

THE SPEAKER

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

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE]

[FOR INLAND AND FOREIGN TRANSMISSION.

VOL. IV.—No. 97.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

[PRICE 6D.

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CHRISTMAS, 1891.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

IT was inevitable that MR. O'BRIEN'S statement of the course of his negotiations with MR. PARNELL at Boulogne last January should be received with a shout of exultation from the Conservatives. At the same time, we hardly understand what it is that they hope to gain from the "revelation." MR. O'BRIEN, seeking to justify himself from the gross and cowardly slanders cast upon him by the men who, in the name of MR. PARNELL, are trying to destroy Home Rule, told the full truth about his private negotiations with MR. PARNELL at Boulogne. There was nothing very new in his statement, and certainly nothing that can cause any Liberal uneasiness. Every reader of THE SPEAKER had the opportunity of reading precisely the same story, told from the Liberal standpoint, on the 11th of February last. We cannot of course compel MR. GOSCHEN, or the editor of the *Standard*, or any other person of similar calibre, to read our pages. But if they choose to remain in ignorance of the facts stated by us they have at least no right to pretend that these facts, when they are brought out through another medium, are now for the first time revealed to the world. The truth is that MR. GLADSTONE has had nothing to conceal in his relations with the Irish party; nor have he and his colleagues had any kind of responsibility for the negotiations at Boulogne. MR. O'BRIEN'S narrative is not, therefore, a matter which concerns them either directly or indirectly. Certainly nothing new has been brought to light now with regard to MR. GLADSTONE'S attitude.

THE result of the Cork Election will be made known to-day. There seems every reason to expect that the Nationalist candidate will be returned, despite the strenuous efforts which have been put forward by MR. PARNELL'S supporters. There has been, as is usually the case in contested elections in Ireland, a good deal of rough work among the electors. Party passion has run high, and more than one riotous disturbance has occurred, but the incidents at Cork appear to have been greatly exaggerated by those who profess to see in the turbulence of a popular constituency proof of its unfitness to exercise the right of self-government. It need hardly be said that within the memory of most of us similar scenes of turbulence were witnessed in many of the English constituencies, though nobody then regarded them as being proof of any unfitness on the part of those constituencies to exercise their political rights. Of course, if those who point to events at Cork as proof of some incurable defect in the Irish character were logical, they would carry their arguments to the only sound conclusion and demand the suppression of the Parliamentary representation of Ireland, but for that step even MR. BALFOUR is not prepared.

THERE is no disputing about taste, and we cannot pretend, therefore, to enter into an argument with MR. EDWARD DICEY because he is unable to see how grossly he offended against the ordinary standard of good taste in his recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*. In the present number of that periodical he has offered a kind of "Apologia" to his readers, in which he has made it plain that he still thinks it

becoming for a political party to strain its constitutional rights in order that it may, if possible, gain some advantage from the fact that its greatest opponent is a man so far advanced in life that the infirmities of age may before long render him unable to continue his public career. The man who first states this opinion, and then, when he knows the kind of emotion it excites in the breasts of decent persons, re-states it with deliberation, is one with whom we hardly care to enter into controversy. Nor is it necessary that any Liberal should trouble himself about the puerilities which, apart from his one cynical suggestion, make up the political programme of MR. EDWARD DICEY. Those puerilities have been repudiated with a good deal of spirit by the men whose interests he is anxious to serve, and we may safely leave him to their tender mercies.

MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI is evidently a young gentleman who believes it to be the first duty of a budding politician to make as much noise as possible in the world. The wonder, however, is that the *Times* should have lent him its powerful aid in the practice of this form of self-advertisement by inserting two of the silliest and most impertinent letters which ever appeared in print. MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI will have to display a little of his uncle's ability before he can hope to make an impression on the world. The juvenile crudeness and vulgarity of his epistolary style does not at present suffice to cover its feebleness.

Two serious labour disputes have been in progress this week. The engineers' strike on the north-east coast—originally about the overtime of apprentices, more recently about overtime generally—seems, as we write, to be drawing near its close. The Mayor of Newcastle had proffered mediation, and failed; so had MR. KNIGHT, the secretary of the local Boilermakers' Union—who settled the question in his own trade some months ago—but with a like result. On Wednesday, however, a conference of masters and men agreed to a ballot on proposals, the effect of which is substantially to limit overtime to sixty-five hours a week, besides discountenancing systematic resort to it. The public generally may well be satisfied with the result—first, because overtime work in many trades is so scamped that outsiders must always regard it with some suspicion anywhere; secondly, because the dispute has been a purely business matter, settled, without any sensational incident, solely between employers and employed. The lock-out in the London boot trade was terminated on Wednesday, the union officials refusing to support partial and unauthorised strikes.

ON Wednesday 116 candidates were nominated for the 55 seats on the London School Board. Apart from various eccentrics—many of whom will probably withdraw by next Tuesday, and from the representation of special interests—the teachers, championed by MR. BARNES in Marylebone; the Roman Catholics, who have three candidates, and the Socialists, who have two—the main issue is becoming tolerably clear. It is not between religious teaching and the exclusion of the Bible from Board Schools. That figment has been thoroughly exploded by the

Daily Chronicle in its effective controversy with MR. DIGGLE. It is not between Church Schools and Board Schools. The existing compromise can hardly, in any case, be disturbed by the next Board. It is between education starved to suit London Bumbledom,—whose wishes, tempered, of course, very considerably by the Education Department, are backed, sad to say, by the Church party—and the sound liberal education supported by the Progressists and some of the Independents. For instance: the REV. G. W. GENT, in Chelsea, is a High-Churchman and a strong Toiy; but, being a First Classman, an ex-tutor of an Oxford college, and the principal of a Church training establishment, he has sometimes allowed his views on education to part him from other Churchmen, and from the friends of penny-wise economy. So, the Church party in Chelsea have thrown him over; and he stands alone. Again, Church schools are often defended on the ground that they secure religious and moral control over children which can be partly kept up during the dangerous period of adolescence. Now, one item of the Diggleite and Church programme is “evening schools to be self-supporting”—which means that the fee will effectually exclude many young persons who might be kept out of mischief by their aid. Moreover, throughout London the “Church” candidates are supported by those organisations which, like the Ratepayers’ Defence League and the St. James’s Vestry, confuse the School Board with the Education Department, and merely desire to cut down the rates. PREBENDARY EYTON has protested vigorously against the alliance. But, throughout London, the Church is content to be put forward as the stalking-horse of the Vestry.

ON Tuesday the London County Council received a long report from a Committee on the incidence of taxation, recommending the rating of owners of property (by deduction from the rent, as in the case of income-tax) up to 50 per cent. of the total rate; recommending that attempts to “contract oneself out” of this obligation should be void, and reserving rates imposed between the date of a contract and the passage of a law giving effect to these provisions for “special treatment” of a kind left wholly problematic. Of course, people who learnt some political economy once—long ago—are urging that, after all, owners do pay rates now, because the rates affect either the actual rent or the demand for houses—just as if the real world of business were as absolutely frictionless as the simplified and imaginary world of deductive economics. Hundreds of existing contracts in London must have been made before the School Board, the Main Drainage, or even the Metropolitan Police were dreamt of; and, after all, if increased rating improves London, surely, according to abstract economics, the owners must share in the benefit?

THE American elections held on Tuesday have produced some surprises, but are, on the whole, satisfactory to the friends of sound economics. Ohio, indeed, returns to Protectionism and elects MR. MCKINLEY as her Governor; but this result is probably due, partly to the large manufacturing element in the population, partly to the fact that unlimited coinage of silver was a prominent plank in the Democratic platform. In New York, Massachusetts, and elsewhere, the Democrats strongly opposed free silver, and won. They have also, to the general surprise, maintained the position they won last year in Iowa. It is no less surprising that the Republicans should have carried Pennsylvania, after the recent disclosures as to corruption in Philadelphia and elsewhere, and the retirement of SENATOR (and Boss) QUAY from the headship of the Republican organisation. The Chilian difficulty has hardly had time to influence the elections; but, at any rate, the action of the Govern-

ment is not endorsed. The introduction of the “Australian ballot” (the English system, renamed to avoid exciting Irish susceptibilities) seems rather to delay the count. Minor features of interest are the collapse of the “People’s Party” or Farmers’ Alliance in Kansas and elsewhere, and the success in Chicago of the “Native Americans,” or “Know Nothings”—a name which carries the reader back nearly forty years, to the Presidency of FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THE Settlement on the Paris Bourse this week has been a very anxious and difficult one. No great failure has been reported, but several large operators have had to get pecuniary assistance. At one time a widespread fear existed that a panic would take place, but, after all, it has been prevented. Just while the Settlement was going on the failure of a private bank that had stood in very high credit in Berlin was reported. There was also the failure of a National Bank in Boston, one of the principal banks in New England, and a consequent run upon the savings banks of the city; while matters were made still worse by the proclamation of martial law in Brazil. Naturally there has been a general decline in prices, and there is still a very uncomfortable and anxious feeling. But, after all, the Liquidation has passed off without as great troubles as were expected. The negotiations between the Bank of Spain and the MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD for renewing old loans are not yet completed, and the financial crisis in Spain is therefore going on. The famine in Russia is becoming more intense. Most people have made up their minds that Portugal is on the point of becoming bankrupt, and there is yet no improvement anywhere in South America. Under the circumstances, then, an early recovery is not to be looked for; on the contrary, the prices of inter-Bourse securities are likely to decline steadily. On the other hand, the banking failure in Boston is a purely local matter, not likely to have more than passing consequences; and as trade is growing more active, as grain exports are on an enormous scale, and as the railroads are doing an immense business, there is a general expectation that American prices will go higher. That will largely depend, of course, upon events in Europe. If there is a serious crisis anywhere, it is not likely that speculation in the American market can be carried on.

AS yet rates in the open market are very much below the Bank of England rate, and there is a danger that gold exports will continue. The total stock of coin and bullion now held by the Bank is under 22 millions sterling. The bank failure in Berlin may quite possibly increase the German demand for the metal, and the bank failure in Boston is very likely to augment the American demand. Gold is going to Buenos Ayres and to Scotland, and therefore the reserve of the Bank of England is likely to fall uncomfortably low in the course of this month. Yet the rate of discount in the outside market is little more than $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., while the Bank rate is 4 per cent., and the Directors of the Bank of England can neither secure the co-operation of the joint-stock banks nor make up their own minds to do without it and take measures to protect their reserve. The silver market has further declined this week. The Portuguese and Spanish demand has ceased, there is no speculation, and the Indian purchases are small. The price, therefore, has fallen to $43\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce—the price, that is to say, is lower now than at the beginning of February last year, just before the Bill was introduced in the American Senate for buying $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ounces every month. In spite of such enormous purchases the market is thus not affected. The election of Mr. MCKINLEY in Ohio seems to have discouraged all the silver operators and to have completely paralysed speculation.

PURITANISM AND LIBERALISM.

THAT very able publicist, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has taken occasion lately to break a lance in the *Sunday Sun* with the so-called "purity party" in the London County Council. The step was a bold one on the part of Mr. O'Connor, for the purists of the County Council are most of them Liberals, and the *Sunday Sun* is a Liberal newspaper. No one will blame Mr. O'Connor, however, for having had the courage of his convictions; and, as a matter of fact, the question which he has discussed with so much vehemence is one that well deserves attention. That the Liberal party is suffering at present from some manifestations of the spirit of puritanism is not to be denied. It has suffered in this way often before, and we imagine will suffer often again. Nor will any true Liberal bewail the loss thus inflicted upon his party if it is incurred for righteousness' sake—if, that is to say, votes are withdrawn from us because we are striving not only sincerely, but wisely, to remove or lessen some of the great social evils of our time. With the objects of the purity party in the County Council we find ourselves in hearty agreement. But it is not enough to agree with men's objects in order to feel justified in giving them our support. We must approve of their methods also, and it is just here that the difficulty arises. That much needs to be done to cleanse the social life of London, and of all the great cities of the world, is but too evident. It is not so certain that we are taking the best means to secure that end when we are trying to move in advance of public opinion, and to repress by law amusements which, though they may not be very edifying, are certainly not regarded by the public at large as injurious or immoral. The war against actual vice will, of course, meet with the hearty approval of every true man. But even in this case it is by no means certain that the war is always waged wisely. Many of those who are the best friends of social purity in England entertain serious doubts, for example, as to the wisdom of the step taken many years ago, when one or two notorious places of assembly for loose persons of both sexes were suppressed. Certainly the first result of that step was to drive the evil at which it was aimed out of its comparatively obscure lurking-places, and to give it a ghastly prominence in our streets. And since then, whilst the evil in the streets remains as grossly offensive as ever, the evil-doers have found means to evade the law, which deprived them of recognised places of meeting, and in so-called "clubs" the vice which was once associated with the Argyll Rooms flaunts itself freely, and with all the old security. The result is that our last state is worse than our first; and there are many who attribute this fact to the mistaken measures adopted by the authorities in their desire to improve our condition.

These facts, and many others on which it is unnecessary to dwell, show how important it is that, even in fighting flagrant and open vice, we should proceed soberly and discreetly, never allowing ourselves to fall victims to the pestilent theory that the end justifies the means. How much more important is it that we should act in this spirit when we are dealing, not with grievous sin, but with those nicer ethical questions about which even good men have differed in all ages and in all parts of the world. That there is something very noble in that sober puritanism which, recognising the seriousness of life, turns resolutely from everything that seems to be a wasting of the time or a lowering of the standard of conduct which men who believe that they possess never-dying souls ought to maintain, we cheerfully admit. But that the Puritan who has

attained to this state of spiritual excellence is entitled to enforce his own laws of life and conduct upon his weaker brethren we absolutely deny. Indeed, we have only to consider at what point we ought to stop in order to see how completely without justification such spiritual tyranny would be. In Mr. Barrie's delightful story of "The Little Minister" he brings out a fact well known to Scotsmen, that within the lifetime of this generation there were good people in Scotland who looked upon the singing of hymns in public worship as an act of profanity, and who would gladly, if they could, have suppressed that form of devotion by Act of Parliament. Even to-day there are amongst us excellent people who look upon the theatre as a sink of iniquity, and upon dancing as an invention of the Devil. Are our social purists prepared to allow such persons to enforce their views upon the community at large? And do they really think that the life of the nation would be sweeter and purer if the rebellious minority, who love pleasure even when it is frivolous and, perhaps, when it is vulgar also, were to be held in subjection by a policeman armed with authority by a merciless majority?

Of course, we have only to state this question in order to make sure of the answer which will be given by every sensible man. The worst of it is that those who are seeking to reform society will deny that the question touches them at all. They are not for shutting up the theatres, or prohibiting dancing; still less are they likely to forbid the singing of hymns in public worship. They honestly believe that they are only striving to enforce moral laws with which every right-minded person must be in agreement, and upon the maintenance of which the welfare of the community depends. But, unfortunately, there are persons just as well-meaning as they are who take a different view of the questions they raise, and who believe that even vulgar forms of popular amusement are better for human beings than no amusements at all. And, on the other side, our purists must remember that there are persons still more puritanical than themselves—persons who are quite prepared to suppress theatres and ball-rooms and a hundred forms of diversion which no member of the London County Council would at present dream of touching. Who is to restrain these people when they in their turn come forward and insist, as they may do, that the party of social purity now actively working in the public good is but a half-hearted body, temporising with the very evils against which it professes to contend? Who is to prevent them from carrying the puritanical legislation of that party to a point far beyond any of which its present members would approve? We have often been told that a nation cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament. That is a somewhat doubtful proposition. It is a thousand times more certain that a nation cannot be made pure by such an Act. If there is one doctrine taught by Christ more clearly and positively than any other, it is that purity is essentially of the heart, and that no outward decency of life is worth anything unless it be accompanied by, or rather, unless it spring from, a genuine purity of the soul. It is possible that a resolute majority in Parliament, or a man in the position of the Emperor of Germany, might succeed in whitening the outside of the social sepulchre. But there the utmost power of both would come to an end, and the whited sepulchre would remain a sepulchre still. Nor need we dwell upon the obvious fact that to the devils which were already in possession of the social charnel-house would be quickly added those of hypocrisy and self-righteousness. These are but truisms, recognised as such by the wise of many ages and nationalities, and it is difficult to understand

why it should be necessary to reiterate them today in free England, where the Kingship of Conscience for which our fathers laid down their lives with gladness is still held dear, and where we still cherish the free will of the individual soul as something infinitely more precious than the attainment of outward perfection by a whole nation of automata. Yet we seem to be lapsing in some directions into strange heresies. For that sublime thing, the conscience of the individual man, is substituted, not nowadays the conscience of pope or priest, but that of the sect or the community; and the majority claims the right to decide not for itself alone, but for society as a whole, the nicest questions of ethics, the most delicate problems in our social life. From questions of morals to questions of theology is no long step, and a social tyranny, were it once to be established amongst us, would quickly be followed by a renewal of the tyranny in matters of faith from the grasp of which our Liberal forefathers delivered us.

MR. GOSCHEN'S FINANCE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer is undeniably a very able man, and in the opinion of his admirers he is a very successful financier; but no competent critic will deny that in the controversy between himself and Sir William Harcourt he has come out second best. Such a critic will not care very much to inquire whether Mr. Gladstone's second Administration or Lord Salisbury's later one has redeemed the larger amount of debt. What is much more to the purpose is to ascertain which Administration has had the greater resources out of which to save, and which of them has used to the best advantage the opportunities it enjoyed. The critic would bear in mind that the years from 1880 to 1885 were years of commercial depression; whereas since Lord Salisbury's accession to office trade has been flourishing, and there has been a somewhat reckless speculation. Clearly Lord Salisbury's Cabinet has had the greatest opportunities, and the question of chief interest now is whether it has used those opportunities as fully and as wisely as it ought to have done. Sir William Harcourt does not raise the question; but it would not be difficult, we think, to show that Lord Salisbury's Cabinet has missed a very great opportunity. However, Sir William Harcourt is indisputably right in saying that Mr. Goschen has sinned grievously in adding to the incomprehensibility of our finances. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself does not contest Sir William Harcourt's statement that he has aggravated the previous confusion and complication by introducing a multitude of new heads of extraordinary expenditure—such as Imperial defence, naval defence, and so on. And still more so in regard to the relief given to local authorities. As our readers will remember, Mr. Goschen abolished the old grants in aid, and handed over to the local authorities certain taxes, or portions of taxes. It would have been easy to have transferred those taxes altogether to the local authorities, leaving them to collect and account for them. But Mr. Goschen retained the collection in the hands of the Imperial officials, and pays over the amounts from the Exchequer to the local authorities. One result of this is that the student of the revenue returns is absolutely unable to say how the account stands at any particular time up to the very end of the year—how much belongs to the Imperial Exchequer, and how much to the local authorities. It is obvious that while this continues to be the case the House of Commons

cannot exercise any real supervision over the finances of the country. It used to be one of the gravest charges against the Imperial Government in France that the accounts were so complicated that no human being could ascertain what the Government was expending. There was a regular expenditure, an extraordinary expenditure, and an extra-extraordinary expenditure; and we have now drifted into a somewhat similar state of things. In addition to the regular expenditure there is an extraordinary expenditure for barracks, for military and for naval defence; and over and above that there are immense sums collected by Imperial officials, paid into the Treasury and then paid out again to the local authorities. No fair opponent would accuse Mr. Goschen of intending to blind the public or mislead the House of Commons; but as an actual fact, that is the result of the way in which our financial accounts are now kept.

Not less clearly unanswerable is Sir William Harcourt's charge that Mr. Goschen has been able to secure surpluses only by diverting money that had been allocated for the reduction of the debt to the discharge of current liabilities. When Sir Stafford Northcote was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he induced Parliament to pass an Act which fixed at twenty-eight millions a year the annual charge for the debt. He pointed out that that would ensure a very large reduction every year, and that as it was paid off the interest would be added to the sinking fund, and thus year by year the amount redeemed would be increased. The measure was approved by both sides; indeed, it was evident to everybody that in the present state of Europe it is only common prudence to reduce our debt while we may. We are now in a period of profound peace. The country is, happily, prosperous; taxation does not weigh heavily on any class; but the time may come when, against its will, the country may be dragged into war, and it may be necessary to pile debt upon debt. Mr. Goschen, however, finding it difficult to lay his hands upon a couple of millions a year for a purpose that appeared desirable in the eyes of his colleagues, diverted two millions from the reduction of the debt to the ordinary expenditure, and he subsequently diverted more. Mr. Goschen defends his conduct by saying that the savings by his conversion amount to about £1,400,000 a year, and that in a dozen years or so the saving will amount to over two and a half millions, and that, therefore, he has not reduced the amount applicable to redemption of debt as fixed by Sir Stafford Northcote. But this is a mere quibble. The intention of Parliament was to increase the sinking fund, leaving the total charge for the debt twenty-eight millions. Mr. Goschen has saved a large sum by conversion; but instead of devoting it to redeeming debt, he has taken it, and more, to enable his Government to defray expenditure for which they did not dare to impose new taxes. If we could be sure of an indefinite period of freedom from foreign quarrels, we might acquiesce in the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though we could not approve it. But when we look at the state of the world, and call to mind the various directions in which we may be attacked, no prudent man can avoid the conclusion that Mr. Goschen sacrifices the real permanent interests of the country to the temporary convenience of his Government and party. Mr. Goschen asserts that by his conversion he has saved the country what is equivalent to 100 millions of money. In other words, he reduced the interest of the debt immediately from 3 per cent. to 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and by-and-by it will be reduced to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; thereby there will be an ultimate saving of nearly 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions per year.

The argument is admissible enough in the mouth of a Chancellor of the Exchequer claiming credit for his administration of the finances; but we should like to know whether Mr. Goschen would undertake to raise 100 millions to-morrow at 2½ per cent. For the rest, we have no wish to refuse him all the credit he is entitled to for his successful conversion of the debt; undoubtedly it was very successful, and has saved the country a very large sum of money.

There is one other charge made by Sir William Harcourt against Mr. Goschen, viz., that he has secured "bogus surpluses"; in other words, that he obtained surpluses only by borrowing to defray inconvenient expenditure. Unquestionably Mr. Goschen has borrowed year after year considerable sums of money; and if he had paid those sums out of the taxes of the year, he would not have had much, if any, surplus. On that point there can be no dispute. Mr. Goschen may explain it away, but he cannot deny it. On the other hand, it cannot in fairness be disputed that every Government finds it convenient at times to spread expenditure over a number of years, and that, moreover, Mr. Goschen in some instances provided for a part of his outlay out of the taxes. It would be going too far to say that every surplus is fictitious if an equal sum has been borrowed during the year, and it certainly would be a very inconvenient doctrine to lay down that no Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, is justified in borrowing what cannot be raised within the year. But, on the other hand, Mr. Goschen is hardly candid in his attempts to explain the charge away. Some of the expenditure ought to have been provided within the year to a far larger extent than Mr. Goschen has done, and it clearly is misleading to make it appear that there has been a large surplus of revenue over expenditure when, in fact, part of the expenditure that ought to have been defrayed in the year has not been so defrayed, but has been covered by means of borrowed money.

