pupils during the last three years. Day-boys have increased, but boarders have fallen off very heavily. Among schools not supported by the State, those under lay management have lost even more heavily. The number of such schools has diminished by a sixth, that of their pupils by over a fifth. But the religious schools have not reaped the advantage, for, though they have gained about 6,000 day-boys, they have lost over 7,000 boarders. Roughly, the lay schools have lost 10,000 pupils; the clerical have made a nett gain of about 1,200; and the difference is said to be accounted for by the improvement in the primary schools. Remembering the unhappy lot of a boarder in a French school—ceaselessly watched by ushers, with poor food, constant work, and no play worth mentioning—one cannot but congratulate French parents on their growing good sense.

The Italian Ministry intend to effect a further reduction of expenditure of about twenty-five million francs. About half is on public works, some eight millions on the army estimates—chiefly on fortifications in progress—and about five millions by abolishing the naval manœuvres and limiting the movements of ships of war. The Ministerial programme is said to include a scheme of insurance against accident and old age, and a reform of the bank-note circulation, involving a considerable increase of the specie reserve and a uniform type of note.

Those who are in Switzerland to-day or to-morrow will be able to see an interesting and really characteristic spectacle. In every church there will be a memorial service; in every village a fête; and beacon fires from the highest summits in every district will announce the fifth centenary of the conclusion of the pact which was the foundation of Swiss nationality. But the great centre of attraction will be at Schwyz. Here, there will be a great public meeting addressed by the Federal authorities, and a special historical drama, or rather series of tableaux, representing events in Swiss history, from the lake-dwellers onward. The Catholic leaders in Ticino positively refuse to take part in the celebration of the centenary, so disgusted are they with the result of the recent trial of the

Revolutionists. Bern, too, will celebrate, a fortnight hence, the 700th anniversary of her foundation by Duke Berthold of Zähringen, by a procession representing events in her history and the occupations of her population—from the guides of the Oberland to the cheese-makers of the Emmenthal and the watch-makers of the Jura.

In parts of Germany the weather has caused great distress. The forest districts on the Upper Spree are flooded, and fever will probably break out. Many other districts have suffered severely from storms, and the prices of wheat and rye at Berlin rose sharply on Monday.

The Austrian nationalities are pursuing their usual course. An attempt to obtain a subsidised German theatre at Buda Pesth has evoked the liveliest protest from the Magyar population. The Young Czechs have apparently been definitely and finally cast off by the Poles; and the Emperor will refuse to visit the Prague Exhibition as a sign of his disapproval of the popular spirit in Bohemia. Meanwhile, various Slav elements in Austria—including Czechs, Slovenes, and Croats—were represented by deputation at Cronstadt on the arrival of the Russian fleet.

The King of Servia has been received with enthusiasm at Kieff.

The distress in Russia is very serious. In the Government of Nijni Novgorod, for instance, there are districts where half the population is in want of bread: the hay has failed, the horses and cattle are being hastily sold off, the grain harvest is hardly a fourth of the average, and is the third successive failure. Other parts of the central districts are nearly as bad, and the difficulties of transport are always immense. Steps are being taken to obtain information and send relief, but they can hardly be very effectual.

So, after all, Miss Katy Greenfield eloped with a Kurd lover, and is a convert to the faith of Islam. Moreover, her father was "of Transylvania," and her mother is an Armenian, so that the English element in her is somewhat adulterated. Of course the papers that once were Turcophil—for, except in France and Russia, Turcophilism is now out of fashion—are pointing the moral: Because Miss Greenfield was a willing captive, therefore there are no atrocities in Armenia. We cannot identify the logical process involved in this inference. Moreover, it is not yet certain that the inquiry into Miss Greenfield's religious opinions was quite so satisfactory. The latest telegrams show that she may have made her declaration of Islamism under the influence of fear.

Senator (and Boss) Quay has at last ceased officially to direct Republican destinies in the United States. Considering the past attacks on him of the Democratic and Independent Press, headed by the *Nation*, we can hardly wonder that he should hesitate to take charge of the campaign work of 1892.

The Chilian news of this week has chiefly related to the two cruisers—the *Presidente Pinto* and the *Presidente Errazuriz*—which, if they ever get to Chili, which is extremely unlikely, will enable the Balmacedists to send troops to crush the Congressionals in the nitrate provinces. The *Pinto* left Toulon on Friday, promptly ran aground, and was only got off on Wednesday, badly damaged. The *Errazuriz* left Falmouth hastily on Friday, seemingly with many of her crew in irons. At Lisbon she was boarded by the British Chargé d'Affaires, who, however, finding that the British subjects aboard only wished for their pay, did not bring them ashore. The French and Spanish Consuls have interfered to more purpose. The Portuguese Government has taken prompt measures to prevent her getting a crew, except by the strictly regular methods, which are not open to her, and she can hardly get round Cape Horn—for she cannot risk the Straits—as she is, Lieutenant Armit, R.N., who exhibited his superiority to merely political considerations some time ago by accepting service under the Balmacedist Government, now

complains that his pay is in arrears. He seems, however, to have been satisfied remarkably easily by an apology from the Chilian Minister at Paris. Don Claudio Vicuña has been elected successor to President Balmaceda, but there is little doubt that his election is constitutionally null, and it seems certain that the Presidential troops cannot be depended on.

THE AGE OF MACHINERY.—II.*

SIXTY years ago, Carlyle was dealing out his fierce and fiery invectives against the "Mechanical Era," in which, as bad luck would have it, his lot was cast. Nearly at the same time, a more poetically equipped genius, Victor Hugo, described the coming age as "a great note of interrogation," a middle something composed of doubts, fears, and hopes—a twilight which was by-and-by to flush and kindle into the rosy dawn. We, who are more than half a century older, and in consequence to some degree wiser, than Hugo and Carlyle were then, have seen the "mechanical era" take possession of new realms year by year, and the dawn delay her silver wheels, like the reluctant goddess she is feigned to be. Our anonymous lecturer, who has ten centuries to his advantage, remarks upon these curious phenomena. The age of mechanism, he says, bore a certain likeness to "autumn in April;" the dead leaves were everywhere, and yet the trees were budding and the green blade had begun to spring. Dead or dying institutions covered the face of Europe—moribund sects, churches, parliaments, taxing-offices, monarchies, and empires. Military rule flourished, but the heart was eaten out of it. Religion had sunk to Hobbes' definition, "a fable permitted by the State." Hypocrisy was rampant, victorious, and universal. So great an expenditure of whitewash on the outside of sepulchres had never been seen or dreamt of since whitewashing came into fashion. "A considerable number," it is casually observed, "did still believe in the Bible." But no one believed much in anything. The old was feeble because it found itself at death's door; the new was struggling to be born. Those who, to quote Mirabeau's phrase, were striving valiantly to swallow their formulas, felt a choking sensation in the throat. On all sides change was impending, yet none had quite guessed the word of the riddle; and extreme called to extreme; reaction followed revolution. Mechanism destroyed, but was powerless to create life. Thoughtful men joined hands perforce with the Nihilist; and good men, shrinking from the Nihilist, were condemned to the society of fools. It was chaos come again, the wisdom of the age divorced from its institutions which were outworn and retrograde, custom ruling at large yet uncrowned and desecrated in the private creed of thousands upon thousands. Tradition looked askance at freedom; and the religious spirit knew not how to reconcile these strange and daring aspirations with the respectable old virtues. At length a philosopher in Germany and a naturalist in Kent uttered the saving word so long and so vainly expected. Of course it was the word—we are sick of its very sound by now—which spells "Evolution."

Yes, cries the Professor, quoting with approval a certain Herr Löwenthal, such was the new commandment given unto men, "Be ye evolved." The new morality sprang from it, for "Everything which favours evolution is good, and everything which thwarts it is the opposite." To whom, then, has the nineteenth century to look for the science and secret of life? Surprising as it may appear, this prophet of the year 3000 answers in stentorian tones, "To Mr. Herbert Spencer." Has not, he goes on to ask, that writer of sesquipedalian sentences defined, in words as terrifying as the things themselves, integration, differentiation, homogeneity, abiogenesis, egoism,

* "Das Maschinenalter." Future Lectures on our Own Age. By Anon. Zürich, 1891.

altruism, and the Unknowable? Defined! we echo, with the melancholy which comes of much reading; true, Mr. Spencer has defined pretty nearly everything; but he has explained little or nothing. We have gone through the whole of his volumes—a feat which it is probable the Lecturer will not live to accomplish—and we find ourselves no more evolved than the day we began. It is poor consolation to have enlarged our vocabulary by a few thousand phrases. The secret of life has been promised us by Mr. Rider Haggard as well as Mr. Spencer; but they are merry-andrews both, and given to romancing. Neither in "She" nor in the philosophy of the Unconscious have we found the golden fire. Someone has boldly declared that the "Essays of Elia" will outlive all the books on things in general which Mr. Spencer has given to the world. We hope it may be so. The Professor quotes Mr. Spencer and has not a word to say about Charles Lamb; but perhaps he reckons him with the "old classics, Shakespere, Goethe, and Pushkin," who were read only in translation or not at all in the year 3000. It is evident that Mr. Spencer will not be an old classic.

However, we need not waste time in arguing with a *soi-disant* German professor, who is not going to be born for the next nine hundred years. At any rate, we have seized his point of view. He agrees with Ibsen, whom he seems to have carefully studied, that Evolution is now throwing into its Medea's cauldron, "the factors of intellectual life"; and that "in no long while a period will begin during which the conceptions we now form of politics and social science will cease to exist, a fresh unity emerging from them which will carry with it the happiness of mankind." "For," continues Ibsen, "I believe that poetry, philosophy, and religion will blend into a new category, and a new life-power, of which we can make nothing distinct at present. But I drink to the Coming and the Becoming." Thus the Norwegian dramatist. Other poets, especially the Germans, Henckell, Von Reder, Fulda, and John Henry Mackay, salute the dawn with equal enthusiasm. It is curious to read "Locksley Hall" in so Teutonic a setting; but there can be no doubt that the modern singers are humanitarian, cosmopolitan, and progressive. Even Victor Hugo declared with the accustomed brevity of his latter-day speeches, *Je ne suis ni Français ni Européen; je suis humain*. This sounds too comical to be a fact; yet Hugo was sincere,—theatrically. He meant that Frenchhood was evolving in him to manhood, and the race of the thirtieth century getting ready to run its course.

So much for the Coming. Now as regards the Becoming, which, after all, is equivocal English, and need not be moral unless it is agreeable to itself. Our Professor relates that in 1885 and the following years there was a strong and steady movement towards "Women's Rights," in describing which he waxes eloquent, even as he did when launching his thunderbolts against war and bloodshed. He points to the circumstance that, as man was destined to become by slow but sure degrees human, so his long-degraded and down-trodden "help-meet" was now being lifted and transformed until she should become man. Why not? If a spider-monkey has it in him by integration and differentiation to travel upwards until he is made a colonial bishop, or a Fellow of the Royal Society (and Darwinism asks no more), it is manifest that we may and ought to cherish, as the American lady says, "brighter hopes for women." They, too, if they hold firm to the Becoming—*Das Werden*—have a prospect of being some day colonial bishops and Royal Fellows. It may be objected that they have weak heads and delicate limbs. "In other words," satirically observes the Professor, "they could not drink and smoke and fight as bravely as the so-called 'men' did in the Mechanical Era. But they will not be asked to do so when the good time comes. The brain will have subdued the muscles." Are they superstitious and fond of clergymen? Whose fault is that? he asks indignantly. Have

their fathers or husbands cared to see them educated or enlightened? Do they not all in their hearts applaud Napoleon's brutal answer to Madame de Staël, that it was the business of a woman to be the mother of a large family and not to write books? Pity that the Professor could not quote "Diana of the Crossways," where she remarks, "Man has weathered Seraglio Point, but is far from having got round Cape Turk." Again, are women as yet barbaric in their dress and adornments, while men—except emperors and recruiting-sergeants—have given up silks, lace, and fripperies? But how can women help it when a "good marriage" is the end to which these are the means? In the thirteenth century, we learn, it was counted as degrading for men to praise "Caroline's good looks," as it would be now for women to write novels about Karl's lovely features. So says the lecturer; but on his own domestic affairs he is altogether reticent. In the antique world which he describes he seems to have known Germany best. It is not wonderful, therefore, if he believed that half the human race were looked down upon by their tobacco-loving husbands as mere domestic servants, who could not give notice except through the Divorce Court. Women, he says, began at last to earn their own living; then they married to please themselves, or did not marry; and certain European institutions of a highly artificial kind fell with a crash.

As we are yet living in the "age of hypocrites," it may not be advisable to reproduce this portion of the Professor's text, interesting as it certainly is, and even true. He almost forgets the calm retrospective tone in which he had promised to lecture; and his wrath and eloquence when he comes to the great human sacrifice of the nineteenth century break out with astonishing power. Imagine Captain Cook delivering his sentiments on cannibalism to a group of South Sea Islanders, and you will have some conception of these chapters which deal with match-making, high-bred marriage customs, and police-regulated vice. It is to be supposed, however, that the Fijians of the last century would not even have understood Captain Cook's religious difficulty. They would have shrugged their shoulders and gone about their culinary operations, at most throwing him the great historic phrase, *Così fan tutti*, "If everyone eats his neighbour, what is that to you?" exactly like our contemporary Fijians of the marriage market and the human shambles. But no argument enrages the lecturer like that from legal prescription—"It has always been so." "Why, you amazing product of evolution," he returns, "can you not see that things *change for the better*? Once women were captured by their husbands; then they were bought openly; afterwards there came to pass match-making and the London season. Do you mean to tell me there is no progress?" The sexes will be equal by-and-by, all professions will be open to women, and the marriage contract will be no longer "one-sided," but a reciprocal devotion, terminable, it should seem, on demand of either party. And other things will happen which, to say the least, are extremely surprising to the modern reader. For evolution will work in all directions, and the new state will be much more consistent than the old.

Good. Let us now ask what becomes of religion when it has been further evolved. Apparently it vanishes. "The future will need no religious consolation," for it will not be what Mrs. Gamp described as "a wale," and may behave itself accordingly. Gods there will be, though not so termed—Humanity, Nature, and Science. As no one will desire to be immortal, and the "Christian mythology" will have gone its way, the clergy of all denominations will cease to rend and bite one another—which if it could be achieved, might seem a not undesirable respite from *their* Militarism. But will the scientific priesthood which succeeds them keep the peace? At present, they seem to be as human (on the old fighting pattern) as the gentlemen in black whom they are ousting. The

Lecturer passes by this detail in silence. He is clear and energetic in maintaining that, as time goes on, no one with a tincture of science will trouble his head concerning the "Other World;" for the Millennium will have come, and the tyranny of an autocratic Master above or below will exist no longer. We who have heard George Eliot's pathetic and high-wrought pleading for a universe without God, can well fancy the Professor's arguments. They discover somewhat of the German—rudeness, shall we call it?—and are more forcible than polite. Even so, the good man laments that in the nineteenth century a disputant was expected to remember his manners, though he denounced the most inveterate falsehoods, such as Theism and Christianity. Yes, he was, and for a plain reason, because on the spirit of good manners, Evolution itself depends. We certainly prefer George Eliot to the Lecturer, who, though he laughs elsewhere and is not malicious (a little intolerant by nature we suspect), here swings his mighty axe and demeans himself like a very iconoclast. Protestant and Catholic go down before him; the New Testament fares no better than the Old: of all "conventional lies" there is none which he does not handle gently compared with the religious fairy-tales, and prehistoric ceremonies, upheld by Conservative County Members, retired Admirals of the Blue, families of distinction whose younger sons were in the Church, and the indifferent to whom it was all, as Rabelais and Pascal said, a lottery in which, by good luck, somebody might win. He is talking of Germany, and does not mention Admirals of the Blue. But he might have talked of England with just as much point. If hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue, it must be honestly said that on this side of the German Ocean virtue is smothered in roses. Positivism is rather a relief, a sort of clearing of the air, when one considers how many things are said in the pulpit which not a soul appears to believe outside it. The Professor would like a census of "religious hypocrites." So should we. But the Dissenters, it is well known, have always objected on principle to a religious census of any kind.

