

THE SPEAKER

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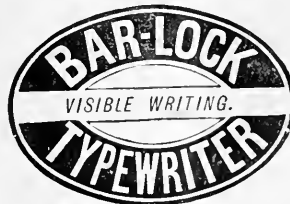
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Walsall election, which resulted in the return of MR. HOLDEN, the Liberal candidate, by a majority of 539 votes, as compared with SIR CHARLES FORSTER'S majority of 1,677 in 1885, was no disappointment to those Liberals who were acquainted with the circumstances of the constituency. It would of course have been more satisfactory if we had maintained the 1885 majority. But the position of SIR CHARLES FORSTER was an exceptional one at Walsall as well as in the House of Commons, and it was notorious that many persons who had steadily supported "the old member" under every vicissitude in politics, had no intention of extending their aid to his successor. The diminution in the Liberal majority was, therefore, anticipated, and there was a period when a much worse result than that secured in the ballot on Wednesday was anticipated. For the rest, we may cheerfully leave our opponents to make what capital they can out of MR. HOLDEN'S diminished but still adequate majority.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech on Monday at Plymouth, though marred by some absurdities—*e.g.*, his exhibition of the election literature of Wisbech as a proof of the extremities to which Liberal candidates are driven—deserved the careful attention of politicians of every class. It confirmed the announcement already made of the determination of Ministers to introduce a County Government Bill for Ireland next Session, and it went some way in defining the character of that measure. The chief point which MR. BALFOUR made was that the police would not be placed under the control of the new County Councils. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of his speech was the un concealed regret with which he appeared to contemplate the consequences of the legislation on which he and his colleagues are about to embark. The new Councils, he admitted, would drive from public life the men who now manage the local business of Ireland, the landlords and other persons of social rank on the Grand Jury panel. This was deplorable; but the necessity had to be faced apparently because Ministers have at last awoke to a knowledge that they cannot meet the country without making at least a pretence of an attempt to fulfil the solemn pledge which secured for them their victory in 1886.

THE manner in which the Bill has been received by the supporters of the Ministry is hardly encouraging. The *Dublin Express* openly charges MR. BALFOUR with having surrendered to the enemy; and though the language of the London Conservative newspapers is not quite so plain, there is hardly an attempt to conceal the extreme dis-favour with which the Ministerial project is regarded. One feature of the situation created by MR. BALFOUR'S speech is the irritation against the Liberal Unionists which it has produced on the Tory side. The Conservative followers of the Government believe that the Bill is meant as a concession to the dissentient Liberals, and they gird openly at the price they are called upon to pay for the support of their allies. It is not very clear on what ground they take this view. Possibly MR. CHAMBERLAIN and his Birmingham friends may wish to cover their ap-ta-sy decently by means

of a Local Government Bill; but those Liberal Unionists who follow LORD HARTINGTON, and who are represented by such papers as the *Times* and the *Spectator* have no more desire to bring about this change in Ireland than the Tories themselves have. What, for example, does MR. T. W. RUSSELL think of MR. BALFOUR'S speech?

THE death-blow to Parnellism was dealt at Mallow last Sunday, when MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN both made speeches in which they clearly defined their attitude towards their old leader, and gave their reasons for refusing to follow him further. It was easy for them to show that, ever since his own fall, he had been animated by the most intense selfishness, and had been striving to secure his personal revenge against MR. GLADSTONE at the cost of the interests of his country. Perhaps the most important point in the speeches was MR. DILLON'S direct appeal to MR. PARSELL to allow a portion of the Paris funds to be released for the benefit of the evicted tenants, to whom they rightfully belong. Both MR. DILLON and MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY are prepared to pledge themselves that not a penny of these funds shall be used for political purposes, and they invite MR. PARSELL to name two representatives of his own side who may co-operate in the distribution of the money among the evicted tenants. It is hardly necessary to say that MR. PARSELL has made no response to this fair proposal. The money is now locked up in a French bank, and if he should survive MR. MCCARTHY the full control of it will fall into his own hands. The *Freeman's Journal*, it is evident, will shortly cease to advocate MR. PARSELL'S cause. His friends talk of starting a new journal, but fear that they cannot obtain the necessary funds.

WE have dealt at length elsewhere with the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which has been held in London during the present week. Perhaps the most notable feature of the gathering has been the manifest ignorance of the general public with regard to the character of the Congress, and the class of persons by whom it is attended. This ignorance is apparently shared by Her Majesty's Ministers, who seem to be unaware of the fact that London has this week been entertaining some of the highest authorities in foreign countries on those questions of international hygiene—*e.g.*, the quarantine regulations—with which Ministers in their political character have so much to do. No doubt it is trying for a member of the Government to have to remain in town over the 12th of August in order to pay some marks of attention to a number of foreign *seigniors*, but the PRINCE OF WALES was ready to give up his pleasure at Cowes in order to be present at the opening of the Congress, and it is discreditable that none of Her Majesty's Ministers showed themselves ready to follow his example. The reception of our distinguished guests, though it has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of private individuals, has been of the most cordial character, and too much praise can hardly be given to the hard-worked professional men who, with very limited resources at their command, have fulfilled the duties which, in any other country in Europe, would have devolved upon a department of the State.

THE death of Mr. LOWELL has been in many respects the most important event of the week. The great American had already passed the age of seventy, but until quite recently he had retained his youthfulness of spirit, and still seemed to have it in him to do work for his kind. Literature loses in him one of its most brilliant ornaments; nor is this all. It loses also one of the most powerful representatives of the Liberal spirit. His death, deeply mourned not only in his own country but in Great Britain, has been made the occasion of one of those manifestations of the unity of our race which do more than any political treaties can do to bind together both branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. It was fitting that the QUEEN should express her sorrow at the death of the most distinguished representative of the United States ever sent to the English Court. It was no less fitting that the Poet Laureate, the greatest living man-of-letters, should give voice to the feeling of all English writers at the loss of one in whose hands our noble mother-tongue was turned to such high use. Nor have Englishmen of all classes forgotten that LOWELL was one of the illustrious band of men who fought against slavery in the days when that "sum of all villainy" was well-nigh omnipotent in America. The display of feeling caused by his death in this country will not, we may be sure, be ungrateful to those who had the high honour of claiming him as their fellow-citizen.

ON the 21st of February last the "officiating Secretary to the Government of India" informed MR. QUINTOX that "the Governor-General in Council considers that it will be desirable that the Senapati should be removed from Manipur and punished for his lawless conduct," in promoting some months previously a bloodless revolution which the Resident reported would be, "at any rate for a time, beneficial to the country." On Wednesday last, the *Times* correspondent telegraphed, "The conviction of the Senapati on the charge of waging war and abetting murder is also upheld. There is no ground for clemency in his case, so he and the Tongal General will be executed." The man whom SIR J. GORST described as possessing "great abilities and force of character, and popular among the people for his generosity" is thus doomed: while the story of Manipur is already half-forgotten. Of the evidence proving participation in the murder of the men with whom, till MR. QUINTOX'S arrival, the SENAPATI was on the most friendly terms, we know nothing. It must be assumed, however, to be conclusive. Yet it is impossible to ignore the fact that the man now doomed to die might, but for blunders at present unexplained, be at this moment a loyal adherent to the Government of India. If the story of Manipur had been told of the French in Tunis, or the Germans in East Africa, the virtuous indignation of the English press—now silent—would have known no bounds.

IT was the main thesis of SIR HENRY MAISE'S last work, that, as the mass of the people have no real political opinions, democracy can only be kept going at all by party spirit and corruption. MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has recently insisted that this view holds good in Canada; and the proceedings before the Public Works Committee, at Ottawa, assuredly bear him out. Whatever the exact truth about each separate bit of bribery already sworn to, both sides admit that SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN and other politicians were financed by contractors and received subscriptions from them for election expenses. This being granted, the alleged results, or something just like them, must follow as a matter of course. The contractors had to get the money from somewhere, and so it came—more or less directly—from subsidies to railways and steamers, or excessive profits on public works; while the officials who might have proved inconvenient were kept quiet with presents of money, jewellery, plate,

and, in one instance, a steam yacht. And very much the same thing appears to have happened among the Liberal party in Quebec, to which province most of the Federal scandals revealed apparently have reference. The north-east part of it, where the most sanguine promoter would not start a company without a subsidy from Government, is indeed admirably fitted by nature to be the field of a National Policy. And, unfortunately, the people are equally fitted to base their politics—where religion is not concerned—on Government appropriations alone. SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN'S tardy resignation—demanded some weeks ago by organs of his own party—will hardly help the Government much, and certainly does nothing to reduce the importance of MR. TARTE'S revelations.

PRICES on the Stock Exchange have fallen in almost every department during the week, and in some departments the decline has been serious. In New York rumours respecting the Union Pacific Railroad Company have circulated, and the price at times has been as low as 33½. At the end of April the price was about 53½, so that since that time the fall has been nearly 40 per cent. Many speculators must, of course, have suffered severely, yet there is not expected to be as much difficulty as at first sight might be anticipated. There is a large floating debt, and it is feared that a receiver may have to be appointed; but many suspect that MR. JAY GOULD is at the bottom of the whole movement. Early in the year he obtained control of the company. Then it is said that he sold his shares largely, and now it is suspected that he has created a scare for the purpose of buying back. However that may be, the heavy fall in Union Pacific shares has disorganised the whole market, and caused a serious decline once more this week. In the foreign department the decree of the Russian Government stopping the export of rye has led to a further sharp fall, and arouses fears of serious difficulties before long on the Berlin Bourse. The Russian Rouble has again fallen sharply, and as Berlin speculates largely in Rouble notes, it is feared that the losses sustained must be growing serious. Altogether the feeling on the Stock Exchange is by no means comfortable. Perhaps it is less gloomy than it was at the beginning of the week, but it is difficult to see any signs of recovery as yet.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change on Thursday in their rate of discount. They are evidently unwilling to do anything that might cause a fall in the value of money, and they do not see their way as yet to raise it, for the receipts of gold from abroad still nearly equal the withdrawals, and at home the demand for banking accommodation is exceedingly small. At the Stock Exchange settlement this week borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at 1¼ per cent., and even less. Indeed, many members of the Stock Exchange were inclined rather to pay off than to increase their loans. In the discount market the quotation for three months' bank bills is still 1½ per cent., but business is done even lower. Speculation in every department in commodities as well as in securities is utterly paralysed. Trade is not so active as it has been. The harvest is late. And though there is still some demand for gold from abroad it is not sufficient to materially affect rates. In the silver market the price has fallen to 15½d. per oz. Speculation is for the moment rendered impossible in New York by the fall in Stock Exchange prices generally. In Europe there has been unwillingness to speculate for a considerable time past. The Indian demand is small, and neither the Portuguese nor the Spanish demand has as yet proved to be so large as a little while ago was expected. The tendency, therefore, is for the time being downward rather than upward.

MR. BALFOUR'S MANIFESTO.

MR. BALFOUR deserves credit for the vigour with which at the close of a long Parliamentary Session he has opened the political campaign of the recess. His speech at Plymouth was nothing less than a political manifesto of first-rate importance, and the only wonder is that it should have been made in the first week of the holidays rather than on the eve of the General Election. The explicit declaration that a County Government Bill for Ireland will be introduced next Session was accompanied by a defence of that measure, and a suggestion of its character, which are at least unusual when a Bill lies many months ahead of us. But the Irish Secretary clearly felt that some apology and explanation had become absolutely necessary. Why are Ministers going to legislate at all for Ireland? is the question which is being asked by their own supporters; and it is impossible to doubt that with the majority of Conservatives this new departure of theirs is regarded with the strongest suspicion and dislike. "It is to fulfil a promise and satisfy the Liberal Unionists," cry the Tory critics; and thereupon we see them calculating with rueful faces the precise cost to the party of this Liberal Unionist Alliance. We are by no means so sure that the Liberal Unionists, as a whole, are at all more anxious than the Tories themselves to see local government established in Ireland. The *Spectator*, at all events, would fain have none of it. But the heads of the party probably recognise the fact that they could not face the country at the General Election unless they were to make some attempt to fulfil the pledge by means of which they secured their majority in 1886. It is not because Mr. Balfour and his colleagues like Irish Local Government any better than the dull rank and file of their followers do, but because they know that to dissolve without pretending, at all events, to put a scheme of this sort before Parliament, would be to admit their own bad faith and to bring disaster upon themselves, that they are embarking on their present course of action. There is, indeed, a cynical audacity in their tone towards the measure they are about to bring forward, which speaks volumes for the demoralisation that has fallen upon them. With hardly any pretence at concealment, Mr. Balfour is legislating in the teeth of his own convictions and of the convictions of his party, in the hope that he may thereby recover the lost favour of the public. It is the case of Free Education over again, and we confess that we do not envy those who are called upon for these repeated sacrifices of principle to expediency.

The red-hot opponents of Home Rule can hardly have liked Mr. Balfour's reference to his own measure. He frankly expresses his belief that the establishment of County Councils in Ireland will mean the withdrawal of the control of local affairs from the land-owners, in whom it is now vested, and its transfer to the occupiers. In other words, these County Councils, everywhere outside of Ulster, will be in the hands of the men who now send Home Rule representatives to Parliament, and who, in Town Councils and Boards of Guardians, are in a chronic state of conflict with Dublin Castle and the police. This may seem to people who really believe in the principle of popular control a necessary condition of affairs; but it cannot seem otherwise than hateful to the classes which have hitherto followed Mr. Balfour with unswerving loyalty. To the Irish landlords and loyalists, it must seem just as much a surrender of the fortress as the frank acceptance of Home Rule itself would be. This, indeed, appears to be the view already taken by so strong a supporter

of the Irish Secretary as the *Dublin Express*. Mr. Balfour, it is true, has his remedy for the evil which he admits he is about to create. The County Councils will have control of the rates, and of all the matters belonging to local government with one exception. They will be allowed no control of the police. We should like to know how long the Irish Secretary expects this restriction to last. It is hardly necessary to say that this clause is introduced into the scheme for the simple purpose of showing that from the Coercionist point of view the present Cabinet is not quite so bad as Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would be. Looking at the matter from another standpoint, it seems to us that the Tory proposal is very much worse than any which Mr. Gladstone would be likely to make. To create these County Councils, and then to withhold from them the control of a great executive body, such as the police force in Ireland, is surely a colossal blunder. It would mean not merely a renewal and continuance, but a serious aggravation of the struggle between the people and the authorities. We have already seen Boards of Guardians dissolved, mayors of towns arrested as law-breakers, visiting magistrates insulted, defied, or ignored by the police and their superiors; and the spectacle has been sufficiently startling and disgraceful. In future, if Mr. Balfour's scheme were to be adopted, we might expect to see these County Councils similarly at war with the constabulary; and the legally organised representative body of a district defied with impunity by men of the stamp of the police officials who figured at the last trial of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. Does any sensible supporter of the Ministry think that this state of things will be an improvement upon the present? We confess we do not wonder at the ill-suppressed apprehensions and indignation with which Mr. Balfour's most faithful friends have received the announcement of his latest scheme.

The Plymouth speech contained the usual declaration which is now the truism of Tory platforms, that Home Rule has had nothing to do with the winning of recent elections. It is a pity that a man of intelligence like Mr. Balfour should think it worth his while to repeat this silly tale. It cannot be of importance to him to convince his own friends of this assertion, and he will never be able to convince his opponents. The Liberal party knows that it is not only winning by-elections steadily, but that it is winning them upon Home Rule. It was the Home Rule cause that triumphed at Walsall on Wednesday. That cause, strong as it was a week ago, has received new strength from the speeches of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien at Mallow. It is no longer possible to doubt that between the accredited representatives of the Irish people, and the Liberals of Great Britain, the union which was formed five years ago is now stronger than it ever was before. Mr. Parnell's great treason has been exposed and battled by his own most trusted lieutenants, and it is merely as the tool of Mr. Balfour and the avowed enemy of the Irish national movement that he now lingers upon the scene. In these circumstances it is hardly wise of the Chief Secretary to echo the foolish fallacies about Liberal weariness of Home Rule. If the Liberal party were really weary of the cause to which they stand committed, we might at least be sure of one thing, and that is that Mr. Balfour himself would be the first to abandon his proposal to give Ireland a system of local self-government. It is because he dreams a genuine system of Home Rule that he is now about to try his hand at the production of a sham measure of the same class. What its fate will be is already manifest. The Irish Secretary himself can hardly

venture to hope that he can carry his new plan by means of Tory votes. But if he should shrink from carrying a measure of this kind in the teeth of the opposition of his own friends in Ireland, there can be little doubt as to the course he will take. The appeal to the country will be made on the strength of his scheme for local government. The electors will be asked to choose between his Bill and Home Rule. We could hardly wish for a more satisfactory issue than this, nor can the result of the appeal to the judgment of the nation be doubtful.

THE NEW HUMANITARIANISM.

WE print on another page an account, from the pen of one of its leading members, of that great Congress which—somewhat to the bewilderment of the ordinary citizen—has been held in London during the present week. There is ample room, however, for a survey of its proceedings from an independent standpoint. To us it seems that the Congress of Hygiene is not so much a forum of debate; it is a sort of commemoration, the commemoration of a series of unsurpassed victories—Waterloos, veritable Borodinos and Marengos, in which millions of lives have been saved; victories so inspiring and encouraging that there is no saying what may be done in a few years. Meditate upon the facts told by Sir Joseph Fayer in his address upon preventive medicine. In the England of 1660-79—with one-fifteenth part of it lakes, stagnant water, and moist places, the chill damp of marsh fever everywhere, houses of mud or wood, small, dirty, ill-ventilated, the floors covered with foul-smelling rushes or straw, the streets unpaved and with open gutters, the food scanty (little varied, with few vegetables and much salted meat), small-pox, marsh fever, scurvy, and leprosy prevalent—the death rate was 80 per 1,000; by 1681-90 it had fallen to 42.1 per 1,000; in 1889 it had sunk to 17.85 per 1,000. These are the true victories of humanity. But much remains to be won, as may be seen by comparing the death rate in London with, say, those in Bolton or some other Lancashire towns. Sir Joseph Fayer calculates that preventible diseases still kill in England yearly about 125,000 persons, and he cites a calculation as to cases of illness not ending fatally, that 7½ millions of days of labour, or in money £7,750,000, are annually lost by reason of preventible diseases. One-fourth of the present deaths take place, it is estimated by some experts, from such causes, and it is pretty clear that the preventible diseases are being prevented. Dr. Priestley, in his striking paper on Maternity Hospitals, brings out the fact that, while the mortality in such places under the old *régime* before the introduction of antiseptics was 34.21 per 1,000, it is now less than 5 per per 1,000. Well may all concerned be proud of such a triumph. No doubt there are disconcerting mysteries which so far have baffled investigators. A new sewage system is created in Salisbury: immediately follows an "extraordinary" reduction in the death rate. The old insanitary cesspool system in the Surrey village, to which Dr. Seaton refers, is replaced by a new and elaborate system: there results an epidemic of diphtheria. The discussion in the bacteriology section leaves the impression that Koch, Pasteur, Dr. Roux, and Dr. Metschnikoff are but on the threshold of the subject in which they are the chief workers. Whether Dr. Metschnikoff is right in his striking theory that there is a struggle *à outrance* between the cells of the body and the

invading micro-organisms, the white blood corpuscles seeking to devour the germs of disease, and *vice versa*, is uncertain; the ways of those enemies of the race that work in darkness are obscure. But even with present knowledge, what an outlook! For the first time we are within measurable distance of a time when, practically speaking, all members of the community will live their full natural lives—will die only because the machine is outworn. Hitherto a large number have made shipwreck just when going out of port, many more sank when not half-way across; and now we are told that everybody may make the whole voyage. If the average mortality of London in the latter half of the seventeenth century was 80 per 1,000, and in 1889, 17.4, what may it not be in 1990? In that larger science of political economy, health is no less a factor than wealth. If the smaller science of political economy has been stationary, the more comprehensive has been advancing, and we look forward to soon seeing National Health Budgets which will enumerate the effective and non-effective of society, state the expenditure by reason of death and sickness, and the income in increased health, and so accurately compute the true national surplus.