CHILI AND MR. EGAN.

THE difficulty between Chili and the States has been the occasion for a display of some of the most despicable peculiarities of journalism. A number of unarmed American blue-jackets, while virtually the guests of the town of Valparaiso, were set upon by an armed crowd of the inhabitants and cruelly used, some of them being done to death, and there being reason to believe, from the nature of the wounds and the inhuman treatment of those of the sailors who were arrested, that the crowd of miscreants was abetted and possibly aided by a certain number of public employés. It is said that President Harrison read the account of the affair several times over, and that on each occasion his indignation grew in intensity. This was natural enough; but from the point of view of diplomatic orthodoxy, he and Mr. Blaine displayed some precipitancy in at once instructing the United States Minister at Santiago to demand the punishment of the miscreants, damages for the families of the murdered blue-jackets, and an apology for the outrage on the American uniform. It might have been better perhaps if they had been content to follow the unexceptionable example set them the day before by Mr. Egan himself, who merely drew the attention of the Junta to the facts as reported to him by the Commander of the *Baltimore*. As to President Harrison's "growing indignation" in reading the report, of which so much has been made, it seems to us to be just one of those embellishments which party journalism is so apt to devise in stirring times. The phrase was coined for

electioneering purposes, and its utterance raises no presumption of its truth. Probably, President Harrison acted under no exceptional excitement; for where the uniform of a nation has been insulted and its men-at-arms beaten and slain, even the most phlegmatic of rulers is apt to act upon a one-sided report of a case. We wonder in how many of the numberless cases where African towns have been fired by our gun-boats, with the approval of the Admiralty, on the complaint of a "P. O. R.,"* the explanations and defence of the natives have been awaited. When Mr. Patrick Egan received his instructions, it might have been anticipated that, having only an "imperfect English education" (as the *New York Evening Post* puts it) and being interested in a Dublin flour-mill, he would have done something very unusual with them; but, if he had been a member of the Tite-Barnacle family and cradled in a Foreign Office, he could not have acted more closely in accord with the rules of the diplomatic art. He took the message to the Chilean Foreign Office, communicated it to the Foreign Minister, and went home to await his reply. In two days he got the reply, which was one of those mild snubs which one Foreign Office so delights to administer to another, and then, as it were by intuition, he again hit upon the very course which a diplomat of the Tite-Barnacle family would have chosen. He turned the message into cypher and telegraphed it to Washington. But all this has been counted as so much unrighteousness to Mr. Egan; the *New York Evening Post* has, with an intuition not less extraordinary than Mr. Egan's, imagined and told its readers all that the villain Egan did and said and looked upon the occasion; and the *Times* has treated itself and its readers to half a column of the *Post's* abuse. The *Post* of course is thinking very little of Mr. Egan, and is only striking at Mr. Blaine through him; whilst our own *Times* is striking at Mr. Egan through the United States Government. The *Times* cannot forget that one of Mr. Egan's last acts before proceeding to his post was to furnish Mr. Labouche with those documents which constituted some of the most striking proofs of the forgeries which it had uttered, and on the genuineness of which it had staked its political reputation. In its blind desire to put President Harrison in the wrong and prevent the Chilians from acting with sense, the *Times* has espoused the cause of the outrage-mongers of Valparaiso themselves. Contrary to all evidence and probability, it persists in representing the murderous riot as a mere tavern brawl. This may possibly be; but it is hardly for the foreign journalist to take a side in such a dispute, especially when he is forward to censure one of the disputants for not awaiting (with a view to accepting) the conclusions of the other.

As to Mr. Egan's part in this affair, all the accusations against him appear to be as destitute of proof up to the present, as are the stories, so greedily believed, of his intended recall. Much of his undoubted unpopularity among the Chilians is due to a belief that the refugees whom he is shielding in the Legation include one or two of Balmaceda's henchmen who were guilty of special atrocities in the last days of the struggle. There is no evidence of this at all, and Mr. Egan's enemies appear to have latterly modified their story as regards one of the worst of the offenders, by suggesting that the captain of the *Baltimore* fetched him from shore clothed in the largest blue-jacket uniform which could be found among the ship's stores. On the other hand, the rancour of his Chilean enemies and their British allies, has broken out afresh in a story of having among his protégés at the Legation, one Juan McKenna, a would-be assassin of General Del Canto.

* Palm Oil Ruffian—local designation of a white trader.

There is, of course, no natural reason why the manufacture of such tales should ever cease. Another grave but less blood-curdling charge against Mr. Egan is that he discussed the question of reciprocity with Balmaceda whilst Balmaceda was still in power. But here, again, we apprehend that Mr. Egan was simply attempting to follow in the steps of the Tite-Barnaacle family. Pan-American reciprocity is a favourite idea with Mr. Blaine, and he doubtless instructed Mr. Egan to broach the subject to the Chilian Government. Probably the *Times* correspondent thinks that he ought to have gone searching for the Congressionalist Junta on board the fleet, and discussed it with them; but if the mere recognition of Balmaceda as the *de facto* ruler of Chili before his overthrow was the offence it is supposed to have been, it was, after all, an offence which Mr. Egan shared with Lord Salisbury, the British Minister at Santiago, and the captain of H.M.S. *Espitègle*. The critics of Mr. Egan and Mr. Blaine forget that English enthusiasm for the Congressionalist cause is a recent birth. At first, all English "Society" and Toryism were inclined to look askance at the Congressionalists as "rebels," and it was not until Colonel North had announced that he was a richer man by half a million, owing to the Congressionalist victory, that Society began to perceive that these rebels were not as other rebels, and ought rather to be hailed as heroes and vindicators of the Right. The rancour of the English in Chili is by no means directed against Mr. Egan alone, but is constantly in action to stir up the Chilians against the country which Mr. Egan represents. Every Government is, however, wiser than its educated and commercial class—whom alone the Anglo-Chilians can influence in Chili—and we have no doubt that the Chilian Government has as little intention as the American Government of allowing the present quarrel to proceed to extremities. Whether the United States does well to be represented in Chili by Mr. Egan is a question on which we deem it impertinent for foreigners to express an opinion. We regarded his appointment with satisfaction at the time it was made, because we knew no ill of the man, and the fact that he was an Irishman, and not, in the conventional sense of the word, a gentleman, appeared to us to mark his appointment as a new and praiseworthy departure in diplomatic practice. We should like to see an English Minister who would have the courage to send a baker and miller as ambassador to Berlin. We have given reasons for suspending judgment as to the truth of the indictment against Mr. Egan for his recent conduct; but we are sure that if he were ten times worse than he is painted, the dead-set which is being made against him by the *Times* and its allies in America is just the one thing which is calculated to ensure his retention of office so long as the Republicans are in power; and, with the *Times* against him, the Democrats, even after a return to office, might not care to disturb him.

LABOUR CANDIDATES AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

EVERYONE acquainted with the conditions of the Municipal franchise, and the manner in which it is exercised, knows that its results are, as a rule, less favourable to the Liberal party than to the Conservative. Taking this fact into account, we cannot pretend to be dissatisfied with the result of the urban elections last Monday. They showed in the general result a distinct Liberal gain, and they afford sufficient evidence of the direction in which public opinion continues to move. The "flow-

ing tide" still flows, and even those who lately have professed to see some indications of a backward movement in the political world, have been driven to confess that, so far as these elections are concerned, they distinctly disprove the existence of such a change. There are, of course, some places in which Liberalism has lost instead of gaining. Amongst these Birmingham holds a notable position. Once more it is made evident that, whatever may be the position of Mr. Chamberlain in the larger world, he is still a paramount power in the town with whose local life he has long been so closely associated. We neither wonder at the fact nor complain of it. When we remember how Mr. Roebuck, long after he had become a mere fossil in the House of Commons, retained his influence in Sheffield, and was able to inflict serious damage on his old party in that borough, we cannot be surprised that Mr. Chamberlain should be able to play a similar part at Birmingham. But setting aside the Midland town which has acquiesced so strangely in the loss of its old position in politics, we look in vain through the returns of last Monday to find any indication of a growth of strength on the part of the Liberal Unionists. They seem, on the contrary, everywhere to be losing ground, and the fight for seats in the local Town Councils is becoming a fight between Liberals and Conservatives pure and simple. The fact is of happy augury for the greater contest which will so soon be waged. The Third party, which has exercised so great an influence on the life of the present House of Commons, has played its part, and will speedily disappear. The result of the Municipal elections is another nail in its coffin.

There is, however, one feature of these elections which possesses a special interest of its own. In not a few of the great towns of the North, Labour candidates have been brought forward, and their appearance upon the scene has had a marked influence on the returns. Of the policy of putting forward men to represent a particular interest, it is impossible to speak with approval. If candidates are to come forward to represent, not the interests of the community at large or a distinctive line of policy, both in local and national affairs, but a particular class with its limited interests and its own special and—in a certain sense—selfish outlook, there is no reason why the plan should not be generally adopted. In that case, we might expect to see candidates representing the rich standing against others who represent the poor; monopolists might contend with the free traders of the Labour world, Unionists with blacklegs, and our political conflicts might in consequence degenerate into a struggle among an undisciplined rabble. But however objectionable may be the appearance of candidates as the representatives of Labour alone, it is in every sense desirable that we should have, both in the smaller Parliaments of the towns and in the great Parliament at Westminster, men who by direct association with the labouring class and actual participation in its toil are able to speak of its wants and desires with authority. No one, indeed, can deny that a class which forms so large a proportion of the community ought to enjoy its fair share of representation in the House of Commons. All that we contend for is that its representatives should be men of such breadth of view and intellectual calibre that they may fairly be regarded as the representatives, not merely of the body to which they themselves belong, but of all classes of the community. Where such men can be found it is well that they should be brought forward and treated as friends rather than as foes. Unfortunately, as the returns of last Monday prove, there have been not a few cases in which the Labour

candidates appear to have been brought forward in direct antagonism to that party from which the Labour world has most to expect in the way of wise and liberal legislation. Bradford furnishes a signal instance of the evil consequences certain to flow from this state of things. It is quite possible that in Bradford there may have been faults on both sides—faults, that is to say, on the part of the Liberal leaders as well as faults among the representatives of the Labour party. But the fact remains that the division in the Liberal party caused by the appearance of the Labour candidates resulted in the gain of two seats by the Conservatives. We cannot believe that this result was desired by those who organised the Labour party in the borough, and it is much to be regretted that some measure of conciliation was not adopted at the outset of the contest. A little forbearance on the part of the Liberal leaders, and some regard for the best interests of the country on the part of the labour representatives, would have ensured a very different issue to the day's polling. In the neighbouring town of Leeds, where also a number of Labour candidates were brought out without regard to the condition of the party as a whole, no seats were fortunately lost by the Liberals, not one of the Labour candidates being returned; but the existence of an unpleasant division in the Liberal ranks was made apparent. At Newcastle, where for some unknown reason a desperate attempt seems to have been made to injure the Liberal representatives by the nomination of Labour candidates, the scheme met with a decisive defeat, only one of the Labour candidates being returned, by the narrow majority of eight.

We take note of these facts because they point to a possible source of Liberal defeat, not in the immediate, but in the remote, future. The aggressive Labour party has tried its strength on battlefields of its own choosing, and in almost every instance its pretensions have been rebuked. There is no reason to suppose that even in the towns in which that party is strongest its opposition at the General Election to Liberal representatives will materially affect the result of the polls; but it is not pleasant to contemplate the fact that in those towns considerable bodies of electors, professing on the whole Liberal opinions, should be in a state of disaffection towards the party with which they are most closely allied. It is satisfactory, indeed, that the attempt to bully those politicians who are not prepared to vote for measures of social reform in which neither they nor the majority of the community believe, should have met with a deserved failure; but it would be still more satisfactory if we could hope that on the part both of the Labour representatives and of the local leaders of Liberalism, a wise spirit of conciliation would prevail for the future. Both parties have so much in common, have so many objects in which they are equally interested, that it ought not to be difficult to heal a dissension which happily has as yet not advanced very far. The rule of the majority is just as legitimate and just as necessary to insure success within the limits of a political party as among the community at large. If this fact is remembered for the future, and if those who find themselves in the minority on particular questions, instead of trying to avenge themselves by inflicting as much harm as they can upon their natural allies, would content themselves with seeking by legitimate means to convert the majority to the opinions they themselves hold, there would be an end of a schism which, though of comparatively little importance now, might at some future time inflict serious injury upon the cause to which both minority and majority profess to be attached. We cannot, of course,

dictate to any section of a party, any more than we can dictate to any individual elector; but it is at least allowable to point out the folly of a policy which, to use a homely proverb, is simply that of the man who cuts off his nose to spite his face.

THE WICKEDNESS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

WHAT ails the Tory press about the London County Council? The mere fact that a majority of that body consists of "Progressive" members who are Liberals in national politics may be enough to account for a lack of cordial sympathy with the Council's great task of catching up London's municipal arrears. This political antagonism might lead us to look for close scrutiny and unsparing criticism of any doubtful proposals. We could even understand a certain restrained pleasure in watching the Council fall into errors out of which political capital could be made. All this is but the normal course of English public life; a small part, in fact, of the price that we pay for the system of party government. But the animus of the Tory party towards the London County Council is by no means contented with any such customary amenities of party politics as these. Nothing will satisfy the party organs but the absolute identification of every unpopular act of the Council with the policy of Home Rule for Ireland; and a municipal servant can hardly resign in London without his withdrawal being made to serve as a text for the abuse, not only of the Council itself, but also of the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone, and Free Trade.

There is something very petty about this conduct. Here is a Council of 135 members, serving without fee or reward the vast community in which they live. Everyone knows that they are scrupulously honest; and, indeed, any member suspected of a job would run a serious risk of being torn to pieces on the floor of the makeshift chamber which the architect's ingenuity has devised for them. The task which they have taken in hand is herculean in its magnitude, and as difficult and intricate as it is great. Yet, instead of assisting this task, two-thirds of the metropolitan daily newspapers, and practically all our weekly contemporaries, can deal in nothing but unscrupulous and badly informed abuse of a body whose problems and duties they do not even take the trouble to understand. Take, for instance, the able report which a committee of the Council has just presented upon the Taxation of Ground Values. The reform of local taxation is a question which admittedly demands early action by the Legislature. The present system of collecting all the rates from the occupier, which presses upon London with quite exceptional hardness, has been repeatedly condemned by committees of the House of Commons, and was denounced six years ago by vote of the House itself. The chief proposal suggested in the report—the division of the rates between owner and occupier—was originally made by Mr. Goschen himself over twenty years ago, and has often since been defended by him. The method of collecting London rates is one on which the London County Council may, we presume, not unreasonably be supposed to have an opinion. The Councils of other cities have frequently discussed the subject and passed resolutions upon it. Yet no sooner is the report presented to the Council than we have the *Times* leading off with a column of abuse of the Council such as it seldom bestowed even upon Mr. Chamberlain in the famous days of

“ransom.” The Report of the Local Government and Taxation Committee is really an able study of a difficult problem of municipal finance, and whatever may be the result of the Council’s deliberations upon it, we feel sure that Mr. Ritchie, and, still more, the President of the Local Government Board of the future, will feel thankful to Lord Hobhouse and his colleagues for their valuable contribution towards settling a question which cannot fail to occupy the serious attention of the Cabinet at no distant date.

Last week it was the decision to purchase four miles of tramway that called forth the wrath of the Council’s critics. Really, from the abuse heaped upon the Council for this obvious piece of corporate duty, the provincial reader might have assumed that some gigantic Act of Attainder had been passed, confiscating all the bank balances in the metropolis. As a matter of fact, if the Council had not decided to exercise the option expressly granted to it by Act of Parliament, it would have been guilty of a gross neglect of the public interest. To have extended without charge, for a period which could not have been less than seven years, a franchise deliberately limited to twenty-one years, and granted on favourable terms in consideration of this very limitation, would have been to grant a subsidy at the public expense to the shareholders of the North Metropolitan Tramways Company, the result of which would have been at once manifested in a rise in the price of their shares. Yet this is the course which a minority of less than a third of the Council endeavoured, by means which were open to serious question, to force upon their colleagues. The thirty municipalities which already own the tramway lines within their boundaries will hardly understand the assertions so fiercely bandied about last week as to the utter impossibility of any municipal body successfully controlling what is necessarily a local monopoly. The inhabitants of Huddersfield, who not only own but also successfully work their own tramway line, with an eight hours day and, nevertheless, an annual profit, must be asking themselves whether they are not committing what the London Tory press appears to consider a cross between a crime and a miracle. The Tory Town Council of Liverpool could seek legislative power last year to take over its tramway lines even before the expiration of their franchises, and the *Times* uttered no word of disapproval. The London County Council does but take the action expressly contemplated by the House of Commons when it passed the general Tramways Act, and the air of Fleet Street and Printing House Square is rent with cries of anguish. Next week we suppose it will be the water question. The careful report just prepared by the Engineer to the Council ought to be conclusive, even to a Tory understanding, of the necessity of new sources of supply for the growing metropolis. Even the City Corporation is prepared to make common cause with the Council in prosecuting a Bill to enable a proper inquiry to be made. This is the course which the Committee of the House of Commons last year recommended, and which Mr. Ritchie pressed upon the Council. Yet, because the Council does not pledge itself to come to agreement with the eight water companies, and practically to buy them up at their own valuation, we are already being told that Sir John Lubbock and Lord Lingen, Sir Thomas Farrer and Lord Meath, are wicked confiscators going about seeking whom they can devour, and snapping up the poor unfriended water shareholders as a preliminary to an attack on the Bank of England.

What is the reason of this abuse? It can hardly be election tactics, for, indeed, the “Moderates” in the Council are ashamed of their press allies, and

are alive to the fact that all this violent abuse of essentially popular measures does their candidature no good. We are inclined to believe that the root of the irritation lies deeper than any concern about municipal elections. The Conservatism of the metropolis in national politics has long been the mainstay of the party. The sixty or seventy Conservative members whom London elects or controls go far to make up the whole majority of the present Government. But the Conservatism of the metropolitan voter is largely an accidental product, not incompatible with the support of many essentially Radical proposals. It is not without significance that the two largest circulations among the London Unionist newspapers are found at present to be full of measures for social reform. London Conservative members are admittedly uneasy in their seats. Nothing is more likely to conduce to the removal of the Londoner’s unfortunate predilection for Conservative candidates than the creation of a really efficient system of municipal government in the Capital of the Empire. To stave off this result is, therefore, now the Conservative cue. Once more the metropolis is being sacrificed to the exigencies of party, and Londoners continue to suffer in order that Irish landlords may continue to get in their rents.

IN SLAVISH ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.

THE *Daily News* has rendered one great service to humanity, and it is, we hope, destined to confer another. The paper which procured the liberation of the Christians of Eastern Europe might properly assist in the exodus of the captive Christians of rural England. That happy event will, at least, be very materially advanced by the appearance in permanent form of the admirable descriptions of “Life in Our Villages” (Cassell, one shilling) which the public owes to a singularly thoughtful and well-informed journalist. No newspaper man need despair of his craft when he reflects on the impression which the plain tale of one “reportorial” tour has made on Liberal politics. We have already referred to the main characteristics of these sketches. It is necessary to say at once that if they are not precisely “pleasant,” they are very hopeful and stimulating reading. While they have not perceptibly abated the gloom which hangs over country life, they have pointed with singular directness at once to its cause and to its cure. They have shown us a social question of poignant interest and desperate urgency. Village society, as depicted by the *Daily News* Commissioner, is simply a loosely crumbling formation. It is feudalism in dissolution. It is clear that the three-fold division of strata into landowner, farmer, and hand labourer, which Lord Beaconsfield crystallised in a half-malicious epigram, and Tennyson has made the basis of his English poetry, no longer holds either as a guarantee of material well-being or a safeguard of social order. “What we seem to want,” said a Congregational minister in Essex, “is a great statesman to come forward and take the matter in hand.” Probably no such personal opportunity has arisen in politics since a certain young Tory High Churchman began to look into tariff questions and to lay the basis of our fiscal system. The two tasks, indeed, are strikingly akin. Free Trade released the landlord’s grip on the national Exchequer: the next piece of work is clearly to release from it the lives of Englishmen and the fortunes of their chief industry.

Not that we, any more than the *Daily News* Commissioner, desire to prove too much. It is just

to say that the pleasantest picture of mere material comfort which that gentleman is able to draw is that of one or two small communities which remind one of a developed kind of Russian Mir, in which the landlord plays the part of earthly providence to a sort of topsy-turvy collectivism. Lord Wantage's experiments in co-operative life on his Berkshire estate, present in some ways an ideal picture of prosperity, guaranteed by a severe but, on the whole, kindly over-lord. Probably it could be nearly paralleled in some of the close parishes of England. The only objection to it is the absolutely fatal and unanswerable one that the advance in material prosperity is purchased at the priceless cost of the death of all progress. Lord Wantage, as the *Daily News* Commissioner points out, has done for the people what they must collectively do for themselves. Even if the case were otherwise—which it could not by any possibility be—a system must be judged by its fruits as a whole, and our method of land tenure has produced three characteristic results—a landless labouring class, earning on an average perhaps a little over ten shillings a week; the depopulation of the villages; and an almost complete estrangement between the four classes of landlords, spiritual lords, employers, and servants. It is idle to say, as the *Spectator* has said, in regard to the second of these evils, that the process is simply a variant on the eternal tendency of the villager to prefer the life and amusement of the town—the place where “bang goes the drum, tootle-tootle the fife”—to the *morne* silence of the village, which falls so delightfully on the town man's heart, but oppresses the man who lives in it. That is simply another way of stating the problem, Why has civilisation stopped dead, as it were, at the town boundary? Why need it? Why should England be over-blooded at the brain and heart and chilled at the extremities? It is quite true that the countryman goes to London because there is a place in industrialism ready-made for him. He goes, as Mr. Booth and Mr. Llewellyn Smith have pointed out, to drive the poor Cockney down into ever lower circles of industrial depression. To do away with this tendency, therefore, it will be necessary not simply to make the countryman's home attractive, but to raise the physical and moral stamina of the Londoner. But one thing at a time. Here in rural England we have a trouble on which we can at once place our hand, and say, as Arnold said of Goethe's message to his century, that it “ails here and there.” If there is one thing, for instance, which the *Daily News* Commissioner shows more clearly than another, it is the moral indifference of the village society. The theory of the “Christian gentleman” in every parish is wearing a trifle threadbare when one hears the clergyman described with neutral tolerance as a man who “never interferes wi' nobody.” In one Parliamentary district, we are told, containing 127 parishes, eight clergymen are to be found on the popular side. It is not surprising that a forlorn population of this character should be inclined to take its salvation into its own hands. An earthly providence represented by a landlord who, like the Duke of Marlborough, robs the people of their common land and then offers to rent it to them for allotments, or who drives a man from home and his livelihood because he holds a prayer-meeting in his own room, must expect free criticism. “They does a little charity and they doubles their income,” was one Arcadian comment on philanthropic landlordism. As for the farmers, it has come to a sheer stand-up fight between master and man. “‘The masters,’ said a picturesque yokel a day or two ago, ‘ha’ had we like that,’ striking a particularly ludicrous atti-

tude, and bringing down a ponderous hob-nailed hoof on a clod of mould, supposed to represent the neck of the labourer, ‘the masters ha’ had we like that; and now we mean to ha’ they.’”

