

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

A Sixpenny Monthly.

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VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1890.

NO. I.

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ED,

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, BRITISH CONSUL AT MOZAMBIQUE.



A convict in case
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in Africa
H. H. J.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

VOL. I. No. 1.]

JANUARY, 1890.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.

SOME AUTOGRAPH INTRODUCTIONS.

WHEN, on the 7th of December, it was first decided to publish the *REVIEWS OF REVIEWS*, the design was submitted for consideration to some of the foremost statesmen, men of letters, lawyers, soldiers, scientists, and divines of our time, with a request for an expression of their opinion. The response was immediate and gratifying. The men whose names are as familiar as household words throughout the English-speaking world for the work which they have done, the books they have written, or the discoveries they have made, bade me God-speed. Their letters were so full of encouragement and of suggestion, that I feel I cannot do better than reproduce some of them in slightly-reduced *fac-simile* as the best possible introduction of my new enterprise to the reading world.

MR. GLADSTONE.

Dear Mr. Stoddard The idea of your
new enterprise to me highly
useful as well as ingenious, in
selection to all who are able to
maintain any kind of synopsis
over the whole range of our peri-
odical literature. Personally I am
outside this circle and I fear
too little weight can attach
to my judgment. — I hope you
enjoyed your Dublin Tour

Yours faithfully
W. Gladstone
D. 10. 89

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

HAYFIELD HOUSE,
HAYFIELD,
HEREF.

Dec. 22. 89.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge
your letter, in promising
me of your intention
to establish a Review
of Reviews. I have little
doubt that the undertaking

will be successful
 & in a literary point
 of view very useful
 The number of Reviews
 increases every year,
 & they are absorbing
 a large part of the
 literary activity of
 our time. Not few people
 have the industry or
 the leisure to search
 for them below every
 month, through the
 multitude of periodicals,
 for ^{all} the articles that
 are worth reading
 yours faithfully
 John Lubbock
 C. Stead by

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

British Embassy
 Rome
 13th Dec 1889

My dear Mr Stead
 I am very glad that you
 are about to embark on
 such an enterprise: for
 there can be no doubt that
 to persons like myself,
 who are unable to take
 advantage of the constant
 flood of essays and reviews
 which constitute our
 periodical literature, the
 recapitulation of the most
 remarkable of them in a
 single cheap volume would
 be a very great convenience,
 and I shall be too happy
 to become one of your
 subscribers. Of late years
 the Magazine has become
 the channel for the commu-
 -cation of the freshest
 conclusions of the leaders
 of opinion in England, with
 the development of whose
 genius it is indeed very
 difficult for any one at
 a distance to keep pace.

Yours sincerely
 Dufferin and Ava

MR. BALFOUR.

4. Carlton Gardens,
S.W.

22 Dec 1889

Dear Sir

I think your scheme ought to prove useful. The summary may in some cases be as valuable as the original article, and in all cases they ought to give a sufficient indication as to whether the original article is or is not worth reading.

Yours faithfully

Wm. James Balfour

MR. LABOUCHERE.

5. Old Palace Yard,

S.W.

Dec 21



Dear Mr. Stead,

I am glad to hear that you are starting the 'Monthly' that you describe. It may be more desirable than that Englishmen should be made acquainted with foreign opinion, for there are two sides to most questions, and they are a good deal too much inclined to fancy that their own side is the only one.

With very much of your services

Believe me
Yours truly
John Lubbock

CARDINAL MANNING.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER,
S.W.

Your plan of collecting a few leading articles or extracts from articles from the 'Magazine' month by month ^{with the} ~~is~~ very useful.

We need to have at hand certain articles, & certain parts of articles for ready reference. Your collection may be, if I understand it, an Index of the chief matters of interest in each month & as such of very great help to readers in London and elsewhere, to readers out of London.

Henry, E. Card. Manning.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

I have always been so great an admirer of your indices in the case of any book worth reading, that I gradually adopted the idea of an index or referential for the 'Magazine' & reviews, since from it is a part of our contemporary literature. There is undoubtedly a large amount of valuable matter, which appears every month in these publications; but which, being buried under a mass of unimportant writing, is overlooked & cannot be recovered at all.

19 Dec 1889

J. E. Manning
London

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

1 SUFFEX SQUARE,
HYDE PARK, W.

12th December. 1889

Sir,

I thank you for your courteous
inquiries as to your proposed
handbook in quite better language.
I have no manner of doubt that it
will be both interesting & useful -
I abstain from saying more than
the nature and volume of the subject
it is because I am not an old man
usual literary education or that
was very little concerned with anything
a Magazine. It would be

invidious to particularize but I think
the better is very often anything
on the part, whereas it ought to be
second to be in a part.