Frederick the Great summed up his humanitarian views by calling his fellow man, *Cette race maudite*. It was good theology, and perhaps quite as good sense. Even the philosophical historian to whom we have been listening has hard things to say of us and our contemporaries. Man (and we include some women) is, we acknowledge, not a person of unblemished character. He is well known to the police. In his occasional fits of repentance he owns to a goodly number of vices and passions, to base motives and evil deeds. He does not quite hold with the excellent Scotch lady that "total depravity is a saving doctrine if one can live up to it." Nevertheless, he lives within sight of it much too often. He is desperately fond of cakes and ale. If you examine him closely you will see in him the child, the woman, the slave, the barbarian, the savage, something of the ape, and a trace or two of the tiger, although Evolutionists declare that he did not pass by the tiger's way. And our erudite professor, who has not lived much in the open air, but is highly civilised and studious, believes that in this present century we are on the threshold of a moral and religious change, that will put an end to most of our vices and give our passions their legitimate scope! "Oh, Professor, great is thy atheistic faith!" Man does change and grow refined; he is an ape of the loftiest manners when he has learnt the trick; and out of mere haekings with a flint knife and bloody scalpings of his enemy he has evolved Roman law, mediæval chivalry, and modern benevolence. But, as Bayle remarked, he is a tough morsel for systems—you mark the word, Professor, for *systems*—to digest. Has he proved too much for Christianity? What will your lean and narrow Positivism make of *Cette race maudite*? Will it swallow him? Or is it not a thousand times likelier that he will swallow it? For

Mephistopheles knew his man, when he observed with diabolic shrewdness:—

"Von Sonn' und Welten weiss ich nichts zu sagen,
Ich sehe nur, wie sich die Menschen plagen:
Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
Und ist so wunderbarlich als wie am ersten Tag."

In the year 3000 that is still likely to be the truth. Man, if he is to march, needs a spur: he changes only because he is uncomfortable. Doubtless he will try to make a Heaven on earth, and will thank his Positivist friends for lending him their ground plan. But he is quite sure to be dissatisfied in the long run. The chances are that if we could hear a course of lectures in the year 4000 or later, we should be exhilarated with an eloquent description of the Decline and Fall of the Positivist Mythology, by one who had outlived it.

THE RELATIONS OF DE QUINCEY AND CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

AT the present moment three vacant Professorships are being filled up in the University of Edinburgh. They have appointed Mr. Goodhart and Mr. Seth, from Cambridge and St. Andrews respectively, as their Humanist and their Metaphysician; but the new Music professor may not be chosen till October. It is curious that just at this time a story should come out illustrating how not long since the chairs there used to be filled—illustrating it by the relations of two of the most remarkable men of the forenoon of the nineteenth century.

For many years the most striking figure in the streets of the northern capital was Christopher North, as John Wilson, the Moral Philosophy Professor, on the whole preferred to be called. Broad-chested, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, he strode every day eastward from Gloucester Place to the college, and many a wandering rustic wondered who the lion-like laird could be who had lost his way in the windy town. He lost his way there originally by losing his money. A young man of fortune, inherited from merchandise, he had built himself a nest above Windermere in the neighbourhood of Southey and Wordsworth, had published a poem, and was known as the author of the "Isle of Palms" and as a Tory contributor to *Blackwood*. Soon his fortune made itself wings, and the question came to be how the brilliant young fellow, swept out of his Elleray mansion, was to support himself. Just then the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh fell vacant, and the most formidable candidate for it was Sir William Hamilton, already known as carrying a load of premature erudition; though the names of Sir James Mackintosh and others were also in the background. The year was 1820, and everything in that pre-reform time in Edinburgh—especially every academical place in the gift of the unreformed Town Council—was the occasion of a political contest. Wilson had not the shadow of a claim, but his Tory friends were determined to pull him through, and they did it. He was now Professor of Moral Philosophy. But what was Moral Philosophy, and how in the world was he to teach it? At this point there steps upon the scene a well-known figure, in every way a contrast with Wilson's. It is "strangely fragile, unsubstantial, and puerile," yet surmounted by a face already ancient, "with the arched brow, loaded with thought, and the countless little wrinkles which engrained the skin, gathering thickly round the curiously expressed and subtle lips." De Quincey, already an unvenerable piece of premature antiquity, had been a neighbour and intimate of Wilson at the Lakes, and to his eccentric learning the new professor now applied for his material. Dr. Japp's recent publication of De Quincey's letters reveals for the first time how far this traffic went. The lectures of the new professor were to begin on the

1st of November. "I am quite at a stand," he writes De Quincey on the 5th of August, "respecting my lectures, but have been reading some books which even I understand." What is good in Clark's "Light of Nature"? There is no such book, and the conjecture that it may have been Abraham Tucker's "Light of Nature" which the new Moral Philosopher had dipped into, is made questionable by his addendum, "He is an insufferable beast as to style." But whether Tucker or Clark, the beast was of no use in the quest for knowledge, and the candid inquiry goes on: "It seems to me that I should have a lecture on the origin of knowledge when treating of the senses. What are the books? And what theory is the true one? And your objections to Locke?" It was a heavy burden to lay upon an unresponsive opium-eater; but more central questions follow. "What does, in your belief, constitute moral obligation? And what ought to be my own doctrine on that subject? . . . Time is flying rapidly, and I have few books." Time flew rapidly, and it does not appear that Papaverius, that most unpunctual of human beings ancient or modern, was able to give much material advice for the first winter's lectures. But before they were over—probably at his visit to Edinburgh in December—De Quincey had promised to do more—actually to write eight lectures for Professor Wilson, apparently to be delivered by the latter in the second year of his course. No doubt there was to be some pecuniary consideration, for Wilson in his recent troubles had been indebted to De Quincey's fast-emptying purse; and the latter's biographer tells us that "his readiness to befriended others in those years from 1808 to 1820 was pursued even to the point of madness and self-ruin," while "his necessities had become imperative in the spring of 1821." And it was on the 17th of February, 1821, that Wilson wrote him the following curious note, the blank in the original being, no doubt, exactly as Dr. Japp has printed it.

"I am anxious to know from you if you have done, or still intend to do, the 8 ——— for me before the end of November. I trust that you will. I wish you would write one or two on Cause and Effect, but not unless you choose. I do not wish to say that by not fulfilling your promise of these 8 ——— you will distress me much, for perhaps it may distress you more to write them, but to trust to them and eventually be disappointed would be a most serious calamity to me."

The precaution of leaving the word blank when Wilson is demanding the eight lectures is curious; but it is outdone by his very next sentence, in which he recommends De Quincey to be still more skilful in his reply. "Speak of them," he goes on to say, "as chapters in a work of your own when you write to me"! De Quincey was by this time in London, looking out for literary work, and about to do the very best to which he ever attained. "In artificial respites from my usual state of distress, which were purchased at a heavy price of subsequent suffering, I wrote the greater part of the 'Opium Confessions' in the autumn of 1821." But though he could dream so as to entrance the world, it was only in an occasional "glow of jovial spirits," after he had "slept at more regular hours for several nights consecutively, and had armed himself by a sudden increase of the opium for a few days' running." To write eight consecutive lectures on Cause and Effect, or on the doctrine of moral obligation, or on anything else, was what no man could depend upon his doing; and there was a serious risk that in some sudden access of conscientiousness he might send an elaborate apology, perhaps to the secretary of the University, for his unfortunate dilatoriness in producing them. But plagiarism in a Scottish professor, amid Puritan surroundings, is a more awful thing than it is in a Lord Mayor of London. And Wilson, after entreating De Quincey, even when writing to him, to speak of "chapters in a work of your own," adds, as a last desperate precaution, "Could you not contrive to give your letters a less mysterious outward appear-

ance?" But the mysterious outward appearance, alike of the letters and of the ancient youth who composed them, remained unchanged, while it does not appear that they contained any of the enclosures so earnestly desired.

The result was exceedingly curious. Wilson, thrown upon his own resources, had to do his lectures for himself, and in his first-years he prepared a quantity of rhetorical rubbish, part of which cumbered his class work to the end of his life. But the young Scotchman had a keen metaphysical intellect; all he wanted being education. And now that he was compelled to look for himself into these abstract questions, they gradually took hold upon his intelligence, with the extraordinary result that the new Tory professor and poet, after a few years' study of what he called "the nature of the moral faculty," became a thorough Utilitarian and Benthamite. It was the position which of all others he had most hated and despised by anticipation, and to the end he refused the names. He cursed Bentham and Brougham every month in *Blackwood*, and instead of a Utilitarian he called himself an Eudæmonist. But to the very end of his professorship in 1851 he taught that conscience is nothing but the transformed desire of happiness—of individual happiness too, for he never adopted the thin veil which even John Stuart Mill latterly threw around the idol's limbs. He taught it with great acuteness. The writer once spent an hour in his class-room, and the same evening, meeting Sir William Hamilton—by this time Wilson's colleague, and in the full blaze of that celebrity which the present generation has forgotten—expressed to him surprise at the originality and metaphysical power of one of whom most people thought as a mere poet. Hamilton replied emphatically that Wilson had great natural powers in the region of philosophy, powers which had never been trained in youth, and which now for the first time came into exercise in this destructive analysis. It was true; but what a strange result for the demigod of the Modern Athens, who had commenced his career by borrowing the brains of that weird little cherub who sat aloft on the topmost cross-trees of Conservatism!

SPORTS VERSUS SKIRTS.

K EEN battle wages in the feminine world between the two opposing forces, and the end of the London season brings with it a change in the fortunes of war. "Will dresses continue to trail on the ground, or may we wear skirts short enough to allow of exercise without inconvenience?" "Shall Hyde Park or the moors regulate our costumes—tennis or church parade?" These are the questions anxiously debated in every household containing active young girls keen for fun and outdoor exercise. It is hard for them that their fate should be decided by forces outside their—or apparently anybody else's—control; but that is a hardship not confined to any one department of life. During the season Hyde Park and church parade have had the best of the argument, and skirts have remained at such a length as to demand the exclusive services of one hand to keep them out of the mud and dust. The world which has little directly to do with Hyde Park or the London season is none the less affected by the fashions prevailing at headquarters, and, amid the sighs of country maidens, the inevitable inch or two has been added to the skirt, bringing the wearer into more intimate acquaintance with muddy lanes and dewy fields than is strictly pleasant. Thus the victim is dragged reluctantly into the thralldom of a fashion from which, unless she happens to be within the charmed circle of society, she derives very little compensating benefit.

So it seems as if long skirts would have the best of the fight, and that, not content with merely touching the ground, they would succeed in permanently cumbering it. The terrible state of the gowns which

have already performed this function during the summer months should be enough, one would think, to dissuade any person of prudence from keeping to an arrangement so destructive of both comfort and cleanliness: but, as before remarked, these things are beyond the individual's control, and have to be submitted to, like influenza or a bad harvest, with resignation.

There are other forces to be reckoned with, however. The tendency of skirts to lengthen out indefinitely is firmly disputed by the lawn-tennis interest. Now this interest is more important than may seem at first sight, for reasons now to be explained. An inordinate length of skirt clearly renders tennis impossible. A good deal can be endured, but there are limits. The girl who attempts to play in a dress which sweeps the ground is a nuisance to her partner as well as herself, and her presence ceases to be desired. Now, it is one thing for girls to keep out of the cricket-field, where they have never yet obtained a real footing, and another thing to be elbowed off the tennis lawn, where they have held their own since the introduction of the game. That were a calamity too great to be borne. For when we consider the matter from an outside standpoint, it is easy to see that for girls tennis is a unique social institution, giving them as it does unequalled opportunities of meeting the other sex upon easy and unceremonious terms. Tennis may fairly claim, moreover, to have routed the chaperones, for those worthy functionaries, great as are their powers of endurance, cannot face with impunity the burning sun and the cutting wind which players regard with equal indifference. Their activity would have to rival that of the younger generation if they were to keep watch and ward over the numerous tennis clubs with which every town suburb is now dotted. In this department they are fairly worsted, and it may be noted that for the most part they have the wisdom to submit with a good grace to the inevitable. It is clear that while neither young men nor maidens are wishful to lose a social opportunity so happily gained, girls in particular recognise its advantage, and are bound, in self-defence, to keep fashion so far within limits as to allow their favourite game to go on undisturbed. Hydra-headed Fashion has, at last, met its match.

For a while, too, the leaders of fashion seem to take sides with its enemy. As the 12th of August approaches, and streets are forsaken for the moors, long skirts and elaborate costumes are abandoned, and in their place is adopted one or another of the ingenious costumes lately devised for the delectation of *bonâ fide* sportswomen. A well-cut tweed jacket and vest, with skirt of the shortest, are worn over knickerbockers and gaiters of the same material, the whole being arranged with a view to rough and mountain walking and the vicissitudes of Highland weather. Neat and serviceable as the costume is, and by no means unbecoming withal, it would no doubt have aroused the pious horror of our grandmothers, and possibly of a nearer generation still. Times have changed for so sensible a concession to the tastes of women to have been accomplished without the outcry which has usually accompanied any fresh departure in the direction either of eccentricity or of reasonable reform. The limited area over which the innovation is in use, and the fact that the short skirts are worn upon secluded moors and in thinly populated districts, probably accounts for the immunity of the wearers. The costume has become popularised among women who care about sports, before the vulgar gazers of the streets have had the opportunity of interposing a noisy veto. Meanwhile the British matron has grown accustomed to the novel form of dress through the medium of the illustrated fashion papers, which she never fails to peruse weekly. So far, therefore, the new venture has been distinctly lucky, and for the present it may seem as if Sports were gaining the victory over Skirts. But summer does not last all the year, and when the moors are deserted, and

city life begins again, the long skirt may not improbably resume its sway. He—or still more she—would be a wise prophet who should foresee the next twirl in the whirligig of fashion.

MARIENBAD.

TILL the year 1808 the famous and much-frequented bath which is now known as Marienbad, was called the Ausochowister Bath. It had been in repute as a health resort for many years previously, and the Abbots of Tepel Abbey had done much to render it attractive. In that year Abbot Pfrogner, who was bent upon doing still more for that part of the Abbey's domains, gave the place the name, and formally put it under the protection of the Virgin Mary. The fame of Marienbad was then spread abroad, and its popularity has increased with its years. Though not far distant from Carlsbad and Franzensbad, some of its waters differ essentially from those of both. Patients who require a tonic treatment are sent to Franzensbad by German and Austrian physicians; patients whose livers are completely out of order seek relief at Carlsbad, while those who are over-corpulent and suffering from the disorders which are consequent on obesity are sent to Marienbad, in the hope that they will leave behind them much of their superfluous fat and all their ailments.

Any one who has visited the places just named would recognise where he was if suddenly and unexpectedly dropped from a balloon among the crowd of water-drinkers at one of them. He would not require to look at any landmark in order to refresh his memory. If he saw many faces literally as yellow as guineas, he would at once exclaim, This must be Carlsbad! If the pallid faces of young ladies predominated, he would feel certain that he was in Franzensbad; while if the crowd resembled a gathering of Daniel Lamberts, he could have no doubt about having descended in Marienbad. At the latter place, the fair sex as well as the sterner furnishes extraordinary and abnormal specimens of the human form run to fat. Many of the female patients are young, and would be comely if they were slender. If not symmetrical, they are good-natured in appearance. The world has gone too well with them, and they seem to enjoy themselves, when in their inmost hearts they are miserable.