In both branches of the work of the Congress, in demography as well as hygiene, there is an advance, and in both is a tendency to push out the dabbler and the talker and writer on things in general. Science is fast invading fields which had been left open to the sciolist. Take, for example, the subject of the future growth of nations. Here, until lately, patriotism or chauvinism was rampant. It said what it liked, certain that it could not be refuted. Through French literature ran a secret assumption that it was in the order of things that the French language and civilisation must extend more and more as the survival of the fittest. All this is changed, not so much by reason of Gravelotte and Sedan as of the inexorable facts which demographers have made known: the spirit of vaunting optimism has given place to one approaching despair. The same assumption may now be detected in English literature: it is taken for granted that the Anglo-Saxon must eventually be universal. We, too, ought not to be over-confident: the results of the last censuses of England and the United States may well inspire doubts; and the whole subject of population is taking a new aspect. Further investigations in this field pointing to new theories are proceeding; what they are Mr. Francis Galton indicated in his address. "The whole question of fertility under the various conditions of civilised life requires more detailed research than it has yet received. We require further investigations into the truth of the hypothesis of Malthus, that there is really no limit to over-population besides that which is afforded by misery or prudential restraint. Mr. Galton throws out some hints as to the true clue to the fertility of different nations and classes; and he proposes research, in his favourite fashion, into the hereditary permanence of several classes, taking specimens of the least and most efficient physically, morally, and intellectually. Whether the true law of population will be found in that way, we have our doubts: particular societies have, like other organisms, their special law of fertility; in what is vaguely called race may lurk, as he admits, a part of the solution of that problem. Crime might be cited as another example that the day of the talker on things in general is nearly over. Formerly it was always safe to say that education must put down crime; that if only we had schools enough, gaols might be shut up. Everybody acquainted with the subject knows now-a-days that this is most doubtful: statistical science attests a steady spread of education and a steady increase of certain forms of crime, and those

not the least repulsive. Much was expected of the Congress now sitting. We cannot say more in its favour than that it has realised what was expected, that we have had great themes worthily discussed, and an unusually small amount of social science chatter.

"FIDELITY."

A GOOD many Englishmen will, we imagine, read the judgment of Mr. Justice Stirling in the Ailesbury case with a keen sense that their country is still a kind of Laputa. We have nothing to say against the technical correctness of the judge's finding. It appears to be quite in harmony with the law. The Court of Chancery was asked to act as referee between disputing trustees of the property of which the Marquis of Ailesbury is the tenant for life, with a goodly number of remainder-men attached to him. Lord Ailesbury wished to sell a hopelessly encumbered estate to Lord Iveagh, late Sir Edward Guinness, for the sum of £750,000. One trustee and all the remainder-men opposed the sale. Mr. Justice Stirling's judgment was directed to the one sentimental point as to whether he was justified in letting the wide and beautiful domain of Savernake Forest go out of the hands of the Ailesbury family with a spendthrift and bankrupt tenant, but with an available reserve of fairly thrifty and well-to-do successors. He decided that he would not disappoint these persons of their hope of owning one of the great show places of England, and of maintaining the traditions of a family of no great repute in the public service. In other words, Mr. Justice Stirling decided to retain under the care of a hopeless prodigal of twenty-eight, who lives on the grace of a money-lender, an estate which does not yield more than a very few hundreds of net income, which has been let down till it must be in parts almost below the margin of cultivation, and which, on the other hand, had the promise in Lord Iveagh—a type of the better kind of *nouveau riche*—of an owner of abundant resources and great business capacity. The farmers of Savernake will have to go without their improvements, and the estate will be allowed to slip more and more into "loop'd and window'd" raggedness, so long as my Lord Ailesbury, who may have forty years of highly useful life before him, "is to this body." And all because Savernake "ought," in the opinion of Mr. Justice Stirling, to belong to the Ailesburys. "Ought" is good. It is so modern. It exhibits our landed system in all its palpitating actuality. It is so like an English judge to parade a solemn array of precedents in order to prove the "right" of a family of English Brahmins with the appropriate motto "*Fuimus*," and with a craving to recover a lost position in their caste, to go on ordering the lives of so many thousand yeomen and ploughmen, and to lay and keep waste so many tens of thousands of acres of a country that year by year loses a little more of its power to maintain its rural population.

The human side of this tragedy-comedy of landlordism is not a little curious. The Marquis of Ailesbury is a young gentleman who has had five years' enjoyment of his title. His family practically dates from a cunny Bruce, who got the right side of King James the First's "bugger." We believe that is the correct historic expression, and made haste to change the Royal favour into lands stolen from the Cistercians in Yorkshire and an earldom of Elgin. Later, they married into the family of the Seymours, from which sprang the Protector Somerset, one of the ablest and most rapacious of the nobles to whom the Reformation came as a boon and a

blessing totally misapplied with theology. From this union came the Savernake Estates, which the Somersets originally acquired by marriage and only remotely by rapine. The Ailesburys, first earls and then marquises, have as a rule carefully abstained from doing anything which might entitle them to public gratitude. They added their two boroughs of Marlborough and Great Bedwin, which once returned four members, so discreetly as to earn the gratitude of George the Fourth and to obtain their step up in the Peerage. Up to 1855 they returned, with the trifling assistance of some few hundred electors, a member for Marlborough. They have the patronage of nine livings, which is of course dispensed by the young gentleman whom the Jockey Club lately warned off Newmarket Heath, and who is described by his friends as a whip of quite fantastic merit. Lord Ailesbury has since and before his accession "done himself proud." He has absorbed the little matter of the Cistercian abbey, which counted for a good £175,000; he has placed himself on the books of Mr. Samuel not Mr. George Lewis to the extent of over £200,000; he has had a brief and not glorious career on the turf; he is said to have sported or even invented, after the manner of the First Gentleman of Europe, a new coachman's bottom. His position as regards the 90 odd farms and the 40,000 acres of Savernake is curious. Personally, he would not be a penny the better for the sale. He would have to raise £250,000 to pay his debts, and the interest on this sum, together with the jointures and the outgoings of the estate, would reduce his income from Lord Iveagh's £750,000 to its present figure of a very few hundreds. It is not surprising that he feels the burden of his position, and would like to be rid of it. Probably if the three kingdoms could be searched through and through (not excluding Whitechapel), they would not be found to contain a man more unsuited to exercise any sway over the lives and fortunes of others, more unfit to inherit anything but a pair of hands and the necessity to work for his living. But our excellent law not only condemns him to his heritage of woe, but sternly waves him back from his well-meant attempts to let in a better man. Savernake, therefore, remains with the Ailesburys, on the chance that some future marquis may be rich enough to administer it with crotch.

There is, no doubt, a certain picturesque quality in a decision which permits Lord Ailesbury to legislate for us, to appoint, possibly under the advice of Mr. Samuel Lewis to the cure of souls, and to pass over to others, though not to Mr. Lewis, the unearned increment of Savernake. The law allows it, the Court decrees it, and, we suppose, we ought to see nothing wrong in it. What, however, does strike us with some seriousness is not the refusal of the Court to sanction the sale, which, at the best would have exchanged a feudal lord of the better type for one of the worse. It is the appalling bigotry of a law which, in the mouth of a very able judge, considers a problem of wide human happiness solely with respect to what is socially "due" to an oldish, out-in-no-way a distinguished family of landlords, who have fallen on evil days, but who have nothing but their own reckless impudence to blame for them. Reading the Ailesbury case it seems difficult to realise that we are in post-Revolution days, or that we have advanced very appreciably beyond the ethics of the seigniorial court. The Ailesbury family, with a certain anti-epitaphic grace, have thought it wise to inscribe "*Fuimus*" on their coat-of-arms. Surely it was not too much to ask Mr. Justice Stirling to take the lead thus opportunely tendered him, and to write "*Fuerunt*" instead.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION AGAIN.

THE reflex of the excitement caused on the Continent by the supposed attitude of England towards the Triple Alliance has made itself felt in an unpleasant way in our diplomatic relations with the Porte. A fortnight ago we mentioned the rumour that the Sultan—no doubt under diplomatic instigation—was anxious to reopen the negotiations as to the date of the withdrawal from Egypt of the British Army of occupation. Last week the *Standard* announced that the negotiations had been opened, but were to be postponed until after Lord Salisbury's return from the Continent. This week the same paper has stated—evidently under official inspiration—that it is with extreme impatience that the Sultan submits to the postponement. Turkish officials are strangers to energetic action, and consequently can easily dispense with a holiday, so that in one sense the Sultan's impatience is intelligible. It presents, indeed, a somewhat curious contrast with the slackness and the repeated delays on the part of the Porte, which brought Sir Henry Wolff's mission in 1887 to an abrupt conclusion. Then we laid down certain conditions determining our administration of Egypt, and promised that the acceptance of them by all the European Powers should be followed by our withdrawal. The Powers hesitated, and the Sultan hesitated, and Sir Henry Wolff, very properly, did not wait for them. As to the influences which have now stimulated the Sultan to act, there is no room for doubt.

Now it is quite within the bounds of possibility—looking at the way the Porte usually conducts its business—that the negotiations may not be left to the present Government to complete. By the end of next year, at latest, we shall have a new Foreign Secretary, and as to the remoter future of our policy in Egypt, the Liberal party, whom he will represent, has always been divided in opinion. A certain section—of less relative importance than formerly, but still very influential among the electorate—would gladly withdraw as soon as possible not only from Egypt, but from all foreign entanglements whatever. Another section would undoubtedly adopt an ideal which is economically impossible, unless, like the democracies of antiquity, we made our subject allies pay tribute—democracy at home combined with Empire abroad. Both ideals are outside the sphere of practical politics. With regard to the immediate future, no conceivable Government, Conservative or Liberal, can have any policy save one—which is marked out for us by circumstances beyond our own control.

In the present state of Europe, and in view of the progress of the scramble for Africa, we cannot allow the greatest prize in the latter country to be left a prey to certain misgovernment and disorder. The inevitable and speedy result of our withdrawal would be the intervention either of ourselves or of some other Mediterranean Power. Even to fix a date for that withdrawal would stimulate other Powers to prepare for intervention. France must protect Algiers and Tunis, Italy her possessions—such as they are—in Abyssinia. The mere probability of such an occasion would intensify all those international jealousies which are constantly breaking out in connection even with such trivial matters as the sympathies of Ras Aloula or the religious orders in Tunis—and which even Signor Crispi, despite his fatuous efforts to emphasise them, declares he wishes to suppress. There is plenty of explosive material in Crete and Macedonia, in Servia and Albania, which may bring about a European war, whether the Triple Alliance chooses or not, without adding to it the indefinitely greater quantity which our evacuation of Egypt, under

any circumstances within the sphere of probability, would necessarily leave absolutely uncontrolled. As to the suzerainty of the Porte, from the Liberal point of view especially, there will be even less doubt about our answer. The Power which habitually fails throughout its own dominions in the elementary duties of a civilised Government—which cannot repress revolt in Yemen or keep order in Crete or Armenia, or stop brigandage in the neighbourhood of its own capital, or, indeed, pay or clothe its own troops—cannot be given any fresh opportunities for failure in that part of the world where failure would be most disastrous. Our own work—so well described by Mr. Alfred Milner in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some weeks ago—will not be finished for years. Till it is finished, every year gives fresh justification for our presence during the next; and until the danger of a Mohammedan revival is past—a danger which the partition of Africa is extremely likely to intensify—our modest army of occupation cannot be withdrawn. In the interest both of Egypt and of European peace, we must at present stay where we are. By our work in Egypt we are justified; and we are justified still more by the certainty that our presence there nullifies one set of causes of a European explosion.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE general interest aroused by the annual Naval Manœuvres is a hopeful sign. It is well that the public should endeavour to master the lessons they teach; but it is important that these lessons should be rightly understood. Unfortunately in all such object lessons there lies danger. The correspondents to whom the public must look for teaching are frequently at fault. Their letters, often hurriedly written, may convey only the impressions of the moment; the broad aspects of the operations as a whole may altogether escape them. The popular impression created by last year's manœuvres was doubtless unfavourable. No powder was burned between the main fleets, and the C squadron disappointed expectation by going off into space, and striking the prescribed trade route at a point where it was one hundred and eighty miles wide, and no concentration of traffic existed. Yet these manœuvres were extremely instructive. Sir G. Tryon showed how a fleet might be handled for the effective protection of the most important "neck of commerce" of the Empire. A new insight into the possibilities of torpedo-boat employment was gained, and the young officers who conducted the attack on the fleet in Plymouth Sound clearly indicated the only way in which such an attack could hope to be successful.

Again this year the manœuvres have ended amidst a chorus of dissatisfaction, by no means justified, and arising principally from a want of comprehension of the objects in view. It is not yet sufficiently realised that instruction is best conveyed by explaining clearly to the officers and men concerned the nature and objects of all manœuvres. Mystery seems to possess some inexplicable fascination, and the result is that teaching suffers. The want of grasp of the objects in view is reflected from the officers to the press, and from the press to the general public. The manœuvres of 1890 were mainly strategic; those of 1891 almost purely tactical. The wide striking range which the torpedo-boat was shown in the former year to possess, naturally suggested experiments in new methods of dealing with this nature of attack. Formerly it had been customary to protect the battle-

ship from attack at sea by quick-firing guns and search-lights; at anchor, by netting. A totally different policy is possible, however. In place of awaiting its attack, the torpedo-boat may be hunted down by special vessels possessing greater speed and far greater coal endurance, able to keep the sea in all weathers, and armed with numerous guns of the class which the torpedo-boat has most reason to dread. In order to bring this new policy to a test, Ireland was assumed to be the country of an enemy who had established along his coast six torpedo-boat stations, with a view to attack British commerce in transit through St. George's Channel. The torpedo-boat must have a *pièce à terre* to enable it to refit, and to secure rest and reliefs to its overworked crew. The six torpedo-stations were thus represented by depot-ships anchored in selected Irish ports; and from them the "Blue Squadron" of twenty torpedo-boats, under Rear-Admiral Erskine, might operate at will. The "Red Squadron," under Captain Long, consisted of three old-type armour-clad; provided with nets a skeleton fleet of battleships, and accompanied by six "torpedo-catchers." According to the rules of the game, it was open to Captain Long to capture any of the enemy's depots, or to capture or put out of action the opposing torpedo-boats, on fulfilment of certain conditions. The various engagements have been sufficiently described. Captain Long appears to have handled his vessels with great vigour, and the umpires admit his claims to the capture of two stations and four torpedo-boats; while seventeen boats in addition are regarded as having been put out of action for twenty-four hours. Under the rules, therefore, there is no doubt that the new offensive policy proved disastrous to the torpedo-boats, and their many zealous advocates will doubtless protest against conditions which have previously been accepted. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the arbitrary conditions of the game corresponded with those of war; but the recent torpedo-boat actions in Chilian waters go far to show that they are approximately fair.

The great principle of strategy which von Moltke upheld was to adopt a vigorous offensive. The Naval Manœuvres of 1891 appear to prove that, as against torpedo-boats, this principle is equally sound. It follows that to a great naval Power possessing a vast commerce which must be defended in war, torpedo-catchers, vigorously handled, supply the surest guarantee of security. The torpedo-boat is, in the main, the weapon of the Power whose policy is the attack of commerce, and for Great Britain its uses are restricted. To have thrown new light upon a question so important, and to have, perhaps, supplied a check to the tendency to the over-production of torpedo-boats, is no small result. Our task is to study and grasp our peculiar and individual requirements, avoiding all temptations to copy measures which may be adapted to the widely different needs of other Powers.

Of the proceedings of the Northern and Western Fleets, there is little to be said. Eight first-class battleships and twelve other vessels, the most powerful squadron ever assembled, were placed under the command of Sir M. Culme Seymour for evolutionary purposes in the North Sea; and nineteen vessels, including eight battleships, under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, assembled at Berhaven. It is to be regretted that the programme arranged for the former fleet was cut short by orders from the Admiralty, and that beyond the ordinary manœuvres of the signal-book nothing was attempted, so that no fresh light has been thrown on the much vexed question of fighting formations. But the admirable way in which the mobilised ships—huge complex machines as they are, with crews hastily brought together—fell

into their place on sea, reflects infinite credit on the *pep and* of H.M. Navy, and is full of good augury.

The Germans have proved to the world the value of manœuvres. To Great Britain the Navy is as the Army to Germany, and something more. It is only by exercises skilfully planned and intelligently executed that the temper of the "tremendous weapon" on which the existence of the Empire depends can be preserved.

MR. LIDDERDALE ON THE SITUATION.

THE *New York Herald* has published a very interesting account of an interview one of its representatives has had with the Governor of the Bank of England. For a considerable time past fears have existed in New York, as well as upon the Continent, that the City of London had practically become bankrupt, and that scarcely a leading house is in a thoroughly solvent position. Hence credit had received a shock all over the world, and men were afraid to enter into new engagements, not so much because they apprehended difficulties at home, but because they were doubtful what might happen at any moment in London. It is not surprising, then, that the representative of an enterprising journal which publishes issues, not only in New York, but in London and Paris, should try to ascertain what the real facts are, or that the Governor of the Bank of England should be willing to allay, as far as he properly could, the alarm which exists. Briefly, then, his statement is, that with a single exception, all the important houses in the City are solvent. One house has been known to be in difficulties for at least twelve months. Its name has again and again been the subject of talk not only at home but abroad, and it has on one or two occasions already received assistance. Apparently it is once more embarrassed, but its embarrassments are being considered, and it would seem, from what the Governor of the Bank said, that they are likely to be once more arranged. Whatever the outcome of the negotiations may be, it seems to be the opinion of Mr. Lidderdale, as intimatedly it is that of the City generally, that very little influence will now be exercised upon the course of affairs. The credit of the house has been too much under discussion. For the past year it has therefore been compelled to restrict its business in all directions, and even if it were now to decide upon winding-up, the impression made upon the general public would be slight. At one time the closing of the doors of so great an establishment would unquestionably have produced a crisis, but the public has now become accustomed to the notion that the difficulties are insuperable, and therefore little trouble would probably follow even if it had to suspend. The Governor of the Bank of England assured his interviewer that with this exception no important house is now in serious difficulties. He admitted that it was extremely likely that failures would ensue. At times such a crisis as we have been passing through, with a breakdown in South America, and a probable breakdown in Southern Europe, it would be very strange, if there were none. But these will be unimportant so far as the Money Market is concerned, and therefore will not have serious consequences. South America is not able to buy on the same scale it had been doing for years past, and it would therefore not surprise anyone if there were to be failures among commercial houses in the South American trade. Similarly there would be no cause for wonder if there were failures amongst houses engaged in

trade with the United States—which has been disorganised, as everybody knows, by the McKinley tariff—and in other directions; but these will be a consequence of events that have already happened, and most people are now so well prepared for them that they will not have much effect upon public opinion. Assuming that the Governor of the Bank of England is right—and undoubtedly he expresses the opinion of the most competent judges in the City—the crisis is now drawing gradually to a close. The Bank of England and the Joint Stock Banks have been steadily increasing their reserves for eight or nine months, and are now unusually strong. All classes have been at the same time restricting their risks in every possible way. Therefore the liabilities of the country have been growing smaller and smaller month by month, and its means of meeting them have been increasing. We may hope, therefore, that before long a more confident and hopeful spirit will arise.