The remedy for rural anarchy with which the *Daily News* Commissioner is most impressed is not allotments. As a cure-all allotments have obvious defects. They are a revival of spade-culture; they are contrary to the modern tendency of the concentration of industry; they might conceivably depress wages, and, unless they are restricted to mere half-acre garden patches, they mean the over-work of the labourer, without freedom from economic and social dependence. The Commissioner looks, we think rightly in the main, to the democratic extension of the co-operative experiments which we owe to the best type of modern landlordism. Co-operative farming under village councils owning the land and the machinery for cultivating it, providing a system of free and common carriage to the market centre, and combining the mechanism of the production of some commodities and the exchange of others, presents itself both to the writer of these letters and to the ablest of his critics as the most probable solution of the mixed social and industrial problem we have before us. Butter, cheese, and jam factories, a grist-mill, local shops and work-places, could all be combined in such a scheme after the method of the Lockinge and Ardington experiments. We hope the coming Conference, which is to be enlightened by Mr. Gladstone's presence, will have this remedy for the rural troubles before it. If it were a proposal for a revival of mechanical Fourierism, we should have nothing to say to it. But it looks more like the legitimate consequence of the two processes of the democratisation of politics and the concentration of industry.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Czar, on his journey from Copenhagen to the Crimea, under the protection of sixty thousand soldiers, has passed through a corner of German territory, but has carefully avoided any meeting with the German Emperor—a fact which has caused some disquiet in Vienna and to the *Standard*, and in Berlin official circles is regarded even as a menace of war. The Franco-Russian courtesies of Cronstadt and Cherbourg have meanwhile been repeated on a smaller scale but with undiminished enthusiasm at Brest, during the stay of two Russian men-of-war. But the chief interest this week—apart from the labour troubles which are now perennial, the questions of public morals which have come so suddenly into prominence in France, Germany, and Italy, and the beginning of winter in the latter country and in the Balkans—is in the strictly political sphere rather than in the inter-political. First in importance is the vote of the French Chamber on Saturday last.

Citizen Lafargue, a Radical and Socialist, now in prison for instigating the disturbances at Fourmies on May 1st last, is a candidate for Lille, and has received 5,000 votes at the first ballot. 3,000 of which are attributed to Reactionaries. On Thursday M. Ernest Roche, the ex-Boulangist, demanded his release that he might be able to canvass in person; and M. Clemenceau, in supporting the demand, took occasion to protest against the conduct of the Government in systematically ignoring the wishes of its Radical supporters. M. Millerand added that a refusal to release M. Lafargue—who, it seems, scorns release—would make a permanent breach “between the Republican army and its Socialistic pioneers.” Of course the Government was victorious, but only by 240 to 161. The minority consisted partly of Reactionaries, and there were

about 150 deliberate abstentions. Thus, the Radical party has definitely broken with the present Government, the allegiance of its other supporters is shaken, and the Reactionaries hold the balance. It is not surprising, therefore, that there are rumours of an early dissolution—a measure, however, only resorted to once before, by Marshal MacMahon in 1877, and sufficiently condemned by that association—or that the Radicals are likely to be very active. They intend to restore the old Extreme Left group (a meeting for the purpose was held on Thursday) and to agitate vigorously for the separation of Church and State. A motion to this effect by M. Dreyfus was to come on last week, but has been postponed. Can all this lead to a fresh grouping of parties? Very possibly the split is a sign that, the Republic being at last definitely established in France, the Republican majority can afford to lose some of its cohesion, and that it will receive a fresh accession of converted Conservatives.

M. Fallières' projected law against the trade—nameless in official language—of maintaining and exploiting women of the town, imposes severe punishment on the keepers of lodging-houses and wineshops who facilitate the practice, and so modifies the present law as to permit the prosecution of the *souteneurs*, or protectors of such women, whether they have any other calling or not.

The Senate, contrary to expectation, has proved itself more Protectionist than the Chamber. On Friday week it raised to 25 francs the duty of 20 francs demanded by the Government on American pork.

The miners of the Pas de Calais are voting by ballot—the poll to last some days—on the question of a general strike. On Thursday the Ayes were 8,909; the Noes, 4,604.

The German Liberals are jubilant. The electoral district of Stolp and Lauenburg, in the extreme north-east corner of Pomerania, is agricultural, the stronghold of ultra-Conservatism—it has once, for a short period, gone so far as to return an "independent Conservative"—and was last represented by the notorious Herr von Puttkamer, whom the Emperor Frederick compelled to resign for exercising undue influence at the general election, and his son has promoted to the governorship of Pomerania. Even last year Herr von Puttkamer was returned by 10,522 to 5,923; and at the bye-election last week the electors have been subjected to all the influences—much intensified—that are so well known in some English rural districts. Landlord pressure, Protectionist appeals (specially effective in view of the nearness of the constituency to Russia and to Dantzic), and illegitimate influences, were all used, and all kinds of inducements held out to vote for Herr Von Osten, the Conservative candidate, yet the Liberal—Herr Dau, a small landowner, if not exactly a "peasant proprietor"—received 11,700 votes, the Conservative 7,607; and a Socialist 302. Some villages gave a solid Liberal vote.

A prominent firm of Berlin bankers, Hirschfeld and Wolff, have failed with a deficit of £250,000. The senior partner is under arrest.

The rescript of the German Emperor has been much commented on in Germany, generally in the sense we indicated last week—"it is well meant, but impracticable and unconstitutional." The projected legislation it has evoked resembles M. Fallière's scheme. Another, and more dubious effect, will probably be the re-establishment in Berlin of *maisons de tolérance*. In Italy too (we may here note) the health of the army is said to demand this measure. The abolition of these houses was the work of Signor Crispi.

An active agitation (set on foot primarily by Menotti Garibaldi) is about to commence throughout Italy against the "Law of Guarantees" securing the extra territoriality of the Vatican. A leading Freemason, Signor Adriano Lemmi, has given it his emphatic support—thus confirming the Catholic view of Freemasonry. Probably the Government will interfere with the meetings. The agitation

must be very dangerous to the health of the Pope—as to which alarming reports are again in circulation.

Two trials have been occupying public attention in Italy. The first, that of a batch of sixty of the rioters of May 1st in Rome, has throughout been a burlesque. The relatives of the accused (including a child of two, who has daily saluted her father in the dock) have attended, and interrupted vociferously. "Sometimes everybody in the court has been talking at once." The accused have harangued the Bench theatrically. "Have you any property?" "I have two arms," was the reply. One lad of twenty addressed the court thus: "Remember, I am young. I shall return to take vengeance on my judges." But the final explosion took place on the statement of a police witness that some members of the Anarchist League were habitual criminals, in whose gains the League as a whole participated. The prisoners all protested at once; their counsel, by way of sympathy, expressed a wish to stand beside them in the dock; the audience protested also at the top of their voices, the Court was forcibly cleared, and the sitting was adjourned. The next day the Bench decided to go on without the accused; their counsel objected violently, and after various recriminations the proceedings were adjourned *sine die*. The representatives of the Bar have condemned the conduct of the Bench, Signor Cavallotti is to question the Government on the subject in the Chamber, and steps have been taken to quash the whole proceedings for irregularity.

Another trial—that of Livraghi, lieutenant of carabinieri, ex-Colonial Secretary Cagnassi, and six Arabs, for conspiracy to murder natives at Massowah—is now going on at that place. The native evidence depended on is absolutely untrustworthy—one of the accused now declares the charges were trumped up by him at the suggestion of certain officials—and the proceedings will probably collapse. It may be remembered that it was the alleged practice of these worthies to remove natives by secret executions at night conducted by the native auxiliaries; and that while the Government contend the object was plunder, Livraghi maintains he was merely "eliminating" dangerous characters by order of his superior officers. Early this year Livraghi was arrested at Lugano, after disclosures which compelled the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry. This body reported three months ago; but the report—which is said to be startling—is kept secret pending this trial.

The Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress has been in session at Rome this week.

The Italian Premier, in his speech at Milan on Monday, will probably be able to announce the conclusion of the commercial treaty between Italy, Austria, and Germany.

The "Lega Nazionale," a league for the defence of the Italian language in the Italian-speaking districts of Austria, was inaugurated amid great enthusiasm at Trieste on Sunday.

The Servian Minister of Finance, M. Vuitch, has resigned, taking with him the Ministers of Education and Public Works; and it is very unlikely that M. Pachitch, the Premier, will be able to remain in office till the Skuptschina meets.

A ukase, dated Sunday last, is published prohibiting the export from Russia of any grain except wheat, and also of potatoes, and of meal and other products made from such grain. Meanwhile, the Stundists—Protestant Dissenters—are being persecuted more severely than ever; four have just been exiled from Tiflis to a district near the Persian frontier, and two others banished. It seems impossible to aid the peasantry, who on receiving food instantly barter it for drink. The financial situation causes grave apprehensions in St. Petersburg.

We deal elsewhere with the American elections and the earthquake in Japan.

The difficulty between Chili and the United States is likely to be amicably settled. Serious charges of promoting the Balmaedist cause have been made in

Chili against the United States Minister and the United States Navy; but Mr. Blaine is said to be favourable to an arrangement. Señor Jorge Montt is practically certain of the Presidency.

The Brazilian Chambers have been dissolved, and a dictatorship, with martial law, proclaimed by the President, General Deodoro da Fonseca. The Chambers, it seems, had just provided a method of impeaching Presidents. The dispute seems to have arisen from the recent over-speculation and the financial mismanagement of the Government. New elections are ordered by the Dictator.

THE PERSECUTION OF GERMANS IN RUSSIA.

IT was in a third-class railway carriage travelling through Bessarabia, from the mouth of the Danube to Odessa, that I made the acquaintance of — (I had almost betrayed him!). He was an old man, his features much resembling those of the late Moltke, and with him was a pretty little girl of about twelve. They were obviously German, prosperous and intelligent, and I seized the first opportunity that offered itself of learning something more about him.

The passengers in my car were about one-third Jew, one-third Russian, and one-third German, and as the journey lasted twenty-four hours and the train stopped at each station, there were abundant opportunities for asking questions without exciting the suspicion of any malicious officials.

The old man's tale is a short one—a pathetic one: it is told so often in Russia that people have become tired of hearing it, and those who tell it almost wonder that it can stir the indignation of an outsider. To me it was not new; but the circumstances under which I heard it are so fresh in my mind—I have verified it so completely since—and the tears in the old man's voice were so real, that I reproduce some of it here as an illustration of what Russia is doing to make her name hated by free people.

My friend boarded the train not far from *Leipzig*, a name I did not expect to find over a Russian railway station fifty miles only from the Black Sea. He was taking his grand-daughter to visit her relatives not far off; and as we conversed in German, it seemed hard to realise that we were in Bessarabia, for he was speaking his mother tongue and retained the dress of a North German peasant.

After some talk of a general nature, and apparently convincing him that I meant no harm, he answered the questions I put him touching his relations with the Russian Government.

"You see," said he, in the deliberate tone of a man reconciled to misfortune, "Russia is not quite fair with us Germans. There are many of us whose ancestors came here in the last century, like myself, Protestants and Germans. We were induced to make this long journey and break our dearest ties, by the promise, not only of land to cultivate, but liberty to develop according to our inherited traditions. We have become good Russians; we do our military service like the rest; we have improved the land and pay our proportionate tax cheerfully—but still we are made to feel that we are aliens."

Of course, I affected surprise at this. The old man then went on in a patient, deliberate manner, that was more impressive and touching than I can describe—

"The Russian officials have many, many ways in which they can show their dislike to us; and it has of recent years become so intense as to appear deliberate persecution. Our taxes are enormously increased, and we are told that they are going to make us pay for the land that was given to our ancestors. They treat us as they treat the Jews—as people not entitled to legal protection. They want no one who is not of the Russian Greek Church, and cannot feel for us as they do for their own people.

"The officials control us completely, and if they act unfairly we dare not complain, for to whom can we complain? We are now forced to learn Russian in our schools, and much difficulty is made when we try to engage a German teacher for our own children. If we want a teacher from Germany the officials are very strict in seeing that he knows Russian, but when they appoint a Russian they take little pains to see that he knows any German.

"Whenever a difficulty is raised it is always against a German; they will not allow a German here to run a machine. The brother of a neighbour of mine had a steam flour-mill; he is now no longer allowed to run it, and it lies idle and rusting. Yet that man was born in Russia, but because he had lived a few years in Roumania, and has thus forfeited his Russian rights, he is now cut off from working a mill that was of great service to our community. Our tailors must first join the Russian Church before the police will allow them to use a sewing machine. The officials seem determined that no one but an orthodox Russian shall earn a living here; and this we think is unfair to us after having lived here so long relying on the Czar's promises."

"But why don't you emigrate?" said I.

"Because I am too old," answered he laconically and bitterly. "My life has been spent here, my ancestors have improved our estates here, all my friends are here, and many of my kinspeople. Who would buy my farm? No German is allowed to buy land, and if I sold at all it would be at a great sacrifice.

"Besides, the officials put great difficulties in the way of those of us who seek to leave the country. For instance, we often wish to visit Roumania either on business or to pay visits to our German friends; but such little excursions cost us much money beside our railway fare—we have to pay from twenty to fifty roubles for a passport (£2 to £5). This is not the cost of the fee, but we have to go ourselves to the seat of Government, or send someone, and it takes at least ten days before we can get the permit."

"But why don't you write?"

"Oh, but I should not get an answer for six months; my letter would be pigeon-holed, and left there until I went in person and bribed someone to help me about it. Even for this little excursion I am making with my grand-daughter it is not always easy to get a pass."

"But why do the Russians hate the Germans?" I asked.

"I don't know," said he pathetically. "We do them no harm. Perhaps it is because we have prospered more than our Russian neighbours, and made them jealous. A German village is clean and tidy; a Russian one is filthy and poor. When a German peasant enters the army he looks so well dressed in comparison with the Russians who come with him, that he is commonly taken to be the son of a landed proprietor."

But I have quoted enough from my note-book to illustrate what everyone sees who lives in Russia—namely, that the Czar's Government is making war, not upon one religion or one nation, but upon every man who is not body and soul Greek-Orthodox. This war is carried on by an army of very ignorant and very corrupt officials, who enjoy great licence so long as their zeal is directed against the welfare of foreigners. Every police officer in Russia has a tacit understanding with the community in general, and his superior in particular, that he may indulge malice to any extent, provided that his persecution tends to the ruin of a Pole, a German, or a Jew. Some victims purchase a degree of toleration by constant bribes, but there is a limit to what can be procured even in this manner.

And that is why more than ten millions in Russia are now praying for deliverance from the Czar's misrule.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EARTHQUAKES.

JAPAN has been visited by one of the most appalling calamities in history. An earthquake right across the island has destroyed several towns, many thousands of lives, and the means of subsistence for many thousands more. When Nature has a turn for satire, she is without an equal in point of grimness. Swift made scathing fun of the philosophers of Laputa: but when Laputa is swallowed up by the sea or rent by an earthquake, it must be allowed that the irony is keener and much more practical. Japan has been the theatre of interesting experiments for some years. She has adopted several European institutions, and copied the wardrobe of the West. She is even studious of the arts of Parliamentary debate, and a fine Japanese talking machine is in full working order. But underneath the particular portion of the earth's crust on which these marvels have been performed there is a sudden commotion, and in an instant death and ruin are omnipotent even over the franchise and the railway. A cynic might be thought bitter and even brutal who sneered at Japanese civilisation, and at the efforts of an enterprising people to perfect themselves in the use of the instruments of progress. But the darkest humour of the most confirmed pessimist is trivial when compared with the cynicism of an earthquake. The vanity of human wishes has been illustrated in many ways: but if there is any moralist left in Japan just now, he should have something rather striking to say about the inadequacy of philosophical systems, native or imported, when neither man nor beast has any stable ground to stand on.

But if that moralist has betaken himself to a treatise on the effect of earthquakes in the formation of national character, he is likely to suffer from lack of material. The Japanese are a light-hearted people, and when they have repaired the ghastly ravages of the recent visitation, they will settle down to the enjoyment of the franchise as if nothing had happened. The truth is that there is an unconquerable optimism in humanity. The peasant who dwells at the foot of the simmering volcano sleeps none the less soundly because tradition has singled out that spot for the torrent of death which may descend at any moment. In countries where earthquakes are common, the character of the people is not sensibly influenced by the constant danger. The native of San Salvador probably broods less upon his latter end than the citizen of John o' Groat's. Whether it be religion or fatalism which sustains the human mind in communities which live always on the brink of annihilation, it is clear that the universality of any theory of pessimism is impossible. If men are not driven by the cynical forces of Nature to the criticism that life is not worth living, they will never be persuaded into that belief by any philosophy. The pessimist flourishes in a highly civilised society, amidst the best appliances of sanitation, safeguarded against disease, and enjoying the highest average of chances against sudden death. He is not moved to reflections on the miserable insufficiency of life by the privations of people who are less fortunate than himself. His speculations proceed from a purely intellectual discontent prompted by the loneliness of omniscience. It is the fantasy of having exhausted knowledge which causes the weary Titan who walks down Piecadiilly to propound the extinction of the species as the only substantial good. For this state of mind a course of earthquakes would be a wholesome prescription. The indefatigable Mr. Cook has two parties of tourists in Japan at this moment, and we have received the gratifying intelligence that they have suffered no harm in the late catastrophe. If Mr. Cook could conduct the whole company of pessimists to some part of the world where they would be liable to be drowned on a submerged island, or calcined by a volcanic eruption, or devoured by some sudden chasm

in the earth, the moral discipline of the daily apprehension might be very beneficial.

In the centres of European civilisation there is little to check man's arrogant assumption that the powers of Nature are chained to his chariot wheels. The superiority of mind over matter is taken for granted, though the slightest heave of the earth's bosom would bring our temples and our seats of judgment tumbling about our ears. There is no absolute security against such a disaster. Less than a century and a half ago Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, which found a place amongst the arguments of the eighteenth-century freethinkers. It seems only the other day that a faint shiver of what Mr. Lecky calls "this earthly ball" carried terror through the Riviera. What man of science can assure us that a tremendous shock will not one day traverse Europe as it has traversed Japan? In the womb of our planet some stupendous mischief may be brewing which will send a wave of destruction over our proudest cities, shatter the monuments of our race, and unite all classes in the common bond of desolation. We plan infinite schemes for the general welfare. A Chancellor of the Exchequer plumes himself on the gratitude of posterity for some notable device which is to save a hundred millions a century hence. We gravely separate the wheat from the chaff amongst our men of letters, and assign to this man and that his niche in the temple of immortal fame. We amuse ourselves with anticipations of the enlightenment of future ages, and prophesy social systems which shall completely redress every inequality and injustice with which mankind is now struggling. Yet deep down in the internal machinery of this globe there may be some force which will one day depopulate Europe in a few seconds, and dissolve the handiwork of ages. "The unfortunate people had no time to escape," says the laconic chronicler in Japan. "Thousands were crushed to death in an instant. Thriving settlements were simply wiped out, and their sites are only now marked by a pile of ruins." That might be the fate of London and Paris. The stupefied citizen on the top of his omnibus might see the dome of St. Paul's wave to and fro for a moment and then crash into chaos. Westminster Abbey, the sanctuary of the mighty dead whose living influence makes an atmosphere of stimulus to every high endeavour, might be a barren heap of stones. Churches might mingle their altars with the vestiges of the Stock Exchange: and pulpits from which judgment has been thundered might lie amongst the fragments of worldly vanities. And on the morrow of a cataclysm which had overwhelmed nearly five millions of people in the greatest city in the world, the sun would shine serenely on a miserable remnant, doomed to the gigantic task of re-creating the boasted supremacy of man over the universe, and stimulated, perhaps, by the surviving band of the Salvation Army, and a makeshift edition of the *Daily Telegraph*.

It is useful, at all events, to reflect that we exist on the surface of the earth on sufferance, and that if an earthquake can play such havoc in Japan there is no convincing reason why a similar phenomenon should not one fine morning disestablish the Church of England and other institutions. Several troublesome problems might be solved by this convulsion. It would be difficult, for example, to maintain private ownership in land, if the land were to shake most of its owners into eternity. An upheaval of allotments would settle in the most revolutionary manner the question to which Mr. Jesse Collings has applied his great intellect. We should not be troubled by an hereditary aristocracy when every able-bodied survivor would be compelled to work like an artisan. Under these conditions the hardships of the new society would have their compensations. Dynasties and dinner-parties would be suspended, if not extinguished, and the latest fashions would deal with the most suitable garments for actual contact with bricks and mortar. But though

reduced in dimensions, our world would quickly form the most convenient social habits. There would be abundance of good-humour, and an early disposition to let bygones be bygones. The irrepressible pessimist would soon declare that life before the earthquake was the lost ideal, and men and women would love and quarrel, praise little, and believe much, just as in the days of old.

TRUE AND FALSE DEW.

THE genial singer, Ballantine, thrilled the heart of humanity when he penned the line: "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew." All are as familiar with the beautifully pure phenomenon. Tennyson compared two loving hearts to the dew-drops shaking on one petal and slipping "at once all fragrant into one." And poets have vied with each other in suggesting charming similes. The orient dew outvied Golconda's gems, or became pearls in the cowslip's ear. In ecstacy the blushing maiden said:

"With one long kiss,
He drew my whole soul through my lips,
Like sunlight drinking dew."