The principal spring at Marienbad, which is called the Kreuzbrunnen, was discovered three centuries ago. It then ascended from the ground in the middle of a marsh. It was not largely used medicinally till the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time its repute was local, and the people of the district who were ailing, or feared they might become so, flocked to the spot on Sundays and holidays and drank copiously of the water. It is a powerful purgative, and those who swallowed from fifteen to twenty pints of it had no reason to exclaim that it was weak. Medical writers of a later day are aghast at the rashness of these untutored peasants; yet they admit that there is conclusive evidence that many of the patients were benefited in health, despite "the irregular and irrational manner in which they took the waters." Towards the end of the last century Dr. Nebr was commissioned by the Abbot of Tepel to introduce some system into the treatment at the spring; he wrote a small work eulogising the water, which he drank himself, and lived to an advanced age, after having practised at Marienbad for forty years, his last words expressing gratitude to God for the beneficent gift of the Kreuzbrunnen to man. Goethe visited Marienbad in 1821 and 1823, and he drank this water on the spot, and had a supply sent to Weimar every year afterwards. He was in the habit of drinking upwards of four hundred bottles annually between 1823 and 1832, when he died at the age of eighty-three. Though the Kreuzbrunnen is the chief

and most potent of the springs, yet it is but one of several, the others being the Ferdinandsbrunnen, which is reputed to be serviceable in affections of the mucous membrane generally, and the Waldquelle in affections of the bronchial tubes: the Wiesenquelle, which is said to possess the tonic virtue of Wildungen water; two, the Carolinen and Ambrosiensquelle, are ferruginous waters, while the Marienquelle is rich in carbonic gas, and is an agreeable sparkling beverage.

As many patients at Marienbad are overburdened with fat, the dietary prescribed there is very plain. Convicts in a prison or paupers in a work-house would rebel against it. Twenty years ago it was even more lowering than at present, the unhappy patients being half starved on barley broth and stewed plums. It was found that some of them lost their lives, when their wish was to lose fat. Now, however, they are allowed to eat nearly as generously as those who are under treatment at Carlsbad, though, in this case, generous living is a purely relative expression, being so only by comparison with what was formerly the rule. The hours for water-drinking, bathing, and meals are the same as those at Carlsbad, getting up early being as necessary as going to bed at an hour when those at home are thinking about enjoying the evening. The waters of all the springs are pleasant to the palate. Unlike those of Carlsbad, they are cold and effervescent. The chemical constituents of the Kreuzbrunnen resemble those of the Sprudel at Carlsbad, though the purgative elements are stronger. What is strange is that some maladies, which can be alleviated if not cured at Carlsbad, are aggravated by a course of treatment at Marienbad. One of them is diabetes. It is really necessary that those who go for their health's sake to either place should ascertain beforehand which of the two is suitable. Many who are none the better for a "cure" at either may have made the blunder of going to the wrong place. The physicians on the spot are reluctant to admit that the waters are not panaceas, and they are disposed to recommend a trial of them even to those in whose cases a good result is more than problematical.

At all the leading Bohemian health-resorts the amusements provided for visitors consist of concerts, theatres, and balls; and the band and theatre at Marienbad are equal to those of Carlsbad and Frazensbad. In one respect the first of these places has an advantage over the last two. The revenues of Tepel Abbey are very large, and the Abbot does not grudge outlay in beautifying the place from which much of them is derived. I have been told on good authority that the gross value of the Abbey's property is estimated at five millions sterling. The large public garden is kept in beautiful order, and this year a part of the new covered promenade has been opened. When finished, this will be one of the finest things of the kind in Europe. The whole town is lit with the electric light; in short, nothing is left undone to attract visitors, of whom 15,000 are under treatment during the season. I was struck this year to find a considerable number of French men and women among the visitors, though I ought to have expected this, having read many paragraphs in the Paris papers—evidently inserted for a consideration—setting forth the attractions of Marienbad. Elderly French men and women have as great a tendency to acquire superfluous fat as the Germans whom they hate. The paragraphs to which I have referred not only set forth the virtues of Marienbad waters, but they also contained the information that Marienbad was in Austria, and not in Germany, and that the Austrians loved the French. History does not show that the French love for Austria was manifested in an ardent fashion. The chief result of the intercourse between the two nations has been to make French a favourite tongue in Vienna. It is more spoken there than in London, the latter city having been able to ward off a French occupation such as Vienna has experienced during the present century.

A GROSS CASE OF PLAGIARISM.

MR. EDWARD PINTER, who was convicted at the Central Criminal Court on Monday of trying to impose on a Bond Street jeweller with the secret of the philosopher's stone, has got rather more than his deserts. We do not mean that the sentence of three months "without" passed on the poor rogue erred on the side of excessive severity. It was a very simple attempt to deceive. He professed to know how to "multiply" gold three or four times. He went with his secret to Mr. Streeter and asked £40,000 for it. As a trial of his "maistrie," he converted a sovereign, by the application of a magic powder in a crucible, into a nugget of gold worth £3. Three months for this was probably enough, and neither more nor less than enough. So simple a rogue as Pinter cannot be regarded as a dangerous enemy of society in our enlightened nineteenth century. His counsel, Mr. Gill, very properly pleaded that, if he had been abreast of the times, he would have floated a company with his secret, instead of trying to impose directly on an expert in the working of the precious metals. He may take the hint when he is restored to liberty. He had some success, it appears, in the provinces before he made his grand *coup* in the metropolis, and he may try again and reap a golden harvest. If he should find dupes after the present exposure, the separation of them from their money would hardly be a public loss. Three months' further interruption of the "philosopher's" activity sufficiently satisfies the ends of justice and public utility. In the interests of ethnological science, it is only fair that Mr. Pinter should have another chance of experimenting on the gullibility of our last decade.

We do not complain of the Recorder's sentence when we say that this simple-seeming rogue got more than his deserts. We refer to the credit that some of the daily papers have given him for originality, although of a base and sordid kind. He has been represented as having done something peculiarly modern, peculiarly characteristic of the materialistic nineteenth century in trying to bend a venerable superstition to the uses of the common swindler. One of the interests of his case is that it has brought into clear light what is the popular idea among us of the mediæval alchemist. The alchemist has shared in the common exaltation of things mediæval by way of protest against the materialism of these latter days. A certain halo of romance surrounds his head. He is regarded as a simple-hearted fanatic pioneer of modern science; wasting his eager life among mortars and retorts and crucibles, strange mixtures and solutions, explosions and suffocating fumes; over-ambitious, but filled with the purest philosophic zeal in his enthusiastic quest after the innermost secrets of nature. It is by the light of this romantic conception of the simple mediæval children of research that our modern exploiter of the philosopher's stone, or rather the philosopher's powder, for purposes of imposition on a Bond Street jeweller, has a certain appearance of modernity and originality. But, in truth, this appearance is as much a deception as the powder itself. There is no originality whatever in Mr. Pinter's swindle with the philosopher's secret of "multiplication." His idea is borrowed. It is a gross case of plagiarism from one of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and we rather wonder that no good Conservative moralist has seized upon Mr. Pinter as an awful example of too much education. If his age were not fifty-six, he might be claimed as one of the evil products of the Education Acts, and the habits of wide reading engendered thereby.

Mr. Pinter's *modus operandi* is borrowed in all its leading features from the fraudulent alchemist whose clever tricks are gleefully described in the "Chanoun's Yeoman's Tale." We find everything there: the professed power to "multiply," the magic powder, which was merely a blind, the confidential experiment, the sale of the receipt for a

consideration. "I have," said the crafty Chanoun to his dupe.—

"I have a pondre heer that coste me deere
Shal make al good, for it is cause of al
My komnyng, which that I yow shewen schal."

The hint of the abominable smells, with which the modern rogue routed the spectators at a critical stage in one of his experiments, is also taken from Chaucer. The Yeoman describes the Chanoun and his fellowship as reeking of foul fumes to such a degree that you could smell them a mile off.

"Her savour is so rammysch and so hooote
That though a man fro hem a mile be
The savour wol infecte him, trusteth me."

Even in the figure that Mr. Pinter asked for his secret, he is not original. The Chanoun asked £40; Mr. Pinter asked £40,000—no doubt having regard to the difference in the value of money. There is another small point of difference. The Chanoun got his money from his dupe, and went his way rejoicing, and the gay chantry priest saw him no more. Mr. Pinter was not so fortunate or not so clever, being, perhaps, but a half-baked rogue. Whether he also borrowed the Chanoun's method of conveying the precious metal to the crucible we do not know. That part of his secret has not been divulged. One of his powders was a blind, like the Chanoun's, but he seems to have had another mixed with "Potter's granulated gold," which was probably unknown to the ancient alchemist. The good old medium was a "beechen coal," with a hole in it, filled with the precious metal, and stopped with wax. This the operator contrived to place on the top of the crucible. Another medium was a wooden poker, with a similar hollow and similar contents and stoppage of wax. With this the crafty Chanoun stirred the crucible as he poured in the powder. Mr. Pinter may have borrowed these simple tricks also: he has evidently no pride of originality: he is an unblushing plagiarist.

It is fortunate for this plagiarist of mediæval roguery that he lives in the nineteenth century. He would not otherwise have got off so cheaply on detection. Ben Jonson's Alchemist was threatened with much direr penalties.

"I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcery, *tracesimo tertio*
Of Harry the Eighth: and perhaps thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing it."

And about good old Ben's time, three English rogues, who tried to take in the Emperor of Germany with the secret of the philosopher's stone, were sent across the bourne from which no alchemist returns.

But in no century would so slavish an imitator as this poor Pinter have justified recourse to harsh methods of stopping his career. He went to a jeweller, and he did not float a company. There is no public danger in such a poor rogue.

TWO CHAPTERS IN BRUTALITY.

JUST seventy years ago, when William Hazlitt went down to Newbury to attend the fight between Bill Neate and the Gasman, this was what he saw in the twelfth round—

"The Gasman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. . . . Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow . . . and it was not till the Gasman was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over."

Let the reader now decline his eyes upon this, from the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday last. We

select the *Daily Telegraph*, because that paper, which is for ever talking of public morality and the attractiveness of pure journalism, may consistently be relied upon to furnish the nastiest details of any event, from adultery to prize-fighting. We cull our extract from an article occupying half a column and headed "THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND." The next column in the same day's issue contained a protracted account of a divorce case.

Round 3 and last.—Smith, both of whose eyes were puffed, came slowly to the scratch, but Pritchard was still fresh and well. His right eye was, however, darkened, having come in contact with the floor when knocked down in the first round. No sooner did Pritchard get within range than he banged the left fall in Smith's face, making the latter stagger. A second blow of a similar character sent the big man half way across the ring, fairly dazing him. Following up this advantage, Pritchard punched Smith so heavily that that boxer fairly turned tail. As in the Jackson fight, he held by the ropes, and after being knocked down twice, rose slowly, and turning his back on Pritchard, declined to face him. Hanging half out of the ring, he was fairly beaten, and at the end of two minutes Pritchard was proclaimed winner amidst tremendous excitement. Except that the right eye was black, the winner was uninjured; but Smith had both his eyes blackened and his cheeks puffed and cut considerably. By this victory Ted Pritchard assumes the title of Champion of England.

With these two texts before us, a sermon would obviously be superfluous. But it is perhaps as well to point out that this big craven, Smith—this fellow who was knocked out of heart in five minutes or so, the other day, by a black man, as Lord Salisbury would call Jackson—actually claimed, and appears to have held, the title of "Champion of England." This big hulk who, in piping times of peace, scales close upon 17 stone, fights three rounds with a smaller man, and, in Round 1, got the better of it, "looking very vicious," "foreing the fighting," and dealing Pritchard a body-blow that lays him upon the floor for fully eight seconds. In Round 2, he stands up against this smaller man until he is hit, and then he "makes several clutches at the ropes, and looks to have had quite enough of it." In Round 3, he "fairly turns tail" and "hangs half out of the ring," having a pair of black eyes and little else the matter with him.

Now, if we are to have a prize-fight at all—which hardly seems necessary—we prefer the sort that Hazlitt witnessed. We would rather, let us frankly own, see Mr. Smith, "Champion of England," knocked senseless after eighteen rounds than clutching at the ropes in Round 1, and turning tail in Round 2. Neate and Hickman are perhaps no very admirable figures, nor was either decorated with the imposing title of "Champion of England." But they at least had pluck. It was said of the defeated Hickman that if his hands were cut off he would still fight on with the stumps; and he justified this opinion by holding out as long as he retained his senses. These two fought with the naked fists: Pritchard and Smith signed articles "to meet for endurance, and with small gloves." We wonder what price "Ted Pritchard," as the *Daily Telegraph* so affectionately calls him, sets on the title he has won.

But we doubt if even Smith, "ex-champion," comes so badly out of this business as do the sporting papers and the *Daily Telegraph*. Possibly the *Daily Telegraph* is the worst, by reason of the cant which fills one side of its page, while the back is covered with brutality and uncleanness. Its Editor presumably walks into Fleet Street now and then. Five minutes in front of the *Sportsman* office, say at 1.30 p.m., will give him an idea of the sort of public to which he really appeals.

THE LATE MUSICAL SEASON.

GIVEN on Saturday for the fourth time, *Otello* was played that evening with important changes in the cast. The part of Otello was, as on previous occasions, filled by M. Jean de Reszké. But M. Dufriche replaced M. Maurel as Iago, and Miss Eames appeared as Desdemona in lieu of Mme. Albani. M. Dufriche has sung the part of

Iago with success at Turin and other Italian cities; and in this exacting part has made for himself a reputation second only to that of M. Maurel. There can only be one view of the character of Desdemona, pure-minded, innocent, absolutely blameless; nor scarcely more than one of the character of Othello, amorous, passionate, and wildly jealous. There are infinite varieties, however, in wickedness; and Iago's character is made up of a good many different elements, one or more of which may be made to preponderate according to the conception, according also to the realising powers, of the actor. Iago accounts in various ways for his own perversity. He hates Othello as a certain artistic and really intellectual baritone hates all tenors because being, as a rule, without brains and the possessors only of an exceptional quality of voice, they, nevertheless, obtain larger salaries than he does. Iago understands the art of war better than Othello, but is, nevertheless, his subordinate. Othello's simplicity awakens his contempt. But what chiefly causes him to hate Othello is that Othello has, with or without adequate grounds, excited Iago's jealousy; for which reason Iago determines to excite in return a like jealousy on the part of Othello.

Boito, in modernising the personage of Iago, has made him a materialist and a scientist full of theories, speculations, and, worse still, convictions on the subject of "germs" and the vile origin of man. "I am a man and therefore a villain" is the essential point in the *credo* which Verdi has set to such admirable music and which Maurel declaims in such masterly style. After seeing Maurel again and again in his wonderful impersonation, it is impossible to accept anyone else in place of him. Some slight defects in M. Maurel's performance have their origin in merits: the weak points spring from strong ones. He perhaps accentuates and poses a little too much. But on the other hand he has so carefully thought out the part in every detail, and has played it on so many occasions with perfect success, that he is absolutely sure of all his effects. "This is the way to do it," he seems constantly to be informing us. But as he really does know the way, a little confidence on his part is excusable. If he lays more stress on his own villainy, and proclaims himself more often and more openly a villain than do our Shakespearian Iagos, it must be remembered that the Iago he is representing is the modernised Iago of Boito.

In M. Dufriehe's Iago there is less of the cynic and more of the sneak than in the incomparable Iago of Maurel. Nothing could be more satisfactory than M. Dufriehe's singing of the difficult music; difficult because it demands so much intelligence and expression on the part of the vocalist. The Desdemona of Miss Eames is a charming impersonation. With youth, beauty, grace, and a clear, fresh voice, the young vocalist could scarcely fail to be interesting; and in the last act she was, moreover, pathetic.