Any very great revival, however, is not to be anticipated while Southern Europe and Russia remain in their present state. The ukase issued by the Russian Government forbidding the export of rye leaves no longer a doubt that the Russian harvest is a failure, that much distress, if not actual famine, is to be apprehended in extensive districts, and that, therefore, there may be grave political as well as financial troubles before the Empire. In that case there can hardly fail to be a considerable fall in all Russian securities, which, as our readers know, the French investing public have been buying upon an enormous scale during the past few years. It is roughly estimated that the French holdings of Russian Government bonds at present are over seventy and eighty millions sterling. If there were to be a serious fall in those securities and a great depreciation in Russian credit, not only would French investors suffer, but the great French banks that have been active in converting Russian bonds would have an additional lock-up of their capital. Their credit would be affected, and people would begin to ask anxiously whether they could tide over so many difficulties—a fall in Russian securities, following so rapidly upon the great depreciation in South American securities and Southern European securities, which themselves followed so rapidly upon the copper crash and the Panama Canal collapse. Hardly less serious is the Russian harvest failure as it affects Germany. The poorer classes in Germany live mainly upon rye, and they draw their supplies chiefly from Russia. The Russian exports being stopped, naturally the price of rye rose sharply. Indeed, rye is now actually dearer than wheat in the German market. And it is to be recollected that the German harvest itself is bad, so that the stoppage of the Russian supply is all the more serious. Already trade has been declining in Germany; industrial securities of all kinds have been falling disastrously; and people have been looking forward to the autumn with grave apprehension. Now it would seem that Germany will have to turn to the United States for its food supply upon an unusual scale, and as she cannot export goods thither sufficient in quantity to pay for her imports of food, she will have to send gold to make the payment. The German money market is likely thereby to be seriously affected by-and-by, and if so, there may be trouble on the German Bourse. Add to all this that the bankruptcy of Portugal is only a question of time, that the crisis in Italy is growing more and more acute, and that the financial difficulties of Spain are very serious. When we consider all this, and bear in mind how deeply both Paris and Berlin are involved in the finances not of Russia only, but of Portugal,

Spain, and Italy as well, we can see that trouble upon the Paris and Berlin Bourses is only too likely in the autumn, and with that prospect no very great recovery on the London Stock Exchange can be looked for.

It is possible of course that the difficulties upon the Continent may be counterbalanced by a great revival of business in the United States. That is the main hope of the City, and to a certain extent it appears to be well founded. The crops all over the United States are exceptionally good; the wheat harvest particularly is one of the finest that has ever been gathered in. The maize harvest promises to be exceptionally good, and the cotton is also looking well; but as the harvest in Russia is a failure, and as the crops all over Western Europe are deficient, the demand for wheat for Western Europe will be exceptionally large this year, and will have to be supplied almost entirely by the United States. Thus the American farmers will be able to sell all their surplus farm produce at profitable prices as quickly as they please, and consequently that they will do better this year than they have done for many years past. It seems also reasonable to conclude that the railways will be able to do an exceptionally prosperous business. It seems also to follow that there must also be a larger demand than for a long time past for European goods of every kind, and so, in spite of the McKinley tariff, there may be a better trade with Europe than there has been for a long time. Furthermore, the general expectation is that, when all classes are doing well, speculation in American railroad securities will spring up in New York, that prices will consequently rise, and that, with the recovery in American securities, European holders will, to a certain extent at all events, be recouped for their losses in South America and Southern Europe. The argument is undoubtedly plausible, and, we should say, would be likely to be fulfilled were it not for the fear of what may happen upon the Continent. If confidence revives here, if everybody begins to recognise soon that the opinion of the Governor of the Bank is sound, that no serious failures are to be apprehended—and if, at the same time, there are no political troubles either in Portugal or in Russia, and no great convulsion upon the Paris or Berlin Bourses—it is quite possible that we may see a revival in speculation in the American department before the year is out. But, on the other hand, the fear of what may happen upon the Continent is likely to deter all prudent people from engaging rashly in new risks.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week the comparative lull in international affairs is not counterbalanced by any revival of activity in the internal politics of any of the Continental nations. The French fleet has at last left Cronstadt—after a reception of the most enthusiastic kind had been given to Admiral Gervais and the principal officers at Moscow—and, after coaling at Christiansand, will arrive at Portsmouth on Thursday next. Some of the leading French newspapers—the *Temps* and the *Débats* in particular—have taken a more sober tone about the present enthusiasm in France for Russia, and pointed out the extremely slender bases on which a permanent friendship between the two peoples must rest. But the popular enthusiasm continues unabated. Everywhere the Russian National Anthem is received with frantic applause, while the stay in Paris of the Grand Duke Alexis and his arrival at Vichy have been the occasion of extravagant displays of interest and welcome. Of course, the people who attend band concerts and

run after foreign princes need not represent the mind of the French electorate of 1891, any more than the music-hall public in London in 1878 represented the mind of the aggregate English electorate of 1880. Still, we must count on a certain degree of friction with the French Government and the French press just now—even after the international courtesies of next week—as the Egyptian Question, to which we refer elsewhere, probably will show us very soon.

The long report drawn up in the name of the French Budget Commission by M. Godefroy Cavaignac indicates that a limit will soon be set to the increase of the National Debt of France. Comparing 1883 with 1890, the annual estimates for the ordinary budget have fallen about 11,000,000 francs, while the extraordinary budget, which was then increasing the debt by about 616,000,000 francs a year net, will soon be suppressed altogether, though about 172,000,000 francs of this sum will have to find a place in the ordinary annual expenditure. The last loan, it is hoped, marks the last permanent addition to the public debt. The extraordinary budget was covered by terminable 3 percent. rentes, which are now being reduced by about 68,000,000 francs a year. This may be set against the 172,000,000 francs above mentioned, and the expansion of the revenue, it seems to be hoped, and the economies to be effected, will do the rest.

The French and German autumn manoeuvres are this year on an exceptional scale. In south-western France, three army corps will operate against a supposed invasion from Spain two manoeuvring near Dax, while a third will be in reserve near Toulouse. Near Rheims four army corps will manoeuvre for some weeks. The idea is said to be as follows:—A German army, marching down the valley of the Marne on Paris, has detached two army corps to protect its left, which is threatened by French troops. These corps—represented by the Fifth and Sixth Corps under General Gallifet—will meet the Seventh and Eighth Corps in battle between Chaumont and Brienne—the first headquarters respectively of the two armies—on September 6th and 7th. The German army will then retreat, but another battle will take place on September 9th and 10th between Bar-sur-Aube and Troyes. On September 12th, both armies are to unite under General Saussier, and fight against an imaginary enemy near Vitry le François. On September 11th the President will review them.

The German manoeuvres are to take place near Cassel, and also in the Grand Duchy of Baden. In the latter, two army corps are to resist an imaginary French army, which, coming by Belfort, is supposed to have driven them back. A battle is to take place close to the Swiss border at Basel, the German troops being reinforced by means of a new "strategic" line of railway from Constance. Afterwards some 10,000 men are to manoeuvre in Alsace.

Alarming reports have been current, especially in France, as to the recent accident to the German Emperor. His knee has certainly been severely injured—the kneecap, it is said, being displaced by his fall on board his yacht—and its treatment may not have been very successful. Prof. Esnarch, of Kiel, whose reputation as a surgeon is European, has, however, seen him, and reassuring reports have been issued from official and semi-official sources, though there is some discrepancy between them.

There has been fresh excitement about the "Bochum scandals." Herr Fussangel, the Westphalian journalist who had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for libelling the income tax assessment committee of the town, and had made startling revelations during the trial as to the possession by the leading iron manufactory of the neighbourhood of forged Government stamps for marking rails as a sign that they had passed the requisite tests, had been accorded a respite, and continued to publish his revelations. Early last week he was summoned to undergo his imprisonment; but he was not ready, and preferred to go

abroad. His friends, of course held that some high official was interested in putting a stop to the publication. Indeed, a certain eagerness in that direction has been visible in official quarters from the first. On Saturday morning, the body of Herr Steiger, the chief engineer of the works, was found near them, with a pistol lying beside it. Appearances pointed to suicide, although just said even to murder by persons interested in checking the revelations; but it is now said that it is he who originally furnished the information to Herr Fussangel's paper.

The German Liberal party are exultant over the result of a bye-election at Tilt-it in East Prussia. In spite, it is said, of the grossest abuse of their power by the officials, the Conservatives, who have held the seat since 1881, have polled nearly twenty per cent. fewer votes than at a bye-election in February of last year. They attribute the Liberal victory to the Socialist vote; but it is very small, and the Socialist journals counselled abstention. The hands of the Liberals will now be considerably strengthened in the campaign against the maintenance of the grain duties, which at present fills so large a space in their papers.

Both rye and wheat rose sharply in Berlin on Saturday in anticipation of the prohibition of the export of grain from Russia, and still more on Wednesday rye being now dearer than wheat. Though the report was expressly denied on Monday in a semi-official organ, a ukase was published next day absolutely prohibiting the export of rye and rye-meal from the Russian ports on the Baltic and Black Sea, or over her Western frontiers. The movement of grain is to be facilitated by reducing railway rates; public works are to be undertaken; the distressed peasants are to have firewood free from the Crown forests, and grain is to be purchased and issued to them by the local authorities. How the purchase money is to be raised is not stated, and the funds available for the purpose are known to be scanty. The measure will mainly affect Germany, where rye is a staple food, nearly ninety per cent. of that used last year having, according to the *Times*, come from Russia. It is a severe blow to the optimistic view as to harvest prospects so lately expressed by the German Chancellor. According to one view, it has a political object—to damage Germany; but the state of Russia makes this hypothesis a violation of the scientific rule not to suppose more causes than are necessary to explain the facts. But it is semi-officially announced that the grain duties in Germany will be neither suspended nor reduced.

The young King of Serbia has passed through Vienna and reached Ischl, on his visit to the Emperor of Austria. The Austrian press, of course, are hastening to remind Serbia that Austria is her friend, not Russia. In the Russo-Turkish war, it is said, it was Austria that saved her after the defeat of Alexinatz; and if she will only moderate her Pan-Slavist aspirations, Austria will be able to secure to her a substantial share of the heritage of the Sultan.

The Hungarian Ministry has passed its new County Government Bill of two clauses, empowering the Government to appoint certain officials and to make regulations as to local government. This centralisation, it is said, will open up the country, which is notoriously rich, but undeveloped, to foreign capital. The new magistrates will be in a position to deal with than the old squirearchy.

The failure of the leading bank at Trieste, owing to defalcations by a speculating foreigner, and scenes of horrible murders of Viennese street girls, who were decoyed away by a woman and her husband under pretence of finding them situations, are items of Austrian news this week.

A hitch has arisen, on the Swiss side, in the negotiations between Switzerland, Germany, and Austria for a commercial treaty. But Switzerland has had other things to think about. The Federal festival is just over, and Bern, which

has been occupying the interval with a Geographical Congress, is now celebrating the seventh centenary of her foundation. The historical play, announced for to-day and to-morrow at 9 a.m., may be witnessed by about 19,000 persons, of whom ten thousand are to be provided with seats commanding a good view of the stage, while eight thousand more will have standing room. About 900 persons will be on the stage at once, while 1,100 will take part in the historical procession of Monday. The school-children's festival on Saturday afternoon should also be a striking feature, and some curious athletic sports, native to various parts of the canton, will, it is said, be a feature of the celebration.

The International Labour Congress, which will meet on Sunday at Brussels, will probably exhibit the considerable dissensions now existing among the Socialists, especially in Germany, on the question of Internationalism *v.* Nationalism.

Djevat Pacha, the Governor of Crete, has managed to restore order among the Mahomedans round Heracleia. But insurgent Greek bands had begun to land in Crete, the Greek Nationalist press has been urging the Greek Government to intervene, and a section of the Greek inhabitants have, it is said, invited English interference.

Two Frenchmen, managers of a French wine-growing company in Turkey, have been carried off by brigands from near Heracleia, in European Turkey, not far from the Sea of Marmora, and a ransom of £T5,000 demanded. The place is within a hundred miles of the scene of the recent train robbery, and the band is said to be the same. The French Government has insisted that the Porte shall secure their rescue, and both are now free.

Four American warships have been sent to China to protect American citizens who may be endangered by the popular uprising against the missionaries.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH CONGRESS.

(BY ONE OF THE PRESIDENTS.)

THE complete success of the Seventh International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, holding this week its meeting in London, is now assured. This is not merely evident from the large number—close upon three thousand—British and Foreign men of science who have enrolled their names on the official list of members, but still more from the character and position of those names. There is scarcely a country professing any claim to be termed civilised which has not sent delegates, and it may safely be said that so long a list of men of light and leading in the numerous subjects essential to the health and well-being alike of the individual and of the community has never hitherto been brought together. One has only to glance down the fifty closely-printed pages of the official list to convince oneself that the meeting together of so many eminent men must of itself prove fruitful of good results; but when we look over the printed abstract of the papers which have been or are about to be communicated to the Congress, even those initiated into the mysteries of bacteriology and demography may be forgiven if a feeling of bewilderment at the immense variety and importance of the subjects discussed and the problems put forward, occasionally oppresses them. The inaugural meeting in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon was a foretaste of what was to come. The hall was crowded to suffocation with delegates not only from every European country, but with many others, both men and women, hailing from the far East of our great Indian Empire. Doubtless the presence of our genial Prince on this occasion added to the rush of the foreigners, and that great audience which heard the short address delivered by the Prince, as President of the Congress, and listened to the feeling reference he made to his own recovery from severe illness some twenty years ago, must have felt that the interest he takes in hygienic and sani-

tary questions is real and vivid. But the absence, at the Prince's side, of every member of Her Majesty's Government was much commented on. Surely on such an occasion it would have been only courteous to our eminent guests that if the Prime Minister could not appear, at least some member of his Cabinet might have been told off for this duty. Such an omission is not likely to raise the opinion of foreign men of science as to the importance which attaches to the mind of the successor of Beaconsfield to that statesman's well-worn phrase of *sanitas omnia sanitas*.

The Congress is divided into ten sections, each presided over by an Englishman distinguished for his knowledge of the special branch, and supported by a long list of vice-presidents and members of Council both foreign and British. These sections are all conveniently housed in the rooms of the various scientific societies in Burlington House; and this we Londoners may say with truth, that in none of the great Continental cities in which the former Congresses have been held has the accommodation for the sectional work been so ample or so complete as it is here. It is somewhat difficult for the ordinary mind to grasp the extent of the subjects treated of under Hygiene, and still more puzzling to know what is the term understood by Demography—and how puzzling it is, may be seen from the fact that the *Times* of Wednesday spells it in large capitals "Domography." That the former is more extensive than the latter is clear from the fact that nine of the ten sections are devoted to Hygiene, whilst one suffices for Demography. This, we find, is after all nothing more than our old friend Social Science, dressed up to deal with Industrial Hygiene, and with the conditions of communities from a statistical point of view. It is presided over by Mr. Francis Galton, the right man in the right place. He naturally gave an interesting, though avowedly somewhat speculative, address on the betterment of the human race, in which he called upon his brother "Demographers" to aid in raising the present miserably low standard of the human family to one "in which the Utopias in the dreamland of philanthropy may become practical possibilities." Proposals to assist in securing this laudable consummation is the work in which the nine hygienic sections are in fact engaged; but it is of a modest character—these sections concern themselves with very special matters. But as "many a mickle makes a muckle," so the exact investigation of the phases of life of a single microbe may open out a method of prevention for some of life's greatest ills, and the attention to what may be thought by some to be only petty details may save thousands if not millions of lives. So each section brings its own contributions of facts and conclusions to the general weal, and matters which to the outsider seem most trivial turn out to play an important part in the complicated phenomena of life.

That much has been already done during the last half-century to improve the conditions of healthy living, all acknowledge; but when Sir Joseph Fayrer tells us that one-fourth of all the mortality of England is caused by preventible disease, we feel how much more has still to be accomplished. In this great work of life-saving every man of science has, or may have, his share. The chemist and physicist, as Sir Henry Roscoe reminds us in his Presidential address, work at the foundation of things. They have to study the laws and explain the phenomena upon which depend both physiology—the science of the body in health and pathology—treating of the body diseased; and, without the help of the chemist and the physicist, neither the physiologist nor the pathologist can do much.

The great interest of the day doubtless attaches to the Bacteriological section, so ably presided over by Sir Joseph Lister. It is here that the newest and most startling revelations of modern science are to be looked for. Thus it has long been a puzzle to surgeons why in certain cases wounds heal well even

when the patients are exposed to conditions usually fatal to curative processes. On the battle-field wounds of the most serious character, dressed badly, or not dressed at all, and swarming with poisonous bacteria, are known sometimes to heal almost miraculously. Metschnikoff, of the Institut Pasteur, has explained this apparent anomaly. It is true that in such cases the outside and visible parts of the wound swarm with pathogenic organisms, but the internal surface of the wounded tissue is found to be perfectly healthy and quite free from them, for soon after the wound is made, the wandering phagocytes are seen to pass out from the healthy blood-vessels, and they at once seize upon and devour any poisonous bacteria with which they come in contact, and thus preserve in a healthy condition the layer nearest to the wounded flesh, and enable the processes of re-formation of tissue to go on. Such a battle is always being fought, but the victory sometimes comes to the invading host, and it is only when the defending forces are of sufficient number to repel the attack that the citadel can be held. So that to ensure a successful defence, aid in the shape of bactericidal material must be brought in from outside, and this constitutes the principle of antiseptic surgery. Other sections concern themselves with no less important questions. We have Sir Nigel Kingscote presiding over that in which the relations of the diseases of animals to those of man are discussed, Roux of Paris discourses in eloquent French on the propagation and prevention of rabies, whilst the question of the infection of food is treated of by Brieger of Berlin. Next comes Mr. Diggle's section in which the hygiene of infancy, childhood, and school-life, is considered. Then engineering in relation to sanitation is confessedly an important subject; the burning questions of sewerage and sewage disposal, water supply, pollution of rivers, and town refuse, being discussed under Sir John Coode. Lastly come naval and military hygiene under Lord Wantage, and State hygiene under Lord Basing. Here is at any rate scope wide enough; and the crowded condition of the sections, as well as the animated discussions which have taken place, show that a real interest is taken by all present in the legitimate business; so that this Congress is by no means a gigantic scientific picnic—though the social attractions of the meeting are most alluring—but an assembly of men determined to do what in them lies to better the condition of their fellows of every rank and of every nation.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MR. LOWELL'S death makes a great gap in many associations; but Englishmen will think of him first, perhaps, not as the accomplished man of letters, but as a representative of the best type of American citizenship, as a patriot who was never blind to the defects of his country, as a public man who made the culture of kindness between two great nations, allied by blood and speech, no small part of his life. It seems odd now to look back to the period of "storm and thrust," when the American democracy was convulsed by civil war, and find Mr. Lowell amongst the foremost to chide England for that sympathy with the South which was certainly manifested by a class. Those were the times when the brilliant writer, who little thought that he would one day charm English audiences with the oratory which is the highest expression of a good digestion, bade Englishmen with some sternness not to take too literally "whatever our Minister may say in the effusion that comes after ample dining." The Minister who suffered this reproach was Mr. Reverdy Johnson, whose after-dinner cordiality for that sympathy with Mr. Lowell with Mr. Adams's warning, "My lord, this means war." Still more interesting in this retrospect of extinct animosities is the famous protest from Jonathan in the "Biglow Papers,"

"It don't seem hardly right, John,
When they say hands was full,
To stop 'em from a fight, John,
A man can't do it, John Bull!
Oh, I can't see, he, 'ez cross
With 'em now, 'ez he,
'Tis the law, 'ez he,
A man can't do it,
That's the way it is."