Yet what ninety-nine out of a hundred write about and speak about is not dew at all. There is more of false dew than of true dew. What soaks your boots or trousers, as you walk through the meadow on a summer evening is not dew. The diamond drops that attract the eye on the mountain's breast, when the morning sun shines gold on them, are not dew-drops.

Then what are these beautiful symmetrical globules of crystal water? Generally, the pure juices exuded by the healthy plants. Of course, there is dew—that pearly, lustrous, thin film which is best seen in the decaying leaves at this autumn season, but most of what is called dew is not dew at all. On a dewy night, when the temperature suddenly falls after a bright sunshiny day, and the stars are clear, you will find more than the real dew which has in water-vapour risen from the warm earth. Some plants are moist and others are dry. Mark the moist ones and test them next day: you will find that they are exceedingly healthy. The dry ones, on the other hand, turn out to be sickly. Place a lamp below a well-watered blade on a night when there has been no rain, and you will see that little separate drops are situated along the edge of the blade, at the extremities of the veins of the blade. These veins have conveyed the vital sap of the plant from the centre to the edge of the leaf: when the plant is unhealthy, the blades are not clothed with these crystal exudations. The beautiful large drops are not dew at all; they give evidence of the actual growth of the plant.

Mint is known to exude about a grain to the square inch of leaf in the sunshine; but when the supplying root is removed, only one-fifth part is observable. The leaf moisture is therefore for the most part drawn by capillary attraction through the plant veins from the root. Place a glass receiver over a piece of fresh turf; soon drops will be excreted on the blades. Dry one of these blades and insert its tip into a very small glass vessel, so as to isolate it from the moist air in the receiver. Carefully close the open end of the small vessel by a thin plate finely cemented, through which the blade has passed. This is air-tight. Wait a short time and you will observe a drop forming on the tip of this isolated blade. That drop cannot be produced by the attraction of the blade for the moist air in the receiver, for there is no contact between them. The lustrous globule is not deposited from without: it is exuded from within the blade.

The celebrated physicist, Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., has made some interesting discoveries on this matter. He removed a blade of cauliflower and fastened it on the open stem of a pressure gauge, which consisted

of a tube containing mercury. A glass receiver was placed over all. Soon the mercury began to rise, being forced up by the pressure of the sap from the plant's roots. Drops also became visible on the edges of the blade—the dew-drops falsely so called. What struck the observer most was the fact that after rain the surfaces of the leaves of different healthy plants never seemed wetted by the rain. The glistening rain drops soon slipped off the vigorous leaves, "like a spittle off a tailor's goose." The exudation from this strong plant threw off the rain moisture as if the leaves were covered with an oily film. If, however, the leaves were saturated with the rain before the juices came out of the leaf veins, the exuded juice crept along from the termination of the vein and moistened the leaf all round. He found that in the Swedish turnip the exuded liquid formed little fringing drops on the blades, while in the yellow turnip the exuded moisture spread itself all over. Sportsmen are accustomed to notice this difference between the appearance of the moisture on the two varieties.

We must, therefore, frankly confess that what for centuries has been written about as dew, in often beautifully poetic language, is not dew at all, but only the juices exuded by vigorous plants. No doubt the phenomenon has the same brilliant appearance, as it shakes all-a-tremble in the gold light of the morning, whether it is the dew attracted from mother earth's moist breath or the watery exudations from the healthy plant's spreading veins. Yet the name, "dew," is false.

Look over the dead autumn leaves that have fallen from the half-stripped trees, and you will, after a dewy night, see a fine pearly lustre. The veins are now closed, and no vital moisture fringes the leaves. But over the whole surface you see the pearly dew. On many a night, when the living leaves are clad with glistening juice drops, the dead leaves are cold and lustreless. But on a dewy night, the natural exudations appear first, and thereafter the real dew over all leaves—dead as well as living. One can easily distinguish between the two. The false dew—that is, the watery juices of the plant—is isolated at points on the blades, at the extremities of the veins, or collected in drops of some size; whereas the true dew is evenly spread in pearly lustre over all the blade. It will require another paper to show how men have been mistaken about the source of the dew.

A REFORM GREATLY NEEDED.

TAKE any twelve men at haphazard; jumble them into a box; assume without asking questions that each possesses an intellect trained in the appreciation of evidence, that each follows the only true religion, has adopted the only right code of ethics, and has absolutely sound ideas upon art, science, literature, criticism, and so forth; then order them, upon pain of going without their victuals, to come to a unanimous decision upon any question submitted to them; attach rewards and penalties to these decisions; and you have as a proud result the English jury-system. That the system works surprisingly well nobody will deny who considers the logic of its designers. We only desire to point out that, in certain cases, it is bound to come to grief, and does, in fact, come to very hopeless grief. Here are two instances from this week's Law Reports:—

In the first case, which was heard at the Guildhall last Monday, one Signor Ciampi, an operatic singer who performed at the Covent Garden house this year in *Don Giovanni*, brought an action for libel against the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. The critic had said, "Though Signor Ciampi, whose Masetto belongs to the ancient history of Covent Garden Theatre as well as to the present time, cannot now be considered a singer, he deals with Zerlina's loutish lover according to the accepted humour of a

true Italian buffo." There was no evidence worth considering (as the judge pointed out) that these words had been penned in malice, and the defendant swore in court that he had but expressed his opinion of Signor Ciampi's performance in the mildest way he could, by hinting that time had impaired his powers. Now a critic obviously has a right to hold and express an opinion; or why do critics exist, and why are their opinions invited by authors, actors, painters, and singers? And the law on the matter was very lucidly put to the jury by Mr. Justice Wills. "Criticism," he said, "is not actionable unless it is so unfair that a reasonable man would not write it": and he went on to point out that whether criticism did harm or not, the question for them to consider was whether it came within the limits of fair criticism. But the jury declined to see it. To the mild surprise of Mr. Justice Wills, who remarked that he "would most undoubtedly have given a verdict for the defendant," they found for the plaintiff. The damages, it is true, were assessed at one farthing only. Still, the *Daily Telegraph* has to pay its costs, which no doubt are heavy. And we submit that a knowledge of what criticism is, and is not, was too hastily assumed in the twelve gentlemen who made this award.

The second case is more serious. It was heard also at the Guildhall, on Tuesday, before Mr. Justice Lawrance. Mr. John Stephen Farmer, a "literary gentleman," had entered into an agreement with a firm of publishers, Messrs. Poulter and Sons, to write a book called "Slang and its Analogues," and Messrs. Poulter and Sons had undertaken to print it. In fact, they had printed the first volume, but refused to print the rest on the ground that the work contained many words that were "grossly indecent, immoral, and obscene." Mr. Farmer called at once on the publishers and pointed out that it was very late in the day to complain, as with the most moderate care they must have known that from the nature of the work there would of necessity be some obscene words; and that it was only intended for adults and scholars. Mr. Poulter then asked if he would agree to expunge the objectionable words; but he replied pointing out that the book was only meant for scholars and as a scientific work. In his examination Mr. Farmer pointed out that in dealing scientifically with the English language, you were bound to take note of such words. Some were found in such authors as Shakespeare, Burns, and Whitman. Some (as his counsel pointed out) in Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary," the monumental work now in process of compilation at Oxford. He had not invented any of the words; but was conducting a scientific study in the seamy side of English philology.

This was not disputed: but proofs of the scientific work were then handed up for the jury to examine, and so shocked their delicacy that a paper was sent up to the judge, who passed it down to the counsel and asked whether, in face of that, there was any use in proceeding with the case. Mr. Maloney, the plaintiff's advocate, persevered, however, and attempted to explain that science had some rights which the jury were not aware of. Then Mr. Justice Lawrance summed up and took occasion to utter one of those stupid *obiter dicta* which so frequently obscure justice while they shed a lurid light on the intellectuals of the judge. He said—"A man even when compiling a scientific work must not go out of his way to obtain obscene synonyms for well-known expressions." After this the jury at once found for the publishers.

Now, of course, Mr. Justice Lawrance might as well have said that a man, even when writing an astronomical work, must not go out of his way to pry into the heavens with a telescope: or that a doctor, even when compiling a medical work, must not go out of his way to talk about what is usually covered by a suit of clothes. Let us waive the contention that nothing is indecent to art: but surely, at this time of day, nothing is indecent to science.

Nobody denied that Mr. Farmer's book was a scientific work; and though the conception of philology as a science is obviously strange to Mr. Justice Lawrance, and (by inference) strange also to the twelve accomplished linguists in the jury-box, still they might have stepped out and inquired. At present we are in this position:—Two juries this week have given decisions which, if logically followed out, must render it illegal for a doctor to publish a book on any loathsome disease and for a critic to speak any word of blame on any performance whatsoever. And we submit, therefore, that these juries may have been too hastily assumed capable of deciding questions which are quite outside the competence of the ordinary stock-jobber. Outside his profession, the ethics of a stock-jobber may be irreproachable: but in the matter of culture and intelligence it seems that he need not be conspicuously above the level of Mr. Justice Lawrance.

PROGRESS IN FICTION.

A REJOINDER TO A "CAUSEUR."

LET us distinguish, dear A. T. Q. C.! The disputant who hinted that Mr. Kipling, because he lives after Dickens, has a reasonable chance of being a more accomplished artist, did not, I take it, mean to imply that Mr. Thornycroft has a reasonable chance of being a greater sculptor than Phidias, or that Sir John Millais has neglected his opportunities if he has not refined upon Velasquez. His remark assumed the progressive nature of one art, not of all. Or rather, without asserting anything as to the perfectibility or finality of art in general or of any art in particular, it assumed the art of fiction to be, for the moment, in one of those "necessary and rudimentary stages" through which you yourself admit that all art must pass. Is this an extravagant assumption? Are not the antecedent probabilities strongly in its favour? Prose fiction is certainly the youngest of the arts, with the possible exception of music. There is a sense, of course, in which fiction and music may be bracketed as the oldest of the arts: but this is a quibble on which I am sure A. T. Q. C. will not insist. And if fiction, whether young or old, has attained the limit of conceivable perfection, we should be able to lay our finger on its Phidias, its Velasquez. Is A. T. Q. C. prepared to do so? I am curious to know in whom he conceives the art of the novelist to have been consummated for ever. Cervantes, Defoe, Fielding, Jane Austen, Balzac, Dickens, or, perhaps, Mr. Thomas Hardy?

This question of finality in art is more difficult, I think, than A. T. Q. C. imagines. Speaking as one of the profane, I suppose we must admit that in sculpture and painting we can only mark time. For my part, to be quite frank, I must own that the portrait sculpture of the early Roman Empire, the exquisite work of the Tuscan Renaissance, and even some French sculpture of last century, has "said more to me" than the Elgin marbles: but that, no doubt, is simply because I am an ignoramus. It is clear, in any case, that several schools and periods, both of sculpture and of painting, have left us incomparable masterpieces. To imagine them surpassed is like imagining a fourth dimension of space. It does not follow, perhaps, that they might not be rivalled by artists of the future in forms more germane to the life, the spiritual needs, of their time; and that would mean relative, if not absolute, progress—spiral, if not rectilinear, movement. But I fancy that in the plastic arts progress is diffusive rather than cumulative. The average of accomplishment rises, though the bygone "records" may never be touched. For instance, I am much mistaken if the paltriest comic paper of to-day does not often contain pieces of draughtsmanship which would have filled Raphael with admiration. But this, you say, is not artistic progress: this is merely the vulgarisation

of a certain technical knack. Have it so if you will; I am a good enough democrat (and a bad enough artist) to rejoice in the phenomenon by whatever name you call it. On the whole, as aforesaid, it seems we must admit that in the plastic arts the summits have been scaled, no virgin Alp remains, and the best we can hope for is to attain, perhaps by untrodden routes, to the old altitudes.

But if this is the case in the plastic arts—and on second thoughts, I believe I have granted too much as regards painting, at any rate—does it follow that the same finality is to be looked for in other arts which employ different materials to a different end? Taking sculpture as the type of a stationary—may I say a petrified?—art, let us compare it with fiction, which is the subject primarily in debate. The range of effects possible to fiction is obviously far wider than the range of effects possible to sculpture, and will, consequently, other things being equal, take longer to exhaust. I believe I might say “infinitely wider” and “infinitely longer;” and that, in effect, is my argument. Sculpture deals exclusively in lines and surfaces, as a rule renouncing even the aid of colour. It strives towards an ideal of beauty; and the Greek ideal having imposed itself on civilised mankind, we can but worship it and strive to live up to it, whether in flesh or stone. The subject-matter of fiction, on the other hand, is infinitely variable, infinitely divisible. Sculpture goes only skin-deep, and selects from the illimitable multitude of forms only such as are beautiful to the eye. Fiction searches the heart and the reins, and finds beauty (since the language is too poor to provide us with a preciser term) in every minutest fibre of the human soul. To sculpture man is an indivisible object, differing from a mile-stone or a lamp-post only in his subtler curves and more alluring surfaces; to fiction man is a microcosm, unfathomable, inexhaustible. It is clearly possible to know all about the surface of the human body, and Phidias, I am given to understand, had actually the whole of that limited lore at his chisel's end; what he didn't know isn't knowledge. It is as clearly impossible to know all about the human soul; wherefore I am inclined to doubt whether fiction can in the nature of things achieve that ultimate apotheosis which sculpture seems to have attained some twenty-four centuries ago.

If the human eye had gradually developed new powers until it realised Sam Weller's ideal of a “patent million-magnifying gas microscope,” sculpture would certainly have developed along with it. Now the spiritual eye has developed, and is developing, new subtleties of insight, with which fiction must necessarily keep pace. Psychology, in a word, is a progressive science, and so long as it remains so—so long as there remains an unexplored convolution of the brain or cranny of the soul—fiction is bound to progress along with it. There! the murder is out! “You regard fiction, not as a pure art,” I shall be told, “but as a sort of pseudo-science.” Say rather that it is an art which proceeds on data supplied to it by science: not only by science formally so called, but by bygone art in so far as it was scientific. We may take a lively pleasure in studying the ancient maps of Africa: they may be beautifully engraved, and the gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire with which the undiscovered country is decorated may be most curious and entertaining; but that is no reason why we should discourage exploration, or decline to embody in our maps of to-day the discoveries of Speke and Livingstone and Stanley.

The assertion that fiction is progressive implies no disparagement to the masterpieces of the past. Balzac and Turgeneff knew a thing or two that Shakespeare and Cervantes did not and could not know: but none the less do *Othello* and “*Don Quixote*” maintain their place among the supreme achievements of the human spirit. It is not a question of superseding the great art of the past, but of making (as Shakespeare and Cervantes did) the freest use of all our gifts and opportunities for producing great

and vital art in the present. The early masters, by right of priority, are likely to be the greater, the more potent, spirits: those who come after, by right of posteriority, are likely to be the subtler, the more accomplished, the more conscientious artists. It is the early explorers of the dark continent who do the heroic work and win the imperial prizes. Presently there comes along the mere surveyor with his theodolite, a far less imposing personage; but the maps he makes will be the more detailed, the more helpful, and not necessarily the less beautiful.

To return to the concrete instance from which we started, Mr. Kipling ought to be a more accomplished artist than Dickens in two directions. On the one hand, as regards matter, Dickens has observed and pointed out a certain number of facts, has even, so to speak, made certain generalisations of character, thus enabling the artists who come after him to commence their researches at a further advanced stage than they could otherwise have done. I do not mean, of course, that by simply reading Dickens, Mr. Kipling can learn all that Dickens knew, and begin to observe at the point where Dickens left off. What I mean is that Dickens has vastly facilitated for Mr. Kipling and others the observation and comprehension of an immense number of essential facts. On the other hand, as regards form, Dickens has given those who come after him many valuable examples—and invaluable warnings. While his popularity was at its height, his vices of method and style were a constant temptation to mechanical imitators. Now that time is separating the gold from the dross in his work, the gold and the dross alike become precious, in different senses, to the intelligent and conscientious artist. Mr. Kipling has doubtless his own foibles and mannerisms, but if they are as crude, as flagrant as those of Dickens, I can only say, the more shame to him! Incompetence we have always with us: it is pretty much the same from one generation to another. But the ideal of artistic competence in fiction is always becoming higher, sterner. And this we can maintain without asserting that the men who (more or less) realise it are greater than their predecessors who took their art more easily, because we believe that in this art, even if in it alone, accomplishment is in great measure cumulative.

W. A.

MORAL IDEAS IN FRENCH LITERATURE.

AFTER all, we shall have to retain morality, if only to vitalise our literature. To that conclusion most of the speculations of recent French critics seem to point. We are becoming serious, these say in effect, clothed and in our right mind, are returning to seventeenth-century austerity with M. Ferdinand Brunetière, or progressing to neo-Christianity and the religion of humanity with M. Melchior de Vogüé. We have travelled far from the despairing cynicism of thirty years ago, when a Gautier could say, only half in jest, “il nous reste l'adultère et les cigarettes,” and we see fairer horizons. Whether morals shall be ancillary to letters or letters to morals, some sort of morals we must have. The theory of art for art's sake has been tried, and found wanting. Our art can no longer remain, either in the popular or in the etymologic sense, demoralised. Of French critics who are just now talking in this strain the name is legion; even the youngest of them have caught the tune, as we see in “*Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent*,” by M. Edouard Rod, who, to be sure, is a Swiss—he is a professor at the University of Geneva—but a French Swiss, and therefore *Gallieis ipsis Gallior*. M. Rod's title is a little too ambitious for a book which is, in fact, merely a cursory examination of some half-dozen modern Frenchmen of letters: but his criticism, so far as it goes, is helpful criticism—luminous, informed, adequate. His task has been no easy one. The question

of morality in art has become infinitely more complicated now that, on the one hand, art has enlarged its boundaries, while morality, on the other, has had its own land-marks removed altogether, so that no two men shall map it with the same contours. But the question has to be tackled, for it thrusts itself upon the critic's attention at every step. "Our literature, in fact, by the very circumstance that it has become more venturesome, that it seeks its inspiration more and more in hazardous subjects, that it is not repulsed by a single mystery of the flesh, that it has a marked predilection—a predilection for which it is often reproached—for the illicit relations between the sexes, our literature," says M. Rod, "even the immoral part of it, is inseparable from morality. Moral questions rub shoulders with literary questions, and there is not one of our novelists or playwrights who has been able to shirk them." In the older literature the moral element was extremely simple. Seek it in a seventeenth-century classic, for instance, and you will find it almost invariably in the struggle between duty and passion. But to-day you will find "a curious warfare of contradictory passions, dramatic conflicts of emotion and idea. . . . Moral problems no longer get themselves posited in the same uniform and simple fashion; but posited they are, even amid the most piquant paradoxes."

Examining these problems, as they present themselves in French literature of the past half-century, M. Rod finds them, or rather the schools of thought in which they originate, separable into two categories. On the one hand is the negative, the destructive school (type M. Renan) whose influence is waning; on the other, the positive, reconstructive school (type M. de Vogüé) whose influence is waxing. At the head of the negative group, of course, stands M. Renan, "le grand prêtre du Néant," who has rallied round him the most brilliant minds of his time, and still dominates them. The intellectual current which proceeds from him is the most powerful of the last half-century; *renanism*, in fact, has become the religion of "culture." It represents scepticism absolute and satisfied; dogmatic scepticism, if the phrase be not a contradiction in terms. "Renan's doctrine was bound to be all the more contagious because it accommodates itself to everything, does not exclude a vague and delicious mysticism, is wrapped up in exquisite formulas, has taken over the whole terminology of old-fashioned doctrines and makes agreeable play with words like God, the Infinite, etc., after having emptied them of their traditional contents, and, in fine, offers its adepts the most voluptuous of intellectual pleasures." Renan, once he had broken with the Church, began by "plumping," as the electioneers would say, for scientific materialism, and, though he soon abjured that heresy, the less wise of the "negative" group are still its dupes. Among these is M. Zola, not to mention the tag-rag and bobtail of naturalism. M. Rod has no difficulty in exposing the fundamental imposture of the Rougon-Macquart "cycle," showing how unscientific is M. Zola's boasted science, how indeterminate his determinism. His famous "heredity" is shown to be no more than a flimsy pretext for carrying on a single set of names and types through several volumes, for doing in fact, with a loud flourish of trumpets, what Thackeray did, without even so much as suspecting that he was a Darwinian. And M. Zola's "observation," his "human documents," to what do they amount? "How can we forget that the Rougons and the Macquarts, good, bad, and indifferent, Aristide Saccard, Gervaise, Claude Lantier, Pauline Quenu, are fictitious personages, with no other reality than what M. Zola gives them? He will doubtless tell us that he has observed them, has invented nothing of them but their names, that every trait of their characters has been furnished to him by his experience of men. But that is an immense illusion: he has chosen the elements of his characters right and left; and that alone would suffice to vitiate his

observation, in the strict sense of the word; he has changed their environment; he has invented plots in which they are concerned, plots that are none the less plots for being simple. Whatever efforts he makes to eliminate himself from his novels, he is always their protagonist; and the Rougon-Macquart series tells us much more about M. Zola than about the family in question or about the theory of heredity."

M. Zola, M. Rod might have added, is sufficiently "sized" by his famous declaration that he never changes his ideas. The essential method of another of the "negative" group, M. Jules Lemaitre, is, on the contrary, continual change, flux and reflux, a passage from affirmation to negation almost in the same breath; even as a moralist, M. Lemaitre cannot but be Montaigne's "homme ondoyant et divers." And yet M. Lemaitre, so irresistible is the tendency of the time, is moral, even religious "à sa manière." Religion is for him, as for many other men of the same intellectual calibre, a "sentiment distingué"; it is one of the sides of that *multi-lateralism* which is itself one of the sides of latter-day dilettantism. And so he approves Holy Writ because he finds in it "je ne sais quel charme profond, mystique et vaguement sensuel"; and for some such reason he approves all religions. "De même que la Leuconoe aux inquiétudes ineffables, l'âme moderne consulte tous les dieux, non plus pour y croire comme la courtisane antique, mais pour comprendre et vénérer les rêves que l'énigme du monde a inspirés à nos ancêtres, et les illusions qui les ont empêchés de tant souffrir." More than that, the religious sentiment enriches literature, extends its key-board, "et c'est à lui que l'âme humaine doit d'être l'instrument rare et complet qu'elle est aujourd'hui." Put quite vulgarly, this means that religion makes "good copy"—surely one of the very queerest "idées morales du temps présent" or of any other time!