The last week of the musical season was marked by several interesting concerts, chiefly of the operatic kind. Nor must the concluding concert of the Richter series be forgotten, with Professor Villiers Stanford's choral ballad, "The Battle of the Baltic," as its distinguishing feature. The subject is treated in the now well-known style which this composer may be said to have invented; and the work is at once descriptive and, in the deeper sense of the word, dramatic. Finely sung, it proved thoroughly effective. It was much applauded, and the composer was honoured with a special "call."

At Mme. Liebhart's concert, two pupils of the concert-giver, Miss Schidrowitz and Miss Luna Zagury, made their first appearance in public. Miss Schidrowitz sang with all the requisite lightness and brightness the Waltz from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. This young lady ought to sing in opera, where, in spite of innumerable competitors, she would make her mark. Miss Zagury sang with

expression and feeling a song by Meyer Helmund on that familiar theme "Ich liebe dich." Mme. de Swiatlowsky, a Russian singer with a voice like Trebelli, sang very charmingly a Russian lullaby composed by Reichel, to a tender little poem of Lermontoff, which, allied to popular music of native growth, is known to every child in Russia. The song was accompanied by Mr. Wilfred Bendall, and with some appropriateness; for, in addition to his merits as pianist and composer, Mr. Bendall is a Russian scholar. The concert began with the "Adagio from Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor," played by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Hollmann; and among the vocalists and instrumentalists who contributed to it were Mme. Nordica, Mr. Charles Ganz, Mr. Oudin, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Hugh Carlyle, and Mlle. Janotha.

The last musical "at home" given at the Grosvenor Club was as interesting as these entertainments usually are. Madame Katherine van Arnhem sang Chimène's air from the *Cil* of Massenet as dramatically as, quite in another style, she sang Beethoven's "Ah Perfido" at a recent Richter concert; and took part with Mr. G. E. Holmes, a new American baritone of considerable merit, in Massenet's beautiful duet, "Poème d'Amour." Miss Dorothea Dudgeon, singing for the first time in public, made a most favourable impression, first in the air from *Robert le Diable*, "Robert, toi que j'aime," and afterwards in a piece much more suitable to a concert, Gomez's *Mia Piccivella*. This also is an excerpt from an opera, but it is of no particular dramatic interest, and as a vocal piece stands by itself. Miss Dorothea Dudgeon sang it very brightly, and with just the degree of tenderness required.

Miss Inez Molyneux, a third soprano, singing the first time in England after a brief experience in Italy, gives the heroine's air from Verdi's *Aida*, again a piece which scarcely bears being detached from its surroundings. This young lady has certainly dramatic talent, and is more likely therefore to succeed on the stage than in the concert-room. Her second piece was Rubinstein's setting of Heine's *Du bist wie eine Blume*; which in the inane English version of the song becomes "O fair and sweet and holy." The orchestra played, among other pieces, the singularly beautiful intermezzo from Mascagni's *Caratteria Rusticana*, which, in the original two-act form of the opera, did duty as *entr'acte*. Strange that this work, which throughout Germany and Austria has been received with as much enthusiasm as in Italy itself, should not yet have been heard either in England or in France—though the subventioned opera-houses of Paris are, it is true, bound by formal stipulations to confine themselves to works specially written for them.

Finally, one of the most interesting concerts of the season, the last which for some time is likely to be heard at St. James's Hall, was the concert given by Mme. Zoé Caryll, an excellent pianist, who, as on previous occasions, was assisted by several of the leading vocalists of the Royal Italian Opera, with Mme. Albani and M. Edouard de Reszké among them. Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Eugene Oudin, Mr. Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Joseph Hollmann were also among the company; and there was a new prima donna (need it be said that she comes from America?) who sang with sufficient fluency and brilliancy to gain an encore for the Shadow song from *Dinorah*. The name of this lady is Clementine de Vere. Like so many of her lyrical compatriots, she would certainly succeed in opera. Three new songs were introduced with success: Mr. Ivan Caryll's "I would I were a rose," by Mr. Eugene Oudin; M. de Nevers's "Amore in Gondola," by M. Edouard de Reszké (accompaniment played by the distinguished composer); and Bottesini's "Si j'étais Roi," translated from Victor Hugo, as the programme informs us, "by the late Lord Chief Justice."

THE DRAMA.

IT was a thought of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus that "at first tragedies were brought on the stage as a means of reminding men of the things which happen to them, and that it is according to nature for things to happen so, and that, if you are delighted with what is shown on the stage, you should not be troubled with that which takes place on the larger stage." These words have often been meat and drink to me when bidden to sit out a melodrama. It is true that the Emperor spoke then of tragedy, but the greater includes the less. And it was his misfortune, not his fault, that melodrama had not yet been invented. If it had been, he would have found in it, no doubt, what I find—a useful exercise in Stoic philosophy. When I hear the cosmopolitan villain hissing his contempt for "you En-n-glish!" through his teeth, I recognise that he is only *Kata plusin*, according to nature, and, when he is ultimately killed in the tunnel by a canvas locomotive, my delight with what is shown on the stage teaches me not to be troubled with what takes place on the larger stage—*e.g.*, with my misfortune in just missing the last omnibus. "For you see," continues the Stoic philosopher, "that these things must be accomplished thus, and that even they bear them who cry out, 'O, Cithæron!'" On the melodramatic stage they do not cry out, "O, Cithæron" so much as "Oh, scissors!" or, "Oh, what a surprise!" but the moral is the same. In a good melodrama you see that these things must be accomplished thus.

And that is why *Fate and Fortune*, by Mr. James J. Blood, produced this week at the Princess's, is not, to my mind, a good melodrama. His plot is not convincing. He does not make me feel that these things must be accomplished thus. I wish he, and, for that matter, all his fellows, could be persuaded to turn to and read up Aristotle's "Poetics." The original is rather tough, but cribs are cheap. Even better than the common or Holywell Street crib is an excellent little lecture on the "Poetics" by Mr. Prickard, of New, which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan. It is a commonplace of the subject that Aristotle's treatise, though in form confined to Epic, Tragedy, and other high matters, is really a practical manual for the melodramatist. With a practical manual to hand, why don't our melodramatists use it? It is no use railing at melodrama. So long as there is a public to read about electrocutions, so long as there is a crowd to gloat over a street accident, so long will melodrama be with us—that is to say, for ever. There must always be an outlet for what M. Zola calls *la bonne grosse sottise publique*. But, if we can't end it, let us see that the melodramatists mend it. Let them study Aristotle, or Mr. Prickard's commentary, and thence learn the all-importance of plot.

Had Mr. Blood, for instance, been more of a clerk in Aristotle, I am sure he would never have been satisfied with the third act of his *Fate and Fortune*. He starts well enough. His cosmopolitan villain murders one gentleman by hurling him from the tower of a ruined abbey. Good. The villain then manages to get the good young man detected in what appears to be flat burglary. Good again. I feel, with the Stoic, that these things must be accomplished thus. But in the third act the villain suddenly flags in his villainy: he ceases, as the rowing men say, to put his back into it. We are told, to be sure, that he is laying a trap for the forlorn heroine. But the heroine is untrapped behind the scenes, where the villain remains during the whole of the act—a grave fault, for a villain who is not seen in melodrama practically does not exist. And Mr. Blood's plot sins not only in defect but in excess. It has loose ends, which the author forgets to pick up. For example, take that little matter of the good young man and the apparent burglary. The villain has been beforehand with the good young man in opening the iron safe. He has stained his fingers in red

ink in opening it, has wiped them with blotting-paper, and thrown the crimson-stained fragments on the floor. "What is this?" says the detective, when his lynx-eye subsequently detects the blotting-paper. "Blood? No, red ink!" Of course you immediately fasten upon the red-ink stain as a clue; you feel sure that the detective is going to remember it till he finds more ink on the villain's hands, and then—in fact, you anticipate one of the most exciting chapters in the plot from that red ink. But the author disappoints you. He introduces the red ink business at one moment only to drop it the next. It is a false scent. Another fault in Mr. Blood's plot is its lavish employment of coincidence. I can believe, at a pinch, that the heavy father, the forlorn heroine, the cosmopolitan villain, the heroine's foster-mother, the comic policeman, and a ticket-of-leave burglar might all happen to visit the same ruined abbey at the same moment. But that the ticket-of-leave burglar should be (Mr. W. S. Gilbert has made the word classical) burgling a house on the comic policeman's beat just as the heavy father is outside and the cosmopolitan villain, insulting the forlorn heroine, is inside, strikes me, in the vocabulary of Tranby Croft, as a little "too hot." I do not feel that these things must be accomplished thus.

Once more I would entreat Mr. Blood to study Aristotle's "Poetics." Not only will he there learn to better his plots, but to simplify his diction. It is time that villains ceased from asking heroines if they love "another," and good young men from soliloquising about the villain's "ulterior motives." Language of this kind is not *Kata plusin*, according to nature. The cast at the Princess's is headed by established favourites like Mr. W. L. Abingdon (who, I think, has borrowed Mr. Willard's famous melodramatic hat), Mr. George Barrett, and Miss Sallie Turner. Two gentlemen whose names are new to me, Mr. Henry Bedford and Mr. Huntley Wright, give clever studies of Cockney low-life.

We have all heard of the sage who said that there are only forty good stories in the world, thirty-nine of which cannot be told to ladies. The story of M. Boucheron's *Miss Helyett* (music by M. Audran) seems to have been one of the thirty-nine. *Miss Decima*, the version which Mr. Burnand has made for the Criterion, is decent enough and dull. An English maiden tumbles headlong down a Swiss mountain-side, and her father, a tract-distributing parson, tells her she must marry the man who picked her up. See an anecdote (quoted by Mr. Burnand) of Miss Mowcher. Mlle. Nesville, from Brussels, acts brightly, and warbles pleasantly in the part of the modest maiden, and Mr. David James is fairly amusing as the parson. A *fandango* danced by Miss Victor as an elderly but frolicsome Carmen is perhaps the funniest thing in the piece. The rest is naught. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

M. JULES CLARETIE, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, quotes a story from the recently published "Memoirs of Baron de Marbot," of his face having been turned black by the wind of a cannon ball at the battle of Eylau. How is this experience of the French soldier to be reconciled with the testimony of a British sailor? SHEFFIELD, afterwards DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, who served as a naval volunteer in the Dutch war of 1672, says, in a letter quoted in JOHNSON'S "Lives of the Poets":—"I have observed two things which I dare affirm, though not generally believed. One was that the wind of a cannon bullet, though flying never so near, is incapable of doing the least harm; and, indeed, were it otherwise, no man above deck would escape."

THE BARON DE MARBOT, however, may be right: not so M. MAXIME DU CAMP, who in his recent "Life

of Théophile Gautier," attributes the execution of RALEIGH to "celle que l'Angleterre nomme encore la grande Elisabeth:" an epithet bestowed upon her, indeed, by no less a person than LORD TENNYSON, who could have known, as M. DU CAMP does, that RALEIGH'S last words were pronounced "avant d'aller s'agenouiller sur l'échafaud que son ancienne maîtresse avait fait dresser pour lui."

MISS JESSIE FOTHERGILL, the well-known novelist, died at Berne on Tuesday. She had been in rather delicate health for a year or two, but was not thought to be seriously ill, and the news of her death is quite unexpected. After interesting herself in the arrangements for the recent literary ladies' dinner, she went to Switzerland, and, in the company of a German friend, was passing the time very pleasantly until she visited Berne to consult a doctor, and there died. MISS FOTHERGILL was a descendant of the well-known Quaker family of that name. Her mother was a sister of DR. COULTATE, of Burnley, another of whose sisters married the late MR. THOMAS BRIGHT, brother of the Tribune. MISS FOTHERGILL was born in Manchester, but after her father's death the family removed to a little house on Blackstone Edge, on the Yorkshire border, between Roehdale and Halifax. There she picked up the local knowledge which is the chief charm of most of her novels. "The First Violin" is her best-known work. Her early death—she was not yet forty—is deplored by a host of friends in Lancashire.

THE sum of £7,500, asked for the 1,743 letters that GOETHE wrote to FRAU VON STEIN—something like four guineas per epistle—is surely a preposterous price. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL gets a good deal more for his letters, but then a living—lord is better than a dead lion.

SOMEBODY seems to have made a dead-set against our popular novelists. MR. KIPLING was laid on his deathbed, and MR. BOLDREWOOD killed outright. The latter, like the former, is well and hearty, and MESSRS. MACMILLAN will shortly issue two more novels by him, "Nevermore" and "A Sydney Side Saxon."

THE next volume of the Clarendon Press "Rulers of India" will be SIR OLIVER TUDOR'S "Clyde and Strathmairn." "Lord Canning" will be by SIR HENRY L. CUNNINGHAME.

WE are very glad to see that MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. are about to issue GEORGE DARLEY'S lyrical drama "Sylvia; or, the May Queen," so much admired by LORD TENNYSON. The same publishers are about to issue, in nine volumes, edited by DR. GARNETT, "The Novels and Tales of Thomas Love Peacock." Why not issue a complete edition of DARLEY'S works also? His other dramas, "Ethelstan," "Thomas à Beckett"—better than TENNYSON'S—and "The Errors of Ecstasie," are all as interesting as "Sylvia." The opening of "The Errors of Ecstasie," with its magnificent blank verse, is quite unforgettable.

DARLEY is one of the best of the modern Elizabethans. His "Ryghte Pythie Songe," published in ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S "Household Book of English Poetry," might have been written by LYLIE in his most natural mood, one verse especially—

"Tell me not of your starrie eyes,
Your lippes that seeme on roses fedde,
Your breaste where Cupid trembling lies,
Nor sleepest for kissing of his bedde."

This song also appears in a memorial volume of poems printed for private circulation. In the "Memoir"

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.

prefixed to that volume the writer accepts the verdict of an eminent London publisher that it is impossible "to revive a reputation which has declined from natural causes." Perhaps the verdict in the case of GEORGE DARLEY may be reversed: his reputation may be revived by natural causes—the high qualities of his poetry.

A FRENCH historian, M. DEBIDOUR, who has hitherto preferred with indifferent success to treat of military matters, has at length found his proper subject in diplomacy. The two volumes of his "Diplomatic History of Europe from the Congress of Vienna to the Congress of Berlin" (ALCAN) are but a sample of the great work to which he intends to devote his life. It is a formidable task M. DEBIDOUR has undertaken, for the sample contains an overwhelming mass of facts, dates, analyses of instructions to ambassadors, of conferences and treaties, with character sketches, criticisms, and generalisations—all, however, arranged with an amazing skill, which proves M. DEBIDOUR master of his subject. This will in all likelihood become a standard work.

M. ROUSSE'S view of MIRABEAU in his monograph in MESSRS. HACHETTE'S "French Men of Letters" series is pretty like CARLYLE'S—which, by the way, is not the generally accepted one in France, where MIRABEAU'S political career is regarded as being almost as indefensible as his private immorality. M. ROUSSE defends him, however; and points out the sophistry of the current saying, "MIRABEAU is the Revolution," to use an epigram as a postulate or an axiom being an abuse of thought. MIRABEAU, he contends, as CARLYLE does, stood above the Revolution and dominated it as long as he lived; he wanted a monarchy—with himself as Minister, of course.

IN THE MARNE—1870 AND 1891.

IT was on a Sunday that I passed through Château-Thierry on the march westward in 1870, and it was Sunday when I revisited the little burgh of the Merovingian king. It is a pleasantly situated town, on the banks of the Marne, with between 7,000 and 8,000 inhabitants, and the remains of the castle of Thierry IV. overhanging the river, forming an agreeable promenade. Again I found an atmosphere of war surrounding me, an artillery regiment having apparently taken possession of the place.

The dusty cannoneers did not look quite so martial as the comrades of twenty-one years ago, who had fought eight pitched battles and lost 80,000 men; but they had a tough, serviceable air, and I daresay could give a good account of themselves if called upon to show their prowess. When crossing the bridge, one of these men belonging to a fatigue party got into difficulties over a bundle of hay, for which he was soundly rated by his superior. I sought the *Mairie* where we had had a remarkable altercation with a young *sous-préfet* about the requisition of horses.