There is more pathos than fierceness in these lines, and it is easy to understand now the passionate sense of injustice which inspired them. Then and later Mr. Lowell stood for what was best in American manhood. No writer did so much to help the cause which triumphed over slavery. No politician had a higher conception of statesmanship than he who wrote the noble eulogy of Lincoln, and who believed that his country came victoriously out of a great struggle by virtue of "heroic energy, persistence, and self-reliance." In latter days there were some Americans who were indisposed to remember these services to the commonweal, and who treated Mr. Lowell as if he were indifferent to the national sentiment and wedded to European ideals. But to the end of his life he was keenly sensitive for the honour of his country. Never a strong party man, he took small interest in the sordid struggles which make the chief interest of American politics. A true friend of democracy, he never hesitated to speak his mind about those who betrayed the public welfare. His denunciations of corruption were as scathing as his satires on the slaveholders. He had a great contempt for Fourth of July orators, who "debased the standard of greatness," and he warned his countrymen that "popular government is not in itself a panacea, is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so"—a lesson which no one who knows the working of American institutions will ever deem superfluous.

To this public spirit Mr. Lowell added a literary equipment which few men of letters have surpassed. Though he once wrote that America must "submit herself to the European standard of intellectual weights and measures," he always maintained an independent quality of mind and style. One of the most interesting things in the "Biglow Papers" is the essay on Yankee dialect; and while he employed that dialect with infinite humour in the dissertations of Mr. Biglow and his associates, Mr. Lowell preserved something of the native raciness in his most finished prose. Carlyle, he said, "called down the fires of heaven when he could not readily lay his hand on the match-box;" but while he never declined to turn to account the lowlier means of illumination, Mr. Lowell could command at will the higher lights of a moving eloquence. Most of his poems are full of fancy and tenderness. Without any superlative gift, he was master of the chastened expression of delicate feeling. In the "Biglow Papers" lies the chief individuality of his verse, and although most of it belongs to moods and incidents which are of purely historic interest, and which have a national rather than a universal character, some of the humour will always be proverbial. John P. Robinson was an actual personage who has long been forgotten even in the place that bore him, yet his name has a lasting significance in the famous stanza

"Bard of P.
Robinson, he,
South of the North, beyond the Law, 'ez he."

"A Fable for Critics" has striking illustrations of Mr. Lowell's dexterity and variety. The form seems a little old-fashioned to us now, much older indeed than Hosea Biglow's quaint locutions; but the wit is so keen and the characterisation so deft, that many of the rhymes share with Lewis Carroll's the capacity of clinging to the memory when graver matters have fallen into oblivion.

"All was a-buzz, 'ez he,
And in a twinkling, 'ez he,
Two or three words, 'ez he,
And 'ez he, 'ez he, 'ez he, 'ez he."

But Americans may cherish, without any narrow prejudice, the pithy phrases of Hosea Biglow's "Pious Editor," whose maxims are still household words in the politics of the Southern States:—

"It's wad enough agin a king
To dour resolves an' triggers,
But libberty's a kind of thing
That don't agree with niggers."

The reader who cares for none of these beauties of vernacular, may find ample compensation in Mr. Lowell's prose. The stimulus of his style, the clearness of his judgment, the catholicity of his taste, ought to be a liberal education to some of his countrymen, who offer us strange idols with robust confidence and small knowledge. As a critic Mr. Lowell had a large endowment both of culture and native insight. His appreciation of Emerson is a fine instance of his subtle perception. "Those who are grateful to Emerson, as many of us are, for what they feel to be most valuable in their culture, or, perhaps I should say, their impulse, are grateful, not so much for any direct teachings of his, as for the inspiring lift which only genius can give, and without which all doctrine is chaff." That is an admirable touchstone of Emerson as a teacher, and it led Mr. Lowell, naturally enough, to depreciate the influence of Carlyle. The essay on Carlyle, moreover, has the inspiration of the democrat who feels himself a champion of the system on which the philosopher of the "eternal verities" poured his fiercest scorn. To Emerson, wrote Lowell, "the young martyrs of our civil war owed the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives." To Carlyle the civil war was like "the burning of a dirty chimney." For this unflattering image, Mr. Lowell took ample revenge in another analogy of combustion. "Imagination, if it lays hold of a Scotsman, possesses him in the old demoniac sense of the word, and that hard logical nature, if the Hebrew fire once gets fair headway in it, burns unquenchable as an anthracite coal mine." But Mr. Lowell's culture was too broad to make him a controversialist in every field of literature. He roved through the old English writers without observing the cloven hoof of feudalism at every turn. His knowledge was broad-based upon an active sympathy with the lives of the people; but he did not carry the sensitiveness of a young democracy into every corner of the sphere of letters. Hosea Biglow transported himself at will into the atmosphere of Chaucer, and Yankee idioms were superseded by a dispassionate inquiry into the origin of English metre. By the quality and extent of his scholarship, Mr. Lowell was distinguished amongst his compeers. By the dignity and urbanity with which he discharged his duties as an official representative of his country, he won the respect of all classes of Englishmen. His gift of speech, persuasive, picturesque, always exhaling the essence of delicate thought and observation, was not the least welcome expression of a rare personality. He represented that development of the New England mind in which the hard shell of Puritanism is penetrated by the glow of a healthier experience, and by a sympathetic vision, "without which all doctrine is chaff."

GLASGOW PROFESSORS AND THEIR WORK.

THE lines of Scotch Professors may truly be said to have fallen in pleasant places. To associate poverty with the Universities of Scotland is a great, if a popular mistake. There may be needy students north of the Tweed, as elsewhere, but so far as the Professors are concerned, it is safe to declare that in no country throughout the world do their salaries mount up to such a substantial sum. Inequalities no doubt exist. Thus in Glasgow the incomes range between £1,758 enjoyed by the Professor of Mathematics, and £500 by the Pro-

fessor of Astronomy, while in Edinburgh they range between £1,254 in respect of Greek, and £831 in respect of Rhetoric. But the averages, at all events in the Faculty of Arts, are high, being £1,337 for Glasgow, and £1,079 for Edinburgh. All this may be changed when the Ordinances now being drawn up by the University Commission come into force, but as yet the Glasgow Professor holds an enviable position. He finds himself first of all in possession of an income running into four figures. He has also a comfortable mansion in which to live within the precincts of the College, and admirable class-rooms for the accommodation of himself and his students. A splendid library and reading-room are at his disposal, while the situation of the buildings is unrivalled in any part of the city. As for his work, it rarely extends beyond six months in the year. He has, moreover, any advantage that flows from being connected with one of the most ancient Universities of the country—an institution whose history is inseparably associated, throughout its whole course, with the progress of modern ideas, seeing that its foundation, about the middle of the fifteenth century, was contemporaneous with the invention of the art of printing.

The present head of Glasgow University—Dr. John Caird—must be looked upon as no unworthy successor to the long line of able and distinguished men who have filled the office of Principal. Born at Greenock in 1820, Dr. Caird graduated at the College over which he now presides, and became minister of Newton-on-Ayr in his twenty-fifth year. He was called to the Church of Lady Yester's at Edinburgh in 1847, and it might have been thought that his great gifts would have speedily won recognition in the historic capital of the country. This was not the case, however; for two years after settling in Edinburgh he moved to the quiet parish of Errol, situated about half-way between Dundee and Perth. Up to that time, indeed, with all his marvellous eloquence, Dr. Caird had failed to find his way to the hearts of the people. He was looked upon as but little above the ordinary run of pulpit orators. In illustration of this a good story has been preserved. While at Errol, Dr. Caird discovered that the acoustic properties of the church were by no means of the best, and, his congregation being scanty, he suggested to the beadle that an improvement might be effected by boarding up one of the side aisles. "That may do all very well for you," replied the shrewd old Scotchman, "but what will we do for room, if we should get a popular preacher to follow you?" If the beadle lived to follow Dr. Caird's career, and to see him acknowledged not only as the greatest preacher of his time, but as the eminent chief of Glasgow University, he may have come to the conclusion that at Errol he entertained a genius unawares.

Dr. Caird came to Glasgow in 1857, was appointed Professor of Divinity five years later, and has held the post of Principal since 1873. Unlike some of his predecessors, Dr. Caird holds no ministerial charge in connection with the Principalship, but he preaches once a month in the University chapel during the session, and the calls made upon his services in other quarters are far greater than he can overtake. He is not a prolific author, the only works from his pen, besides a volume of sermons, being an essay on the "Unity of the Sciences" and an "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion." He exercises no control over the teaching work in the University, while his administrative labours may be said to consist in presiding over the deliberations of the Senate, and, in the absence of the Chancellor, over the meetings of the University Court. Dr. Caird might not find it easy to define his own duties, but his immediate predecessor, Dr. Barclay, had no such difficulty. When congratulated in 1858 on his appointment as Principal, Dr. Barclay said, in his own pithy way, "Oh yes, I deserve to be congratulated. There's a good house, a fair stipend, nothing to do, and six months' holiday."

education upon lines not designed by their pastors and masters. Tom does his quantum of Latin, and, as long as he escapes absolute disgrace, cares little how small a fraction of his intelligence he bestows upon the task; the full powers of his mind are reserved for framing the rules of the cycling club and deciding whether or not Jones minor shall be allowed to play in the eleven. These matters settled, he takes his supper with a sense of "something accomplished, something done," which no school success could supply, and prepares himself with patience to render unto Cæsar or Xenophon the dues which an incomprehensible fate compels him to give to those, to him, eminently uninteresting personages. The real business of life, however, he considers, is meanwhile at a standstill.

Who shall say that he is not right? It is at least an open question whether the education that goes on in the playground is not quite as fruitful in good results as that which is carried on in the schoolroom. There the boy learns to meet his fellows, to bear his part in common amusements, to contend without bad temper, and to subordinate self to party. To these educating influences is now added, in instinctive conformance to the spirit of the time, precisely the kind of training which is most needed for the formation of good citizens. In view of recent developments of self-government, the increased power of municipalities and the new responsibilities thrown upon local organisations throughout the kingdom, there could be no better preparation for the duties of a citizen than the practice in the transaction of business, the familiarity with methods of corporate action, which our schoolboys and schoolgirls are thus unconsciously acquiring. When our elementary schools have developed their social life sufficiently to induce the formation of similar habits to a greater extent than at present, they too will be bearing their full share in the training of our citizens. Hitherto the class-room has been too much the be-all and end-all of their existence, and the cause of real education has been retarded thereby.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

IV.—WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE CRITICS?

THE authors are going to have a nice little club in Piccadilly all to themselves. I have heard that critics are to be eligible for it; but, if this is so, I do not think that many critics will dare to avail themselves of the opportunity. Where there are clubs, there are dining-rooms; and where there are dining-rooms, there are table-knives. Critics cannot be expected to run needless risks. Even if there were no danger, there would be unpleasantness. It would be trying for a poor little critic to enter the smoking-room, and to see six authors with an archdeacon at their head walk out in disgust and dignity. Besides, critics are not so well paid as authors; they cannot afford to dress so well; they would probably steal the authors' hats.

But something ought to be done for the critics. They suffer much. First, their nerves suffer. They have to read horrible stories about murders, and ghosts, and mesmerism. This is ruin to the nerves of critics. They go skipping lightly through the first volume, fall into something awful, and are brought home on shudders. Nobody cares. Then, again, their opinions suffer; they have their dearest convictions assailed by agnostical novels; Robert Elsmere knocks their creed into space, and Miss Edna Lyall catches it as it drops. Lastly, their hearts suffer from lacerations. The heroine, in her simple dress of some soft, white clinging material, makes, perhaps, her innocent little mistake. We all know what that mistake is. She sees through the foliage in the dimly-lighted conservatory the hero (it is not really the hero) kissing (if it is the hero, he is not really kissing, but re-

moving a fly from the eye; her black-haired rival. (If it is the hero, and he is kissing, then it is not the rival but his own sister.) She goes to her room, and flings herself on her bed, and at last finds the relief of tears. All this falls on the critics. They want to soothe her and comfort her; or to wring her neck; or to do something to stop her. All this suffering is inseparable from the critic's regular work.

It is obvious that it is not exactly a club which the critics require. It seems to be rather a hospital or, perhaps, an asylum. It must be some place where they will be treated kindly, and where each critic can be kept apart from the rest. If they are kept together, they will fight. I have examined certain articles on criticism by critics, and I find that in all of them the writer seems to be trying to say two things especially:

1. My criticism and French criticism is good.
2. The other is bad.

Now it is clear that critics who disapprove of one another to this extent cannot safely be kept together. That is the advantage of the asylum. Each could have a separate cell, a padded cell. The authors might provide the padding out of their books, perhaps. But, on the other hand, there is the question of expense to be considered. Critics, as has been already pointed out, are not rich men. If the authors provided the padding, they might think that they had done enough; they are frequently inclined to think this. A cemetery would be kept up at much less cost than an asylum. There would only be the initial expense for the ground, and possibly some kind novelist would provide a little plot. It could be planted with wheat and tares, wild oats, and other serials. The inscriptions would cost very little, because English criticism is so shockingly anonymous; and the tombstones would naturally take the form of a broken column. There is much to be said for the project, but it is to be feared that the authors would bring it into contempt. They would call the critics' cemetery the "Saint-burying Ground," and that would never do.

It is really very difficult to say what we can do for the critics. It is a question which has not been debated sufficiently. People more often ask *how* they can do for the critics. During the dull season perhaps we may be able to get up some correspondence on the subject.

THE WEEK.

MR. LOWELL was so well known in London society that he might almost have claimed to pass muster as an Englishman. He was very popular as a dinner-out, and those persons who in recent years were invited to meet him in Belgravia and Mayfair justly esteemed themselves fortunate. His talk was lively, authoritative, bristling with facts and illustrations. Perhaps it was suggestive of the critic rather than the poet; for it was only to his intimate friends, or when moved out of his common mood, that Mr. LOWELL revealed those "silent silver lights undreamed-of" which were hidden from the common gaze. In the many notices of his life which have appeared in the daily papers comparatively little attention has been paid to the wonderfully beautiful speech which he delivered at the great meeting of American citizens held in London after the assassination of PRESIDENT GARFIELD. No more exquisite prose elegy was ever pronounced upon a public man, and to read it in the columns of the newspapers was a delight to mind and soul. But the speech was badly delivered, and the Americans who were privileged to listen to it failed to perceive its beauty. All their applause was given to an Episcopalian bishop who had mastered the tricks of the platform.

Now here verily is a strange thing. It has seemed good to the literary critic of the *Poll-Mall Gazette*

to suggest that the plot of "Friend Perditus," a story in which the main incident turns upon a man's temporary loss of memory, must have been taken from MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S "Witch of Prague," in which the same incident occurs. Surely this particular plot is as old as the hills. It has been used in our own time by such writers as MR. CLARK RUSSELL and MR. CHARLES READE, and it was used more than once before either of these authors was born. The critic himself must have been suffering from the affliction which befell Friend Perditus when he penned his egregious statement.

THE *Times* on Thursday morning drew attention to the fact that "The Last Great Naval War," a booklet which professes to give an account of a struggle to the death between England and France, had been published on the eve of the visit of the French fleet to our shores. We believe that this coincidence was quite unintentional. Happily, there is nothing in MR. "NELSON SEAFORTH'S" brilliant little book which can wound the legitimate susceptibilities of the French. Indeed, it is rather Englishmen who might complain that so brilliant and able a strategist, so clever a writer, and so thorough an expert in knowledge of our naval affairs, should have published to the whole world the tactics which must undoubtedly be followed if England should ever have the misfortune to find herself at war with France. The book has only been out a few days; but is already being talked of everywhere, and bids fair to rival "The Battle of Dorking" in popularity. In every other respect it surpasses that over-praised pamphlet.

IN introducing to the English reader TOLSTOI'S study of Russian peasant character and satire on the fads and extravagances of modern society in the land of the Muscovite, translated by Dr. Dillon under the title of the "Fruits of Enlightenment," MR. PINERO puts some things very well. The modern English playwright has not been in the habit of publishing his plays, because of the injurious condition of the American copyright law, which, till now, has constituted the publication of his play a serious financial loss, and because the public likes to take its reading easily. To imagine a great character or a grand scene, in SHAKESPEARE or WEBSTER, demands a more exhausting mental effort than the realisation of a creation of THACKERAY or DICKENS. This intellectual indolence of the public MR. PINERO would like to see overcome, for he thinks the dramatic form is the nearest approach to the actual reproduction of life, and therefore the most natural setting for the study of character and incident.

WHAT will the novelists do if people begin to read dramas instead? Will the extraordinary time then arrive, imagined by a fantastic individual, when people will be paid to read novels?

BUT MR. PINERO, as becomes an earnest artist, is anxious to see our acting plays published, because authors, conscious that their plays will be subjected to the cool and critical analysis of the study, will feel it incumbent upon them to pay closer attention to the literary quality of their labours; and also because they will be strengthened in their artistic purpose by feeling that there is now open to them a medium of appeal from the occasionally hastily formed and indefinite verdict of the theatre to the well-weighed, deliberate, and final judgment of the reading public.

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

WHY is LAMARTINE not read? asks M. RAOUL ROSTIÈRES. This, his centenary year, produced plenty of harangues, and memorial verses, and panegyrics; yet from every quarter came the cry, "No one reads LAMARTINE to-day." The main reason is, doubtless, as M. ROSTIÈRES has it, that LAMARTINE had not sufficient genius to invent an ideal world; nor was he able to concentrate in his verse the spirit of his time. "That young man's language," said DE MAISTRE, after reading LAMARTINE'S first volume, "is exquisitely adapted for the expression of his ideas. We shall see what he will do when the age of ideas comes." The age of ideas never came, however. His first volume, "Meditations," remains the best of his works. It is quite conventional in thought, and repeats the characteristic imagery of the later poets of the eighteenth century; but although the amount, the value, is the same, he has exchanged for the copper coin of his predecessors pieces of gold.