The second, the reconstructive group, is of comparatively recent origin. Ten years ago it hardly existed. There was, to be sure, Alexandre Dumas *filz*, a hardy, intransigent moralist, but an empiric, and, moreover, a narrow specialist who could see nothing in the Ten Commandments but the seventh. To-day we have a whole school, headed by M. Melchior de Vogüé, whose famous preface to "Le Roman russe" (1886) constitutes its Charter and Confession of Faith. With this school the man of letters ceases to be a "mandarin," a Signor Pocourante, or a mere decorative artist, and acquires something like sacerdotal functions, becomes "un gardien à qui tout un peuple a confié son âme pour un moment." Examined more closely, this new literary religion resolves itself into a western modification of Tolstoyism: a religion of the humble and meek, the poor and oppressed, *minus* Tolstoy's Oriental mysticism, and *plus* the spirit (stripped of the formulas) of Catholicism. It is in some sort a rehabilitation of Faith, and thus a reaction against *renanism*—*i.e.*, piety without faith. M. Rod thinks that the future is to this school. If so, we shall all have to say, with Ibsen's Emperor Julian, "The Galilean has conquered!" For M. Melchior de Vogüé's creed is, obviously, only a neat translation into modern French of the Sermon on the Mount.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

LAST July I wrote an article under the heading "The Society of Portrait Painters," and, ignoring all other exhibitors, I devoted my whole article—two columns and a half—to a critical panegyric of Mr. Whistler's most lovely and most gracious portrait of Miss Alexander. And so relentless was the obsession of that marvellous white frock, grey hat, and pale, triumphant face, that I did not speak until the following week of the still more portentous portrait of the painter's mother which hung by the side

of the little girl. In the gallery, about these two most decisive works of genius of this end of the century, there hung many interesting pictures—a large portrait group by Fantin-Latour, and a portrait of a girl about eight or ten in a green dress, and a portrait of a baby in a white frock by Mr. Mouat Loudan. Notwithstanding the many great merits of Fantin-Latour's group of celebrities, I felt in no way compelled to speak of it. We all know Fantin-Latour's style, whether in portraits or flowers or fantastic dreams, so well that we are content to murmur in indifferent undertone: "What a lot of talent, what a lot of talent!" and are not inspired to commit our further impressions, if we have any, to paper. But the case of Mr. Mouat Loudan is quite different. His name and his work are, I suppose, quite unknown to the general public. Both were unknown to me until last July: since then I have thought frequently of the little girl in the green frock, and perhaps even more frequently of the baby in the white frock stretched right across the picture, and the lovely blue background, and the pale but richly coloured pillows. I recognised in Mr. Mouat Loudan a painter of first-rate ability: and as the pleasure of proclaiming new talent to the world is always very keen and exciting, I experienced grave scruples and burning regrets in passing him over in silence, and many were my vows that I would make amends for the really intolerable injustice which I had been guilty of. My only consolation was that none know better than Mr. Loudan how the Whistlers obliterated everything else in the gallery, and how impossible it was to turn from Miss Alexander to praise any picture, unless, perchance, one of the *Infante* in the Louvre.

All comes to him who waits: Mr. Loudan has two pictures in the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, and I feel that I cannot serve the readers of THE SPEAKER better this week than by gravely and deliberately calling attention to the very real excellence of this young man's work—young man, be sure, for his age, not more than thirty, is written plainly upon his canvases. You see, I risk all: I burn my boats behind me, and I am thus reckless—first, because I must make reparation for my neglect of last July; secondly, because I admire his talent; thirdly, because there is little else in the Exhibition worth speaking of; fourthly, because his name has not appeared in any of the notices I have seen of the Exhibition: fifthly and lastly, because the hanging committee has been pleased to hang his pictures so badly that it is not unlikely that they will be seen as little by the general public as they were by the critics. More flagrant injustice in hanging has never been done: the charming little picture of the children pressing through the gates into the Temple Gardens is hung above the line in a corner where it will be discovered only by the very few; the portrait of the little girl is infamously skied. It is placed high above a common, coarse, vulgar picture called "The Skipper": and the contrast between Mr. Loudan's picture and that of Mr. William Rainey, R.L., is sufficiently marked to suggest the very queerest reflections in the mind of the visitor whose eye happens to pass from the blatant white ducks to the charming harmonies in blue and purple which hang above it.

Mr. Loudan is a young man about thirty—that is nearly sure; but it is not quite sure from his work whether he has or has not studied in Paris. If he has, it could not have been for long. Be this as it may—not French, but Mr. Whistler's, influence is apparent in his work. He learnt from Mr. Whistler that to sit down before Nature with paint and brushes and "whack away" was not sufficient. He learnt from Mr. Whistler that the palette is to the painter what the orchestra is to the musician. What a touch of raw colour is to the painter the sound of a single instrument is to the musician; what the blending of two colours is to the painter the union of two instruments is to the musician; and so on and so on, the parallel between the

palette and the orchestra becoming more and more exact as you pursue it. And so it is as wise for the painter to copy all the colours before him as it would be for the musician to go into the street and note down in the order in which they come all the babel of sound around him. The laws of colour are as severe as those of sound, but what would be madness in one art is common practice in the other. These simple truths Mr. Loudan learnt from Mr. Whistler, and he is one of the few painters exhibiting in the Institute who seem to possess any power of composing a palette. In Mr. Loudan's work there is method, science, and artistic feeling; and those qualities distinguish it from the usual haphazard streaking of reds and greens, purples and mauves, which passes for painting in England. But less than any other painter of equal ability does his work catch the eye; at first sight it seems ordinary and impersonal; but when you examine and study it, you discover how full it is of subtle charm and unsuspected merit. Still, it is a little impersonal; or let me say that it is essentially shy. For instance, there can be hardly any doubt that the picture of the children pressing through the gate into the Temple Gardens would fail, even were it properly hung, to attract. There is really nothing in it to attract the public attention: it is in no way striking. But note the ease with which the girl in the foreground is treated; at first the execution seems too fluent—not to use a harder word—but when you look again, you see that every touch is right, though perhaps a little loose. Then the toddling baby coming towards her: how easily, and with what charm of handiwork, that big cap is touched! How little there is, and how well that little says what should be said! The softness of babyhood and the weakness of the toddler are beautifully expressed. And then the movement of the boys pressing through the gate! How full of movement! There are only three or four figures, and yet there is a crowd. And the charm of the passing of colour through the crowd! The red of that boy's cap, how well in its place, and how it lights that dark space! Still more happy is the treatment of the great iron gate; and when we think how hard, dry, and mathematical it would have become in other hands, we must perforce wonder at the lightness, grace, and artistry it achieves in Mr. Loudan's picture. The gate is marvellously well treated. Nowhere is the black heavy or staring, though the gate shows upon the pale green bloom of the summer trees. The colour is never used pure, and as the metal work ascends into the bright air it fills with delicate greys; and so beautiful is the drawing that the iron volutes and spirals seem fanciful and lovely as a Japanese design. Then to endow the long grey stone building at the back with interest would try the skill of many a one. But the difficulty has been overcome by happy and sympathetic observation of the values. See how the cold violet shadows deepen under the archway. Near the sunset the colour is flecked with warm purple and roseate greys until the last pinnacles are reached; these are touched with gold. Over them hang some clouds, creamy pink—and it is only here I think that the artist verges on failure, for the clouds are somewhat dusky and heavy, not diaphanous enough; perhaps they are slightly out of value.

And now come with me and look at the artist's portrait of the little girl of eight, who has sat down to rest in her game of ball. Here the harmony is in purple and blue, and with serious effort we shall be able to realise something of the painter's intention, though it is indeed jeopardised and jared by the chalky white ducks and the Reckitt's-blue sea of Mr. Rainey's picture, hung unfortunately just below, and perforce catching the eye. The little girl is seated on the edge of some low divan; her hands are crossed on her lap, and in them lies a coloured india-rubber ball. She is dressed in very dark blue—an almost black—serge, confined at the waist by a scarf. About her neck she wears a

wide lace collar, and her tangled hair flows about her face, enframing it in a dark mass. Behind her there is a pale blue background, full of purple tones; a small drawing in a black frame balances the composition, and a strip of purple curtain on the left strikes a dominant chord. At first sight the girl's face seems out of drawing; this is owing to the excessive irregularity of the model's features, for when you place yourself at the right distance the lines fall into their places and the face is perfectly in the picture. It is modelled without any vulgar roundnesses, and we begin to notice the unconventional drawing, how naturally the mouth is on one side, and how the outlines of the face have not been arbitrarily brought into artificial conformity. The dark blue frock is painted very simply, few primary folds, and yet nowhere is it empty or rudimentary, but everywhere distinguished by charming passages of colour and sufficient variety of form. The lace collar seems to me somewhat heavy and slovenly in execution; but the picture is withal charming from end to end. The fault, if I must find one, in Mr. Loudan's art is a certain vagueness of manner. Mr. Loudan has a manner, but it has not yet defined itself sufficiently. Both pictures are the charming and delicate achievement of a young man in his first period; neither is the work of a master, nor can I say that either is as good as the girl in the green frock exhibited last July; but amid the commonplace and mediocrity of the present day Mr. Loudan is easily distinguished, and it is not improbable that one day he will achieve a high reputation. G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"THE CRUSADERS": SOME INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

I. *From a Sarceyite to M. Francisque Sarcey, Paris.*

CHER MAÎTRE,—You say we have no drama in England. Yet we have earnest English dramatists, and the most earnest of them, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in order that his earnestness shall not be balked by the mercenary greed or vain egoism of any actor-manager, has acquired a theatre of his own on purpose to produce his "new comedy of modern London life," *The Crusaders*. On the first night at the Avenue, cher maître, I made a humble attempt to apply your principles to the new comedy, and here epitomise the result.

The curtain rises on a motley crew of quasi-public personages—as in the first Act of our dear Pailleron's *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Here, however, we have, not political, but social wire-pullers—members of the London Reformation League, whose programme is "London clean, London honest, London sober." They are all actual types, of whom the originals could (were it not for the law of libel) be named without difficulty. Mr. Palsam, a moral Inquisitor with the watchword "We must never shrink from exposing the truth merely because it is horrible and disgusting," gloats over seabrood details and interrogates erring damsels in dark corners. Mr. Burge Jawle is a Pessimist Philosopher, a valetudinarian, who because his "vital processes are very slow" always takes the most comfortable armchair, and "may never finish the last volume of his Social Philosophy" before he has committed suicide in the duck-pond. Mr. Figg is Mr. Jawle's trumpet-blower and founder of the Jawle Guild. Mrs. Champion-Blake is a fashionable lady who joins the London Reformation League in order to rub shoulder with the "dear duchesses" on its committee ("London must be democratised by the aristocracy"), and who induces Lord Burnham, the Foreign Secretary, to become its President (on the understanding that he shall not sacrifice his cellar and his racing-stud). These are the comic types. The serious Reformers are three—Philos Ingarfield, a Socialist-Poet, "a sort of Shelley from Peckham Rye": Una Dell, Ingarfield's Muse and Ministering Angel; and Cynthia

Greenslade, a rich young widow who finances the Reform movement.

Throughout the Act these personages talk sociology, and their talk is amusing, so far as it goes.

Mais au théâtre, vous savez, les discussions sociologiques me laissent froid. In the theatre we want an action. The jargon of pessimism, of Social Puritanism, of all the isms—ça n'est pas du théâtre. Not until the close of the Act is there any action. Then Philos Ingarfield, who is called away to Costa-Rica, whither he has to convoy a shipful of emigrants, declares his love for Cynthia Greenslade, who pledges her troth to him.

Et je me demandais: Mais où est la pièce?

In the second Act we are at a suburban Rose Farm, established by the League, and tended by "rescued" sempstresses. Philos Ingarfield is invisible—is, in fact, keeping out of the way, being "wanted" by the Costa-Rican Government on account of disturbances caused by his unruly emigrants. That is to say, he drops for a time out of the piece—for what is not seen on the stage does not exist. It is true we hear much of him and his Costa-Rican misadventures: but extracts from the Foreign Intelligence column of a newspaper are not dramatic—ça n'est pas du théâtre. Cynthia Greenslade has quite forgotten Philos, and is now coquetting with a sensual cynic, the Foreign Secretary's son. Her character has executed a right-about-face in the entr'acte, and this startling change has not been "prepared"—a grave blunder, "car, voyez-vous, l'art dramatique, c'est l'art des préparations." The Foreign Secretary perustrates the stage, talking about Costa-Rica. He is always talking about Costa-Rica. Jawle still pontificates in the easiest chairs. Two refractory Rose-maidens imitate the quarrel of Gervaise and Virginie in *L'Assommoir*.

Et je me demandais encore: Mais où donc est la pièce?

At the very end of the Act the piece (enfin!) begins. Philos suddenly returns, in the nick of time to see the sensual cynic entering Cynthia Greenslade's chamber at midnight, and apparently by appointment. He is himself seen by Mr. Inquisitor Palsam, who mistakes him for the real Simon Impure. Two whole Acts, and only one moment of drama—c'est mince!

Act third and last. After the one moment of drama, more talk. Talk between Mrs. Champion-Blake and the others, how to avoid the scandal. More talk from the Foreign Secretary about Costa-Rica. More talk from Jawle.

Et je me demandais: Mais où diable est la scène-à-faire!

Philos Ingarfield again returns, and, to save the good name of the woman he loves, consents to sacrifice his own. Nay; much more than his own good name. He sacrifices his very self; his whole life-work. "London clean, London sober, London honest," etc. etc. "Perish London!" he cries in effect, so long as Cynthia's reputation is kept intact.

Ah! enfin la voilà, la pièce! La voilà, la scène-à-faire!

Mais trop tard, mes amis. I have been too long put off with talk about Jawle and the Jawle Guild, and the "vital processes," and the Rose-maidens, and Costa-Rica. Philos Ingarfield has been too long absent: like Cynthia, I have forgotten him. And when he deserts his Muse and Ministering Angel to marry Cynthia after all—oh, si vous saviez comme ça m'est égal!

Forgive me, cher maître, for marring your classic phrases.

II. *From a Lemaitrist to M. Jules Lemaitre, Paris. (Fragment.)*

. . . full of modernity, and would give you many curious, delicate, piquant sensations. Très malin, this Mr. Jones! His Socialist-Poet is evidently suggested by his theatrical upholsterer, who is also a Socialist-Poet. His Poet's Muse is one of his own *Nineteenth Century* articles wrapped in a

long cloak. The notion of giving us two Rose-maidens who are anything but *rosières*, a neat bit of irony! Some fun, too, in making Jawle a mosaic of Herbert Spencer and Schopenhauer. Your Bouddhist Mr. Jorkins would like Jawle; there is a touch of the Bouddha about him; at any rate, he looks exactly like a Hindoo idol. The character of Cynthia, which the Sarcocytes say is inconsistent with itself, really true; *ondoyant et divers*. They complain that the drama is too long in coming, but I think the pity is it comes at all. If only the piece had been all comedy—the comedy of the London Reformation League! *Ça se voit d'ici*. Big scene: The committee meeting (type: third Act of *Les Femmes Savantes*). . . . The Duchesses and the working-men members. . . . An evening with the Jawle Guild. . . . Jawle explained (to his face) by Figg, and explained wrongly. . . . He attempts his own exegesis and is corrected by his disciples. . . . Inquisitor Palsam discovered with Cynthia's French maid. . . . Revolt of the Rose-maidens, who, like Peggy, "hate the smell of roses" and determine to grow onions. . . . Interview between Foreign Secretary and Delegate from Costa-Rica (opportunity for *rastaquouère* "character part": type, the diplomatist in *Pépa*) . . . Final situation: London "dishes" the League by suddenly becoming (Mr. Jones could easily arrange this in one of his magic *entr'actes*) clean, honest, and sober, whereupon Jawle is converted to optimism. . . .

III. From an Ibsenite to Dr. Henrik Ibsen, Munich.

Oh irony! Mr. Jones, to whom your plays suggest "drains" and a "night-foundered mud-barge" has—doubtless unconsciously—appropriated more than one of your most characteristic types. Palsam, with his passion for detecting and publishing the truth, however disagreeable, is an English Gregers Werle. The Wimbledon curate who wishes to sacrifice the redemption of the Rose-maidens to the fastidiousness of an "eligible residential neighbourhood" is a diluted mixture of Rörund and Manders. If only Mr. Jones had penetrated the secret of your method! If only he had studied your treatment of the Social Reformer—as humbug (*The League of Youth*) or as hero (*An Enemy of Society*)! Then he would have seen that the real dramatic virtue of *The Crusaders* theme was to be found, not in a series of caricatures, eked out with an ordinary story of love and self-sacrifice (which story could be told equally well of others than Social Reformers), but in the development, for good or bad, of the hero's character under stress of conflict with the "compact majority."

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THREE weeks ago RUDOLPH VIRCHOW, the physiologist, celebrated his seventieth birthday. This week another leader of science has done the same. But unlike his friend, VIRCHOW, he had never meddled with politics; and the Imperial congratulations which were denied to VIRCHOW were delivered to HELMHOLTZ by the Prussian Minister of Public Worship. Few men who have ever lived, probably, have done more for science than HELMHOLTZ. Practically he is the founder of current psychology—at any rate on its physiological side. Its central doctrine, that sensations, however simple they seem, are compounds of still simpler elements, is based on his well-known experiments on sensations of sound. To him, too, is due—at least very largely—the physiological analysis of the process of sight. "He taught himself chemistry to understand physiology, and physics to understand chemistry, and now stands in the front rank of all three." His contributions to science are multitudinous. Like VIRCHOW, he is "many-sided"; so are all the great names of Germany—BOECKH and K. F. HERMANN, GOETHE and

SCHILLER, KANT and HEGEL, MOMMSEN and NIEBUHR. It is curious that the multifarious activity of these great men should be giving place to a one-sided specialism. Or are the Germans taught too much as well as governed too much?

"FUTILE" was CARLYLE'S pet word. Whenever he felt himself genuinely interested in anybody or anything he seems always to have paused and asked himself, "How does it become me, with difficulty balancing myself here on a tight-rope between the two eternities, to exhibit the least concern save in this tight-rope and in myself, the unfortunate spiritual BLONDIN?" This, in any personal matters he committed to writing, is almost his invariable attitude, except where his family is concerned. His "Excursion (futile enough) to Paris" (*New Review*) is incomparably naïve in its attempts to throw himself off the scent. It is quite evident that he was pleased at the Théâtre-Français. The audience, with CHANGARNIER for figurehead, the actors, who are twice declared "good," the two pieces—he waited to the farce, he was so interested—all entertained him; but—it mustn't be confessed even to himself: "to me, a very wearisome affair."

THEN, when he finds himself so delighted with a neat saying of ROYER-COLLARD'S that he is forced to quote it, he perceives that as this is mere gossip he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he exclaims—the pretence is here much too thin—"Heigho, that was PROSPER MÉRIMÉE'S account afterwards, heigho!" But we must remember that this is no mere posing as a great weary Gulliver among the Lilliputians. It is the high and dry hypocrisy, the inverted politeness of the lowland Scot, who greets his only son after a long absence with the laconic, "Ay, Jamie." One reason of the immense bulk of CARLYLE'S writings probably lies here. His Scotch reticence prevented him from declaring the heart of his message, but he wanted to, and kept on trying. He never wrote his "Exodus from Houndsditch."

PIETRO GIANNONE'S is a forgotten name, but it ought to receive honourable mention as having been borne by one of the victims in the battle for free thought and free speech. GIANNONE'S book, a "Civil History of the Kingdom of Naples," published in 1723, brought the monks about his ears. In this work he criticised freely ecclesiastical history, and pointed out that the Gregorian Calendar had evidently been adopted in heaven, because the blood of ST. STEPHEN—preserved in a Neapolitan church—which had been in the habit of liquefying itself on the third of August, old style, took to working this miracle, after the reform in the Calendar, on the thirteenth of the month. He had to fly to Geneva where he was allowed to remain unmolested for twenty years. Then in his sixteenth year D'ORMEA had him arrested on the old charge. He spent the last twelve years of his life in a Roman prison, relieving his *ennui* by writing his memoirs. These have just been published for the first time under the title of "Autobiografia di Pietro Giannone." The book does not seem to be very attractive, but its appearance deserves a passing note.

THE November volume of the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" will be "Mr. Batter's Pedigree" by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. MR. HUTCHINSON'S golf-story in the *Cornhill* is perhaps the most amusing account of an antiquarian discovery since DICKENS wrote of Pickwick and "Bill Stumps, His Mark."

AN English translation of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S correspondence will be published by

MESSRS. DEAN & SON. It will comprise the series of letters which ANDERSEN wrote to DICKENS.

To render ÆSCHYLUS and SOPHOCLES, and, in part, EURIPIDES, more accessible to the countrymen of SHAKESPEARE, PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL takes to be, at least, a respectable endeavour; and, with that end in view, he issues his "Guide to Greek Tragedy for English Readers" (PERCIVAL), a record of impressions made on himself by close and long-continued study of the Greek dramatists. No one knows better than PROFESSOR CAMPBELL that such an endeavour is much more than respectable; and those who know anything of PROFESSOR CAMPBELL are aware that no one is more fitted than he to accomplish it.

A BOOK kindred in aim to PROFESSOR CAMPBELL'S, but with a wider scope, is PROFESSOR BUTCHER'S "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius" (MACMILLAN). Its contents were delivered as lectures to students, but they are intended also for those who, without a knowledge of the Greek language, have acquired a love of Greek literature, and are interested in the thought of Greece.

IN issuing a third edition of his "Primitive Culture" (MURRAY) MR. E. B. TYLOR has not found it needful to alter the general argument of his book. The new information which has become available during the last twenty years has made it necessary to insert farther details of evidence and to correct some few statements. More mindful than many authors of those who already possess copies of his book, and for convenience of reference generally, MR. TYLOR has retained the paging of the last edition. It is twenty years since "Primitive Culture" was first published. It made its mark at once as a study of evolution pursued on lines independent of DARWIN and SPENCER. MR. TYLOR supports his theory with wide and minute evidence, believing that the English mind, not readily swayed by rhetoric, moves freely under the pressure of facts.

THOSE who are interested in Society "that aggregate of leisured men and women," either from an ethical or an æsthetic standpoint, are invited by LADY GREVILLE to study the gentlewoman as she comports herself in the said aggregate. Her "Gentlewoman in Society" is the first volume of MESSRS. HENRY & Co.'s new venture, "The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen." Anyone who reads LADY GREVILLE'S piquant preface will wish to know more of what she has to say. The book is elegantly bound, and embellished—that is the right word for the "Gentlewoman's Library"—with a portrait of the authoress.

AS the complete edition of MAZZINI'S works is somewhat prohibitive in price, and is still without an index, MR. C. W. STUBB'S "God and the People" (UNWIN), a volume of selections from MAZZINI'S writings, should find a welcome. The classification of the extracts seems to be admirable. A useful bibliography is appended.