Being occupied by the soldiery, I did not venture to intrude with my reminiscences, which in these days of spy-mania might have been badly received, although your Frenchman—even when an official—is rarely found to bear malice. So I faced right-about, and was content to call up the scene once more which ended in our walking off with four fine cart-horses; that drew bitter tears from their owner, as he never expected to see them again. The worthy farmer made the Emperor responsible for all his troubles, adding that Napoleon had done nothing for agriculture.

It was here, too, that an old lady with whom I got into conversation asked, "*Et nos soldats! où sont-ils?*" On September 18th the news of the surrender of Sedan had scarcely been brought home

to the people. A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of Château-Thierry seemed to be spending the forenoon in the gentle art of fishing. Church was got over at an early hour; in the vicinity of that rather characterless edifice a baptismal party was on the way to the font, the younger members of the family scattering comfits to be scrambled for by the street children. Château-Thierry is the native place of La Fontaine, to whom an indifferent monument is erected. But it is a well-kept town, and the spacious avenue, continuation of the road from Reims, rivals that of Versailles. That signboard, which after dark is lighted, informs the wayfarer of the direction to the station and the town. The Hôtel de la Gare provided good accommodation at a cheap rate. English travellers are rare, but the daughter of the proprietors had married a *chef* who directs the kitchen of the Midland Hotel at Bradford.

She was said to like the new country, but to miss the sun—that luminary having only once shown face in the course of two months.

Taking train for Reims, I arrived in time for afternoon catechism in that imposing cathedral. It was not without emotion that I entered this noble pile which has witnessed so many striking events in history—the coronation of Charles X.; the triumph of the Maid of Orleans; and, in the basilica which occupied the place of the 13th century church, saw the baptism of Clovis.

But it was not these historical scenes which affected me, but the thought of all I had seen in these walls in the days when the legions of Germany paid reverend homage there. Past and present seem here strangely mingled—Cæsar, Charlemagne, and William of Prussia. Lesser but more vivid figures crowded the canvas of mental vision—the dashing cavalry volunteer who had left his business of stocks at Antwerp to fight for king and country; smart Hugo von Kober, who had gone through the storm of St. Privat with his Queen Elizabethers unscathed; and the gay Württemberg lieutenant, with face riddled by *schläger* cuts.

Had these light-hearted campaigners returned to tell the tale of the army of the Loire, the capture of the Bourget, and the defence of Champigny? With such thoughts flitting through the mind one has not much care for the details of that most exquisite of Gothic churches. The portal is indeed sublime; the flying buttresses are in truth a marvel of the builder's art; and the pictorial representations, on tapestry and in painting, of the history of the first Christian Frankish king are not without grandeur; but it was the personal equation which here possessed me.

I paid a visit to the Hôtel de Ville, where a young Prussian warrior had hectoréd Champagne lords seated at a table in humble submission to the helmeted tyrant, who at the least show of opposition made his sword half leap from the scabbard. The man in possession to-day knew nothing of those strange doings, and stared at his questioner as at one born out of due time. Cæsar's arch, a proud memorial of Roman triumphs, is more jealously guarded than twenty-one years ago. It was here, at Durocortorum, that the author of the Commentaries brought back his cohorts from the pursuit of Ambiorix.

But, far from sharing these martial inspirations, the *douce* citizens of modern Reims were amusing themselves in dancing gardens, or indulging in the pleasures of nature in a horticultural show. From the prevalence of German spoken, I should judge that considerable numbers of Alsatians had emigrated hither since the war, and this, I was told, is the case. At dinner in the hotel conversation fell on the events of the invasion, without any apparent cause. The map of Europe was reconstructed afresh, the knife-and-fork politicians made havoc with powers and principalities.

I paid a flying visit to the Camp of Châlons, where 10,000 men were under canvas, being drilled from early morn. Not having the pretension of inventing gunpowder—smokeless or otherwise—I cannot pre-

sume to speak as to the value of the mimic warfare gone through there. It is a place given up to the military, and the civilian is made to feel that he is not in it. Foreigners are not allowed to visit the camp, according to the regulations; but the formation of the country makes secrecy an impossibility. Troops of all arms are here, and a school for mounted infantry is opened. Next month there will be manoeuvres on a large scale.

I returned to Paris by Châlons-sur-Marne, a decaying-looking town of 20,000 inhabitants. During the hours of noon, it seemed to be given up entirely to repose. I went out beyond the gates on the high road to Bar-le-Duc and Nancy and strained my eyes to catch sight of a living creature. During the course of nearly an hour's ramble, I only perceived one human being, a little boy with a wheelbarrow acting as scavenger. He stopped to ask if I could not find him work of any kind. He was a dirty little boy, this child of the Marne, as he stood rolling the copper I gave him with his road refuse; but he had a nice face and wistful eyes, and for once I regretted not being an employer of labour.

RUSSIA'S WELCOME TO KING ALEXANDER.

(FROM A SERBIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

ALEXANDER I., King of Serbia, will be fifteen years old on the 14th of August. That cannot in any way explain the enthusiastic reception that Russia is preparing for the young king. From the never-ending reports of the Russian press, it would almost seem that Court and country are striving to outvie each other in the magnificent heartiness of their welcome to the youthful sovereign of one of the smallest States in Europe.

Certainly not the semi-Russian nationality of Queen Nathalie—pro-Russian as she was, and is in heart—still less the Serbo-Roumanian parentage of ex-King Milan, explain satisfactorily the intense delight with which Russians of all classes seem prepared to greet the Serbian King.

Queen Nathalie has doubtless many admirers and sympathisers in orthodox Russia—and nothing can be more natural, seeing how strictly orthodox she is, how beautiful she is, and how unhappy she must be, divorced from her husband, driven from her home, and separated from her only child.

But if Queen Nathalie has many sympathetic admirers in Russia, they could not—if they would—prepare such an exceedingly royal welcome for her son. And certainly Alexander I. of Serbia will not be welcomed for the sake of his father, ex-King Milan. The Pan Slavist's hatred of King Milan is so intense that it is almost a marvel his son can be tolerated, much less welcomed, in the great stronghold of Pan Slavism.

Therefore we say that not the simple visit of the young King of Serbia, but the triumph of the great Pan Slavonic idea, has excited this extravagance of jubilation among the orthodox subjects of the great Tzar.

Alexander of Serbia represents to them, at this moment, the faint dawn of the breaking day of Pan Slavonic triumph—a day long hoped for, long worked for, long waited for!—a day whose glorious light they have long seen by the eye of faith, and now expect soon to see in all the superb strength of its midday sun.

The shouts of welcome which greet Alexander of Serbia will be but "outward and visible signs" of Russia's belief in the speedy and complete triumph of the great Pan Slavonic cause.

The homage paid by the independent Slavonic kingdom of Serbia in the person of its king, when he goes—accompanied by the First Regent and statesman of Serbia and by the chief of the Serbian Cabinet, who is, at the same time, chief of the strongest political party in the land—to visit his "godfather," the mighty "Tzar of all the Slavs," will

be hailed as the first-fruits of the coming harvest of diplomatic success.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that the Russians are so enthusiastic because they are pleased to parade before their French friends the small kingdom of Serbia as their new ally. The Tzar and his advisers may have lost all sense of justice in their dealings with the Jews, but they are keenly alive to all things that touch the dignity of the empire. Now it would be supremely ridiculous to place against the picture of the powerful "Triple Alliance"—backed by the unquestionable sympathies of Great Britain—the "pendant" of the Franco-Russian Alliance, backed by—Serbia!

All the impressions which the fraternisation of Russians, French, and Serbians at the French Exhibition in Moscow, and at the review of the French fleet at Cronstadt, may make upon foreign Cabinets—or on the more impressionable representatives of the European press—are of very accessory and secondary importance to Russia. The kingdom of Serbia has been brought to do homage to the Tzar in order to show to the whole world that the bonds which bind it to the orthodox Russian Empire are of a more intimate nature than those of simple international courtesy which bind it to other great Powers; and there can be no doubt that the Serbian army is as ready to march at the Tzar's command as that Serbia's present foreign policy is subservient to Russia's foreign policy.

In Serbia this state of things surprises no one. It was looked forward to as inevitable from the day when King Milan declared himself tired out with trying to guide his subjects against their will on a road which did not lead to Moscow. It was foreseen from the moment Mr. Ristich took the position of First Regent, and the Radical party assumed the reins of Government, backed by an overwhelming majority in the Assembly. It was foreseen from the moment Archbishop Michael returned from Russia, and declared that it would be necessary to give the Tzar pledges and guarantees that Serbia would not again slip into the ways of the ungodly. It was foreseen by all the Powers well acquainted with the leading men and present circumstances of Serbia. Only their knowledge of the inclined surface on which Serbia stood can explain the momentous action of certain great Powers who advised the Sultan to permit the Bulgarian bishops to go into Macedonia.

The significance of Russia's demonstrative welcome of the young king would be more apparent were it known at whose initiative the journey was undertaken. Clearly it could not be at that of the boy himself; certainly it was not at the suggestion of his father, the anti-Russian Milan. Opposition papers in Serbia say it was by the advice of First-Regent Ristich, whose devotion to Russia had been recently questioned because of his conduct to Queen Nathalie and his quarrel with Archbishop Michael.

M. Ristich, it is said, felt it to be of immediate and paramount importance to justify himself personally to the Tzar, and saw no better opportunity of doing this than accompanying the young king on his visit to his Imperial godfather.

The varying statements of the papers of the Government have merely served to mystify the people as to the true reason of this journey at this time. They declared, at first, that it was "made in the economic interests of the country," and threw out hints that afterwards Russia would intervene with the Paris and Berlin bankers to assure a speedy and favourable conversion of the Serbian national debt. Later on they offered another explanation of the journey (one which had better have been suppressed)—"in the interests of the young king's education it was desirable he should see the French Exhibition in Moscow"! Even the simplest of the Serbian peasants smiled at this, and wondered so skilful a Government could find no better plea to justify the visit of the Serbian king to the Tzar—"the head of all the Slavs."

Those who are best in a position to know, believe that Russian diplomacy insisted that the Serbian Regency and Government must give certain pledges for their performance of their engagements and their good faith in the future. It was skilfully insinuated that M. Ristich especially should lose no time in reassuring public opinion in Russia, which had been somewhat seriously disturbed by his recent problematic conduct.

It is unquestionable that the young King's visit of homage to the Tzar is very popular in Serbia. It is a favourite formula to say that five-sixths of the Serbians are Radicals; this is not quite true, but it is quite true that five-sixths of the population believe in the omnipotence and good faith of Russia. When I say "good faith of Russia," I mean that all Serbians—except the Progressists—believe implicitly that Russia is going to fight Austria simply and only to force her to cede Bosnia and Herzegovina to Serbia, so that it may become a strong, as well as independent, national State. And they believe that Russia will do this out of pure and disinterested goodwill!

Very few of these Serbs who so enthusiastically wished their young King "God-speed!" on this journey have any clear idea of its true object or its probable political consequences.

A Serbian statesman, whose prognostications have sometimes been singularly correct, said recently, in reply to a question as to the possible results of this visit of King Alexander to the Tzar—"The pilgrimage of the Serbian leaders to Russia at this juncture and under these circumstances means the creation of a great Bulgaria by Europe, and the eventual occupation of Serbia by Austrian soldiers."

This time it is to be hoped that the statesman's prophecy will not be fulfilled. It is far more pleasant to hope that the simpler hospitalities of Ischl will do away with any undue glamour the splendid hospitalities of Russia may cast over the young imagination of the boy-king; and that Serbia, at no very distant day, may be an esteemed and valued member of the Balkan Confederation. E. L. M.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

ON the very spot which the railway station has usurped with its long slate roof, wooden signal-box and advertisements in blue and white enamel, I can recall a still pool shining between beds of the flowering rush; and to this day, as I wait for the train, the whir of a vanished water-wheel comes up the valley. Sometimes I have caught myself gazing along the curve of the narrow-gauge in full expectation to see a sagged and liehen-covered roof at the end of it. And sometimes, of late, it has occurred to me that there never was such a mill as I used to know, down yonder; and that the miller, whose coat was always powdered so fragrantly, was but a white ghost after all. The station-master and porters remember no such person.

But he was no ghost: for I have met him again, this week, and upon the station platform. I had started at daybreak to fish up the stream that runs down the valley in curves roughly parallel to the railway embankment: and coming within sight of the station, a little before noon, I put up my tackle and strolled towards the booking-office. The water was much too fine for sport, and it seemed more amusing to smoke a pipe and wait for the 12.26 train to take me home.

I leant my rod against the wall, set down my creel, and was entering the booking-office when, glancing down the platform, I saw an old man seated on the furthest bench. Everybody knows how a passing event, or impression, sometimes appears but a vain echo of previous experience. Something in the lines of this old man's figure, as he leant forward with both hands clasped upon his staff, gave me the sensation as I stepped in to

take my ticket. "All this has happened before," I told myself. "He and I are playing over again some small and futile scene in our past lives. I wonder who he is and what is the use of it."

But there was something wanting in the picture to complete its resemblance to the scene for which I searched my memory. I returned to the doorway and looked again.

The man had bent further forward and was resting his chin on his hands and staring apathetically across the rails. Suddenly it dawned on me that there ought to be another figure on the bench—the figure of an old woman: and my memory ran back to the day after this railway was opened, when this man and his wife had sat together on the platform waiting to see the train come in—that fascinating monster whose advent had blotted out the very foundations of the old mill and driven its occupants to a strange home.

The mill had disappeared many months before, but the white dust still hung in the creases of the miller's clothes. He wore his Sunday hat and the Sunday polish on his shoes: and his wife was arrayed in her best Paisley shawl. She carried also a bunch of cottage flowers, withering in her large hot hand. It was clear they had never seen a locomotive before and wished to show it all respect. They had taken a smaller house in the next valley, where they attempted to live on their savings; and had been trying vainly and pitifully to struggle with all the little habits that had been their life for thirty-five years, and to adapt them to new quarters. Their faces were weary, but flushed with expectation. The man kept looking up the line and declaring that he heard the rumble of the engine in the distance; and whenever he said this, his wife pulled the shawl more primly about her shoulders, straightened her back, and nervously rearranged her posy.

When at length the whistle screamed out, at the head of the vale, I thought they were going to tumble off the bench. The woman went white to the lips and stole her disengaged hand into her husband's.

"Startlin' at first, hey?" he said, bravely winning back his composure: "but 'tis wunnerful what control the driver has, they tell me. They only employ the cleverest men——"

A rattle and roar drowned the rest of his words, and he blinked and leant back, holding the woman's hand and tapping it softly as the engine rushed down with a blast of white vapour hissing under its fore wheels, and the carriages clanked upon each other, and the whole train came to a standstill before us.

The station-master and porter walked down the line of carriages bawling out the name of the station. The driver leaned out over his rail, and the guard, standing by the door of his van, with a green flag under his arm, looked enquiringly at me and at the old couple on the bench. But I had only strolled up to have a look at the new train, and meant to resume my fishing as soon as it had passed. And the miller sat still, holding his wife's hand.

They were staring with all their eyes—not resentfully, though face to face with the enemy that had laid waste their habitation and swept all comfort out of their lives, but with a simple awe. Manifestly, too, they expected something more to happen. I saw the old woman searching the in-curious features of the few passengers: and I thought her own features expressed some disappointment.

"This," observed the guard scornfully, pulling out his watch as he spoke, "is what you call traffic in these parts."

The station-master was abashed and forced a deprecatory laugh. The guard—who was an up-country man—treated this laugh with contempt and blew his whistle sharply. The driver answered, and the train moved on.

I was gazing after it when a woeful exclamation drew my attention back to the bench.