ARE we forgetting in the vogue of GENERAL MARBOT that there were others who wrote memoirs of France's great period? MESSRS. PLOX, NOURIT & Co. publish a collection of memoirs of the *ancien régime*, the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration, the whole forming a gossiping history of France. Beginning with COUNT DE CHEVERNEY, "introducer of ambassadors," in the reign of LOUIS XV., we can follow French history, home and foreign, through more than two dozen volumes of memoirs, souvenirs, documents, and all manner of *écrits divers* by the DUCHESS DE TOURZEL, governess of the royal infants from 1789-95; by the MARCHIONESS DE MONTAGU, who saw the actors in the French Revolution "neither through the large nor the small end of the telescope," but with her own eyes; by BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE, who would not bend to NAPOLEON; by LA ROCHEJACQUELIN; by METTERNICH, and a bevy of lords and ladies, concluding with the MARQUIS DE VILLENEUVE'S "Charles X. and Louis XIX.," a very lively picture of the Court of the exiled BOURBONS.

IN his new novel, "Le Mari de Jacqueline" (CHARPENTIER), ANDRÉ THEURET, who is a sort of French WILLIAM BLACK, returns to the unsophisticated dwellers among the fields and woods, as in his popular "Reine des Bois." JACQUELINE DE NOIREL, the heroine, is plain-looking, poor, dowdyish, ignorant of books and of the world, with nothing to say for herself, and yet she gains our interest and sympathy. M. THEURET in his tenderness for women and their faults reminds us of JEAN PAUL *minus* his spirituality.

SINCE ALPHONSE DAUDET came up to Paris from the South of France, the land of Tartarin has sent out no more promising writer than M. PAUL ARÈNE. What has hitherto been most noted about his work is the success with which—having caused the Durance to flow, as it were, in the channel of the Seine—he has annexed Paris to Tarascon. "He is the most Parisian of Provençals, and the most Provençal of Parisians;" and Parisian and Provençal have collaborated in his new work, "Les Ogresses" (CHARPENTIER), the former supplying the observation, and the latter the fantastic matter. It is a satire on women, witty, poetical, very one-sided, but never rancorous.

TWO recently published books dealing with the Revolution are M. MAURICE ALBERT'S "French Literature under the Revolution, etc.," and "Orators and Tribunes," by M. VICTOR DU BLED, with a preface by M. JULES CLARETIE, both issued by CALMANN LÉVY. The former was delivered as lectures to young ladies, with this result among others—that in a study of ALFRED DE MUSSET, unable to describe DE MUSSET as he was, M. ALBERT has succeeded to

perfection in describing him as he was not. M. DU BLEU'S book is anecdotic—a mosaic, none the less artistic because it is constructed of fragments.

MR. WILLIAM SMART has followed up his admirable translation of PROFESSOR BÖHM-BAWERK'S "Capital and Interest" with a version of his "Positive Theory of Capital" (MACMILLAN). PROFESSOR BÖHM-BAWERK'S purpose in this work is to find for the vexed problem of interest a solution which invents nothing and assumes nothing, but simply and truly attempts to deduce the phenomena of the formation of interest from the simplest natural and psychological principles of economic science. MR. SMART finds that PROFESSOR BÖHM-BAWERK'S theory challenges attention by the originality of its ideas and the thoroughness of its treatment.

THE prose translation of the Iliad issued by MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. was the literary work of Mr. CURVES'S life. Begun in 1871, it was completed, after many interruptions, in 1881. DR. EVELYN ABBOTT is the editor, and introduces the translation with an exhaustive analysis of the Iliad.

SHAKESPEARE and BURNS at least among our great poets have been honoured with a Concordance. WORDSWORTH, as yet, has only a "Dictionary," published by the author, MR. J. R. TETIN, of Hull, who was already known as being responsible for several similar enterprises. MR. TETIN'S useful volume contains indices to all WORDSWORTH'S allusions to persons and places, arranged in sections to facilitate reference; a collection with index of all the familiar quotations; an appendix containing a hitherto unpublished cancelled version of the "Ode to Duty," and other matter. The edition is limited to six hundred copies.

WILLIAM OGLVIE, of Pittensear, a Professor in Aberdeen in the eighteenth century, whose name is hardly known now even in Scotland, wrote an "Essay on the Right of Property in Land," in which he forestalled MR. HENRY GEORGE. This pamphlet, under the title of "Birthright in Land," is published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co., with biographical notes by MR. D. C. MACDONALD, of Aberdeen. OGLVIE, on account of his advanced opinions, lived practically as an exile in his own country.

WE are promised a Conservative comic weekly on the lines of the American *Puck*, to be called *Big Ben*. Why not call it *The Primrose*? MR. W. ALLISON, formerly of *St. Stephen's Review*, who is to be editor, ought not to be in a hurry with his first number. He should wait and take a lesson from MARK TWAIN, who, rumour has it, is about to start a comic paper in London to teach us "how to do it."

A FRENCH PROPHET OF EVIL.

PARIS, AUGUST 11th.

WHAT "old men are not always wise" is as true now as when it was first said, but old people are generally interesting and often delightful. When a man has spent a long life in the service of his country and in the pursuit of learning, his experiences cannot but be worth hearing. If retired from the active pursuit of politics, the judgment of a veteran has a special worth: with nothing to gain or lose, in a personal sense, during the few remaining years of life, opinions become singularly dispassionate.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire is now in his eighty-sixth year. The last decade has made little difference

in his external appearance, which is still remarkable for its robustness. Free, happily, from infirmities—save a long-standing defect in one eye—the aged scholar is able to pursue his studies and fulfil his engagements with scrupulous assiduity and exactitude. Winter and summer he rises before daybreak, lights his fire, makes his coffee, and sits down in his study to commune with the immortal spirits of the past.

On entering the library, bequeathed to his friend and pupil by the philosopher Cousin, one has a sensation of antiquity. This hoary head and strong face with massive jaw suggest the busts of Cato and Seneca. The impression is intensified as the visitor runs his eye over the sculptured images of the wise men and deities of Hellas surmounting the book-cases. By long commerce with the originals or their exponents, the occupant has not only imbibed the genius of ancient Greece, but also taken on its outward form. For, as he says, in reply to a reference to the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, questioning the authenticity of the lately-discovered Aristotelian papyrus: "When one has lived in intimacy—so to speak—with Aristotle all one's life, it is not possible to mistake his style. You, for instance, would not confound a passage of Macaulay with a play of Shakespeare, no more than we should the writings of Voltaire and Bossuet. The article in the *Edinburgh* displays great learning and pains to elucidate the subject, but I do not agree with the writer's conclusion that he was not in presence of a genuine work of Aristotle."

But, besides having studied the great Grecian all his life, M. Saint-Hilaire has been Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is true that this is now ten years ago, during the eventful period of the Tunisian occupation, for which stroke of policy the executor of the high works of President Grévy is by no means disposed to go into sackcloth and ashes. He still follows the course of affairs, domestic and foreign, with an eager and somewhat troubled eye, and is not slow to come to a conclusion on the whole matter. When Prince Bismarck was so summarily got rid of last year the *vieuvant* French Minister thus judged the situation:—"I told my colleagues in the Senate: 'The sole reason which can have induced the Emperor to part with his Chancellor is that M. de Bismarck was opposed to a Russian alliance.' And events have proved this to be the case, in despite of the apocryphal letter of the Prince printed by the *Figaro* (which has since been denied by its alleged author). Russia has never forgiven, and never will forgive, M. de Bismarck for his conduct at the Congress of Berlin, and the Prince knows it. Moreover, he knows what Germany has to fear from Russia, and so was not pleased to see the young Kaiser so eager to make advances to the Czar."

"And you say the same thing about France, Monsieur?" In this respect M. Saint-Hilaire has never varied. He may have become more sceptical as to the fitness of his countrymen for Republican institutions; he has never wavered about the impolicy of an alliance between Muscovite despotism and Gallic democracy. "Let there be no mistake about this," repeats the aged statesman, "Russia wants Constantinople, and France desires her lost provinces; a bargain is to be struck on this basis—understood if not expressed—in which we stake the independence of our country. For if defeated, as would be most likely, we should be dismembered; France would suffer the fate of Poland. It is absurd to suppose that there is any less issue at stake. Russia has not renounced her aspirations, and never will until they are attained. It was to prevent this, the seizure of the key of the world, as Napoleon called it at the Congress of Erfurt, that we sacrificed the lives of 100,000 soldiers in the Crimea. When I think of the future I fear for my country," and the solemn features of the gazer into futurity assumed the aspect of a seer. "Yes," he repeated, in mystical manner, "I see it all, clear before me."

It is easy to smile at these visions as it was to laugh at Heine's prophecy of the burning of Paris, but who shall say what the future may not have in store? When one has been born under the shadow of the Revolution, and lived to see Kings and Emperors driven from their thrones, and Anarchy set up on high, the mind must be prone to foresee things darkly. To the eye of the philosopher the prospects of his country are not reassuring. There is the old proneness to run after phantasies, to imagine vain things, and to cherish delusions. Ministers go about the country repeating their little sayings, happy if by chance they say a good thing. Boulanger is done for, but Boulangism is not extinct. If the man had not been a rogue he would have succeeded. The people are no more Republican to-day than they were thirty years ago; they simply ask to be governed. The President—but here we trench on delicate ground, and it is best not to repeat that "a perfectly honest man can become a perfect"—Also on the rivalry of his successors, about which some pithy words were spoken, it is well to draw the veil. It is not material for gossip, but matter for instruction that we look for in the house of the sage.

Reverting to the dominion of letters, we once more have occasion to remark the wonderful freshness and lucidity of the old scholar's mind. He repeats from memory the various editions of the Dictionary of the Academy—1693, 1745, 1834, 1878—confirming his recollection by reference to the great work in his library, which in every case proved correct. He tells of his collaboration with Littré for sixty-five years—"that lay Benedictine who worked thirteen or fourteen hours a day, and left a monument far more *savant* than our dictionary"—he hits off a rapid sketch of his colleagues in the Palais Mazarin still engaged over the letter A, and pronounces the scheme of the "Dictionnaire historique" to be *une folie*.

In a rapid survey over the face of the globe, the sagacious student dwells with pride and pleasure on the work performed by England. Incidentally we are assured that it is a mistake that England or the English are so unpopular as writers like Paul de Cassagnac and Charles Laurent would make us believe. He, almost alone among his countrymen, rejoices that "you exclude the works of M. Zola, to prohibit the sale of obscene pictures." The moralist regrets that he cannot see the trace of a like spirit here. As a thoughtful student, this experienced observer acknowledges that the day will come when the British Empire shall become a thing of the past; but he hopes that all Britannia's children will bear proudly their heritage, and avert the knell of doom by maintenance of the traditional qualities of the race. All these, and many other, things are said by this lively octogenarian, who goes to spend the vacation with Mlle. Dosne, Mme. Thiers' sister.

A CORRECTED CONTEMPT.

THE whistles had sounded, and we were already moving slowly out of St. David's Station, Exeter, to continue our journey westward, when the door was pulled open and a brown bag, followed by an over-dressed young man, came flying into the compartment where I sat alone and smoked.

The youth scrambled to a seat as the door slammed behind him; remarked that it was "a near shave;" and laughed nervously, as if to assure me that he found it a joke. His face was pink with running, and the colour contrasted unpleasantly with his pale sandy hair and moustache. He wore a light check suit, a light-blue tie knotted through a "Mizpah" ring, a white straw hat with a blue ribbon, and two diamond finger-rings, doubtfully genuine. One felt that, in moments of candid self-communion, he owned his appearance to be

"rather nobby." Being conscious, however, that it needed a few repairs, he opened the brown bag, pulled out a duster and flicked away for half-a-minute at his brown boots. Next, with a handkerchief, he mopped his face, and wiped round the inner edge first of his straw hat, and then of his collar and cuffs. After this he stood up, shook his trowsers until they hung with a satisfying gracefulness, produced a cigar-case—covered with forget-me-nots in crewel work—and a copy of the *Sporting Times*, sat down again, and asked me if I could oblige him with a light.

I think the train was passing Dawlish before the cigar was fairly started, and his pink face hidden behind the pink newspaper. But even then his manoeuvres allowed me no rest. Between me and the wholesome sea his diamond rings kept flirting round the edge of the *Sporting Times*, his brown boots shifting their position on the cushion in front of him, his legs crossing, uncrossing, recrossing, his cigar-smoke rising in quick, uneasy puffs.

Between Teignmouth and Newton Abbot this restlessness increased. He dropped some cigar-ash on his waistcoat and arose to shake it off. Twice or thrice he picked up the paper and set it down again. As we ran into Newton Abbot Station, he came over to my side of the carriage and scanned the small crowd upon the platform. Suddenly his colour mounted to a furious crimson blush.

The train stopped, and he hesitated for a moment; then bent across, and, opening the carriage door, stepped out.

A little old man with an insignificant face, a greenish-black suit that spoke eloquently of continued depression in some village retail trade came tottering up, his watery eyes full of pride and gladness.

"Whai, Chorley, lad, there you be, to be shure—an', gude 'eart alaise! if I han't been glazin', these vorty zeconds at a girt stranger chap, thinkin' he mus' be you. Shaikie your old father's fist, lad. You'm lookin' as peart as a gladdy—ee's fay you be."

The youth, consumed with a miserable shame, put his hand into his father's, and tried to withdraw him a little up the platform, so as to be out of hearing.

"Noa, noa; we'll bide where us be, zoa's to be handy vur th' train when her zarts off. Her don't stay no while, to menshum. I vound Zam Grigg zarvin' here as porter—you mind Zam? Danged if I knowed en, at vurst, the vace of en's that altered; but her zays to me, 'how be gettin' on, Izaac?' an' then I zaw who 'twas—an' us fell to talkin' 'bout how long the train ud stap here, an' th' upshot es that her staps vaive minits—"

His son interrupted him with mincing haughtiness.

"Ow's mothaw?"

"Weist an' ailin', pore sowl—turble weist an' ailin'. Her'd ha' come to gie thee a kiss, if her'd been in a vit staite; but her's zent thee zumat—"

He searched the tail pockets of his threadbare coat, and produced a greasy paper of sandwiches and an apple. I saw the young man wince.

"Her reck'ned you'd veel a zinkin' i' the stommick, travellin' arl the way' from Hexteter to Plymouth. There,—stow it awaay. Not veelin' peckish? Never mind; there's plenty o' taine betwix' this an' Plymouth."

"No, thenks."

"Tut-tut, now —" There was a brief struggle, at the end of which the youth accepted the packet, on which spots of grease were slowly extending over the white paper wrapper. The little man looked wistfully up in his son's face: his eyes were full of love, but seemed to search for something.

"There, now, Chorley—Zimme I've been doin' arl the tark, an' your mother 'll be puttin' me drees-core o' questions, when I gets whome. How dost laike it, up to Hexteter; an' how'st get along?"

"Oh, kepital—kepital. Give mothaw my love."

"E'es shure. Fainely pleased her'll be, when her

hears thee'rt zo maicedly adrest. Her'd maide up her maind, pore sowl, that ail your buttons ud be out, w'out her to zee arter mun. But I declare thee'rt drest laike a topzawyer."

And with this, somehow, a silence fell between the two. The time ran on, and the old man, though he knew he would be cross-examined on every second as soon as he reached home, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and had not a word. The young counter-jumper mumbled a word or two and averted his eyes from his father's quivering lip, to stare up the platform.

At last the old man said—

"That there's a stubborn-apple you've got in your hand."

"Yes; so I see."

The guard shouted, "Take your seats, please," and held the door while they shook hands again. "Charley" leant out at the window as our train moved off.

"Her comes from the zeecond tree past th' inyon-bed—alays the vurst to raipen, that there tree."

The poor old man broke into something resembling a run as he followed our carriage to shout the next sentence.

"Turble bad zeezon vur zaider!"

With that he halted at the end of the platform, and watched us out of sight. His son lunged himself on the seat, and drew a long breath. It was twenty minutes before his blush faded, and he regained confidence enough to ask me for another match.

Just eighteen months after, I was travelling up to London in the Zulu express. There were half a dozen passengers in the compartment with me; and when we halted at Newton Abbot, another stepped in—an old man, in a black suit.

I recognised him at once. And yet he was changed, almost woefully. He had fallen away in flesh; the lines, I thought, had deepened beside his upper lip; and in spite of a glossier suit, he had the appearance of hopelessness which he had not worn when I saw him for the first time.

He took his seat, looked about him vacantly, and caught the eye of an acquaintance—a ruddy farmer, with thick grey side-whiskers—who nodded from the far corner.

"Travellin' up to Exeter?" asked this farmer, with a curiously gentle voice. The old man bent his head for "yes," and I saw the tears spring into his weak eyes.

"There's no need vur to ax your arrand," the other went on, dropping his tone almost to a whisper.

"Naw, naw. I be goin' up to berry en—e'es, vriends," he went on, looking around and asking, with that glance, the sympathy of all present, "to berry my zon, my clever zon, my only zon."

Nobody spoke for a few seconds. Then the kindly farmer observed—

"Aye, I've heerd zay 'a was clever to his traide. Uxtable an' Co., his employers, spoke very han'some of en, they tell me. I can't call to maind, tho', that I've a-zet eyes 'pon the young man, since he was a little taecker."

The old man began to fumble in his breast-pocket, and drawing out a photograph, handed it across.

"That there's the last that was tuk of en."

"Pore young chap," said the farmer, holding up the likeness in front of him, and studying it: "pore young chap! Zuch a respectable youth to look at! They tell me 'a made ye a good son, too."

"Good?" The tears rolled down the father's face and splashed on his hands, trembling as they folded over the head of his stout stick. "Good? I b'lieve, vriends, ye'll call it good when a young man zends the third o' his earnin's week by week to help his parents. That's what my zon did, vrum the taim he left whome. An' presents—never a month went by, but 'twas little gift ud come by the post-man; an' little 'bzine he'd got to live 'pon, at the best, the dear lad—"

The farmer was passing back the photograph. "May I see it?" I asked; and the old man nodded.

It was the same face; the same suit, even; that had roused my contempt eighteen months before.

Q.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

(COME up into the mountains. Set your feet
Light-heartedly upon their wrinkled floors,
And leave the valley to its smile. Be yours
To scale the trenches of the heavens and meet
The mighty wind upon its throne-seat.

Come up into the mountains. Grief and care
Make haggard even the divinest vale,
And huddled hopes shall hardly lose their pale
Complexion in that soft and gentle air,
Having a need they may not eared there.

Set them upon the mountains. Bid them climb,
Storey by cloudy storey, some vast hill,
And there, erect upon its pinnacle,
Deliver them to presences sublime,
That know not space and have forgotten time.