A COLLECTION of MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S charming poems is published by MESSRS. CASSELL & Co., under the title "Verses Grave and Gay." Another notable poetical volume of the week is MR. T. D. SULLIVAN'S "Blanaid" (Dublin: EASON & Co.), a collection of Irish historical and legendary poems.

THE English edition of M. BONVALOT'S "Travels in Thibet" is now in a forward state of preparation,

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

and will be shortly published by MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. in one large volume of about five hundred pages. In the course of their journey from the frontiers of Siberia to the coast of Tonquin, M. BONVALOT and PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS passed through regions which no European had previously traversed, and the work about to be issued will contain a full record of the severe privations and sufferings they endured during their eventful travels. The book will be furnished with about one hundred illustrations, made principally from photographs taken by PRINCE HENRY.

HENRIK IBSEN'S books continue, our Copenhagen correspondent says, to command a large sale in Scandinavia. This year new editions have appeared of the following of his works: "Per Gynt" (8th edition); "Love's Comedy" (6th edition); "Catilina" (3rd edition) and "Fru Inger til Ostraat" (3rd edition). The nineteen works of IBSEN'S published by the Copenhagen firm, who are also BJÖRNSTJERNE BJORNSON'S publishers, have altogether appeared in 71 editions.

DR. FRITHJOF NANSEN'S arctic expedition, which, according to the original plan should have set out next year, has now been postponed till the beginning of 1893. DR. NANSEN has not found it possible to complete the many necessary arrangements within the comparatively short time which was left him in order to sail next year. Especially, the building of the vessel is taking more time than originally calculated.

THE HAUNTED GLASS.

PART I.

IT was the Inspector of Schools who told me this, and I give his story word for word, or as nearly as may be:—

Decidedly (he said) the sensation was odd: for I could have taken my oath I had never visited the place in my life, nor come within fifty miles of it, and yet I seemed to remember every furlong of the road, every detail in the landscape's outline. There stretched the moors and peat-ricks; there the chine of Huel-Tor slanted towards the sunset; there, to the left, the long coombes radiated seaward like spokes of a wheel; and in the gorge of the midmost coombe was a building stuck like a fish-bone, its grey Jacobean chimneys just visible between the November trees.

I had looked down that coombe as we drove by; and catching sight of these chimneys, I knew at once it was for them I had been looking.

"What house is that?" I asked the driver.

"Tremenhuel," he answered curtly. I had certainly never heard the name before, nevertheless my lips were forming it almost before the driver spoke.

"Who lives there?"

"Squire Parkyn."

That was not the name my ears were longing for: and I relapsed into silence, hunting my brain for the right combination of syllables. What was the name I wanted? I could not tell at the time, nor why I wanted it. I only knew that somewhere, now at the back of my head, now on my tongue-tip, hung a word I desired to utter, but could not. And meanwhile the grey mare trotted and the gig oscillated along the road to Fiddler's Barrow, where I was to sleep the night and in the morning examine the youngsters of the Board School in the village, a mile beyond.

It is not usual for a village to lie one mile beyond its inn: and yet I never doubted that this must be the case at Fiddler's Barrow. Nor was I in the least surprised by the appearance of that lonely tavern,

the "Indian Queens," with the black peat-pool behind it and in front the highroad, along which its windows stared for miles, as if seeking the ghosts of departed stage-coaches. I knew the gaudy sign-board with the two Indian princesses standing in scarlet and blue garments under a green umbrella and a greener palm. I knew it, though in the twilight it was impossible to distinguish colours. I recognised the hepping-stock and granite drinking-trough beside the porch; I recognised the passage too, and felt quite sure that the staircase lay to the right, which proved to be the case. Only the landlord was unfamiliar—a loose-fleshed, heavy man something over six feet in height, who appeared as the gig drew up, and welcomed me with an air of anxious hospitality, as if I were the first guest he had entertained for many years.

"You be Mr. S. J. Rance, sir?"

"That is my name," I answered, stepping down and paying the man who had driven me from the railway station, thirteen miles to the south. "You got my letter?" I asked.

"Iss, surely. Your bed's aired, sir, an' a fire i' the blue-room, an' the cloth laid. But my old 'ooman didn' like to resk cookin' the fowl 'till you was really come. Trains be that uncertain, an' it might ha' been done to a cinder. But in half an hour's time——"

"That will do very well. In the meanwhile if you show me up to the bedroom I'll have a thorough wash and change my clothes, for I've been travelling ever since nine this morning."

He brought a candle and led me upstairs; and as we climbed, that curious feeling began again. When—in what stage of my soul's history—had I been doing all this before? How came I to know so well the Ionic pattern of these balusters? What on earth was that tune I was humming? And what on earth was that name I kept endeavouring to recall?

The feeling passed off as I entered the bedroom and flung off my dusty clothes. I had almost forgotten it by the time I began to wash away the stains of travel and rinse the coal-dust out of my hair. And when the landlord returned to conduct me to the blue-room my brain, I am convinced, was empty of all but the hope that the chicken would prove tender. I smelt it browning as I descended the stairs to the first floor.

Therefore it fairly startled me when, as the landlord threw open the door of the blue-room and stood back to let me pass, it came upon me again, and this time not as a vague recollection but as a sudden fear that took me, like a cold hand, by the throat. I do not exaggerate when I say that I stepped forward and looked about me in something like a blue funk; nor did I hear the landlord's question until he had repeated it twice.

"What will you drink with your dinner, sir?"

"What have you?"

"There's beer—I brews it mysel'; an' there's sherry wine——"

"I'll try your beer, then."

"—an' there's the bottles wi' the yaller seal."

"What do they hold?"

"I don't rightly know. But the seal's yaller an' the stuff inside is red: because I broke a bottle, in my clumsy way, only last Lamma's."

"Very well: you might bring up a bottle after dinner and I'll try it."

He withdrew to fetch up the meal, and I looked about me with curiosity. The room was a long one—perhaps forty feet from end to end, and not less than nine paces broad. It was wainscoted, to the height of four feet from the ground, with wood that, though probably oak, had been larded with dark-blue paint till not a trace of its texture remained visible. Above the wainscot the walls were covered with a fascinating paper with a green background, and upon it a party of red-coated riders in three-cornered hats, blowing large horns and hunting a fox. This pattern,

striking enough in itself, became immeasurably more *bizarre* when repeated a dozen times, for the fox of one hunt chased the riders of the next, and the riders chased the hounds, and so on, in an unbroken procession right round the room. The window of this strange apartment was high, with short blue curtains and a cushioned seat beneath; and hard by it there stood a rickety spinet with a plated cnet on the top, an ormolu clock under glass (the sort of thing an agricultural society inflicts on the tenant of the best-cultivated farm within thirty miles of some place or other), and a toy cottage constructed with shells and gum. In the centre of the floor, which—save for a hearth-rug—was uncarpeted, stood my dining-table, cleanly spread, with two plated candlesticks, each holding three candles; and just beyond it a japanned screen that formed a cosy enclosure round the open fireplace.

But the most noteworthy object in the room was the mantelpiece, that rose on two fluted pilasters and reached to the ceiling. The woodwork of this was untouched by paint and carved in the most ingenious fashion with cherubs and festoons of flowers, looping up an oblong mirror that seemed about to tumble forward upon the hearth-rug, over which it hung at a surprising angle. The carving reminded me of Grinling Gibbons's work at Petworth, and the more delicate parts were executed on the same white wood, though in this case smirched with smoke from the hearth below. Under the mirror, upon a plain boss of this wood, one word was cut in flowing capitals—"FUI."

I was staring at this word "*fui*" when the landlord brought in my dinner.

"Ah!" said he, "you'm lookin' at our masterpiece, I see."

"Tell me," I asked, "do you know why this word is written here, under the mirror?"

"Well, I don't rightly know what its meanin' is; but they do say 'twas the word o' the Cardinnocks, that owned the land here around i' my gran'father's time."

"Cardinnock"—as he spoke it I knew this for the name that had been haunting me for hours.

"The family has gone?—died out?"

"Why, iss: the way of it was a bit cur'ous, too."

"Sit down and tell me," I said, "while I begin my dinner."

"Well, 'tain't much to tell, an' I bain't the man to tell it proper. But the last Cardinnock—Squire Philip 'a was termed—was a roly-tory, drinkin', dicin', cock-fightin', go-to-blazes kind o' young chap. He came into the property at twenty-three: at twenty-seven he was forced to let th' ould place——"

"What ould place?"

"Tremenhuel."

"Go on."

"He was forced to let it to Abram Parkyn, father to the present Squire Parkyn. An' at twenty-eight he disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Ay, an' was no more seen. Some do say 'twas a love affair. He was quartered over to Tregarrick, long wi' the 32nd, havin' took to th' army when matters got desprit-like, an' there he cast his eyes 'pon ould Sir Phelimy Jago's daughter, Miss Cicely——"

I was expecting it: why, I could not tell. But I dropped my fork clumsily as he spoke it, and for a few seconds his voice sounded like that of a distant river as it ran on—

"An' as Sir Phelimy wouldn' consent, an' nobody blamed en, they say young Squire Cardinnock made away wi' hissel' by stealth, or cut the country. Anyway he disappeared 'pon a suddent, an' year after year his tenant, old Abram Parkyn, paid the rent o' Tremenhuel out o' his right pocket into his left for twenty year; an' so stepped into Cardinnock's shoes an' took the place wi' nobody to say en nay. An' that's all, except that Miss Cicely had the piek o' the county, but chose to die an old maid."

After the landlord had left me I sat long and pondered this tale. Nor can I tell what the meal was like, nor if I ate heartily or left it almost untouched. But I remember that the wine with the yellow seal turned out to be real Teneriffe, and that after a while, drawing the armchair before the fire, I lit a pipe and sat with the bottle at my elbow, trying to piece together these words, "Philip Cardinnoek—Cicely—*jai*," and to fit them into the tune that kept running in my head.

A puff of wind came down the chimney and sent a thin cloud of blue smoke out into the room.

The smoke curled up, and spread itself over the face of the mirror confronting me. I followed it lazily with my eyes. Then suddenly I leant forward and stared. Something very curious was happening to the glass.

(End of Part I.)

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

A TASK FOR THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

SIR.—At the beginning of this year you called attention to the treatment of the Savings Bank clerks, showing that the "mutiny" of the two hundred and fifty "locked-out" clerks was a natural consequence of the official folly and tyranny which stifled the legitimate expression of complaints by banishing the men's representatives to the Post Office "Siberia," and you urged the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the miserable state of the Department. A few months later the Government, with ill-judged kindness to Mr. Raikes, refused for purely party reasons the inquiry that Earl Compton demanded. It was doubtless well-intentioned, but a terrible mistake, for it cost their colleague his life. Had they persuaded him to face the inquiry, there is good reason to believe that not a little of the censure he incurred would have fallen upon those permanent officials who were actually responsible for many of his blunders, and he might have retired from the Post Office, if not with honour, at least without disgrace.

The Post Office is now waiting with curiosity—not, perhaps, entirely free from anxiety—to see whether Mr. Raikes' successor will continue to shield the permanent officials from the consequences of their mismanagement. Sir James Fergusson's record is that of a straightforward, careful administrator, and it may be hoped that he has the force of character and the keen insight necessary to guide him safely in the tortuous paths along which the officials who misled his predecessor will try to conduct him. The Savings Bank Department difficulty will give him ample opportunity for the exercise of his abilities. The grievances that produced the "lock-out" have not yet been inquired into. The authorities, having found one scapegoat in the person of the Controller of the Department, whom they have induced to retire in the prime of life—thus admitting that the mutiny was not entirely without cause—appear to be still eagerly seeking for others. Sir James Fergusson cannot suffer them to continue the snubbing and stifling policy which led to the outbreak, and he should now institute the impartial inquiry which alone can restore content and efficiency. Let him make a real effort to abolish excessive overtime by appointing a sufficiency of male clerks. Let him revoke the punishment of the exiles, whom Mr. Raikes publicly acknowledged to be innocent of the offence for which they were banished. Let him, when selecting a new Controller for the Department, be guided solely by the fitness of the man, not suffer himself at the outset of his career to be induced to perpetuate the mismanagement of the Department by confirming the gross political job of which Mr. Raikes was guilty in appointing an inexperienced junior outsider to take charge of the Department as a reward for services rendered to the Tories in turning out Mr. Gladstone at Greenwich. Sir James Fergusson will scarcely care to render permanent a scandal which has already demoralised every department of the Post Office Service, for it is hard to conceive of anything that could more rapidly destroy the purity of the Service than the conviction that experience, industry, and talent are no longer pass words to promotion, but that success in political intrigue and wire-pulling is the chief qualification for heads of Departments. It is said that he has visited the big building in Queen Victoria Street, and won the favour of the clerks by an affability of manner which perhaps in their unfamiliarity with such visits they were surprised to meet with in so exalted a personage. It may be assumed that he was not hampered by the company of the unpopular Financial Secretary, to whose neglect the officials rightly or wrongly ascribe most of their troubles, and that he was accompanied on his round by some one of the regular staff, acquainted both with the work of the office and the men employed on it. Even then such a cursory inspection could give no real insight into the problem he has to solve—the pacification of a vast body of men, dis-

affected, and righteously disaffected, through a long course of neglect, caprice, and spite—and unless he seeks for information from representative men of every grade in the Department before making his selection to fill the vacant Controiership, he will fail as distinctly as his predecessor. The proper government of a growing branch of 1,600 employes is worth study, and if Sir James Fergusson be wise, he will not only look for a man of trained experience to guard the interests of the public, but also with a reputation for fearless honesty that will inspire his subordinates with confidence. Of course, the best plan would be to relieve the Post Office altogether of a branch which could be so much more satisfactorily worked in conjunction with the National Debt Office; but that, perhaps, is too bold a departure to expect in the dying days of a Tory Ministry.

London, November 3rd, 1891.

DISCIPLINE.

OCTOBER.

FROM falling leaf to falling leaf—
How strange it was, through all the year,
In all its joy and all its grief,
You should not know I loved you, dear;
Through all the winter time and spring
You smiled and watched me come and go,
Through all the summer blossoming;
How strange it was you did not know.

Your face shone from my earth and sky,
Your voice was in my heart always,
Days were as dreams when you were by,
And nights of dreaming linked the days;
In my great joy I craved so much,
My life lay trembling at your hand,
I prayed you for one magic touch;
How strange you did not understand.

From leaf to leaf—the trees are bare,
The autumn wind is cold and stern,
And outlined in the clear sharp air
Lies a new world for me to learn;
Stranger than all, dear friend, to-day
You take my hand and do not know
A thousand years have passed away
Since last year when I loved you so.

DOLLIE RADFORD.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, November 6th, 1891.

IT may sound absurd—but my enemies, if I have any, are welcome to the confession—to admit that on closing Lanoe Falconer's new book "Cecilia de Noël" my first impulse was to get up and indite a private letter of thanks to the authoress. It was so, nevertheless; nor am I certain, even now, that it was better to abstain and write this *causerie* instead. For in print one feels constrained to find a few faults, if only to prove possession of a judicial mind: whereas in private the judicial attitude is a bore, often enough. It would be easy enough, now, after perusing the tale a second time and in cold blood, to pick out a dozen faults; but the point is that, when I read with no such purpose, the tale convinced me, and sent a thrill through me, and left me (for the time, at least) in the company of fine emotions.

Let me explain. The story contains a ghost, and, indeed, it revolves around a ghost. But the ghost had little or nothing to do with the emotions. If the judicial attitude be necessary, then the ghost must be pronounced a mistake, or at least a great risk. The supernatural, deftly used, is an excellent dodge for freezing a reader's blood; but to bring it in for any other purpose is hazardous. Conceive an author employing the machinery of "Wandering Willie's Tale" or Lytton's "The Haunters and the Haunted" to illustrate a general proposition about ordinary human beings, and you will appreciate the

difficulty. Yet this is what Lanoe Falconer has found courage to attempt, and in my opinion she has succeeded. In "Mademoiselle Ixe" she did not quite succeed, though she ran a smaller risk. There she brought a Nihilist governess into a quiet English household, and let her shoot a Russian count in the midst of a dance. It was a violent situation, and the writer used great art, but she could not soften it—and I don't know who could—sufficiently to bring it into the same plane with the rest of the story. The tragedy was not unexpected, but it jarred; and, speaking as one reader out of many thousands, I found it impossible to accept the last thirty pages of the book for truth. A writer may remove his characters to any distance from real life, if only he keep their movements at the same distance from it. When Dumas, in "Monte Cristo," invents that preposterous scene in which M. Morrel gets ready to shoot himself, we grant the author all he asks because he has asked it from the very first page of his book. But the earlier pages of "Mademoiselle Ixe" stand so nearly on the level of ordinary life that the reader refuses the last jump. He finds he has to take much more for granted than he had been led to expect. And I submit that the reader is justified in his refusal, though he may read stories as startling as that of "Mademoiselle Ixe" twice or thrice a week in his *Times*.

Now the wonder about "Cecilia de Noël" is that, though it contains a ghost, the ghost is not nearly so difficult to believe in as the Nihilist in "Mademoiselle Ixe." This is to some extent explained by the fact that we are introduced to it in the first few pages of the book and allowed to accustom ourselves to it; but our assent is mainly due to the authoress's admirable handling. She never attempts to explain it; and, indeed, we are left in some doubt whether there really is any ghost after all, though it appears to many people. She affords no hypothesis of her own, and the only one that she seems to sanction for a moment is that of the frank unbeliever in the tale who asserts that his friends saw it merely because they were prepared to see it. For the interest does not lie in the ghost, but in the effect it produces upon one after another of the people it visits.

And by these effects the writer tests the religions of one character after another. This is the aim of the book: and by the art of it we are made to disregard the ghost in our anxiety to get at the hearts of these human beings. One by one they are displayed to us with a satire that is always easy, kindly, and, in the best sense, urbane—a satire that does not mar, but rather emphasises the tenderness of feeling which makes the last chapter (if I may use the word) something holy. Many people are subjected to the ordeal of the ghost—an uncultured cook, a pompous and worldly dignitary of the Church, a dear old lady with an unswerving belief in eternal damnation, a young and ascetic priest, a lady who goes in for Mahatmas in some form, and, last of all, Cecilia de Noël. I will spoil no reader's delight by hinting how Cecilia, that beautiful but quite unorthodox Christian, encounters the ghost that has terrified a canon of the Anglican Church out of his five wits; but if the last chapter does not take the reader by the throat, I am inclined to pity him.

It was obvious enough in "Mademoiselle Ixe" that here we had a new writer filled with love of her fellow-beings. The story, for the most part, moved lightly over the surface of life; but the heart of a man or woman who can write at all is to be found very often in pages wherein he or she is least conscious of disclosing it. That is what I understand to be the real gist of Buffon's saying that the style is the man. You cannot read a page of Tourguéniéff, for instance, without feeling that it must have been

a great privilege to know Tourguéniéff. Similarly one is quite sure that Daudet or Stevenson must be charming companions; that Zola is a big-hearted man, and Meredith another; that Dickens's heart was bigger than Thackeray's, Lamb's than De Quincey's, Keats's than Byron's. It is not a question of intellect but of human feeling, and one can give affection to Goldsmith or even Swift, while Milton extorts a cold admiration.

To compare small with great, then, I find a certain amount of human feeling in the sentences of this new writer that would go far to engage one's goodwill, even were her art less severe than it is. But, as a matter of fact, "Cecilia de Noël" is full of artistic restraint. Two of the figures perhaps are over-emphasised and the utterances of Mr. Mallet, the cook, run dangerously near caricature. But the wit is sober, for the most part, and inevitable; and the working machinery of the story is kept almost, if not quite, out of sight. I do not know which was written first, "Mademoiselle Ixe" or "Cecilia de Noël": but I have no doubt which is the better book.

Of course the book is not a great one. It has not the size which—in spite of all we may say in this age of short stories—is a very real test of an author's strength. And I am aware that what has been said about human feeling may not commend itself to those who hold that the first duty of an artist is to keep himself out of his work. But since no writer as yet—not even Flaubert—has been able to keep himself out of work that deals before all things with human actions, passions, aims, and beliefs, a critic may be forgiven if he acknowledges that from this or that revelation of an artist's humanity he has gained both delight and profit. And in poetry, for my own part, I would give Adam and Eve and Satan in "Paradise Lost," and throw in Belial as a make-weight, so I might retain Keats's "Ruth"

*"when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."*

—or even Shakespeare's lover and his lass—

"With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!"

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

DR. DALE'S DISCOURSES.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST, AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By R. W. Dale, LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

THESE are certainly among the most massive, and, as a consequence, most impressive sermons of the day. Each is a sort of miniature theological treatise, but the theology is alive—as it were, heated through and through by the fires of a mighty conviction which has become a passion to convince. Dr. Dale's activity in other fields has often blinded men to his eminence as a preacher, but it is only in the pulpit that all that is most characteristic of him really appears. Indeed, all he has done as man and citizen, in politics, in education, in periodical literature, has been the direct result of his strong belief that religion is at once the absolute truth for the intellect and the absolute law for the whole life, personal and collective. On the platform he has applied religion to the questions of the day; in the pulpit he has expounded and commended the religion he has so applied. And his religion has been so strenuously practical because so profoundly theological. To him theory and practice are not opposites, but rather a unity; all his practice is rooted in theory, all his theories are surcharged with the ideals and motives that struggle towards embodiment in practice. And so the theology of these sermons is

not speculation in the air; it represents the highest mysteries of the Christian faith translated into a law alike for Man and the Church, Society and the State. The Puritan sense for conduct is here seen to be but the obverse of the Puritan love for doctrine. He is a man who believes in lofty ideals, and lives as if God meant them to be realised, yet not without strenuous labour from him.