"Why, 'tis gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the miller's wife. "Of course 'tis gone; and of all the dilly-dallyin' men I must say, John, you'm the dilly-dalliest. Why didn' you say we wanted to ride?"

"I thought, maybe, they'd have axed us. 'Twouldn' ha' been polite to thrust oursel's forrard, if they didn' want our company. Besides, I thought they'd be here for a brave while——"

"You was always a man of excuses. You knew I'd set my heart 'pon this little feat."

I had left them to patch up their little quarrel. But the scene stuck in my memory, and now, as I walked down the platform towards the single figure on the bench I wondered, amusedly, if the woman had at length taken the ride alone and if the procrastinating husband sat here to welcome her back.

As I drew near, I took note of his clothes for the first time. There was no white dust in the creases to-day. In fact he wore the workhouse suit.

I sat down beside him and asked if he remembered a certain small boy who had used to draw dace out of his mill-pond. With some difficulty he recalled my features; and by degrees let out the story of his life during the last ten years.

He and his wife had fought along in their new house, hiding their discomfort from each other and abiding the slow degrees by which their dwelling should change into a home. But before that change was worked, the woman fell under a paralytic stroke, and their savings, on which they had just contrived to live, threatened to be swallowed up by the doctor's bill. After considering long, the miller wrote off to his only son, a mechanic in the Plymouth dockyard, and explained the case. This son was a man of forty, or thereabouts, was married, and had a long family. He could not afford to take the invalid into his house for nothing; but his daughters would look after their grandmother and she should have good medical care as well, if she came on a small allowance.

"So the only thing to be done, sir, was for my old woman to go."

"And you——?"

"Oh, I went into the House. You see there wasn' enough for both, livin' apart."

I stared down the line to the spot where the mill-wheel had hummed so pleasantly, and the compassionate sentence I was about to utter withered up and died on my lips.

"But to-day—— Oh, to day, sir——"

"What's happening to-day?"

"She's comin' down to see me for an hour or two; an' I've got a holiday, to meet her. 'Tis our golden weddin', sir."

"But why are you meeting her at this station, instead of Tregarriek? She can't walk and you have no horse and trap; whereas there's always a 'bus at Tregarriek."

"Well, you see, sir, there's a very tidy little cottage below where they sell gingerbeer, an' I've got a whack o' vittles in the basket here, besides what William is bringin'—William an' his wife are comin' down with her. They'll take her back by the last train up; an' I thought, as 'twas so little a while, an' the benches here are so comfortable, we'd pass our day 'pon the platform here. 'Tis within sight o' the old home, too, or ruther o' the spot where the old home used to be: an' though 'tis little notice she seems to take o' things, one never can tell if poor creatures in that state *bain't* pleased behind all their dazed looks. What do you think, sir?"

The whistle sounded, up the valley, and mercifully prevented my answer. I saw the woman, for an instant, as she was brought out of the train and carried to the bench. She did not recognise the man she had married fifty years before: but as we moved out of the station, he was sitting beside her, his face transfigured with a solemn joy.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, July 31st, 1891.

I MUST apologise for signing my name in full at the end of these few remarks upon Mr. W. D. Howells' new book, "Criticism and Fiction" (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.): for I cannot suppose that the signature will mean anything to Mr. Howells, while to a few people it will mean that a young man is standing up to criticise an elder—an attempt which has been unpopular since the time of Elisha and the two she-bears. My excuse is that Mr. Howells dislikes anonymous criticism.

For the remarks themselves no excuse need be offered: for a writer who has newly left the starting point and is reasonably uncertain about the race (to use a phrase of Mr. Howells') may be allowed to ask some questions of his seniors when they theorise, though he should content himself with respectfully saluting their actual work. I was already curious about novel-writing when, in undergraduate days, "The Lady of the Aroostook" fell into my hands. The story dealt (as everybody knows) with two young Americans who kept congratulating each other, throughout a tedious voyage across the Atlantic in a sailing ship, that they really were behaving like gentlemen in offering no insults to a third passenger—an unescorted young lady called Blood. This study of self-restraint impressed me as the work of a man who held a theory, and I set myself the task of reading all his books in order to express this theory from them: for the great masters, as a rule, are so reticent about their methods that I hardly even hoped to get at his secret by any other means.

But Mr. Howells is a blessed exception to this rule of reticence. Of course I began to read *Harper's Magazine* persistently, and there I soon found, not only that Mr. Howells had a theory, but that he was willing, and even anxious, to give it to the world. Mr. Henry James has somewhere a remark to the effect that an artist's friend will do well to pray for him when he leaves the firm ground of his art to cross the slough of theorising. Undoubtedly the step is perilous; and has led to the soiling of many fair reputations. But it is always a divine chance for the student, and as a student I must thank Mr. Howells sincerely for this book of his. He is now upon the other side of the slough, having crossed with fair ease, in monthly numbers; and may therefore be congratulated as well as thanked.

His book is marred by much rude and intemperate language. It is surely quite possible to dislike Englishmen and English books without talking of "poor islanders," with "fog-and-soot clogged lungs," "doting in forgetfulness of the English masters and grovelling in ignorance of the Continental masters": and it is surely possible to hate criticism without sneers of this kind—"I would have my fellow critics consider what they are really in the world for. It is not apparently for a great deal, because their only excuse for being is that somebody else has been. The critic exists because the author first existed. If books failed to appear, the critic must disappear, like the poor aphid or the lowly caterpillar in the absence of vegetation." Really this proves extraordinarily little, for even the existence of Mr. Howells depended at one time—if he will only consider—on the existence of his father. Nor is he quite admirable when uttering scornful words upon certain kinds of fiction which he hardly understands. The romantic novel is to him no more than Jack the Giant-Killer or Puss-in-Boots; Thackeray is a caricaturist; and a story which contains incident he compares to "the lies swapped between men after the ladies have left the table and they are sinking deeper and deeper into their cups and growing dimmer and dimmer behind their cigars."

But as I cannot confess to an entirely grovelling ignorance of English and Continental fiction; and am no professional critic; and am accustomed to keep the fog and soot out of my lungs by dwelling on a breezy coast and taking a cruise now and then, I can easily forgive all this violent abuse, and admit that Mr. Howells' theory of the novel atones for his manners. I suppose we are really behind the times in our fiction and, with the two exceptions of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith, have nobody to set up against the Russians, or against Björnson: and the reason very likely lies in our sincere, but too pious, pride in the traditions of Scott and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë. We are made barren by their greatness, perhaps, and cannot realise that precisely because they raised such glorious flowers from this or that parcel of ground, they exhausted the soil. We have built a hedge of respect around their gardens and cannot look over it. All this, I think, is beginning to dawn on most young Englishmen who set their hands to fiction. I for one, at any rate, accept Mr. Howells' rebukes and allow that the love of form blinds us to reality, and that the really "democratic" novel is still far from our grasp.

But, as a fairly constant reader of American fiction, I am entitled to ask Mr. Howells if the satisfaction he finds in the work of his fellow-Americans and in his own is not a trifle fatuous. Is that work in any sense large? I do not complain of the narrow dimensions of the American novelists' canvas, nor demur to their treatment of mankind in small isolated groups. Tourguéneff dealt with the smallest knots of men and women, and it is quite possible to treat the events of a hamlet in a spirit as wide as the world itself. But where is this spirit in American literature? I find it in Walt Whitman, and, to be frank, in nobody else. Take, for instance, the people who move (now and then) in the books of Mr. Howells himself. What relation do they bear to the "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing" millions who keep the North American continent inhabited? When shall we read the truth about the dignity of labour, the real cares and joys of the poor man, the eternal problem of how to make both ends meet on Saturday night, the ache of the labourer's body and his skill at his work? Is it to William Dean Howells or to Charles Dudley Warner that we turn for light on these matters? On the contrary, if their works are not entirely given up to "the dyspeptic amours of dyspeptic women," as Whitman suggests, it will hardly be denied that they deal chiefly with social *ἀπορία* of a very trivial kind. They are as aristocratic as "Pelham" himself, and about as full of the blood of realism.

Indeed Mr. Howells' patriotism has brought him into queer straits: and we are treated to the spectacle of a man who is really a worshipper of the incomplete and amorphous beating the tom-tom over the artistic achievements of men and women who are, before all things, worshippers of form. "I am not sure," says he, "that the Americans have not brought the short story nearer perfection in the all-round sense than almost any other people." I willingly echo this. The American short story sometimes seems to me to touch perfection: but its triumphs, from "Tennessee's Partner" down to Miss Wilkins' "Gentian," are all won within the strictest limits of convention and in accordance with the oldest rules of story-telling.

But in truth the virtues and vices of story-telling strike me as having altered far less than Mr. Howells imagines. Now, as always, the greatest artist works within the limits which bind all his fellows; and his greatness is seen, not in his readiness to break through those limits, but in his apparent unconsciousness of them. Mr. Howells falls foul of Thackeray as a writer who "had so little artistic sensibility that he never hesitated on

any occasion, great or small, to make a foray among his characters, and catch them up to show them to the reader and tell him how beautiful or amazing they were; and cry out over their amazing properties." And yet I fail to see that this vice of Thackeray's differs in kind from the "analysis" which Mr. Howells uses with such persistence. In both cases the author intrudes himself among his characters, and to me, at least, the intrusion seems as impertinent in the one case as in the other.

Upon method, however, we might discuss endlessly. It is with the subject-matter of the American story that I am now concerned; and I would ask Mr. Howells to name a single American novel of high merit which deals with toil, or with poverty, in the first instance; which gives the passion of love no more than its due importance; and which is constructed on lines which differ very appreciably from the old, old lines of romance.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

REVIEWS.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS AND NAPOLEON III.

NICOLAS I. ET NAPOLEON III., les préliminaires de la guerre de Crimée, 1852—1854. D'après les papiers inédits de M. Thouvenel. By L. Thouvenel. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891.

THERE is diplomacy and diplomacy, and according to the character of the diplomacy is the value of its records to the historian. The researcher in Foreign Office archives will find a few pearls of great price amongst much rubbish. He will occasionally be gratified by the burning words of a great Minister in his own handwriting deciding a momentous question of peace or war, or by the graphic account of an eye-witness describing some historic scene—the massacres of September, or the battle of Jena. On the other hand, he must be content to wade through volumes of letters dealing, in official verbiage, with the gentle oscillations of a negotiation, like the bulletins of a lingering illness, written by an envoy who knew less of the issues at stake than the reader of the present day. Or, if he has access to private letters, he may find them occupied with frivolous gossip, vague surmises, and ineffectual grumblings that the times are out of joint. This is likely to be still more the case in these later days of telegrams and quick communications. The most important matters will sometimes not pass through the chanceries of Foreign Offices at all. They will be decided by the personal communications of sovereigns, or by secret agents—a discreet dentist or a confidential colonel. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised if these unpublished papers of M. Thouvenel are not calculated to take the world by storm, or to enlighten us very much as to the causes of a war which, however important in its results, was not creditable to any of the parties concerned. The weight of evidence in favour of the dark and selfish intrigue of Napoleon III. and the gullibility of the English Ministry is increased. This is about all we can say after our perusal of the book.

M. Thouvenel, of whose correspondence the book before us is composed, was Minister at Munich in 1851, and afterwards Director of Political Affairs at Paris, and *interim* Minister of Foreign Affairs during the absence of M. Drouyn de Lhuys at Vienna. He was, therefore, in the very centre of events, but it does not follow that he was acquainted with all the secrets of his master. It was of paramount necessity that Napoleon should make for himself a place in Europe. In order to do this he required a European war, in which he could win laurels, and a close alliance with a first-class European Power. He also appears to have set great value on the support of the Catholic party in France, although the necessity of obtaining this is somewhat obscure. The later phases of this policy are generally attributed to the influence of the Empress, but she can hardly

have exercised such a power at the beginning of her reign.

It is now almost forgotten that the Crimean War began in a dispute about the Holy Places at Jerusalem, and it is generally classed as one of the many attempts to curb the ambition of Russia, and to maintain the Unspeakable Turk as a bulwark against the Muscovite. Yet the religious question had undoubtedly much to do with the rupture. M. de Thouvenel gives in his introduction a complete list of the Holy Places which were in dispute between the Latins and the Greeks, and a detailed history of the rivalries between them. There were two grounds of conflict—first as to the precise extent of the domination of the Roman Church, exemplified in our own day by the varying fortunes of the Latin and the Cyrillic character; and secondly as to the preponderance which France or Russia should exercise in the East. One of these grounds was religious, the other political. They were doubtless serious in themselves, although it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them in the confusing frivolities of frontier warfare. Napoleon I. does not seem to have interested himself very much in these controversies. In 1808 and 1809 he allowed the Greeks to repair at their own expense the cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had been destroyed by fire, and he did not revenge the insult cast by the Greeks on the hated Latins when they penetrated into the tomb of the Latin Kings; threw to the winds the ashes of Godfrey and Baldwin, Kings of Jerusalem; and treated with similar indignity the heart of Philip of Burgundy, and the remains of Philip the First of Spain. In the division of the world which he was willing to make with Alexander, he had no objection that these sanctuaries should be thrown in. Even the fanatical Bourbons did not do much for their co-religionists, and it was left to the Government of July to raise again the standard of the Latin Church. It is, therefore, rather surprising that the Prince-President should as early as 1851 have attempted to revive the French rights in the Holy Land. This is attributed by M. Thouvenel to the necessity of obtaining the support of the clerical party in his home policy, and may therefore be regarded as part of the clerical revival instituted by M. de Montalembert and his friends. In May, 1851, autograph letters both of Louis Napoleon and Pius IX. were presented to the Sultan to urge the carrying out of these objects. In October of the same year the Czar also wrote with his own hand to Abd-ul-Medjid to press upon him the opposite policy: but in February, 1852, a Firman was issued which satisfied in some degree the aspirations of France. The Latins obtained the important concession of access to the tomb of the Virgin. In all this there was nothing which seemed to menace the peace of the world. General de Castelbajac, writing from St. Petersburg, assured Thouvenel that the Emperor Nicholas had no designs upon Turkey, but that since 1848 he had been exclusively occupied by the establishment of moral and material order in Europe, and by the agricultural, commercial, and industrial development of his vast empire. The Czar, he said, was naturally anxious that the avenues of the Baltic and the Black Sea should not be closed against him, and therefore he did not wish any great Power to occupy Constantinople; but he was without any wish to seize it for himself. There were, indeed, two points on which Nicholas was resolved never to give way—the treatment of Poland, and the interests of the Greek religion. He knew that he owed his position in Russia as much to religious as to political sentiment, and that if he was called the "Little Father" of his people it was because that title combined the attributes of priest and king; any weakening of the Greek Church in the East would be a violation of his conscience. Apparently Louis Napoleon had no desire to respect these susceptibilities, but rather seized the opportunity of wresting them to his own purposes. Up to March, 1853, the dispute had not reached an acute stage. The Russians had

gained an advantage by having the Sultan's Firman read publicly at Jerusalem, and M. de Lavalette was recalled from Constantinople as a punishment for defeat. At this juncture occurred the unfortunate mission of Prince Mentschikoff to the Porte. He did his best, by enormous expense, by arbitrary behaviour, and the assumption of Imperial superiority, to impose upon the mind of the Sultan and his subjects. His stay on the Bosphorus only lasted three months. He visited the Sultan in morning dress, he gave Fuad Effendi the cut direct, which led to his dismissal. He put on his smartest uniform to call upon a disgraced Minister. He demanded that the Firman of February 8th should be altered, that the Key of Bethlehem should be taken away from the Latins, and that they should be refused access to the tomb of the Virgin; that the Greeks should rebuild the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre, which would have produced a storm in Rome. It is possible that in this behaviour Mentschikoff went beyond his instructions, as has so often been the case with Russian emissaries. England began to be alarmed by Mentschikoff's imprudence, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was sent back to the scene of action, where he arrived on April 4th. M. Thouvenel attributes to him a personal hatred of the Emperor Nicholas, who had refused to receive him as envoy in 1833. His presence was hardly likely to smooth matters. In St. Petersburg the Emperor Nicholas invited Sir Hamilton and Lady Seymour to dinner, drank to the health of Queen Victoria, and said, "The English have their own special means of influence at Constantinople. Unfortunately, I have no power over the Turks, except by threats of material force, which I am obliged to employ." The Turks, in the meantime, amused themselves by laughing at both parties. When the reasonable request was made that a *harem*, or something worse, which had been built against the walls of the Holy Sepulchre, should be destroyed, the Porte decided that they could not demolish these "places of retreat and of prayer for Mussulmans."