AMBROSE BENNETT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

SIR,—I have read with a pleasure I cannot indicate your leading article in your issue of last Saturday—"Home Rule To-Day." It is an article not only luminously clear, but it is also—and this is vastly better—an article luminously fair. You, an English Protestant Liberal, have no misgivings about the Irish Catholic priesthood; you say they have their shortcomings, certainly. Who is without shortcomings? *Who unni heora soppit!* You trust them, and wisely, because they are in their corporate capacity the best and the most influential upholders of the "civil orders" the world has ever had. An Englishman, and not a Catholic, you refuse to ignore what the English people owe to the Catholic Church. The things you love most, the keeping of the kingship within its own province, trial by jury, the legitimate upholding of the masses against the illegitimate action of the classes, the diffusion of education, etc.: all these things—England's glory to-day—came when England was but a young nation, and from the Catholic Church. You don't believe in the bibby that would lend a Catholic to deal unfairly with a man simply because he happens to be a Protestant. The Tory party—English, Irish, and Scotch—in the days quite recent, spat upon Parnell; he was in its nostrils a filthy smell. To-day the said party upholds Parnell! Why—because of better thoughts—because it deems him right? No. To the Tory party Parnell will be always Parnell. But because he has become the evil spirit of discord among the Irish people, because he is doing his level best to keep from them what they are justly entitled to—if you will—fair government from without; or, if you prefer it, fair government from within, neither of which the Tory party seems willing to concede. The mandate that bids a man "do not do others as he would have others do unto him," seems to be outside the ken of the Tory party. The Irish people must still be, if this party can secure it—"the hewers of wood and drawers of water," and because Parnell helps them to attain this end, they write him up. In vain! The end is coming, coming quickly, and the outcome of centuries of illwill, bitterness, and injustice will be the union—not again to be broken—of "John" and "Paddy." Yours, Mr. Editor, ever faithfully,

August 10th, 1891.

SACERDUS HIBERNICUS.

M.P.'S. AS COMPANY DIRECTORS.

SIR,—With reference to the remarks in your issue of this week on members of the Government and members of Parliament being either journalists or directors of companies, I should like to say a few words.

I do not think anyone can justly object to any M.P. writing for the press. If he signs his articles he merely delivers a speech to a larger audience than he could address in person, and unsigned articles are judged on their intrinsic merits.

The case of an M.P. who is the director of a company is a very different matter.

I think it is one of the scandals of the present day that so many men should enter Parliament merely to advance themselves financially by becoming more in request as directors of companies owing to the magic letters "M.P." after their names.

I must not give any names, but would refer your readers to the "Directory of Directors."

I think all M.P.'s should be disqualified by law from sitting on any board of directors.—I remain, your obedient servant,

J. COLQUHOUN READE.

Brooks's, St. James's Street, August 10th, 1891.

[OUR correspondent falls into the mistake of confounding legitimate commercial undertakings with bubble companies. It is not only as directors of business affairs that members of Parliament turn their position to account.—ED. SPEAKER.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, August 14th, 1891.

TRULY we are all in a delightful mess. Mr. W. D. Howells writes an essay on "Criticism and Fiction," in which he begins by demonstrating that any remarks he may proceed to make can possess no value at all, and at once proceeds to make a number possessing very great value indeed. Next, because Mr. Howells' language is truculent rather than conciliatory, his English critics miss all advantage they might extract from his book, and begin to ask him unpleasant questions which are quite beside the mark. I confess myself one of those sinners. It seemed, a fortnight back, pertinent to ask him how on earth he reconciles with his fairly rigid theory of novel-writing the indiscriminate praise he bestows on every man, woman or child of American birth who happens to have written a book. But the question is of little moment, and clouds—as Mr. Howells' offensive *obiter dicta* cloud—many more important questions which might easily be discussed with serenity.

Again, let us observe the muddle which English novelists have made with the theories which Mr. Howells is not alone in holding. It is not so very long ago, after all, that the dove-cotes of our fiction were fluttered. Somebody shouted that we were sunk in convention, slaves of Mr. Mudie, producers of boarding-school literature, etc. etc.—the phrases already stiek in the throat, so persistently have they been repeated. And really the energy with which our novelists at once cast about and tried to be French, tried to be Russian, tried to be naughty and bold and bizarre, tried to be everything but what God made them, must appal anyone who looks back on the work of the last two years or so.

Take Mr. Hardy, for instance—Mr. Hardy whose beautiful phrase haunted the memory, whose tales contained the sweet essences of English pastoral life, and whose heroines sprang from the soil, capricious, captivating, and quite sufficiently naughty. He took the alarm. It seems but a few weeks since he began to show signs of it, and wrote a plea for a locked book-case. He, the creator of Fancy and Bathsheba and Eustacia and Grace Melbury demanded a cupboard in which to be French. This was terrifying. But in a few months he grew bolder. The shyness passed off, and its natural demand, the cupboard, went with it. The other day he gave the world his "Group of Noble Dames." The bookseller, of whom I procured my copy, said nothing of the padlock which I expected to be included in the price of the book. He simply wrapped up the volume in brown paper, and seemed to think he had given me my money's worth.

I have read many reviews of this work. One critic, who must be a joy to his friends, called it "a capital book for the smoking-room," and meant the remark for praise. But he is the one luminous spark, calm and certain, in a general fog. His fellows dislike the book somehow, but do not say why, even if they know. They have a dazed impression that Mr. Hardy has become very "real," and "realism"

ought to be all right; so they observe vaguely that the author's style has deteriorated, that his faults of construction show more prominently in a short tale, that he is happier with rustics than with noble dames, etc. etc.

This is the merest nonsense. The truth is that Mr. Hardy is striving to be French; and a more painfully comic spectacle the pitiless gods never laughed over. A hay-maker, who should wear patent-leather boots and an imperial to set off his corduroys, were not a more unseemly sight. De Maupassant might be a thousand times as indecent without shocking us, while Hardy's conscientious naughtiness smells to heaven. There are ten stories in the volume, and as one after the other of the author's heroines goes wrong, merely to show that she does not care for Mr. Mudie, the farce grows a little too ghastly. But it is written that as a man is great so shall his degradation be deep when he plays tricks with his genius.

His style, it is said, has altered sadly in this work. Of course it has; and so must any man's who ceases to write what is in him. As for his faults of construction, which are supposed to show more prominently in a short tale, let the critics, who suppose anything so absurd, at least remember that this same man has written "The Three Strangers"—a ghost story which, in mere construction, cannot be beaten by any in our language.

Another book which has been hotly discussed this year is Lucas Malet's "The Wages of Sin." Much that Canon MacColl has said about it is true enough. The strength of the story is not to be denied; the advance it marks is amazing. Only upon one point can I quarrel with the subject. Why, I ask, will writers be always selecting their own temperament—the artistic temperament—for analysis and study? It is a rare temperament—thank Heaven—and the conclusions based on a study of it are quite inapplicable to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the human race. A genius, such as James Colthurst, is as abnormal as an idiot, and much rarer. The one excuse for an artist's existence is that he depicts his fellow-creatures; and just at present he is for ever painting himself and his troubles. One would think, to judge from the books written nowadays, that this planet was crowded with Dick Heldars and James Colthursts. Why may not the grocer have a chance? Grocers before now have gone wrong and earned the wages of sin. Also I had studied Colthurst before, in Zola's "L'Œuvre," and knew what his difficulties would be.

But it is when we come to Lucas Malet's method that we observe the compromise between French and English workmanship. Possibly no more hopeless concession was ever made to popular British taste than the death of Colthurst, in the last few pages. It knocks the reader on the head, and it knocks the whole book inside out. If I understand the writer's purpose, it was to exhibit the cumulative effect of sin in wrecking the sinner; and to toss the sinner over a handy cliff when he is bracing himself to bear the heaviest burden of his life, is just to play ninepins with art. There was a certain Roman, according to Tacitus, who threw his wife out of window "for uncertain causes." Unless it happened in deference to the circulating library, I confess that Colthurst's neck was broken for reasons equally vague.

Again, who but an English lady could have conceived the idea of writing such a story with a running commentary almost in the style of Thackeray? For pity's sake, if our art is to be French, let it be all French.

But is there any reason why we should struggle to be French or Russian or American or Scandinavian or Spanish? What we can learn from the novelists of those countries is just to sit down and describe truthfully what we see about us. We do not see whatever Mr. Stanhope Forbes may paint—much French life about us; we cannot, if we try, see what Tolstoy sees, simply because England and Russia are two different countries. All that we can learn from him, from Bjornsen, or from Valdes, is to tell the truth.

When we do this, we may count on the admiration of the foreigners. Mr. Howells, for instance, who is not disposed to love any work produced in England, can hardly speak too reverently of Jane Austen. But to see our novelists running up and down in a panic, and trying to be foreign, is saddening. For unless we assume that all nations are alike, the truth about France is a lie about Russia, and the truth about Russia a lie about England.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., Associate in Political Economy, Johns Hopkins University. London: W. Heinemann. 1890.

THE United States furnish not only a wider field than any other country for the study of industrial movements, but a more rich and varied experience. The laws of the several States are in many points dissimilar: different kinds of labour exist in the different regions of the country, and give birth to different kinds of organisation. The masses of the people have long possessed a remarkable talent for organising themselves, and have been allowed by the democratic and individualistic structure of society facilities for associating themselves into trades unions and other sorts of fraternities which the workmen of most countries in Europe might envy. Moreover, the working classes, since they constitute the majority of the voters, have been able to put into power such legislatures and officials as they desire, and to obtain the laws which best suit them. There has never been a nation among whom all experiments in the way of social and industrial reconstruction could be so readily tried and would be sure of being so fully recorded. One might therefore expect that the Socialists and Communists and Anarchists of Europe would look with peculiar interest and satisfaction to America as the land where their ideas would have the best prospect of taking practical shape. The contrary, however, seems to be the case. Much disappointment with America is expressed by the leaders of these parties, and by those who in the press expound their views. They complain that the Americans are too contented and self-satisfied to desire radical changes. They declare that nowhere is capital more powerful, more grasping, more audacious. Working men may appear to hold political supremacy, but they are somehow prevented from using it. They cannot extricate themselves from the toils of party, with its complex system of organisation. They have not the proper degree of hatred to the so-called *bourgeoisie*, the requisite passion for overturning the existing order, and clearing the ground for the establishment of something better.

The explanation of this strange contrast between possibilities and results in the United States, and the description of the various forms which schemes of industrial reform and industrial revolution have taken, would supply matter for a most instructive treatise; nor could such a treatise come at a moment more suitable than the present, when "Labour Questions" are all the fashion. We opened Mr. Ely's book in the hope of finding such an explanation and description, knowing him from his other books to

be a thoughtful and well-informed writer, warmly interested in these subjects. We must, however, confess to some disappointment. He has a habit, perhaps more common in America than in England, of mixing up his sentiments and his sympathies with his facts and reasoning, so as to give a character of wooliness and bluntness to his whole treatment of the subject. Hot black coffee is good, and cold water, either before the coffee, as in the East, or after it, as among the Franks, is also good. But to pour the coffee into the water, or the water into the coffee, is to spoil both. The book is frequently vague just where precision was needed, and gives us excellent morality where we needed hard facts. We are told very little either about the Knights of Labour or about the attempt to work a universal boycott, though these are among the most interesting phenomena of the American Labour struggles. Still, the book contains a good deal of useful information which it would be hard to find elsewhere, and it is written in a spirit of laudable fairness and tolerance.

One of the questions most often asked regarding American Co-operative enterprises and trade organisations is why they have not grown faster and taken deeper root than in England. Mr. Ely suggests some explanations. He thinks that "in no country in the civilised world have the labourers, as such, been so isolated as in the large industrial centres of the United States." They have received far less aid from men of intellect and position than in England or Germany. "Other obstacles in the way of the success of Co-operation are these: unsteady employment, roving habits, the heterogeneous character of our population—all preventing that consolidation and amalgamation of the masses which co-operation requires." He adds another reason, which has much force, viz., that in the United States there exists an unequalled "multiplicity of openings for the gifted and fortunate. In older countries a great deal of talent has been found among labouring classes ready to assist in Co-operative enterprises," whereas in America the brightest and most energetic of the working class find it comparatively easy to rise into the class of pen or brain workers, and thereby the workmen are, to a large extent, denuded of their natural leaders. This remark applies not merely to Co-operation, but to Labour movements generally, and it helps to explain the ease with which the American labourers are led astray by childish fallacies. Still more significant is the fact which he mentions in another place, that the class of hand labourers in the United States is mainly composed of foreigners, because native-born Americans generally rise into higher kinds of work. Among the skilled artisans there is a fair proportion of natives, but the unskilled are wholly European, or Canadian, or coloured.

As everyone knows, it is among the foreigners, and chiefly among the Germans, Poles, Bohemians, and other Slavs, that Socialism and Anarchism prevail. The Anarchist press is mainly, the more moderate Socialist press wholly, written in German. The latter has a respectable circulation, while the Anarchist so-called internationalist journals, though more numerous, seem to reach a very small public. Mr. Ely guesses roughly that the total number of "adherents of the general principles of moderate and peaceful Socialism in the United States" may be half a million; and, of course, estimates the Anarchic or Revolutionary party at a far lower figure. He gives many specimens of the blood-thirsty outpourings of this faction, and appears to think that they constitute a real danger to the State—a view which will not commend itself to those who remember the furious wrath evoked in America by the Chicago murders, and who gather from Mr. Ely's own pages that Anarchism makes, practically, no converts among native Americans. That "moderate Socialism," on the other hand, does advance, we can well believe; but it seems in America, as in England, to consist rather in a sympathetic attitude towards the poor, and a

curiosity in looking out for suggested reforms, than in any acceptance of specific Socialist schemes. How Mr. Ely, with his experience of the conduct of public authorities in his own country and the results of political patronage, can avow himself in favour of giving the control of railways to the State, passes our comprehension.

MELANESIA.

THE MELANESIANS. Their Anthropology and Folklore. By R. H. Codrington. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

MELANESIA is the name given to four groups of islands in the Western Pacific, not far from North Australia; and Mr. Codrington's book is an excellent record of the customs, beliefs, and social institutions of the islanders. No more valuable or more genuine study of man in a very primitive state has recently appeared; for it is founded upon a long and intimate acquaintance with the people, and it throws light upon several points in anthropology and the evolution of superstitions toward which attention has latterly been turned. And while the sociologist will find in this volume good store of new facts and suggestive observations, the general reader will be touched by the charm which belongs to a picture of very simple, unsophisticated manners that are being rapidly obliterated. The persistent resemblance—one might almost say, the monotonous identity—that prevails among the ideas and practices, religious and social, of man in an elementary stage all over the world is remarkably illustrated by this account of the Melaneseans. Exogamy, for example, seems to be almost an aboriginal principle of archaic society; it is the primeval ordinance of prohibited degree that runs in different versions all over Asia, although no satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the invincible repugnance among so many races to intermarriage between persons who are even conventionally kinsfolk. Here, in remote Melanesia, we find this rule universal. The people are not divided into tribes, but into two or more classes that are exogamous, and in which descent is usually counted only through the mother. The base-line which unites and divides the groups is the marriage law, or the inviolable custom which strictly prohibits the intercourse of men and women with others of their own class. Yet, although the practice is patent, of its cause or origin Melanesia gives no explanation; the precise germ of utility, the rude ethical notions which it represents, are still open to ingenious conjecture: we cannot tell what has led savages, with few scruples about sexual promiscuity, to condemn so rigidly the connection of persons supposed to be allied, however distantly, in blood.

Although there are no tribes, the Melaneseans have chiefs, who unite spiritual with temporal jurisdiction, or, to speak accurately, see no difference between the two things. "As a matter of fact, the power of chiefs has hitherto rested upon the belief in their supernatural power derived from the spirits or ghosts with which they had intercourse." The art of consultation with influential ghosts is bequeathed to a successor, and is indeed the essential attribute of rulership by divine right; but this hereditary reputation for ghostly science has, like Papal Infallibility, to be occasionally supported by a liberal use of the carnal weapon upon those who doubt it. The two powers, spiritual and temporal, evidently support and interact upon each other; for while a great warrior is credited with magical secrets, the possessor of charms and amulets is thereby armed with superior forces; and, again, a rich man gets the repute of being a magician because the multiplication of pigs and yams can be produced by sorcery. The taboo is a favourite political engine, being used by the chief to keep his own person sacred and unapproachable, and also to boycott any Melanesian Hampden who stands out against exceptional demands by the chief upon his property. There are a great many secret societies, at which ghosts are understood to be present and to hold communion with the members, and the

initiation is by wild singing and frantic dancing in grotesque costume; yet although unlicensed peeping behind the scenes is punished by sudden death, no one seems to treat these mysteries as much more than fantastic masquerading. To the earnest European inquirer, who is always on the look-out for profound meaning and far-reaching symbolism in the childish sports and superstitions of wild folk, it is always difficult and disappointing to realise the fact that primitive man rarely takes his religion more than half seriously, and that his queer rites and play-acting often mean nothing at all. Besides the secret societies, of which ghosts seem to be honorary members, every village has a kind of social club, where a system of grades, as in Freemasonry, prevails, and where you can purchase your steps upward by money, food, and the ubiquitous pig, who is, however, not always legal tender if he be insufferably tough.

In regard to Melanesian religion Mr. Codrington tells us much that is very curious and nothing that is very new; but his information is valuable just because we have heard of the same sort of things and ideas in many other lands, because the conceptions and practices of these Pacific islanders resemble so remarkably what is done and thought by people in similar stages of mental development elsewhere. These coincidences help us to generalise regarding the primeval superstitions of mankind, and aid us in tracing what may be called the springs of natural religion. Here, as in other parts of the uncivilised world, much confusion has arisen out of the attempts of Europeans to express vague and rudimentary fancies or images in the highly condensed language of organic religion. The words "God" and "Devil," for instance, as used by an Englishman, have no sense or fitness in application to the loose, shadowy notions of a savage about phantoms and goblins: and as for the word "soul," it causes endless confusion. "Many a voyager," remarks Mr. Codrington, "carries away as a sort of joke the story that the natives think their shadows are their souls, who could not tell exactly what he means by the word soul which he uses himself."

The ghosts of dead men are universally worshipped, but are to be carefully distinguished, according to our author, from the higher spiritual beings who have never inhabited a human body; and both ghosts and spirits haunt places, are present in trees and stones, where they can be detected by queer shapes and motions; are discoverable in the shapes of snakes, owls, sharks, and other uncanny animals; can be propitiated by food offerings, are accessible to prayer and sacrifice, rule the elements, deal in plagues and curses; and, in fact, exercise all the powers and attributes that are everywhere characteristic of embryonic polytheism before the divinities become heads of regular departments. But whereas in the eastern islands the ghost and the spirit belong to two distinct classes, not supposed to be connected by origin, in the Solomon Islands "the distinction is between ghosts of power and ghosts of no account"; between those whom you must appease and those from whom nothing is expected; and to the powerful class belong, of course, the ghosts of formidable men. On the whole, this book contains very strong but striking evidence in corroboration, first, of the universality of ghost-worship as one of the earliest forms of superstition; and, secondly, of the view that the notable ghost is regularly promoted, upon his merits as a wonder-worker, into the lower order of divinities.

One may observe in this description of Melanesian beliefs the strange incapacity to accept death as the end of a human being which is at the bottom of the feeling that peopled the environment with innumerable ghosts. Death means only that the soul has departed out of the body, that it has become a sprite or spectre which hangs about the house and the grave, showing itself by lights or noises, and making itself particularly troublesome if the body has not

been buried. It may be driven away by shouts or bull-roarers; or it may be conciliated by funeral honours, in which the death meal, or funeral feast, with a morsel for the ghost, plays, as usual, a considerable part. Sacrifices are made on the graves; and sometimes the wife is strangled or buried alive that she may follow her husband; for, although the ghosts wander about incessantly, there is, nevertheless, a kind of Limbo, or place of departed spirits, to which all ghosts are supposed to journey, and where bad characters are refused admittance.