It is this which gives Dr. Dale his distinctive place among our great preachers. His theology is, in the truest sense, of quite ideal breadth; it is as broad as life, as capable of application to the State as to the Church, as much needed by the one as by the other. Perhaps we cannot better indicate what seems to us his peculiar quality and power, as revealed in these sermons, than by a comparison with another great preacher, the late Canon Liddon. Such comparisons are always exceedingly delicate, and easily become unfair. The men and their conditions were as different as they could well be. Liddon's circumstances were the most favourable possible: he had leisure, culture, all the literary resources of a great university at his command; for the greater part of the year he lived in it, without any pastoral care or any tutorial duties, free to prepare himself by reading, by study, by meditation, for the short period of residence and pulpit oratory in London. But Dale has lived a busy life in one of our busiest cities, in daily charge of an immense congregation, full of affairs; has charged himself with administrative duties in connection with a great public school; has played the part of an active and influential citizen; and has undertaken a most unusual share of public service. And with all his strained energy, crowded days, denied leisure, he has had to prepare and preach his weekly sermons. Yet with all the disadvantages on the side of Dale, he need not fear the comparison. Liddon was an academic rhetorician, with a style formed on the most classic models of the French pulpit. He was an ecclesiastic too, with the very substance or marrow of his thought so penetrated by ritualism as to be almost deprived of elasticity. The terms under which he does his thinking are, as it were, the forms of the Church. He elaborates the ideas and doctrines suggested by its seasons; he praises the virtues that conform to its customs; he argues with persons who deny its authority or doubt its formularies. And his argument never ceases to be academic; he uses a rhetoric that does not cease to be overloaded, because so painfully elaborated and subdued; it is progressive, cumulative, ascending to a climax which is too often without the note of spontaneity, which is like the speech of a conviction that has outrun argument and been transmuted into passion. He loves the dilemma, the hard and pitiless logic that having outreasoned an opponent drives him to bay, and forces upon him one of two things his soul has abhorred: either an unqualified affirmation or an unqualified denial. Liddon was too academic, too formal, too much the Churchman, too much trained to live and think under fixed forms, to be able to understand the vaster and richer world that lay without them; and it was by the shadow of these defects that his later days were darkened. And so his very last sermon was a melancholy proof how little he could either comprehend or convince the band of disciples who had slipped from his hand in search of fresh fields and pastures new.

Now, Dr. Dale is the reverse of all this. He is more of a theologian, though less of a Churchman, in the conventional sense, than Liddon—in the real sense, indeed, his doctrine of the Church is larger and higher. His style is less elaborate and more natural; it is direct, masculine, the speech proper to a strong man, though now and then his thought puts on an impressive dignity of language. While every sentence shows him a man of culture, yet he is never academic, never scholastic. His rhetoric is as distinctively English as Liddon's was French. He is homely, but never familiar; he moves as one who advances, yet often as going uphill and with a heavy burden, too intent on carrying all he bears to his destination

to play with climaxes and rhetorical dilemmas. He is less argumentative, but more reasonable and reasoning than Liddon. He is cogent by virtue of lucidity; he convinces by being so luminous. Then his standpoint is higher and freer than Liddon's; he sees further, and he reveals more. His sermons are not those of a man familiar with the philosophies and intent on refuting the philosophers; to cite opinions in order to refute them, and then to march over plain beliefs to his own victorious conclusion is not at all in his way. He speaks and reasons and exhorts like a man who has lived among men, yet above them; his words are those of a man of God whose dwelling is in the homes of men. And so in these sermons there is a fine universalism; they might be addressed to any audience, and are such as any audience—academic, professional, commercial, artisan—could hear with pleasure, appreciation, and profit. And to hear them would be to feel that religion is a thing to be believed and obeyed. They sanctify all life, consecrate all honourable effort, aim at making the pulpit a point from which to elevate the whole of life and all its affairs. It is not the offices of the Church he loves, but, as he likes to say, its "commonalty." He is a strenuous believer in the Real Presence, but it is a presence realised through holy persons. He holds by a living and continuous Apostolic descent, but it is through the saintliness of the people, not through a mere succession of sanctioned officials. His thinking is governed by great ethical and theological ideals. The doctrine that is the root of all his thinking, and supplies its life-blood, is the Incarnation. The coming of the Son of God into Man redeems and exalts everything human, turns religion into a relation at once filial and fraternal, the Church into a brotherhood which expresses a divine Sonship, one in nature and in life with that of the eternal Son of God. The ideal is noble; the mission of the preacher is to have the very life and relations of the Godhead realised in and through and among men.

But our purpose is neither detailed exposition nor detailed criticism, but simply to commend to men who love theology a volume of discourses which will profit none but the thoughtful, and that only the thoughtful will desire to read. We cannot better conclude than with a few examples of our author's style:—

The public opinion of the Church should be friendly to intellectual integrity in its theological scholars. It is better that they should reach a false conclusion by fair means than a true one by foul. Truth itself is not the truth to the man who has been disloyal to his intellectual conscience in the formation of his belief.

The next quotation is on the Arian Controversy:

Nothing is easier than to provoke unintelligent laughter by poor jests about the fanatical enthusiasm which was kindled in Alexandria and Constantinople between the partisans of the Homoousian and the partisans of the Homoiousian theory of our Lord's person. Nothing is easier than to assume a tone of impressive solemnity in rebuking the orthodox theologians of those days for their profane presumption in venturing with their logic and their metaphysics into the mysterious depths of the Divine nature, and for endeavouring to frame definitions when they ought to have fallen prostrate in adoration and awe. But let it never be forgotten that it is not the orthodox that are responsible for the presumption with which they alone are charged; they only pursued with the logic of orthodoxy the logic of heresy. The attempt was made so to define the relation of the Son of God to the Father as to rob the Church of the great truth that Christ was God Incarnate; and the Athanasian theology was a metaphysical protection of the fundamental truth of the Christian revelation against a metaphysical theory in which that truth was evaded or suppressed. The weapons by which the faith was defended were necessarily of the same kind as the weapons by which it was attacked. Both may have become as obsolete as the ships and the guns of the Armada, and the ships and the guns of the gallant sailors who fought for England against the power of Spain; but the freedom and independence of England, and the very existence of Protestantism on the continent of Europe, were at stake when our fathers went out to fight the fleets of Philip. I, for my part, am not disposed to speak of their rude vessels and their ruder guns with contempt; and I see in the metaphysics and logic of Athanasius and his comrades the best weapons which the Church in those centuries could command for the defence and the security of the most precious truth contained in the Gospel of Christ.

The following maintains the position that science, even when it speaks through the mouth of a physician, cannot command conscience:—

But he tells me that I must live near the moors or the sea; that I must leave my books and my desk; must spend five or six hours every day in the open air; must ride, or drive, or fish, or shoot; that if I go on working I shall break down in a very few years, and, a year or two later, shall die. That may be all true, but it contains no law which I am under any obligation to obey. Even supposing that I have the resources necessary to carry out his directions, it may be perfectly clear that I am bound to disregard them. My work may be of a kind which I have no more right to desert for fear of breaking down in health and shortening my life than a soldier has to desert his post for fear of being shot. It is the clear duty of the soldier to run the risk of being shot—that is his vocation; and no scientific demonstration of the mischievous effect of a gun-shot wound in the chest can in any way affect his duty; it may be just as clearly my duty to keep to my work at the risk of ruining my health and of dying before my time; and no scientific demonstration of the mischievous effects of those habits of life which are incident to my work can relieve me from guilt and dishonour if I leave the work undone.

COLLEGE HISTORIES.

THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD: THEIR HISTORY AND TRADITIONS.
xxi. Chapters Contributed by Members of the University.
Edited by Andrew Clark, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College,
Oxford. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

A BOOK that should give a full and accurate account of the one-and-twenty colleges which compose the University of Oxford could scarcely have been written by one man unless he had given to his task the labours of a life-time. In many of them the stream of their history has to be traced back through a remote past to the period when it first began to flow in a channel that can be traced with any distinctness. But this channel is itself often fed by still smaller streams, which have also to be tracked by the patience of the antiquary through the dark wastes of time. Even to write the history of a single college might well require the co-operation of at least two writers. There are at present in Oxford many men who have made a close study of our early history; those who are familiar with the social life of the last two centuries might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Could Mr. Andrew Clark, the learned editor of "The Colleges of Oxford," have doubled his staff of writers, he would have produced a still more valuable and interesting book. In the case of Keble College, indeed—which, properly speaking, is not a college at all, for it is not a corporate body—one writer much more than suffices. The editor might here very properly have followed the example of Horrebow in his famous chapter on the snakes of Iceland—"Chapter lxxii. Concerning Snakes. There are no snakes in Iceland." So, too, Mr. Clark might have cut down his last chapter to just two lines—"Chapter xxi. Keble College. There is no college of that name in the University of Oxford." Many of the contributors, aware of their ignorance, have glided over the later period with the lightest possible touch. One or two, we have no doubt, have thought it decent to throw a veil over their Alma Mater in the time of her greatest degradation. Others apparently have been overwhelmed with the dignity and gravity of their subject, and like the older writers of biography, have considered everything that was trifling or familiar as unworthy of their pen. It is no light thing, for instance, to write the history of Oriel; it is almost as serious a matter as composing the Life of an archbishop. Like matrimony, it is not by any to be enterprised, nor taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly. The ghosts of its famous Fellows sit as heavy on the soul of their successor, to whom we owe the account of the college, as ever the ghosts of his murdered victims sat on the soul of Richard III. They are lead within his bosom. So awful and solemn are they that he scarcely ventures even to mention them. Whately is passed over in silence; Newman is not spoken of by name; Arnold is dismissed in two or three lines. To Mark Pattison's curious but bitter account of Oriel, as he found it nearly sixty years ago, there is not the slightest reference. Of Provost Hawkins, the author of the decline and fall of the reputation of the college, not

a word is said. Even the men of last century are not remote enough for their failings to be described. A more daring artist would surely have heightened the merits of Provost Eveleigh, who raised Oriel to its pitch of glory, by recounting how his reverend predecessor was "continually obliged to be assisted to bed by his butler, while the Gaudies were a scene of wild licence." This was the account that Newman (Cardinal Newman, we mean) gave to Mark Pattison. It differs not a little from the description which we find in the work before us, where we read that "the history of the college during the remainder of the eighteenth century was quiet, decorous, and uneventful." Uneventful it may have been, for even the drunkenness of a provost by long continuance ceases to be an event; but quiet and decorous it certainly was not.

The editor, happily, in his own chapter is free from this squeamishness. Lincoln College, however, is not an awful theme like Oriel. There is no man in Oxford better versed than Mr. Clark in the early history of the university; but he does not trust merely to his learning to recommend his narrative. We have a lively picture of his college in its best and its worst days. In the seventeenth century we see one Fellow "sore bruising and beating the face" of another Fellow; in the eighteenth century we are introduced to that famous rector who preached a sermon two hours and a half long, in which he expressed the pious wish that "all the Jarman philosophers were at the bottom of the Jarman Ocean." We see the same venerable figure driving into Oxford from his country living, with a pair of pigs in his phaeton for sale in the pig-market. We see also the Fellows, most of whom also had livings in the neighbourhood, every Monday evening refreshing themselves after their double ride and their spiritual labours by a "wet night," as they called it. Two bottles of port were provided for each man, while a third was often sent for. Coming down to the present age, we find one of this jovial brotherhood ending as a tramp in the casual-ward at Northampton. Another, who had come into a valuable and distant living, died in the Oxford Debtors' Prison. "When, in 1854, the new incumbent went to the living, he found that the parishioners, unable to get anything out of their rector, had helped themselves from the rectory-house—windows, doors, staircases, floors, slates, stones, had been taken away, and the ruins, sold at an auction, fetched less than £10." Excellent, too, is Mr. Clark's story of the Lincoln tutor, who always kept a bottle of port by him while his pupil translated Livy's account of Hannibal's campaign. "Whenever we came to the name of that Carthaginian general," so one of his pupils reported, "my tutor would replenish his glass, saying, 'Here's that old fellow again; we must drink his health.'"

Not less accurate and lively is Mr. Poole's account of Balliol. It might have been expected that he, too, would be overwhelmed by the gravity and solemnity of his task; happily he has not been weighed down either by his own learning or the reputation of his college. Speaking of the period from the end of the middle ages down to the present century, he says:—"In the general decline of learning, education, and manners, Balliol College appears even to have sunk below most of its rivals, and its annals show little more than a dreary record of lazy torpor and bad living." So low did it sink, that one afternoon the president of Trinity, who was also Vice-Chancellor, was seen "in his garden throwing stones at its windows with much satisfaction, as if happy to contribute his share in completing the appearance of its ruins." Mr. Poole very truly observes that "in modern times Oxford has ever been a prey to architects." He shows, however, that even in the good old days its buildings were a prey to a Vice-Chancellor and Head of House.

In the interesting account which we have of Corpus from its president, we see the severity of the discipline during the time of the Commonwealth. A

scholar who had in his room some out-college men, and had joined with them in making a disturbance, "was sentenced to be kept hard at work in the library from morning to evening prayers for a month." It is much to be wished that the same punishment could be revived for the young ruffians who in these latter days, "flown with insolence and wine," after their drunken boating-suppers, break into a college that knows them not, tear down the woodwork, and light a bonfire with it in the quadrangle. No penalty would more speedily drive them forth from a seat of learning which they disgrace.

We had hoped from the several writers to ascertain with great accuracy the effect produced on the University by the Restoration, but only eight of the whole number have examined the question. Mr. Boase, an authority of great weight, says that in Exeter "the Restoration put an end alike to learning and to discipline." In Oriel, at this period, "the system of election to Fellowships was tainted with corruption." Lincoln, happily, under a good sub-rector, "fairly escaped the break-down in manners, morals, and studies, which the Restoration brought to many colleges." "Corpus does not seem to have gained in learning, discipline or quiet, by the change of government." In All Souls' "corrupt resignation, which had survived the Parliamentary visitation, blossomed out into all its old luxuriance in the easy times of the Restoration." In Christ Church the Dean "could not work miracles of discipline or reform the manners of the Restoration." The effect produced in Wadham is not mentioned; but of the earlier changes made by the Parliamentary Commissioners we are told "that they did far more good than harm to the college." In one college only is it asserted that the Commonwealth was a great evil and the Restoration a great blessing. St. John's, it is maintained, "languished in poverty and neglect until the Restoration, its property dissipated, and its learning in decay. . . . The first results of the Restoration were works of piety." But Mr. Hutton, who in all other parts of his narrative writes well and clearly, when he comes to "the second founder of the college, Laud," his system and his works, throws over him and them a light which may be religious, but which is certainly dim.

To the Provost of Queen's we are indebted for a scholarly account of his College. Nevertheless we cannot but complain that, familiar as he is with the eighteenth century, he leaves its life undescribed. He merely mentions Jeremy Bentham's name. Why does he not tell how the founder of the Utilitarian philosophy was one day held up by his heels till a half-guinea rolled out of his breeches-pocket, which he never saw again, and how another day he received a blow in the eye from a fellow-collegian, who first invited him to supper and then lay in wait for him on his return. Why have we no account of Provost Fothergill, "who would not have been seen abroad minus his wig and gown for a dukedom," and who the night of the great fire at Queen's, when he could nowhere be found, and his life was despaired of, "suddenly emerged from the burning pile, full-dressed as usual, his wig something the worse for being nearly 'done to a turn.'" Queen's has many famous men to boast of. Among those whom the Provost recounts with just pride we should have willingly seen omitted the name of a recent Professor of Arabic, who was only eminent for his orthodoxy and for his utter ignorance of the language which he professed.

We must rapidly pass over the histories of the other colleges—over Jesus with its account of moneys spent on the fortifications of Oxford in the time of Charles I.; All Souls with its drum stove in, just as it was brought back 200 years ago by the University battalion which took the field against Monmouth; Worcester, where the porter every morning rouses the sleepers by hammering upon the door of each staircase with a mallet, as his predecessors more than five centuries ago roused the Benedictines whose cells form the most ancient part

of the college. We must not tarry at University, with its fellows who forged deeds; at Brasenose, with its Ale verses; or at New College, where, only sixty years ago, two choir-boys still every day gave the summons to dinner "by shouting in unison and in measured syllables, 'Tempus est vo-can-di à-manger, O Seigneurs.'" Over these good things, and many others like them, want of space will not let us tarry. He who has Oxford for his theme can never reach the end of his subject. At some kind of a conclusion, however, we must arrive. Ours shall be the recommendation to the learned editor that he should bring out a companion volume in which every college shall be described by one who does not belong to it. Let St. John's be drawn by Balliol and Balliol by St. John's, and the result will be both lively and curious.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PARKER.

THE LAST OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS. By Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B. London: Harrison & Sons. 1891.

ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir William Parker was a gallant officer, of good and long service; but three large and closely printed volumes about him are more than mortal man can be fairly expected to read through; and though they have their value as a work of reference and a storehouse of fact and anecdote, Sir Augustus Phillimore has done well in now publishing an abridged edition in one volume, itself a bulky memoir. Admiral Phillimore was for some years Sir William Parker's flag-lieutenant, during his command in the Mediterranean, and continued on terms of familiar friendship with his old chief up to the day of his death in November, 1866. He thus had personal knowledge of much that he now relates, and enjoyed the rare advantage of hearing the experience and the anecdotes of the long watch off Toulon from the lips of one who himself took part in it, and was described as one of the best frigate captains in the service. Sir William Parker entered the navy in 1793. He was a nephew and cousin of Lord St. Vincent, and he could talk, genially enough sometimes, of the mighty men of old, whom he had seen and known in the flesh. It is thus that his "Life" has an exceptional interest and value to the student of naval history; but popular, in the ordinary sense of the word, it can scarcely expect to be; for Parker was a man of good rather than of brilliant service. It may be that he was unfortunate in not getting a chance; but an old proverb assures us that chance comes to those who wait, and Parker commanded the *Amazon*, one of our finest 38-gun frigates, for close on ten busy years—from 1802 to 1812. However that may be, the fact remains that his service as a captain included nothing more brilliant than assisting in the capture of the *Belle Poule* in 1806, when the enemy was altogether over-matched. Perhaps the most "taking" incident in his early career was the capture of a Spanish homeward-bound ship off Lisbon in January, 1805. The *Amazon* had been sent by Nelson from off Toulon to Lisbon, with despatches and permission to cruise for a few weeks. She met the packet outside Lisbon; and after sending the despatches on board and getting the receipt, Parker made sail to the westward, to the extreme disgust of his officers, who, after a year off Toulon, thought themselves almost entitled to a week at Lisbon. But Parker was resolute: it was the only chance he had had of getting any prize-money, and he was determined to make the most of it. And the very next morning they sighted a large Spanish ship, overhauled her and brought her to. The boarding-officer returned, scarcely able to speak from excitement:—

"She is the *Grarina*, sir, of six guns."

"Well, what is her cargo?"

"Oh, sir, she has hides and indigo."

"That is capital;" but seeing the lieutenant still much excited,

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir, cochineal."

"Still better. What is the matter? any more?"

"Sir, she has three hundred and thirty thousand dollars in hard coin besides!"

The joy throughout the ship, after the dreary blockading at Toulon, may easily be conceived. All the officers instantly came up to thank their captain for his firmness in not yielding to their entreaties, and expressed their gratitude with genuine fervour.

And so, after a month's cruise, when the *Amazon* rejoined the fleet, Parker was able to hand Nelson a bill for £10,000, as the flag share of his success, his own share being more than double that amount.

As an admiral Parker commanded the squadron in China during the latter part of the first war, and brought it to a satisfactory end by the apparently simple method of seizing the southern entrance of the Grand Canal. On his return to England in 1845 he was rewarded with a baronetcy, and was at once appointed commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, where he continued for seven years, which included the revolutions and turmoil of 1848, and the incident of Don Pacifico—half comic as it seems now—in 1850. From a legal point of view, the question was:—

"Whether the state of the Greek tribunals was such as to warrant Lord Palmerston in insisting on M. Pacifico's demand being satisfied by the Greek Government, before that person had exhausted the legal remedies which it must be presumed are afforded by the ordinary tribunals of every civilised state;"

and Sir Augustus Phillimore, with, probably, Sir William Parker's opinion to guide him, thinks that the ordinary tribunals of Greece at that time afforded no legal remedy.

What we like least about the book is its title. The "Life of Sir William Parker" we could understand—it carries its meaning on its face; but "The Last of Nelson's Captains" is claptrap, is unworthy of the subject, and is not strictly accurate, for Parker cannot fairly be classed as "one of Nelson's captains" merely because he was captain of a cruising frigate which for about eighteen months was attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, under Nelson's command. It is not in this sense, at least, that the name of "Nelson's captains" has been assigned to those who fought and conquered with him at the Nile, at Copenhagen, or at Trafalgar—to Miller, or Hardy, or Berry, or to those whom, like Hoste and Collier, he trained almost from infancy. If Parker was anybody's captain it was rather St. Vincent's. He was St. Vincent's nephew: from an early period he made St. Vincent his model, and did, at an humble distance, succeed in imitating him, even in his worst points. Sir Augustus Phillimore is naturally inclined to take a favourable, perhaps a too favourable, view of the character of his friend and chief; but, with all his faults, he was a fine old fellow. The book, too, taken all together, is a good book, even as it stands; it would be very much better if it had an index. The want is an offence against the canons of book-making for which there can be no excuse.

CAMBRIDGE LIFE.

IN CAMBRIDGE COURTS: STUDIES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE IN PROSE AND VERSE. By R. C. Lehmann. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

It will be exceedingly satisfactory to those who remember "Harry Fludyer" to find that its author has once more written of Cambridge Life. With the Cambridge undergraduate Mr. Lehmann is in perfect sympathy; he knows him well and admires him immensely. He is not, however, in the least blind to undergraduate faults and failings; on the contrary, he can treat them with good-humoured satire. He has observed well and closely; he can depict what he has observed brightly and clearly. Old Cambridge men, who have always an affectionate remembrance of their University days, will be glad to recall through these pages the scenes and society of their youth,

"The daily tramp of eager men,
The nightly hush of hoary walls."

Perhaps the best part of the book is the series of Cambridge Dialogues. In one the average bed-maker is sketched to the life. The average bed-maker

is anecdotal, lenient to the frailties of youth, and sarcastic on the subject of economies that she considers to be unworthy. At the commencement of this dialogue she is just finishing a story:—

"But where 'e got to we never knoo. I 'eard a week arterwards that they found one of 'is boots in the Lib'ary, and another in 'is tutor's coalscuttle; but 'owever 'e slipped 'isself through them bars in the middle o' the night is more than I can say. 'E's a Counsellor in London now, a very moross man, and makin' no end of money, with a sweet pretty wife and two such dear children. I dessay 'e wouldn't care for many of his friends to know this story; but, Lor', they all carried on in them days, and I don't blame 'em for it: (*Voicc on an upper floor shouts in stentorian tones, 'Mrs. Groves!'*) Ah, let 'im shout. I wonder if 'e thinks I'm a-go'in' to run my legs orf for 'im. 'E's one o' your potted-meat lot. (*Voicc again, 'Mrs. Groves!'*) I wonder it don't stick in 'is throat and stop 'is shoutin'."

Another of the dialogues deals with the Cambridge dog-fancier. The dog-fancier has halted under a window at which two undergraduates are sitting. He has put down a St. Bernard puppy, which has promptly rolled into a puddle. He commences his wiles by addressing, apparently, the puppy:—

"Ah! you set there, my beauty, and get that coat o' yourn dry. Bless your 'cart, you don't mind a bit of a bath no more than (*vaguely*) any of us does. But there, you're a haristocrat, you are, and you knows when you're come to your proper place. Jim Topper was right when 'e told me yesterday—(*Correctively*) No, 'twarn't yesterday; 'twas the day afore—that there warn't nothin' but haristocrats in this 'ere street."