Thus the snowball went on rolling. Mentschikoff—having made an appointment with Mehemet Ali the Grand Vizier—sailed majestically past his palace in a ship of war, and rudely broke in upon the Sultan, who was in mourning for his mother. That evening Mehemet Ali was dismissed. Two years later Mentschikoff gave to Thouvenel, then ambassador at Constantinople, his account of the transaction. He had nearly signed a treaty with Russia, when Reschid Pasha, his rival, sent him a secret message telling him that he was willing himself to sign such a treaty, but that nothing could be expected from Mehemet Ali. Mentschikoff fell into the trap, publicly insulted Mehemet Ali, and demanded his dismissal and the appointment of Reschid. When Reschid obtained the object of his ambition, he denied absolutely that he had given any promise whatever. Thouvenel attributes this intrigue to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. This incident happened on May 13th. A week later Mentschikoff sailed into the Black Sea. Space does not permit us to trace these negotiations further. The public and much of the private history of the origin of the Crimean War is well known. The more that is known of it, the less creditable will it be to England. We made ourselves the tool of France; we alienated the friendship of Russia, to throw her into the arms of our allies of 1854; we killed, by slow torture, one of the best and most conscientious monarchs who ever wore the heavy burden of a despotic crown. It is pathetic to read, in one of the last letters of Casteljajac, that the Emperor Nicholas has in a few weeks aged ten years; that he is ill, physically and morally. His favourite schemes, the establishment of Russia as a great but peaceful Power—founded on the double support of a strong government and a devout Church, in alliance with the strong Powers of Europe—were broken in his hands. Sad indeed is the fate of those sovereigns for whom the violent oscillations of public opinion are not broken by the beneficent mediation of representative institutions.

AN IRISH EXILE.

LIFE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. By James Jeffrey Roche. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. ROCHE'S book is most interesting. Perhaps he has fallen into James Boswell's very amiable sin. There is a level of proportion and perspective in his sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly. The idol of a circle is not always the first man, or one of the first men, of a nation. And the impression left upon our mind by a careful study of all Mr. Roche's book is one of liking for O'Reilly; by no means one of exceptional admiration for his undoubtedly brilliant, but rather showy, gifts and talents. O'Reilly was characteristically Celtic. In his overcharged style, full of fervour and sentiment and vague moral appeals, he is closely akin to men like William O'Brien and the late A. M. Sullivan; men with a plenitude of stirring phrases and the artistic skill which knits these phrases into one striking and connected texture. But deeper mental qualities are wanting. In these speeches and poems, lovingly presented by Mr. Roche with all the unquestioning idolatry of personal worship, we look in vain for one great thought uttered, one great doubt grappled with, or one great problem faced or taken in hand. The suppleness and grace of diction, the chief charm of Celtic writers, one finds in every verse and every sentence. Picturesque epithets and dynamically emotional words are in abundance. These are great ornaments of literature, and O'Reilly was undoubtedly richly endowed with such literary treasures. Mr. Roche presents the whole life of the man to us. He wishes to show that the poet made his life a poem. And, speaking in measure, it must be admitted that O'Reilly's life was one full of romantic incidents, of "strong situations," and of acts, events, and sufferings which make up a story of more than ordinary interest. Englishmen may well read, and read with profit, this memoir. They will see what manner of man was this who vowed hostility to them and to their rule in Ireland, and they will do wisely if they ask themselves how long they are to continue a system which makes such men outlaws in their native land. Isaac Butt, in one of his most convincing speeches, told how the scenes in Green Street court-house set him thinking about Ireland and Ireland's government. He asked himself were men like these to be for ever felons and so-called traitors, or could a middle course of reconciliation be found? Home Rule rose out of these inward questionings of the great constitutional lawyer. Men like Luby and O'Leary and Kieckham passed across the stage and disappeared into Portland or Dartmoor. But the light of nationality which they kindled purified for the time the public life of Ireland and brought men back to the great issues which both nations are now trying amicably and rationally to solve. In that time of ferment and awakening John Boyle O'Reilly was developing into manhood. Born in 1844 he began to take part in politics, as Irish boys do, from a very early age. Fenianism grew and flourished between the years 1858 and 1867. O'Reilly was an active member of this organisation. He had heard the traditional story of how agitators and placemen had betrayed the country, and he was easily led off into the policy of despair, in which, at any rate, there was nothing base or sordid. He was a trooper in the 10th Hussars in 1863 and was at the same time a sworn soldier of the "Irish Republic." Boys of nineteen are not nice casuists, and O'Reilly in all probability simply ignored the question as to how two contradictory oaths could be reconciled. But if O'Reilly deliberately entered the army for the purpose "of overthrowing the monarchy," as Mr. Roche says (page 9), it is a thing of which biographers have, in our opinion, no particular reason to be proud. It is far more likely, and far more to O'Reilly's credit, if it was so that he entered the army in the ordinary random way, and was afterwards swept away by the flood of feeling which burst over Ireland in 1863 and the years

immediately following. Anyhow, it was as trooper in the 10th Hussars that he committed these acts of "treason" for which he was condemned to death in 1866. The dreadful man, Talbot, was one of the witnesses against him. Talbot was a head-constable. As such head-constable he undertook the task of discovering and convicting Fenians. For that purpose he joined the Fenian organisation; took the oath: went to Mass, Protestant though he was; swore men in and then betrayed them; and, generally, acted one of the most revolting parts that the mind of man can conceive. All this, too, under the sanction of the Castle. Any means were then thought fair, so accommodating was the conscience of the ruling powers. Little wonder that such an example bore fruit. After O'Reilly's conviction, the humane Lord Odo Russell, who was then an adjutant, and who arrested O'Reilly on the charge of treason, exerted himself on the convict's behalf, and so effectually that the sentence of death was commuted to one of penal servitude for twenty years. Penal servitude was subsequently changed to transportation, and O'Reilly was sent out to Australia. From Bunbury convict station he escaped in February, 1869, and made his way to America. Here, strictly speaking, his public life began. Hitherto he had been a subterranean politician. But he now emerged into the "open movement." For twenty-one years he held a distinguished place among the Irish in America. Old Fenianism had for the time spent its force when O'Reilly began his career in the New World. Other forces were called into play. Agitation, with new names and new men, again arose. O'Reilly spoke and wrote very moderately about the changed state of things. He exhorted the Irish in America not to be made tools of by blatant American politicians who loudly professed "friendship to Irishmen." He says: "Of all the offensive sayings that are habitually uttered in this country, we are of opinion that this is the most offensive. And yet it has originated from the very people it should insult. The Irish people have introduced it; they use it daily in their criticisms of public men; and it is no wonder that it should have become 'a plank in the platform' of everyone who seeks for Irish favour. What does it mean, this worn-out rant? It is simply an insult to say 'he is a friend to an Irishman,' and should be resented accordingly" (p. 128). At once and at a bound the ex-convict took his place in the highest literary circles. The "Papyrus Club" was formed in March, 1873. A number of most interesting men at once became members. O'Reilly was soon brought into personal relation with literary Boston through this quasi-literary society. In this way he got to occupy a quite unique position in America. Step by step he went up the ladder of literary celebrity until he reached a really respectable height.

Literary fame in America is still reached by roads long since abandoned on this side of the water by all but the strongest men. We in the older country have little patience with minor poets, or with authors of fugitive pieces. But in America things are otherwise. The novel has not absorbed any very considerable fraction of literary activity there. But even the novel brings fame and is still worked out as literature. For better or for worse, there seems to be a greater craving for literary distinction among average American writers than there is among any but the more ambitious of our writers. The very weakest authors appeal to the public for recognition as well as for more material reward. There has grown up, therefore, a relatively wider class of men and women who look to literature for name and mark than the volume and value of American literature would lead one to think. Such a condition of things was most favourable to O'Reilly. Boston yearned for men of literary renown; if not of world renown, then of as wide renown as possible. And so, when O'Reilly published his "Songs of the Southern Seas," it was warmly welcomed by American critics vigilantly on the look-out for anything of merit or of promise.

Succeeding work justified the praise, and in time O'Reilly became a singer of much sweetness and delicacy, and a prose writer of point and charm. One by one the great striking figures of the Fenian times passed away. One of the most remarkable was John O'Mahony. He was like a Hebrew prophet in his intensity, his rapt inwardness of emotional meditation, and his inflexible hostility to anything base or cowardly or cruel. O'Reilly said truly of him that "he never stained his white hand with one unworthy coin from the treasury of Fenianism" (page 176). With the death of this unsullied gentleman the last fliker of the older and purer Fenianism died out, and the Neo-Fenians, under O'Reilly's friend, John Devoy, now appeared on the political stage and turned the whole Irish movement into new channels. Hitherto, between the Revolutionary party and the Parliamentary party there had been no compromise. O'Reilly, indeed, had welcomed the Home Rule movement; but the mass of the Fenians were arrayed in deadly hostility to all agitation. Agitation appeared to them as a kind of political gangrene. It grew, they thought, upon corruption only. The nation in which it could be found was necessarily one festering sore. This feeling was due to the lessons of past betrayals by loud-voiced patriots. The Fenians thought that the running of risk was a pledge of sincerity, and they scorned the safe declaimers who eloquently held forth about Ireland's sufferings and her approaching glory. But in 1878 a complete change took place. Three men transformed Irish politics. Mr. Parnell attracted the haters of rhetoric by his silent, resolute strength and his massive and purposeful methods. John Devoy mobilised the Neo-Fenians and brought them into line with the constitutional men. Davitt aroused the democracy, and set all Ireland in a flame against the intolerable tyranny of the landlords. O'Reilly went warmly into the new agitation. He entered political life in a more prominent way than he had ever intended doing. As editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and, as the pet and idol of literary and artistic Boston, he gave tone and social flavour to Irish public meetings. He was not, however, one of the master spirits of the new movement. His natural fastidiousness led him away from the coarser methods of agitation; but he was always the ornament and the "bright, particular star" at the quieter and more choice assemblages of the Home Rule supporters.

To the last he tried to show his countrymen the spiritual side of Irish aspirations. Liberty and national life made up his creed of things necessary for his country. All else would be added unto them. His speeches and his poems enforce this teaching. He wrote nothing base. He spoke nothing base. He held up lofty ideals of conduct before the minds of Irish youths when he spoke to them of Ireland's sorrows. Mr. Roche says rightly that O'Reilly's place as a poet might have been much higher had he been spared some years longer; since one may trace a steady advance in purpose and in workmanship as time went by. He did not aim at mere distinction of style. He tried to do enduring, solid work. But as we have said, his Celtic fervour and artistic plasticity lent such charm to mere form that the skill and polish are in most cases more valuable than the thought which they vivify and clothe.

Looking at O'Reilly's whole career, it must be said that it was one of singular attractiveness. Those who knew him speak of the irresistible charm of his manner; how it won upon one by its combined strength and softness. We can well believe it. Some of his shorter poems are dainty almost to femininity; others are most manly and martial. Now and then he is too oracular, having caught the strange literary accent of his environment. But when he is at his best he is simple, direct, and strong. A great Irishman he was not; but he was a bright and most fascinating personality. The story of his life is well told by Mr. Roche, and we

think the book will teach much to those who wish to know what manner of man an Irish rebel and conspirator may be.

TWO BOOKS ON SOCIOLOGY.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN CIVILISATION: a Handbook based on M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation." With Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1891.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By Philip Delbert. Edited by Frederick Wingfield. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.

DESPITE all that has been written of the unity of history, the historical method, the treatment of society as an organism, and the necessity of studying its evolution if we wish to understand its present condition, it would be difficult to specify any single English book containing a really comprehensive and accurate account of the leading features of the history of Europe. Particular aspects of the subject and particular periods have, of course, been fully dealt with—the history of literature and art, the intellectual development, parts of the industrial history, and so on; but—except as a basis for more or less philosophical generalisation—we do not remember that the subject has been treated as a whole. This book—which the editor, concealed under the initials J. V., modestly states is principally intended for young students and general readers, though he hopes it may be useful to older students to group knowledge already acquired—is, on the whole, a very creditable and useful attempt to supply the deficiency. Beginning with the Christian era, it gives a very readable account, containing an immense amount of information, of the decay of the Roman Empire, the rise of the nations of modern Europe, their literature, science, and art, the "industrial revolution," the main features of their economic history, and the countries which the New World has added to the "family of nations." Ancient civilisation has been dealt with in a previous volume. India, China, and Japan, are also touched upon, though very briefly; the British Empire in India is dismissed in less than a page; and, on the whole, the modern part of the book strikes us as weaker than that devoted to the Roman Empire and the early Middle Ages. Surely too it is a mistake to attempt to include literature and art, especially the former, which, after all, is much better dealt with in its own histories, and the history of which frequently tends in a book of this kind to become a mere list of names and dates. The weakest part of the book is the economic. What possible use is this fatuous account of Adam Smith, for instance?—"In his eyes wealth consisted in labour. He demanded liberty for labour. A visit to a pin manufactory taught him another principle, the division of labour. He was also the first to establish the law of supply and demand on the rise and fall of prices." (This is all. What does the last sentence mean?) Then we can find nothing about the Bank of England, though there is something about the Bank of France, including some of the trite moralising so much affected by the French mind; and the account of the history of invention strikes us as rather too French. The book, indeed, would have been the better for more editing and adaptation to English needs than it has received. Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Law" ought to be sufficiently familiar to the English public to prevent their being told, as they are here, that King Louis Hutin's ordinance freeing the serfs and stating that by natural law everyone ought to be born free was totally opposed to Roman jurisprudence. In reality, of course, it was the direct outcome of the Roman theory of the Law of Nature. Too much space, too, is devoted to French economics and to Law's Mississippi scheme. And the brief sketch of Kant's philosophy is poor, and the statements that "Berkeley denied the reality of all sensuous experience, Hume that of all mental or spiritual experience," are merely foolish. Some of the part devoted to modern politics, again, wants revising—

particularly the accounts of Belgium and Switzerland, the latter of which obscurely hints at the Referendum without mentioning it, and so ingeniously mixes past and future as to leave us uncertain whether we are living in 1817 or 1892. And the translation, like nearly all translations, wants more correction. "Argovia" and "Thergovia" are not the usual names of two Swiss cantons; a bank does not keep its specie reserve in "cash-boxes;" the Romans did not write on "leaves of papyrus;" and "machicoulis," and one or two other French words, have been too much for the translator altogether. Then what on earth (except a contradiction in terms) is a "wild, uninhabited village?" Still, the work does supply a real want, and is, on the whole, readable—though, like all concise manuals, it is better adapted for those who have already read widely than for the young students who are most likely to use it.