The discerning reader will by this time have convinced himself that the Melanesians have struck out no novelties in their religion; and that its most remarkable characteristic is its extraordinary resemblance, generally and in many particulars, to the ways of worship and spiritual fancies struck out at sundry times and in divers places by the human imagination working freely and independently upon the great troubles of life and death. In illustration of the curious ubiquity of certain particular fables, it may be mentioned that we find in Melanesia the Lamia or beautiful woman, who tempts incautious men, and turns into a snake when properly exorcised; while the world-wide practice of throwing stones on a heap by the way-side, which is known all over Asia and parts of Europe, with very diverse explanations or objects, is much in vogue in these remote islands. There is a good supply of marvellous myths and rather idiotic stories for the collectors of folklore; and altogether Mr. Codrington's book is of real value to the student of comparative religion and sociology. It is valuable, not only as a copious repertory of authentic particulars bearing on the mental condition and manners of a society, that has grown up naturally undisturbed by external intercourse, but also because he handles his materials soberly and judiciously, without preconceived theories or attempts to read deep meanings in the shallow fancies of primitive brains. The custom of Taboo, for instance, upon which much ingenious speculation has been recently expended, is very correctly defined by Mr. Codrington as a prohibitive rite, with more implied; it is a well-known and obvious device for giving supernatural sanction to an earthly ordinance, for hedging in the savage king with awful divinity. He shows also, incidentally, that what Europeans call devil-dances, are often mere rhythmic saltations, with no religious meaning at all; that grotesque carvings are not always idols; and that fantastic games or ceremonies, which are full of mystic symbolism to the philosophic reader of papers before learned societies, may be mere outbursts of the sportive barbarian, or inventions to satisfy his credulity. There is much to be learnt about oracles and divinations, which are mainly simple tests or tricks for detecting culprits, recovering lost property, and indicating the ghost or demon who is afflicting a rich man. Magic is, of course, an art in high repute, being closely allied, as has been always the case, with some tincture of natural philosophy, especially in the direction of poisoning. In short, the book is one that adds to our knowledge and throws light in various directions; and it is well suited for that large class of readers to whom the ways and whims of primitive folk are a source of amusement or instruction.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

ALEXANDRE DE TATISTCHEFF. *Les Relations Correspondantes* (1801-1812). Paris: Librairie Académique Didier, Perrin & Co., 1891.

THE close friendship existing at the present time between the French and the Russian people is a matter of grave importance to the future of Europe. It is unprofitable to speculate on the causes of this friendship; it has been asserted that it is due merely to the geographical situation of the two countries; that it is the result of a peculiar attraction in the character of the French for the best Slav intellect,

or that it is the creation of far-seeing statesmen of both nationalities, who have endeavoured to build up the feeling of friendship into a traditional alliance. The causes matter not; the facts remain, that Russia has learned more of the arts of civilisation from France than from her near neighbours, and that France has always encouraged the aspirations of Russia to become a European Power. The history of the formation and growth of the friendship of the two countries would make a most interesting essay; it dates from the reign of Peter the Great, and has steadily developed to the present time. Intellectually it has had great results; the Empress Catherine appreciated the labours of the French encyclopaedists and pensioned Diderot in the most graceful manner by purchasing his library, and then making him its paid custodian; she was in constant communication with the leaders of French thought, and developed their influence on the budding literature of Russia; while in modern days France has repaid the debt by interpreting and translating to Europe the works of the great Russians, who are at present exercising such profound influence on European thought. Politically the alliance has a long and striking history; both countries strove against Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, but while Rossbach has been followed by Jena and Sedan, the Prussians have never revenged their defeat at Zorndorf. This political alliance has been interrupted by four important wars, those of 1798-99, 1806-07, 1812-13, and 1851-56, but while the campaigns of Suvorof in Italy and Switzerland, the battles of Austerlitz and Friedland, and the Crimean war exercised no appreciable influence on the history of the two nations, the war of 1812, with its invasion of Russia, its burning of Moscow, and the disastrous retreat of the Grand Army, ranks among the most important events in the modern history of Europe.

Tolstói, the great Russian writer, has grasped alike the importance and the dramatic features of this great struggle in his prose epic "War and Peace;" he understood its significance, and recognised that while the resistance of Russia to the invader was national, the attitude of the French soldiers was purely military. The campaign of 1812 showed an army fighting a nation with the inevitable result that the latter was victorious. Beyond this, there exists a personal interest in the great war. The French people had no desire to fight Russia, nor had the French army; it was in no respect necessary for the prosperity of France that Russia should be conquered and defeated. The war was the work of one man, Napoleon, and the repulse he met with was a sign that his star was setting, and that the days of his supremacy were numbered. The history of the events which led to the war is therefore bound up in the story of the personal connection of Napoleon with Alexander I., Czar of Russia, and is of the greatest interest and importance.

This history M. Serge Tatistcheff has given in his bulky volume. It may be said at once that the letters of the Czar Alexander, which he has discovered in the archives at St. Petersburg, throw no new light of any importance on the relations between the Czar and Napoleon; it is the well-written history in which they are embedded, and the careful and impartial analysis of the despatches of the successive French ambassadors at the Russian Court, which give his book a permanent value. On the accession of the Czar Alexander after the assassination of the Czar Paul, the young ruler found himself the only admirer of France and of the First Consul at his Court. This admiration had been inspired into his mind by his tutor, the Swiss publicist La Harpe, and he expressed it freely to Duroc, the first envoy sent by Napoleon to St. Petersburg. "J'ai toujours désiré," he said to Duroc, "de voir la France et la Russie unies. Ce sont deux nations grandes et puissantes que se sont données réciproquement des preuves d'estime, et qui doivent s'entendre pour faire cesser les petites divisions du continent. . . . Je désirerais beaucoup m'entendre directement avec le Premier Consul, dont le caractère

loyal n'est bien connu et sans passer par tant d'intermédiaires toujours dangereux." But his admiration was not shared by his mother, by his counsellors, or by the nobles of St. Petersburg, as Caulaincourt, the first accredited ambassador of Napoleon, soon discovered, and under their influence Russia took part in the campaign of Austerlitz, and after peace had been made between France and Austria, waged war alone in the campaign, which was terminated by the battle of Friedland. Then came the dramatic episode of the interview between the Czar and Napoleon on the River Niemen. M. Tatistcheff gives full prominence to this striking event, and describes, from the narratives of eye-witnesses, the uniforms worn by the two monarchs and the anxiety of the King of Prussia the fate of whose kingdom was under discussion as he rode up and down upon the bank, and even forced his horse in to the water in his longing to hear what was being said. The grandiose ideas of Napoleon, his schemes for the ruin of England and the division of the civilized world between two Empires of the East and the West, the glamour of the fame of the great conqueror, and the fascination of his manner, all influenced the Czar, who was young and susceptible; and he returned to his capital after signing treaties of peace and alliance with Napoleon at Tilsit, with his former feelings of admiration for the Emperor of the French multiplied a thousand fold. Napoleon was perfectly well aware of the Czar's feelings, but he did not reciprocate them, and he deliberately prepared to take advantage of the enthusiasm of Alexander for himself. He was to receive everything and to give nothing, and for a time this policy, assisted by the sagacity of Caulaincourt, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, was completely justified. But the Czar Alexander was not devoid of natural shrewdness; he began to distrust the professions of his illustrious friend, and his suspicions were further deepened by Talleyrand during the conferences at Erfurt, as the wily diplomatist acknowledges in the 5th Part of his recently published Memoirs. The feeling of distrust having once taken the place of that of affectionate admiration, the personal friendship between the two monarchs grew less and less. Napoleon did not recognise this fact immediately, but the refusal of Alexander to give him the hand of a Russian princess to take the place of Josephine opened his eyes, and from that time his policy directly tended to war with Russia. That war commenced with the invasion of 1812, and did not cease until the allies occupied Paris, and Napoleon was forced to abdicate.

From this sketch it will be seen that the story of the personal relations between Napoleon and the Czar Alexander I. is of surpassing importance to the history of Europe. It is this story which M. Serge Tatistcheff has endeavoured to tell. As has been said, his researches have not added much that is new to the main features in the hitherto unpublished letters, but he has taken the opportunity of his discoveries to compile a volume of real interest, which cannot for the future be neglected by any student of the history of Europe during the era marked by the victories of Napoleon.

LADY WILDE'S ESSAYS.

NOVELS, MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS. By Lady Wilde. London: Ward & Downey, 1891.

LADY WILDE sweeps over a very wide range of subject indeed, whether we look upon it from a geographical, a literary, or a political standpoint. She travels over Germany, Spain, France, England, and Ireland, descending in the literary scale from Jean Paul and Calderon to Miss Martineau and Lady Blessington, and politically diversifying her pages with notices of Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Doyle, and Disraeli. No doubt she touches nothing she does not adorn, but a hypercritical person might feel inclined to think she over-adorns not a few things. Here, for instance, is a passage, the rhetoric of

which will be found, we fear, by most people a trifle excessive:—

"His [O'Connell's] moral-force agitation was a mighty ocean perpetually heaving and dashing, and making fresh inroads upon the fixed rocks of prejudice and bigotry, whirling into its vortex whatever stately vessel or tiny craft of a Measure was put forth by Ministers, absorbing its riches and then casting the dismantled hull to the despairing launchers. He knew that Irish independence could never be achieved by epileptic fits of mad ferocity, and through his consummate leadership he gained all for which he combated—"without the stain of a single crime resting on the national cause."

However, when all is said, the chief fault to be found with this publication is that much of it which is interesting and intelligent in itself is scarcely needed in a very much over-booked and very busy age. Lady Wilde has certainly nothing to say about Richter which was not said some sixty years ago by Carlyle, and even her more elaborate treatment of Calderon will scarcely be needed by readers of Trench, McCarthy, Fitzgerald, and others. Still, to readers who approach these great writers for the first time Lady Wilde's essays will be found valuable, and especially that part of them devoted to an analysis of some of their works, particularly some of the plays of Calderon. Lady Wilde deals mostly with very big people, but we think she succeeds best with the few comparatively small people she condescends to include in her wide survey of "Men, Women, and Books." We have all heard so much about these big people before, and by all sorts of people, big and little, that it is no doubt hard to please us in anything said about them. Then tastes differ so widely. The present writer, for instance, thinks very much better of George Eliot than Lady Wilde does, and very much worse of the late Lord Lytton. We have many poets included in these notices, as is natural, seeing that our author is herself a poet, and have little fault to find with most of what is here said about them, save that so much of it has been said over and over again before. Of Wordsworth and Tennyson, for instance, where can we expect to find any fresh or new "appreciation" or "impression?" Leigh Hunt, undoubted poet as he is, might perhaps be considered the smallest mentioned in this volume, and seems to us to be the most satisfactorily handled. Lady Wilde has not so much to say, save incidentally, about women as the title of her book would lead one to imagine. Her biggest woman (George Eliot) meets, as we think, with but very imperfect appreciation, whereas her smallest, and the most inconsiderable person in the whole book (Lady Blessington), forms the subject of the longest and, in our opinion, the most valuable of these essays. Lady Wilde does not overrate Lady Blessington intellectually, morally, or otherwise, but she gives us a very vivid picture of the early and later life—mostly a very worthless, though interesting one—of this once well-known, but now nearly forgotten, Irish adventuress and beauty.

We do not wish it to be thought, from what may be held, especially by the softer sex, to be the somewhat carping and possibly ungracious spirit of some of our criticism, that we do not think well of most of these essays. We simply think they need not have been reprinted; in other words, we fail to see the *raison d'être* of the book. We might, however, say the same of nine-tenths of all the books printed every year, and of perhaps nineteen-twentieths of all the books of criticism. Why does not Lady Wilde give us more Irish fairy and folk stories? She is strongest on the side of the imagination. She might leave criticism to her highly critical anti-Philistine son, the prophet of the *forme* and the scerner of the fact.

VICTORIAN POETS.

VICTORIAN POETS. By Amy Sharp. Newnham College, Cambridge. London: Methuen & Co., 1891.

This volume is one of a "University Extension Series," which Messrs. Methuen & Co. describe as "suitable for extension students and home-reading circles." We have, with our own eyes, seen that

strangely named creature, an "extension student"; but a "home-reading circle" we had always imagined to be, like the more familiar circle of geometry, an imaginary construction, useful for purposes of pure ratiocination, but never encountered in actual life. There is little doubt, however, that, did such a circle exist, some point in its circumference would stand up on the family hearth and assert its honest belief that Sir Edwin Arnold was a greater poet than Robert Browning. And there is less doubt that such an assertion—however heartfelt—should be at once scoffed at. The ordinary family, however, might find some difficulty in scoffing intelligently. It is to meet this crying want that Miss Sharpe recommends twenty-nine books of criticism and reference to be read side by side with the eight most considerable Victorian poets, and herself adds a thirtieth.

And, indeed, if we assume the existence of this figure, "the home circle," there is little fault to be found with Miss Sharpe's book. She is, as her name denotes, of the same sex as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and may be pardoned for allotting a separate essay to that poetess, while Clough and Matthew Arnold are lumped together in the following chapter, and Rossetti, William Morris and Swinburne in the next. As mere men, on the other hand, we may be forgiven for holding that either Clough or Arnold, whether we consider their performance or their influence, could give Mrs. Browning fifty points in a hundred and beat her with ease. But the contention is unimportant, and the census teaches us to allow for a preponderance of females in the family circle. Let us note also—without complaint—the feminine note in Miss Sharpe's criticism of Mr. Swinburne. The battle over the "ballads beautiful"—as Mr. Whistler calls them "was fought out on the ground of *Morals versus Art*; Swinburne's position might perhaps have been turned more effectively and not less truly with the contention that as the artistic ideal *must* include meaning as well as form, to emphasise and cover with a glory of noble language ugly facts or ideas essentially degraded is to set up an ideal as false artistically as it may be hurtful ethically. However, without recanting anything, Mr. Swinburne's later works have been cleared of the elements which made his earlier poems offensive; and there the controversy may well rest." But Miss Sharpe hardly lets it rest. Her sense of propriety colours the whole of her estimate of this poet; and her essay perhaps would better have been shortened to this: "CHAPTER V. SWINBURNE. There are no snakes in the home-circle." It may be added that the whole of this fifth chapter is curiously unsympathetic. Tennyson is known to Miss Sharpe, and Browning

"There's a ME Society down at Cambridge"

—as J. K. S. sings; and Clough and Matthew Arnold are usually understood, in a measure, by all who reside near University towns. But this same contiguity with a seminary of polite learning is just as sure to blunt the appreciation of Rossetti, Morris and Swinburne—widely as these three poets differ. Rossetti, especially, is no writer for academies, but for artists; and the obtuseness of Miss Sharpe's remarks upon him is only astonishing at first. We make haste to assert that she tells the home-reading circle quite as much as is good for it.

The method adopted in the three most important essays—those on Tennyson and Mr. and Mrs. Browning—is that of illustrating each critical observation with copious illustrations from the works of the writer under review. And, for Miss Sharpe's purpose, there is no doubt that this is the right method. Her exposition of the merits of these three poets is capable and lucid—so far as it goes. But to an embracing survey of their work, with its aims, conscious and unconscious, and its effects, she has not attained. Perhaps it was no part of her plan. If, however, we allow the usefulness of her narrower scope, we still find ourselves demanding something

more than she tells us, not only of Rossetti, Morris and Swinburne, but of Clough and Arnold. With something that we hesitate to call perversity, though we feel it as perversity, she misses the peculiar charm of the "Bohio," of "Thyrsis" and "the Scholar Gipsy," and the Homeric majesty of "Baldur Dead" and "Sohrab and Rustum." To her "Baldur" appears "somehow wanting in force" and the narrative in "Sohrab and Rustum" "hardly seems swift enough, passionate enough, to make an event so tragic as the death of a warrior-son by the hand of his unwilling warrior-father quite so impressive as it ought to be." In truth this is just how it would strike a home-reading circle—the sort of folk who dote on Mr. Fildes' "The Doctor" and we can almost see Arnold's smile at the complaint "Give us something passionate, please. And don't let it deal with nastiness, like the passion of Swinburne; but, if you please, stir up our souls with just the good old domestic emotion we want. We know what we like; we want you to be as pure as ever you were, but kindly rock with passion." The young men and women who extend themselves as students, and form circles for mutual instruction, are after all of the same blood as their grandparents who read Byron to each other and sang songs of sea-rovers and pining oriental beauties; and this is an admirable book for them. It will wean them, without rudeness, from their natural favourites. It tells them exactly what is admired in academic, as opposed to home-reading, circles; and so leads them, gently, towards good taste.

ENGRAVED GEMS.

THE ENGRAVED GEMS OF CLASSICAL TIMES, with a Catalogue of the Gems in the Fitzwilliam Museum. By J. Henry Middleton, Slade Professor of Fine Art, in the University Press, 1891.

WHILE everyone is aware of the singular interest attached to engraved gems, few writers have ventured during the last half century on any comprehensive discussion of this difficult subject. In England, with the exception of Mr. A. S. Murray's short introduction to the Catalogue of Gems in the British Museum, there is little except the works of the late Mr. C. W. King, to whose memory the book here under review is dedicated. Mr. King's writings are admirable in many ways, but they are rather those of an accomplished scholar who delighted in gems for the side lights that they throw on the classics, than of an archaeologist of the modern school, whose first object is to trace out the history of gem-engraving itself. Moreover several classes of gems which were hardly known when the failure of his eyes put an end to Mr. King's work, have since become important. On the Continent, by the general consent of archaeologists, the subject has been left almost entirely to the few persons who have the actual handling of the public collections, and St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Paris have each had two representatives in the discussion. These six, however, with one or two others, have preferred to focus great learning on particular parts of the subject, rather than to write general text-books. Hence it comes about that in publishing an account of the engraved gems of classical times, Professor Middleton enters a field which is almost unoccupied.

The book is stated to be "a brief account of the engraved gems and other forms of signet which were used by the chief classical races of ancient times," and is intended for the general use of students of archaeology. An illustrated catalogue of the small but interesting collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum, which was chiefly made by Colonel Leake, is added as an appendix.

Professor Middleton begins, as is inevitable, with the two earliest forms of gems—the Egyptian scarabæus and the Babylonian cylinder—and quotes a few examples of each. The history of the scarabæus, and of its offspring, the scarabæoid, is duly traced, through Phœnicia to Etruria and

Greece; but the story of the engraved cylinder, as told by Professor Middleton, stops short with the Phœnicians. It is true that there is little more to be told, as examples of Greek cylinders are very rare. The reader, however, naturally asks whether any reason can be given for the neglect of the cylinder form by Greeks and Etruscans, except for the special purpose of impressing a recurrent design on pottery?—and to this question no answer is suggested.