The dissipations of undergraduates and their small vanities are all drawn with gentle satire. There are scenes on the river, at the examination for the Little Go, at the rehearsals of the A. D. C., and in the awesome antechamber of the Dean's rooms, where they wait who have the unhappiness to be "hauded." It is chiefly, of course, with the lighter side of academic life that Mr. Lehmann deals, remembering that he is writing in the Whitefriars Library. Yet we may gather his opinion on one or two serious questions: he objects to the abolition of bedmakers and to the introduction of agriculture as a subject for study at Cambridge. The latter proposal was part of that spirit of utilitarianism which is now again at work on our educational system. Mr. Lehmann refers delicately to one humiliation that has befallen the undergraduate. He may sit at the feet of Dr. Jebb, and learn to emulate Pindar—

"But at times the high gods who o'er papers preside
Send a lady from Newnham to chasten our pride."

Perhaps the chief charm of University life is the youth of the undergraduate. Youth, with its brilliance and lightness of heart, its blunders and amateurishness, its frank ignorance and delightful enthusiasm, its strength of body and freshness of mind, is irresistible. For most of its sins youth is its own sufficient excuse; its eager culture of mind and body alike, as seen at Cambridge, is admirable. Mr. Lehmann thus addresses those who are just commencing their career at Cambridge:

"So advance and be welcome; we greet you delighted;
And oh! be not tired of your freshness too soon;
The age that you ask for will come uninvited,
Like the thief in the night or the tripos in June.
And we envy, who pause and regret and grow grey,
The joy of mere living that stirs you to-day."

Few, if any, are better qualified than Mr. Lehmann to speak of Cambridge life. His personal experience of it has been unusually wide and intimate. At the same time, it should hardly be necessary to point out that Mr. Lehmann is not an amateur, and that his literary abilities have already received the recognition which they undoubtedly deserve. Life at Cambridge, unspoiled by the malice and money-making of later years, is a good subject for a writer so genial, so observant, so spirited as Mr. Lehmann. Such, at least, is the opinion of a reviewer who is himself a Cambridge man, and is prepared to receive all consequent accusations with equanimity; for it is difficult to believe that a book will receive its fairest treatment at the hands of that man whose ignorance of its subject is most complete. The writing of "In Cambridge Courts" is somewhat

unequal; its author does not always hit the mark; but, on the whole, we believe that all old Cambridge men will receive it with enthusiastic gratitude, and that to the outside world it presents a series of very clever and striking pictures of a kind of life which has been almost uniformly misrepresented.

FICTION.

1. VAIN FORTUNE. By George Moore. One vol. London: Henry & Co. 1891.
2. AT SUNDRY TIMES AND IN DIVERS MANNERS. By Mary Eleanor Benson. Two vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

IN "Vain Fortune" Mr. George Moore deals with the career of a dramatist, with his transition from extreme poverty to a fortune unexpectedly inherited, and with his attitude towards three women. It is not worth while to detail the plot, because, as "Vain Fortune" happens to be an artistic piece of work, it does not live by plot alone, and a bare sketch would convey no idea whatever of the qualities of the book. It is vivid; to take one small, but not altogether insignificant, instance, Mr. George Moore writes, in describing the scene at the corner of Tottenham Court Road:—"A conductor shouted for fares, with the light of public-house lamps on his open mouth." Most novelists would have said that the light fell on the conductor's face, and might possibly have suited better the conventional taste. But the detail which Mr. George Moore has added suggests motion, rapid and transient; it depicts a characteristic moment, and so suggests the whole scene; it is luminous. Again, Mr. George Moore is truthful just where the more conventional novelist is false. The chapter which describes the suicide of Emily is a case in point; the more ordinary taste—believed by the more ordinary people to be the more correct taste—will never forgive Mr. Moore for being accurate in a medical detail; but in his description of Emily's failure to poison herself with chloral, he seems to us to have treated the truth artistically; the failure is consistent with the ignorance of the morbid and hysterical heroine, and the unpleasant details are not unduly emphasised. When Emily drowns herself, Mr. Moore writes just as truly:—

"It was one of those warm nights of winter when a sulphur-coloured sky hangs like a blanket behind the wet, dishevelled woods; and, though there was neither moon nor star, the night was strangely clear, and the shadow of the bridge was distinct in the water. When she approached the brink the swans moved slowly away. They reminded her of the cold; but the black obsession of death was upon her; and hastening her steps, she threw herself forward. She fell into shallow water and regained her feet, and for a moment it seemed uncertain if she would wade to the bank or fling herself into a deeper place. Suddenly she sank, the water rising to her shoulders. She was lifted off her feet. A faint struggle, a faint cry, and then nothing—nothing but the whiteness of the swans moving through the sultry night slowly towards the island."

Mr. George Moore's sympathies seem wider in this volume than in some of his previous work; there is far less that is crude or violent: his keen observation and fine felicity of expression are noticeable. "Vain Fortune" is not a book written especially for school-girls, and school-girls would perhaps do well to leave it alone. But it seems to us to be good work, distinct in quality, and full of strong, human interest. The book will not make the dramatic critics love Mr. Moore any better; but then he has never shown himself particularly anxious to secure their affection.

"At Sundry Times and in Divers Manners" is a story by the late Miss Benson. It is prefaced by a short biography and a critical estimate of her work by her brother. With such a book the reviewer feels that he has very little to do. He is under too many limitations. However this is a story which, on its merits alone, deserves gentle treatment. It is a religious story; it deals with "the birth of the soul"; and yet it contains much which is bright and new. It is seldom that one finds fervent convictions of any kind in combination, as here, with a remarkably

keen sense of humour. It is seldom that religious stories escape, as in these volumes, from the conventionality of phrase and thought. Too often their good lessons are spoiled by the lifeless and unattractive form in which they are presented. As studies of character, some of the girls in this book are excellent; admirable, too, is the sketch of Mrs. Hawes, a poor woman with an intense interest in diseases:

"It was a odd illness. It was on a Toosday night, 'e was eating liver and bacon for his supper—just a scooping up the gravy on the end of his knife, he was, when they looked up, and there! he was gone—no illness nor anything. The doctor said it was nuffin at all, but the pulst was gawn."

It would not be difficult, perhaps, if one were in the mind for it, to point out certain faults in the book. But there is far more to praise. The story itself is interesting, and some of it is really pathetic; it contains ample evidence of broad mind and sympathies; and it deals well with a subject which writers of fiction have generally treated very indifferently.

THE MAGAZINES.

IRISH Local Government is the foremost political subject this month. In the *Contemporary*, Sir Stephen de Vere warns the Government to pause in its rash, headlong course, because a Local Government Bill for Ireland is all that is wanted to complete Sir C. G. Duffy's programme. Sir Stephen contrives, in attacking "the weak sophism of the same laws for England and Ireland," to supply a famous argument for Home Rule: Since the true aim of a good Government is the welfare of the State, legislation must vary according to the different characters and conditions of those whom it affects. If Sir Stephen could only see what the logical outcome of that position is! Mr. T. W. Russell in the *Fortnightly* is not so desponding as Sir Stephen de Vere. He would do exactly what Sir Stephen warns him not to do, treat Ireland as Great Britain is treated. "We may not be rushing the millennium; we may not even be 'shooting Niagara,'" but Mr. Russell is for making the venture, and that boldly. We have heard much of "shooting Niagara," since Carlyle invented the political application. Does it ever strike the Dissident Liberals and the Tories what will be the result of an attempt to *dam* Niagara—say, with a Local Government Bill? In the *Scottish Review*, which reached us too late for notice among the Quarterlies, Judge Morris ventilates a plan of his own for Ireland; a plan which he knows will not receive the approbation of Mr. Gladstone's party, and which will be ridiculed by Parnellites and Nationalists. The Judge is right; to propose a plan based upon distrust of Ireland, as his is, is to offer for bread the grey old stone against which Ireland has been breaking its teeth for hundreds of years.

The late leader of the House of Commons receives a very appreciative notice in *Blackwood*. In the *National* there is a comic paper on "The New Leader." We could pull out plums to fill a column, but two will suffice. We are assured that the Conservative members of the present Ministry forego the leisure and the pursuits of private life only because their duty to the State is to keep certain dangerous reformers in check. To this the best reply would be "Just so!"—with the proper inflection; but we may point out for the benefit of the anonymous writer, that a patriotic statesman is never conscious of foregoing anything in doing his "duty to the State." Our other selection from this amusing article refers to Mr. Parnell, of whom it is said that "he assumed the character of a still, strong man in a blatant land," because, "if he had been always in evidence, and always talking, it would have been discovered that he was not really cleverer or stronger than any one of many of his followers and his supremacy would have ceased." Again the irresistible remark is

"Just so!"—with the proper inflection. We can see only as far as our sight will carry; and paltry souls detect paltriness everywhere. It was a man of Gotham who first perceived, after staring at it with his naked eyes for a forenoon, that the sun was only a spot with some splashes of light on it. It is a pleasure to turn to "such an honest chronicler" as Justin McCarthy. If the *National* anonymous boy—he cannot be out of his teens—will look up the *Contemporary* he may learn, as Catherine of Aragon learned from Griffiths, to honour "in his ashes" him whom he hated living. We may leave the political matter with a reference to Mr. Dicey's "My Critics" (*Nineteenth Century*). Mr. Dicey is unrepentant. "Had I to choose," he says, "between the maintenance of the Union and the prolongation of Mr. Gladstone's existence, I should, without a doubt, select the former alternative." When, next year, Mr. Gladstone is returned to power with an overwhelming majority, there will be nothing left for Mr. Dicey but to write a pamphlet entitled "Killing no Murder."

The French military and naval manœuvres of this year showed astonished Europe, and astonished France for that matter, that the shattered and despoiled country of 1871 had in twenty years become again one of the strongest, if not the strongest, nation in Europe. Doubtless this revival of French prestige has to do with the large space devoted to French matters in the current magazines. Sir Charles Dilke's very important and exhaustive paper on the "French Armies" (*Fortnightly*) is perhaps the most interesting of the many interesting articles on military affairs that have come from his pen. Sir Charles had special privileges, and saw as much of the French manœuvres as one remarkably observant pair of eyes could take in. It is not all manœuvres, however. Pietresque description, able characterisations of the French Generals, and thoroughly informed criticism and comparison of the French and English armies, give this article a peculiar worth. In the *Contemporary* Madame Blaze de Bury writes in her attractive way on the "Spiritualisation of Thought in France." "Desjardinism," a word used to express the purest and utmost ideality of thought, and derived from the name of the founder of the psychological school, Paul Desjardins, has killed naturalism. On every side the new generation is impelled towards spirituality; and it is no leap in the dark, but "a leap in the light." Professor Dowden (*Fortnightly*) and Mr. E. Delille (*Nineteenth*) do not arrive at the same conclusion. In their notices of M. Huret's "Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire"—the collection of interviews, pen-portraits, and revelations, which has caused lately such a fluttering in French literary doveots, and which was noticed in THE SPEAKER upon its publication—they are inclined to think that the deliverers have not yet appeared. From internal evidence Madame Blaze de Bury's article is incomparably more important than either of the other two, and we believe ourselves justified in hoping with her that along with material prosperity the soul of France has revived, rather than in doubting with Mr. Dowden, or sneering with Mr. Delille. "French and English," by Miss Betham-Edwards (*Fortnightly*), is based on Mr. Hamerton's interesting work. Other articles on French men and things are to be found in the *Gentleman's*, *Temple Bar*, *Murray's*, *Longman's*, *Argosy*, and *Macmillan's*.

Mr. William Archer and Mr. David Christie Murray, in the *Fortnightly* and the *Contemporary*, although agreeing that the time is ripe for a great dramatic revival in England, disagree regarding possible revivalists. Mr. Archer, "with a trumpet at his lips, ready to hail his advent, waits eagerly on the Messiah," but "no one appears who can for a moment be mistaken for the master who is to be." Mr. Murray thinks we have already three men capable of being masters—Messrs. Buchanan, Sims, and Pinero, to wit. We question if the high priest

of Ibsen will recognise Marlowe when he comes. Mr. Murray is easily satisfied.

We have been especially struck with three papers in the *Economic Review*. In Mr. G. Binney Dibblee's "Socialism of Ferdinand Lassalle," the "thinker and fighter" is shown to have been, contrary to the popular estimate, less a dreamer than a statesman, who trusted not in universal brotherhood, but in a national policy, and who never expected all things to take place in a day. In the "Impediment to Production" Mr. Francis Minton maintains that the existing poverty of society does not originate from any lack of productive vitality, but is due to a congestion in the circulatory system, induced by the unequal distribution of wealth. He would mitigate existing evils by the abolition of the land monopoly, a progressive income-tax such as would prohibit the accumulation of colossal fortunes, and an increase in the probate and succession duties. From "What is Justice?" by the Rev. H. Rashdall, a sufficient answer, if it were needed, is to be found for Mr. Ambrose Cox's absurd paper on "Evolution and Equality" (*National*). The most generally interesting article in the *International Journal of Ethics* is a very hopeful "Interpretation of the Social Movements of our Time," by Professor Adams.

Although it is somewhat spoiled in the telling, the best story of the month is undoubtedly Mr. Egerton Castle's "The Baron's Quarry," in *Temple Bar*. Surprise at the *dénouement* is complete, and the reader is enthralled when the narrative gets way towards the end. "The Waifs of Wind Creek" (*Cornhill*) is not nearly so convincing, and the horrible ending is altogether perverse. The mad woman should not have been caught in the bear-trap. Her husband should have found her; and she should have recovered her reason at sight of him and died in his arms. "The Elegie" (*Blackwood*) and "The Lady Guide" (*Longmans*), by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, are very good stories. Gertrude, in the latter, is capitally sketched.

We have already mentioned the most interesting literary articles in our reference to France. The writer of "Mr. Henry James" (*Murray's*) indicates a tenderness for the old, the poor, the humble, the disgraced by fortune, as perhaps the only personal note Mr. James allows to modify the vigour of disinterested observation. Mr. Francis Adams writes with discriminative appreciation on Rudyard Kipling in the *Fortnightly*. "The Old Saloon" (*Blackwood*) is too forlorn and antiquated. "The Theology of Mr. Swinburne's Poems" (*Gentleman's*), by Robert Shindler, is well written.

It is curious to compare Lord Wolseley's criticism of Moltke's "Franco-German War" (*United Service*)—original and translation—with the article on the same subject in *Blackwood*. In the latter the translation is passed over with a slight rebuke, and Moltke's work is praised to the echo. Lord Wolseley devotes several pages to very damaging criticism of the translation, and characterises the original as a spiritless summary of great events and of famous victories.

The engravings by T. Cole from Michael Angelo in the *Century*, the fully illustrated article on Chicago in the *Cosmopolitan*, the reproductions of numerous pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts in *Atalanta*, the portraits of Milton and the illustrations of Hatfield House in the *English Illustrated*, are the most attractive features of those magazines. *St. Nicholas* has always got plenty of good pictures. There is an illustrated article on "Holloway College" in the *Educational Review*. The *Critical Review* contains a great variety of matter on theology and philosophy by English, Scotch, and German specialists. In *The Monthly Packet* Miss Yonge continues her "Cameos from English History," and "That Stick," a serial story of and for girls. We must not omit to mention Mr. Frederic Harrison's article on the London County Council (*New Review*), and the interesting family letters of General Sherman in the *Cosmopolitan*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

It appears, from the investigations of Dr. Edridge-Green, as set forth in the new volume of the "International Scientific Series," that "Colour-Blindness" is more common amongst the uneducated than the educated classes—a curious circumstance, and one for which it is difficult to account. Women have a much better perception of colour than men; indeed, by the ordinarily accepted tests, only one woman in two thousand is found to be colour-blind, whereas one-fifth of the educated men whom Dr. Green examined had "diminished colour perception, although the majority could not be classified as colour-blind." Colour, according to the view advanced in this book, is a sensation, and not an unalterable physical quality; and the reason why a certain combination of rays gives rise to the sensation of a certain tint is explained by the theory of psycho-physical perception—a position with which readers of Dr. Edridge-Green's ingenious book on "Memory" are already familiar. The argument is supported by the results obtained as the outcome of the scientific examination of upwards of a hundred colour-blind persons, as well as of many others of more or less defective vision. Dr. Green is of opinion that a great many accidents, both by land and sea, are due to colour-blindness on the part of engine-drivers, pilots, and other men in temporary charge of human life. The chapters on the classification of the colour-blind, acquired colour-blindness, and the tests by which this visual defect may be discovered, are of special interest, though the whole book is written from a practical standpoint and a constant appeal to well-ascertained facts.

Although it is only five years since Dr. Madden died, the chief work of his life was accomplished more than forty years ago, and it is probable that he will be chiefly remembered by his services in connection with the abolition of the slave trade, and as the friend and biographer of the once famous, but now almost forgotten, Lady Blessington. Born in Dublin in 1796, Richard Madden was educated for the medical profession, and was at one time in practice first in Naples and afterwards in Constantinople. He was a vivacious Irishman, of roving propensities, and leanings towards literature. In these curious memoirs, which are chiefly autobiographical, we gain a vivid idea of a restless, genial, self-opinionated, and philanthropic man who once cut a considerable figure in the fashionable circles of London and Paris. Dr. Madden was fond of printer's ink, and published no less than forty volumes, though all of them have slipped into perhaps not undeserved oblivion. His life was peculiarly rich in stimulating friendships, but though many distinguished names occur in this fragmentary and somewhat clumsily-written narrative, the reminiscences which are linked to them are disappointingly slight. Quite one of the best passages in the book is the sketch of society at Gore House, when Lady Blessington was at the height of her power; and a pathetic account is given of the debt and disaster in which that brilliant leader of fashion found herself involved in the spring of 1849, when she quitted London for ever, leaving Gore House and its treasures to the mercy of her creditors. The nine days' sale at Kensington was a nine days' wonder, and brokers and dealers with noisy clamour pushed and fought in keen competition for the books and pictures which had once been so carefully guarded. "Guest after guest came to stare with the crowd and scan the rooms where but lately he was fain to bring the incense of his adulation; and it is thus that a faithful servant, writing to the Countess, sums up the tale and pays an unconscious tribute to a great writer often misrepresented as a mere satirist. 'Mr. Thackeray came also, and had tears in his eyes when he went away. He is, perhaps, the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure.'" Every article in the house was sold off without reserve, and no less than twenty thousand people took the opportunity to gratify their curiosity by a personal visit to the rooms which the rank, fashion, and talent of the metropolis had rendered memorable. The sale realised upwards of £13,000; and when all the creditors had been satisfied, Lady Blessington found herself in possession of a modest cheque for £11. Count D'Orsay also figures in the volume, and Dr. Madden asserts that, but for the timely help which that celebrated dandy extended at a critical moment to Louis Napoleon, the latter would never have ascended the throne of France. There are some odd slips of the pen in the volume, and little evidence of literary skill and judgment, though here and there it is possible

to discover a fresh anecdote, and even sometimes a new side-light on society in the earlier years of the Queen's reign.

Dr. Gardiner has issued, by way of a companion book to his "Student's History of England" a "School Atlas of English History"—ingenious in idea, comprehensive in scope, and scholarly in execution. The little volume contains no less than sixty-six coloured maps, and these are supplemented by twenty-two plans of epoch-making battles, from Hastings to Sevastopol. Not only is it possible by consulting these maps to see at a glance the condition of England from the Roman occupation to the present time, but also—to take but one or two typical examples—to understand the extent of the English conquests in France in the fifteenth century, the position of Europe a century later, at the accession of Elizabeth, the changes effected by the Treaties of Utrecht and Rastadt at the beginning of the eighteenth century, or the light thrown on the Dark Continent by recent books of travel. We are quite sure that this atlas only requires to be known to be widely appreciated both by old and young students of history.

Many curious facts and fancies, quaint legends and odd superstitions, have been brought together by Mr. Thiselton Dyer in a volume which appeals to the antiquary in particular and lovers of bygone customs in general. These "Church-Lore Gleanings" are not all of equal freshness or merit, though the book is obviously the outcome of wide and patient reading, and possibly also of some personal research. Comparatively few people are aware how numerous are the lingering traditions which gather around the old parish churches of England, and even a reader who merely dips into these pages here and there will come across many strange stories of bells and belfries, churchyards and pillories. The duties of churchwardens and parish clerks in the olden time were both more onerous and delicate than they are to-day, and in these pages we see as in a mirror how both were inclined to magnify their office. Many curious facts relating to the right of sanctuary, church windows, and the tenure on which pews were held, will also be found in the book. High pews were denounced by Bishop Corbet of Norwich, who said that they were nothing less than "tabernacles with rings and curtains to them," and were designed for people who apparently wanted "nothing but beds to hear the Word of God on." The abuses which were the outcome of the sheltered old pews are often alluded to in the literature of the past, and most people will remember Swift's scathing lines on the subject in "Baucis and Philemon." Mr. Thiselton Dyer is to be congratulated on having written an entertaining book from adequate knowledge, and on a subject on which he is peculiarly well qualified to speak. There are some quaint illustrations in the volume of antique hour-glass stands and other relics of the former ecclesiastical customs of England.

To the "All-England Series" of manuals on sports and pastimes, a volume on "Riding for Ladies" has just been added. Mr. Kerr admits that it is one of the most difficult things imaginable to find what he calls "a perfect lady's horse." If we are to credit all that he says, possibly the ladies themselves are to blame in the matter. Nineteen out of every twenty of them imperiously demand "a pretty creature, with beautiful deer-like legs, and a lovely head," but unfortunately appearances are proverbially deceptive—especially in horses. Mr. Kerr describes the points to look for in a good horse, and he shows with tolerable clearness just where the purchaser ought to be on his guard. Next, considerable space is devoted to the management of horses when trotting, cantering, galloping, and leaping. The much-vexed question of the use and abuse of the spur is sensibly discussed, and Mr. Kerr contends that ladies should never be mounted on horses which require much stimulus of that kind to exertion, for they are almost certain to give the poor brute rather too much than too little of that sort of punishment. "Women are by nature supposed to be gentle and kindly, and yet I know some who are everlastingly 'rugging' at their horse's mouth and digging in the spur." No doubt there are only too many women of that type, but the vast majority, it is pleasant to think, are otherwise minded. Not the least practical chapters in this handy little book are those which relate to the side-saddle, costume, riding *à la cavaliere*, and the training of ponies for children.

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