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to M. Ducoudray and his editor, who deal with facts, and whose statements are mostly true and valuable, to couple their book with Mr. Delbert's, whose generalisations are often truisms, and still oftener dubious or false. Mr. Delbert has read a great deal, chiefly, it would seem, philosophy and French history, and picked up a certain amount of scientific phraseology; he reiterates what nobody now denies, that the phenomena of society are subject to the law of cause and effect; he insists that a people's acts are the outcome of its race-character, an expression which is either a mere abbreviation or a truism proper to the "metaphysical period" of philosophy; he holds that race-character is due to the soil, and so that the works of Proudhon (for whom and for Lamarck he has an exaggerated admiration) are due to his having been reared on the generous wine of Burgundy; and he persists in regarding race-character as identical throughout history—in the Germans of the new Empire and the Germans of Tacitus, or the French of the Third Republic and Caesar's Gauls—ignoring not only eighteen centuries of acquired experience, but the Slav admixture in Germany and the German migrations into France. The "Editor" contributes notes, *e.g.*, "We find it difficult at the present day to endorse all the opinions of writers of the first century of our era," but we see no other trace of his handiwork. The author at last diverges into a discussion of Proportional Representation—conducted without reference (it would seem) to the recent Continental schemes, but somewhat on the same lines. The book is amateur sociology, but not nearly so bad as such work often is; and if these earnest amateurs would only descend to earth oftener, and do the sort of work Mr. Delbert does in his last chapter, they might be of some use. But the wide generalities they most delight in are precisely what they are least qualified to formulate.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY: AN ENCYCLOPÆDIC LEXICON OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, prepared under the superintendence of William Dwight Whitney, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology and Sanskrit in Yale University. In six vols. Vols. I.—IV., A to P. New York: The Century Company. London: T. Fisher Unwin

WE are glad to see that the mere partisan and insular tone which was taken by a part of the English press on the first appearance of this great work has ceased, and that a fair, and therefore a favourable, estimate of its successive volumes has for some time prevailed. The present (fourth) volume completes the first two-thirds of the book, the fifth volume is ready, and the sixth will be out before Christmas. The Philological Society and the Clarendon Press must envy the pace and regularity with which the goodly tomes have appeared. The production of the 4,880 large three-column quarto pages, with their small type, "sorts," and illustrations, within a year and a half, is itself a matter of wonder and of congratulation to all concerned in the work; and when one tests its articles, one has no hesitation in

concluding that the "Century Dictionary" is the best practical and most business-like "Lexicon of the English Language" that exists. We all smiled when the late Archbishop Trench was asked what he thought of Webster's Dictionary, and answered, "I really have no opinion. When it came, I saw it was a picture-book, and so I at once took it up to the nursery; I haven't seen it since." But we all knew and know how a woodcut of an animal, a plant, a machine, a dress, etc., gives us at a glance a better description of the article than any lines or pages of definition. What would the classical student do without his cuts in Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities? Woodcuts are therefore rightly in the "Century Dictionary," and very good they are. Encyclopædic articles are there too, like those on "Gland" and "Glass," in Volume III.; on "Organ" and "Piano-forte," in Volume IV. Under the heading "Gland" sixty-two kinds of glands are treated, either directly or by reference. The admission of scientific and technical terms is very liberal, and a fair number of Early English words is also let in. The etymologies are—with very rare exceptions—sound and full, and reflect the varied learning of the veteran Sanskritist, Professor Whitney, who, through all the trials of his long illness—confined often to his bed, and always to his ground-floor—has worked unweariedly to render the "Century" worthy of his country and himself. He has also had the help of several specialists in different departments. The literary history of its words the "Century" does not pretend to give, save partially in certain cases; for that the inquirer must turn to the "New English Dictionary" of the Philological Society and the Clarendon Press, edited by Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley, and to the publications of the Early English Text Society, etc.

Thus "cellule" is undated by the "Century," is put at 1652 by the "New English Dictionary," but yet is much earlier—about 1100 A.D., as *The Academy* has told us—since it is in the Englishing of Lanfranc's "Cirurgie," which Dr. R. von Fleischhacker is editing. For "julep" the "Century's" earliest authorities are Massinger and Milton, but the Englished Lanfranc has it in 1100, and it occurs earlier in an ancient Glossary. Of course the "Century" has not had hundreds of volunteers working for it since 1858 at sifting words from all our early books. It is the practical business-man's book, with a good sprinkling of literature and history; whereas the Philological Society's "New English Dictionary" is specially the scholar's and teacher's book. One sympathises with the user of the latter when he looks at an article like that on "as," with eight closely-printed columns, in thirty-four sections, or on "by (prep.)," with twelve columns, in thirty-nine sections, and sighs "Life is not long enough for that." And one does not wonder that he prefers the "Century" articles, with three columns for "as" and two for "by." This adaptation to the wants of the general reader is what strikes us as the note of the "Century Dictionary." It was planned by a business-man—Mr. Smith—and his plan has been carried out in a thoroughly business way. He first bought Annandale's Dictionary. Finding that that was based on Webster, and also used freely as an American scientific dictionary, Mr. Smith bought the rights of using those works. But he felt that his ideal dictionary was not to be got in this way; an altogether new work must be compiled, on the level of the knowledge and requirements of the present age; and so he sacrificed his former purchases, and secured the help of the best men in America to produce the "Century Dictionary" within a moderate limit of space, time, and money. The result has answered all reasonable expectations. No dictionary of a living language can ever be perfect. English has not long been studied historically; half its early books and five-sixths of its early documents are still in manuscript. The first use of a word may be registered in the "New English Dictionary" in 1884, and yet it occurs in an Early English text of about 1390. We are but at the beginning of our knowledge

of the history of English; the only systematic history of English syntax—that by Dr. Kellner—is still in the press. All we ask of any new dictionary is that it shall show careful and honest work, and be an advance on the best of the books of its own kind. These demands the "Century Dictionary" amply fulfils. As an Encyclopædic Lexicon of English, it is hundred of miles ahead of any other encyclopædic dictionary; every page of it shows a widely extended vocabulary, with careful definitions and illustrations in quotations or woodcuts, or both; while the book is admirably printed and arranged. Near at hand as its completion is, the "Century Dictionary" may be safely recommended to buyers as far and away the best book of its class in the market.

FICTION.

1. WEDLOCK, AND ITS SKELETON KEY. By Hope Huntly. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1891.
2. CAPTAIN LANAGAN'S LOG: Passages in the Life of a Merchant Skipper. By Edmund Downey. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
3. CÆSAR'S COLUMN: a Story of the Twentieth Century. By Ignatius Donnelly. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1891.

"FATHER, what is the meaning of 'divorce'?" These are the first words of this novel, "Wedlock and its Skeleton Key." The question was asked by Ruby Vincent, and her father's reply was to immediately dismiss the governess. Mr. Vincent had done his utmost to bring up Ruby and her sister Beryl in the innocence of ignorance, and he considered that the question was due to some lack of vigilance on the part of the governess. She, in revenge, told Ruby a few home-truths about her father. Mr. Vincent, we learn, as Parliamentary leader, had been the conspicuous promoter of an Act enabling a divorced man or woman to marry again, "even while their former bonds remain undissolved by death." Mr. Vincent divorced his own wife. "By the very Act which he inaugurated, he enabled her to become the legal wife of that other guilty man." Experience teaches one to identify the opinions of the writer with the opinions of the noblest character in the writing, and we are thus enabled to gather that the author of "Wedlock" believes that in the question of divorce the law of England is at variance with the law of God. As this article is entitled fiction—not theology, or politics, or law—we need not discuss the point.

The story itself is chiefly concerned with the two heroines, Ruby and Beryl. They had a brother, whose name was Jasper. Mr. Vincent must have been thankful that he had not a very large family. We learn that he was an obstinate man, and he would probably have clung to his idea of nomenclature. We can imagine a youngest child, christened from sheer desperation Chrysoprasus, and the essentially evil time that he would have had at school in consequence. Ruby was serious; Beryl was light-minded, and apparently never said a thing in English if she knew the French for it. During the vicissitudes of two volumes they are guarded and guided after their father's death by a certain Benjy Bellows, who is simply the old faithful retainer of fiction with a few opinions added. Beryl, the light-minded, married a Captain Cavil. In the course of a slight disagreement she told him that she had only married him to save her brother's pocket, and—we must give the very words—"scarcely knowing what he did under the smart of it, he flung his half-consumed cigar into the grate." He was also driven to reproach her, but it is upon that word "half-consumed" that we chiefly love to linger. Shall we ever see railway carriages labelled "consuming"? Shall we ever offer a friend a consumption after dinner? Beryl made her husband so jealous of a Captain Loftus that he told her that she was the daughter of a worthless and a disreputable mother. She therefore ran away from him, leaving

a note behind her saying that she had gone to someone who would protect and shelter her, a man of honour who would never insult her as her husband had done. As this note seems to be direct evidence of her guilt, it is hardly necessary to say that she was innocent. Benjy Bellows intervened, and all came right again.

The intervention of Benjy Bellows was also required in the case of Beryl's sister, Ruby. On her marriage morning he showed her that as her husband was divorced, it would be sinful for her to live with him as his wife until he could prove the death of his former wife. So Ruby left her husband at once, and became a nurse in a hospital. If a heroine becomes a nurse at all, she is always an unusually good nurse. Ruby unwittingly saved the life of her husband's divorced wife by her skilful nursing; and the divorced wife, out of gratitude, committed suicide. So Ruby was free to return to her husband, and the faithful Benjy Bellows assisted at the reunion.

The book has an unintended moral, which is this: the most praiseworthy opinions, the most earnest religious feeling, and the truest regard for the Young Person, are not in themselves sufficient to enable their possessor to write a novel; they do not entirely compensate for a poverty of invention, a want of observation, and a style that is frequently uneasy and affected. It is a book which seems to be good in its intention, but which is very defective in its execution.

We certainly think that Mr. Downey's "Captain Lanagan's Log" is an improvement on "Brayhard," the wearisome burlesque which we noticed last September. Much of this book is spirited and interesting; and although we cannot give any warm praise to the comical passages, there is not the persistent strain and effort after comicality which made "Brayhard" so distressing to the reader. In the sketch of MacAuliffe there is the improbability which may be forgiven perhaps, because it is not altogether conventional; in the coincidences which attend the sea-sick boatswain, Fogarty, the improbabilities are greater, and as they are wholly conventional, they are less pardonable. They are the coincidences of farce, and are out of place in a story which is not intended to be farcical. The first six chapters are the best in the book; the love-making and the comicality are less pleasing. We should not say that the story is entirely original; there are, apparently, only a certain number of incidents that can happen at sea, and they have been recorded often enough, in one form or another; but the public is by no means tired of hearing of them as yet. A reader who is not too critical, and likes stories of adventure, might do worse than take "Captain Lanagan's Log" as a holiday companion.

We do not intend to devote much criticism to the authorised edition of "Caesar's Column;" it is a story of the twentieth century. Of such guesses at the future, full of inconsistencies and electricity, we have had more than enough. Not one of them is convincing, and all are dull. The following words are from the preface to the book:

"It must not be thought, because I am constrained to describe the overthrow of civilisation, that I desire it. The prophet is not responsible for the event he foretells. He may contemplate it with profoundest sorrow. Christ wept over the doom of Jerusalem."

We are not altogether grateful to the author for a parallel which would certainly have never occurred to us if he had not suggested it; nor are we more inclined to trust his guesses at the future than his guesses at the past. The book is written with presumption, without restraint, with questionable taste. The monument referred to in the title is supposed to be erected by the Commanding General of the Brotherhood of Destruction; it was composed, we learn, of the bodies of a quarter of million of human beings. Here, as elsewhere in the book, the author's notions of the grand and the terrible seem to us to be a little inadequate.

MR. MAHAFFY ON GREEK PROSE LITERATURE.

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL GREEK LITERATURE. The Prose Writers from Isocrates to Aristotle. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy. Third Edition. Revised throughout. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS History, like all the writings of Mr. Mahaffy, deserves its third edition; like them, too, it required, and requires, its thorough revision. It is readable, lively, audacious, modern. Mr. Mahaffy's chief fear, in life and literature, seems to be that he should be taken for a pedant. It is to avoid that fate that he compares Antiphon the Orator to Baron Stockmar and to Wagner, and Isocrates' monument to the Albert Memorial. These things are not pedantic; we may be permitted to call them a little silly. Sometimes Mr. Mahaffy is really humorous, as when he suggests that Cobet went wrong upon the question of Xenophon's Tract on Hunting because he is "perhaps unacquainted with sporting society." We need not criticise at length a book so well known as this; it is enough to say that Mr. Mahaffy retains his admiration of Herodotus at the expense of Thucydides; his dislike of German scepticism, German obstinacy, German subjectivity, German heaviness; his reverence for Grote, except upon Utilitarianism. It is difficult not to admire the writer's erudition, and, upon the whole, his fairness—though when he dislikes an author he does not trouble to disguise his dislike, nor scruple to dwell upon it. In especial, his estimates of Xenophon and of Thucydides are scarcely admissible. He is at his best in discussing such men as Lysias; at his worst, in discussing the philosophers. Indeed, he has not altogether escaped the difficulty of discussing philosophers as men of letters, without either ignoring their philosophy or loading his history of literature with a history of philosophy. In conclusion, we protest against the words "Hellenedom," "Egypticism," "rythm"; and we deplore the printer's error, upon page 143 of the first part, of 480 B. C. for 380, and upon page 62 of the second part of 490 B. C. for 390.

PRACTICAL ECONOMICS.

PROBLEMS OF POVERTY. By John A. Hobson, M.A. (University Extension Series.) London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

THIS book is primarily a popular statement of the results contained in Mr. Charles Booth's great work on East London, adapted for readers whom Mr. Booth's statistics might very likely repel. But it is a good deal more also. It is a sound, temperate, sympathetic, and really philosophical sketch of the difficulties affecting the "low-skilled workers," and a clear and concise summary of a number of current controversies on points of practical economics. There is a strong attack on the labour of married women; a good, and by no means too affirmative, *vis-à-vis* of the Eight Hours Question; a useful account of the sweating system, and of the "immigration of destitute aliens" on which that system depends. The treatment of the latter question, considering the evidence available, and the special circumstances to which that immigration is due, strikes us as rather too apprehensive of danger. What we want in this case is definite statistics, and none of the alarmists—neither Mr. Arnold White nor Lord Dunsany, neither Mr. James Lowther nor Mr. S. H. Jones—will give them to us, or take into account the fact that London is still a centre of transshipment, and the strong probability that most of the immigrants go on as soon as they can. It is noticeable that Mr. Hobson says that checks on immigration might be followed by measures designed to protect British industry against the cheap goods the foreigners produce—which is more than most of those who are anxious about the competition of the Polish Jews at the East End venture to say just yet. Mr. Hobson also brings out clearly that the improvement in the condition of the lower classes, of which so much has been heard of late years, is to some extent only a recovery from the period of special degradation between 1770 and 1840, the worst in the history of the English working class; and a point we do not remember to have seen put so clearly before that the articles cheapened by modern economic progress are those used by the upper and middle classes and the skilled workmen, rather than by the lowest stratum of the labouring class. For these latter, rent is higher, and much of their food is dearer, though not their bread, and the cheapening of their clothing is, we fear, delusive. He points out that the growth of strong unions and the limitation of the supply of labour, which, whether intentionally or not, is always its effect, may so far intensify the distress of the lower stratum as to lead to some drastic remedy. Our satisfaction with the contentment of Lancashire, of which we have heard a good deal in the evidence before the Labour Commission, is considerably tempered by the following condensed quotation (from p. 167):—" [In Lancashire] strong men may be seen lounging about the streets, supported by the earnings of their own children, who have undersold them in the labour market. The 'ring' machine [now substituted for the 'mule'] can be worked by a child, and learned in half an hour; that is the sole explanation of this deplorable phenomenon." The proper technical school in Lancashire is clearly the manufactory.

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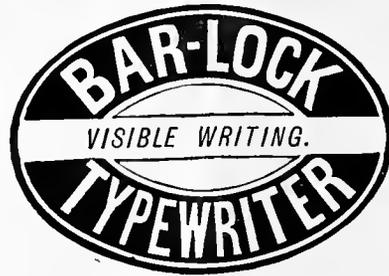
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