The account of the cylinder and the scarab is followed by a description of the strange but uncouth signets of the "Hittite-," and by an account of the "gems of the Greek Islands." Here, again, the reader will complain that the author is too brief. The so-called "gems of the Islands" are a strongly marked class of stones, distinguished by their style and by their characteristic shapes. They are found in the islands of the Ægean (whence their name), but also on most of the adjoining coasts. Their interest lies in the fact that they are found both with deposits of the Mycenaean period and also with later Greek works. All this is stated by Professor Middleton. But questions at once arise which are of interest to all students of history, and not only to archaeologists. What was this school of artists, able to bridge by a continuous tradition the dark gulf that separates Mycenæ from later Greece? Were they seated at a distance—say, in Crete? Were they craftsmen so humble that the storms of the Dorian Invasion passed over their heads? Is the whole Mycenaean culture subsequent to the Dorian Invasion?—if, indeed, that invasion ever took place. Such are some of the solutions that have been proposed. Professor Middleton does not clearly indicate his own opinion, but we gather that he would incline to the second of the alternatives given above.

After an account of the Greek gems of the finest period, which would be more serviceable if it were more fully illustrated, Professor Middleton turns to Etruria. In his treatment of scarabs found in Etruscan tombs he differs somewhat from his predecessors, in holding that a considerable portion of the earlier and better specimens are of Greek origin. Here, too, he might well have defined and supported his position rather more fully. It appears to us that the differences between the fine gems found in Greece and those of Etruria are so marked that the idea of an extensive import trade is excluded, unless we suppose that there was a great manufacture in Greece of gems expressly designed for the Etruscan market, and of this there is no evidence.

In the study of gems some knowledge of the technical methods of engraving is a valuable aid in determining doubtful questions of date and authenticity. In this part of the subject Professor Middleton is seen at his best. With his unrivalled knowledge of curious manual processes, he is able to quote the methods of the Indian tribesman, the dentist, the glazier, and the gem-forged—one of the latter class was once obliging enough to display the whole of his art. But on questions of technique, as on all others connected with gems, there is room for differences of opinion; and we doubt whether Professor Middleton can prove the use of the wheel on the "gems of the Greek Islands."

A considerable part of the book is devoted to a discussion of gems with supposed artists' signatures. These form at once the most perplexing and the most irritating of archaeological problems; the most perplexing because certainty is usually unattainable, and the most irritating because the whole difficulty is due to the folly of our ancestors. Nevertheless, the history of the signed gems is a curious study. Two or three specimens were extant all through the middle ages. Between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries, the number of known gems with artists' signatures slowly increased, and the gems so signed began to be objects of special value. In the eighteenth century a royal Prince became an amateur of gems, and propounded a theory as to one Solon, a gem-engraver. Soon after Baron Stosch

published his book on signed gems, and every man of taste became a collector. For more than a century the supply of signed gems was fully equal to the demand, and the catalogues of ancient engravers were swelled to a prodigious size. At length the bubble burst some sixty years since, and it only remained for archaeologists laboriously to pick out the true signed gems from the accumulated rubbish. Most of the writers alluded to at the beginning of this article have devoted themselves to the inquiry, but the uncertainty of their conclusions is sufficiently shown by their variety. Meanwhile, it fortunately happens that new gems are from time to time discovered which are above suspicion, and stir up no controversy. The Fitzwilliam Museum possesses one such gem, a work of the admirable artist Dexamenos.

The chapters on which we have not touched treat of various branches of the subject, such as the history of the cameo, the uses of gems in antiquity, and the manufacture of glass pastes. There is also an interesting section on the use of gems as signets and ecclesiastical ornaments in the middle ages. As we have already said, the main fault that we find in a book in other ways excellent is the venial one of being too short, and it may be hoped that its appearance will be of real service in promoting a renewed study of gems in England. There are a few misprints and other inaccuracies, such as are almost unavoidable in a book dealing with a mass of details. We note, for example, that Professor Middleton speaks in the present tense of a very remarkable cup of carved glass in the Museum at Strasburg. Unless we are wrongly informed, this cup perished, with much else that was hardly less fragile, in the summer of 1870.

SHILLING FICTION.

1. THE DIARY OF A SCOUNDREL: Being the Ups and Downs of a Man about Town. By Max Pemberton. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
2. JUSTINE: OR, A WOMAN'S HONOUR. By Walter Calvert. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.
3. DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS: a Tale of London Life. By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1890.
4. BETWEEN THE LINES. By Walter Herbert Pollock and Alexander Galt. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
5. BITS FROM BLINKBONNY: OR, BELL O' THE MANSE. By John Strathearn. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrie. 1891.

"THE Diary of a Scoundrel" is, of course, the diary of a man with redeeming traits in his character; and the goodness of bad people is more impressive—in some cases more attractive—than the goodness of the evenly virtuous. It was this, perhaps, which won the sympathy of the reader for the heroine of "As in a Looking Glass," and made that story so popular. In this book the scoundrel was not so much of a scoundrel as the world supposed him to be. But for the world's bad opinion he had himself chiefly to thank. His wife obtained a divorce from him with a facility that seems a little unusual, when he could very easily have proved to her that she had no reason whatever to suspect him. He had squandered her money, but he had done nothing worse. However, he was too proud to give any explanation. "Why trouble," he says, "why seek to convince a woman who shows a desire to be rid of you?" The story contains plenty of striking contrasts; it deals with the low morality of high life, the virtues of a scoundrel, the change from riches to poverty. It is by no means without interest; and a rich American, of the kind most common in fiction, provides the rescue of the hero and the happy ending. In short, it is much the kind of book that the public have shown that they like to read. To more critical readers it will seem a little over-coloured and unnatural; much of it is rather story-like than life-like.

On the cover of "Justine" is the picture of a young man in an easy-chair, gazing pleasantly at a skeleton standing erect in a cabinet. This looks

promising. The opening chapter helps to raise one's anticipations. There is so much preliminary fuss that one really expects something more than the commonplace murder story. And yet we find in it only the old, familiar lines. A man is found murdered. It is believed by the detective that a certain woman committed the murder. We know that the detective must be wrong, because the hero is in love with that woman; and this alone is, to a habitual reader of fiction, sufficient evidence of her innocence. In the end the real murderess confesses her guilt. This is not a very ingenious story. It is not well constructed; it contains much material which seems unnecessary to the story and not illustrative of the characters; in other places the book suffers from undue compression. We notice here, as in some other recent volumes, a slight alteration in the detective. The fashion has changed, and the detectives of fiction are, it seems, to fail this winter: they will be beautifully foiled and turned back so as to show the superior cunning of the hero. They will, however, be quite as dull as they were in the spring. There is just that amount of love-story in "Justine" which one generally finds in detective stories, to provide relief when one is overwrought with the mystery and blood-shed, and to furnish motives for the committing of a murder and for the hero's interest in the detection of guilt. On the whole, "Justine" is rather a poor specimen of rather a poor kind of story.

In "Dutiful Daughters" Mr. Sutherland Edwards has a subject which has already been treated with some success by Shakespeare, Miss Wilkins, and others. The title is, of course, ironical. The two married daughters of Mr. Meeking were very far from being dutiful. Owing to circumstances which need not be detailed here, Mr. Meeking found himself entirely dependent on his two daughters; it was arranged that he should spend six months of the year with each of them. But the one turned him out a day or two before the right time, and the other refused to take him in until the very day on which he was due. Consequently we find Mr. Meeking at the commencement of the story in Kensington Workhouse. Mr. Meeking regains his old position in the end, and his undutiful daughters and sons-in-law are generally confounded. It is a clever little story, written with brightness and humour; much of it is wildly improbable and farcical, but it is well told and distinctly amusing.

"Between the Lines" is a murder story, rather more original and ingenious than the average murder story. The missing document, the rightful heir, and the disguised villain are part of the subject of the book, but they do not constitute its chief claim to originality. The impulsive act by which Mr. Van Rhyn tries to screen the character of his murdered friend, and the complications which ensue from that, are well invented, however. Mr. Van Rhyn, we are told, occupied the same set of rooms at the Langham Hotel which had been formerly occupied by that "well-known American millionaire, Mr. Gilead P. Beck." As a compliment to Mr. Besant this kind of thing may be all that is delicate and admirable, but it does not make this story more convincing; it may perhaps help to make "The Golden Butterfly" more convincing, which is not at all necessary. It is really a mistake to remind the reader that the story is only a story and not real life; he is so likely always to remember that for himself. The obituary notice of M. Ferdinand Montluc on the last page is a capital imitation of the personal paragraphs of certain newspapers. The tone of the writing is somewhat cynical, humourously cynical. "Between the Lines" is quite a readable story.

Many will welcome the new edition of "Bits from Blinkbonny." There is a pleasant homeliness and simplicity about this series of pictures of Scottish village life. They have a character and quality of their own, and are quite free from the common fault of pretentiousness.

TWO BOOK GUIDES

- A GUIDE TO THE CHOICE OF BOOKS FOR STUDENTS AND GENERAL READERS. Edited by A. V. H. D. A. Lord, M.P. Home and Foreign Office of Education, University of London. F. Ward, 1891.
- A GUIDE BOOK TO BOOKS. Edited by E. R. Searcy and Bernard Washburn. London: Bell, 1891.

THE author of the treatise first named in our heading candidly tells us in his preface that it is not intended for those "fortunate persons in an enviable position, more fortunate and more civiled than they often know, who have competent advisers at hand who can tell them what to read." The aim of the book is to be useful "to the committees of the smaller Free Libraries, to the Educational Departments of Working Men's Co-operative and other Societies, to some of those who are attending University Extension Lectures, to Home Reading Circles, and Mutual Improvement Societies, and also to a good many isolated students engaged in efforts to educate themselves." That it will be useful in this way we have no doubt, and there is also a good deal of useful advice and pleasant literary matter inter-spersed through its pages. Geology must be studied chiefly in the open air. Under the head of "Philosophy" the student is advised to follow two rules, the chief points of which are, 1. to check his reading by his own experience of men and things, and 2. to read the philosophers themselves and not to content with reading about philosophy. The quotations under the various headings are also good and well chosen. Thus, under "Political Science," we have a quotation from Bagehot ending with—"If constitutions knew more members would have to know more, and the standard of intelligence of the House of Commons would be raised." Under this heading, however, we may note that we were somewhat surprised to see "The Student's Blackstone" recommended as an *advised* book on the English Constitution.

The second book named in the heading of this article is written on quite a different plan. In it the various subjects considered are arranged alphabetically. The object of the work, as stated in the preface, is "to place at the service of the reader the opinions of those who may be trusted to give sound advice as to the books which are of value in each department of knowledge." The word "knowledge" is used in a wide sense, as it includes in its scope the "science" of self-defence, for boxing figures in the list of subjects on which treatises are recommended. Billiards, cricket, cycling, fencing, football, and golf, with a variety of similar subjects, have space allotted to them in these pages. From "Abyssinia" to "Zoology," the eye ranges over some 250 main subjects of the most varied character, with very numerous sub-heads, which we are invited to study in standard treatises. History, Science, Art, Law, Literature, and Theology find a place. There would seem, indeed, to be scarcely any topic of interest in which the reader is not referred to a copious list of authorities. One subject alone, which is, we think, deserving of attention, seems to have escaped notice. A library, in order to be at all complete, ought to have copies of the best speeches of the principal orators of ancient and modern times. Demosthenes and Cicero find a place under Greek and Latin, and Burke under England in the sub-head, Literature; but we have looked in vain for Gladstone, Bright, and other names of first-rate importance in the ranks of orators. Thus the work appears to err rather on the side of redundancy; but we have little doubt that a good many readers will find it very serviceable.

RICARDO FOR THE PEOPLE.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AND TAXATION. By DAVID RICARDO. Edited, with introductions, by JESSAY, SPOONER, and ALLEN, by F. C. K. GUNTER, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons, 1891. (John's Series.)

THE publishers of Bohn's series deserve the gratitude of all students of political economy for Mr. Ricardo's new edition of the chief work of the best abused and best studied of the great masters of the science. The editor is a young Oxford man, already favourably known as a University Extension lecturer and writer on the subject in the latter capacity, if we mistake not, on both sides of the Atlantic. He contributes an introduction and appendices, the appropriateness of which rather obscures their real utility, dealing with the stick criticisms on Ricardo and in Appendix A more particularly with those of Jevons and Professor Ingram, and the savage personalities of the great German "inductive" economist, Adolf Hrod. He also brings out Ricardo's unmethodical habit of "and," characteristic, by the way, of the English business man, sketches a rearrangement of the contents in a more logical and business-like fashion, fully disconnects Ricardo from the Socialist theories of the relation of value and labour that have so often been fastened upon him, explains very clearly the position of the theory of rent in his system, and exhibits a wide knowledge of economic literature that was, till recently, far from being an English economist's. There are good notes scattered through the book and an excellent bibliography. We believe this is the first complete edition of Ricardo's works. The present dress of the series is a great improvement on the familiar dress whose reputation is somewhat soiled in many minds, such is the effect of early association—by their suggestions of cribbing at school.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PREFACED by a meagre and unsatisfactory biographical and critical introduction, a new and cheap edition of "The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier" has just been brought out by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. Whittier is always welcome, though, as these pages themselves bear witness, the gentle and attractive Quaker-poet of Amosbury is not always inspired—except by the motive to do good. Sometimes his muse is betrayed into anything but rhythmic motion, yet never, in the moral sense, into one unworthy line. The lyrics and idylls of New England life which Whittier has written, often approach in their artless beauty the very perfection of art, whilst his anti-slavery poems, with their noble enthusiasm of humanity, and passionate protest against injustice, quicken the pulse like the sound of a trumpet, and shame meaner natures with their lofty views of brotherhood. In the poetic interpretation of nature, Whittier has won for himself not a great, but an honoured place; and wherever the sameness of the home is most valued, his poems, with their rich human love and tenderness, will always find a place. It has been finely said of him that, belonging by ancestry and conviction to a religious body making much of the "inner light" of God in the heart, Whittier has, by his free and natural songs, made freedom a duty and religion a joy. Whittier has written too much, but much may be forgiven to a man who has always written from his heart, and who has ever used his gift of song to quicken faith, to kindle hope, and to keep alive charity in the hearts of men.

Dr. Norman Macleod's racy, genial, and vigorous sketches and stories of Scottish life and character are not nearly so well known as they deserve to be by the present generation. We are therefore glad to welcome, in a neat volume published at a popular price, "The Old Lieutenant and His Son," "Character Sketches," and other "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." Norman Macleod held in Scotland, as preacher and man of letters, for a long term of busy and influential years, a position which was not unlike, in many respects, that which Charles Kingsley filled so admirably in England. Both men possessed to a marked degree the power of personal fascination; both had the courage of their convictions, and both were cheery optimists, though never flatterers, of their kind.

Evidently Mr. Arnold White believes himself to be a man with a mission, and "Tricks at Truth" is, in our judgment, quite too modest a designation for the volume to which it is attached. It is possible to admit that the accent of sincerity pervades these oracular deliverances, without at the same time committing ourselves to anything in the nature of a hearty endorsement of their wisdom. Mr. White expresses the hope that there will be found some "elements of strength in thoughts that have been written only after prolonged labour"; but if there are, we are bound to add that we have missed them. The book is unquestionably written with the best intentions, but it is vitiated by the rather fussy and emotional character of its benevolence. Here and there Mr. White, in dealing with the social questions of the hour, strikes the nail on the head, and, like the late Lord Beaconsfield, he is on the side of the angels. It matters not what the subject may be—Socialism, strikes, drink, overcrowding, pauper immigration, amusements—he is prepared to set everybody right, and he not seldom proceeds to do so by tricking out a few familiar moral commonplace and obvious reflections in a smart dress of highly coloured rhetoric. Whatever originality the book can claim lies in the direction of catch-penny phrase and stilted grandiloquence of expression. It is really dreadful to read page after page all too plentifully decorated with this sort of thing—"The Lamb of Labour will lie down with the Lion of Capital only when he is inside, or when he is admitted as a partner." We counsel Mr. Arnold White to give diligent heed himself to at least a brace of his own sententious deliverances—for they might have been written concerning the book before us—"Rhetoric has injured labour in the past," and "Un tutored emotion has wrought even more harm than deliberate wrong."

Under the modest title of "A School History and Geography of Northern India," Sir William W. Hunter has just written a

singularly able summary of facts relating to Bengal and the Northern Provinces. The manual—a little book of one hundred and fifty pages, packed with tersely-expressed and clearly-arranged information—has been prepared for use in the schools of India, but it is also hoped that it may prove of service to young English and American readers. It is, in truth, a masterly epitome, and we do not know which we admire most: its conciseness or its comprehensiveness. We only wish that the majority of school books on history and geography displayed anything like the skill and research of this vigorous and attractive volume on Northern India.

Dr. Sisley's monograph on "Epidemic Influenza" is a book which appeals chiefly to the faculty, and yet, at the same time, it is not without a certain painful interest to ordinary people. He believes that influenza is contagious, and he agrees with Professor Klein and other authorities that the disease is probably due to a microscopic organism. It seems clear that influenza spreads along the lines of human intercourse, for statistics prove that large towns are affected sooner than small ones, whilst village communities often escape the visitation of the epidemic. It is a curious fact that the inhabitants of asylums, prisons, convents, and other places more or less cut off from contact with the outer world, frequently pass unscathed, even when the disease is raging all round. Dr. Sisley thinks that influenza, by a short Act of Parliament, ought to be placed in the category of infectious diseases for which notification is compulsory, and the whole drift of his argument goes to prove the necessity of stringent precautions, as well as regulations, in regard to this insidious malady. The book is plentifully supplied with illustrative charts, and at each stage of the inquiry Dr. Sisley rests his case on statistics which cannot be challenged.

The freaks and foibles of a certain set of rich and idle people of rank are caricatured with a little cleverness and a good deal of cynicism in "The Upper Ten: a Story of the very best Society." The story, such as it is, is thrown into dramatic form, and, in consequence, we are supposed to overhear a succession of conversations, some of which are not half so amusing as might be expected from the complications which arise. This rather exaggerated and occasionally pointless exhibition of contemporary manners is dedicated to M. Edouard Paillisson, and the authors gracefully hint that he is in a measure responsible for the work by virtue of "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie."

Now that the tourist season has set in with its usual severity, guide-books, big and little, assume a sudden importance. Quite one of the best popular books of the kind—in size and shape like a well-dressed "Bradshaw"—is "The Official Guide to the London and North Western Railway." Of course, official guides require to be read with a little healthy scepticism, for they naturally pounce upon the picturesque, and, with judicious express-paced speed, rush past, with the briefest possible allusion, less-favoured localities. The North Western Railway, with its associated systems, now extends over some six thousand miles, and in this volume of four hundred pages will be found compressed a vast amount of useful and explicit information, and less word-painting than is generally the case in works of the sort. The traveller, for example, will find the distances from Euston and other important stations; the time allowed for stoppages in the course of a long journey; and particulars of the letter-boxes, postal telegraph offices, bookstalls, and refreshment-rooms provided. Information is also given concerning loop and branch lines, and the various coaches, steamers, and buses which ply in connection with the railway. The chief public buildings and hotels of the cities and towns reached by the North Western Railway are also indicated, and the volume is provided with a capital index, so that it is possible to find out at once all that the Guide has to say concerning some two thousand places at which the trains stop. The new edition which has just been brought out contains several additional maps, plans, and illustrations; and, thanks to Mr. Neale, the superintendent of the line, and his principal assistants, the details have been considerably amplified, and, what perhaps is still more to the point, have also been verified up to the date of publication.

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