I am in
your obedient servant
Colonel

SIR HENRY JAMES.

810 Bell. 1889.

Dear Sir

I am happy to comply with
the request contained in your
letter of yesterday - that I
should express my opinion

on your projected plan of
publishing collected extracts
from the Monthly Periodical.
Having very many claims upon
my time my experience tells me
that there must be many who
by their occupations are
prevented from taking advantage
of the information and instruction
to be found in current publications.
So the class of men it will
be of great importance if a
summary of the more important
articles appearing in our
American Foreign Periodical
can in a concise form be
placed in their hands.

I am

Yours very faithfully

Henry James

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

LORD WOLSELEY.

Rangers House,
Greenwich Park, S.E.

Sunday

Dear Mr Stead.

In answer to your note,
I have nothing to say of
any interest. A very busy
man I shall of course
enjoy & avail myself of
your "short-cut" to a
knowledge of what our
magazines contain.

LORD TENNYSON.

Dec. 9th 1889
Harrington,
Scrubwater,
Isle of Wight.

Lord Tennyson presents his
compliments to Mr Stead
and begs to say that he lives
so apart from the world
that he can pronounce no
opinion as to the proposed
Resumé

I am much
pleas'd to you for
your letter explaining
your proposal for the
publication of a
monthly guide to,
and our way of
the magazines and
Reviews. I have no
doubt that the guide
will be extremely
useful and convenient,
especially to public
men. I have
frequently little
time to look
over the numerous
monthly magazines
which frequently
arrive in my
studies.
I remain
Yours truly
Ratlington

THE EARL OF DERBY.

Derby House,
St James's Square,
S.W.

I think the ^{project} idea of publishing
a monthly volume of the
more important articles
that appear in the English,
French, and American
magazines a very good one
and wholly to be of real
use to the reading public.
Many things worth reading
appear in comparatively
obscure periodicals, and

if not reprinted, escape
observation altogether.

Derby

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Dear Mr. Head

Very many thanks for your
letter & enclosure. The new
publication which you project

will certainly be of great
interest. My "support" or
approval is worth very little
but whatever it is worth, is
entirely at your service

Yours truly

Randolph Churchill

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Dear Mr. Head

There can be no
question as to the
wisdom of the plan
if you possess life &
quite too short to
read all the magazines;

Yours very truly

R. Farrar

MR. FROUDE

3, ONSLOW GARDENS,
S.W.

December 18

My dear friend

I wish you the success
with this new adventure - demands

of power so dark he scattered in
the great led of kindred literature
If you can fill them all and
save time for us you will be
doing the world a service - I
am glad to hear you from the work
for which has hitherto attended

You return indeed I ought to be

to call it: The plan which you

have made for running has been

happily done

Yours faithfully

J. H. Froude

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Dear Mr. Froude

I cannot but think

that such a guide to

Imagination as you

propose to establish

would be extremely

useful -

Yours very truly
J. A. Russett

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL

10, NEW COURT,
LINCOLN'S INN.

11th Decr. 1884

Dear Mr. Froude,
I have been a slight
pisa of the attempt to have
myself in contact with the
Review, and personally
should be glad to see useful
a summary of original
articles as you propose in
your periodical. I should
be a literary "Liaison"
expressly if only for
whether you ^{can} count upon
a sufficiently large
contribution for support
W. T. Stead, Esq. : Russell

THE REV. CANON LIDDON.

3 Arden Court St
Dec 18 1889

My dear Mr Stead

I can, I dare, make no
pretence of claim to be an
authority on the subject,
for many reasons and
especially because I am only
an occasional reader of
the magazines. But it is
a matter of frequent regret
that good writing, such
in past generations would
have gone to make books of
lasting value should now
lie on the table of a reading
room for a month and
then be lost to literature.
It is scarcely doubtful that
an attempt, if sufficiently
discriminatory, to give a
more permanent form to the
best periodical writing of our
day could be a very good
piece of work.

Yours ever
yours truly
H. C. Liddon

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

Dear Mr. Stead,

Your scheme of
the Magazine, which
is to be an indicator
of the specially good
things published monthly
or generally, promises
usefulness

Yours truly
George Meredith

MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.

Nothing could be more welcome to those who
wish to follow from abroad the literary and political
movements, mirrored in your multitudinous peri-
odicals, than such a REVIEW OF REVIEWS as you pro-
pose to publish.

When in London it is possible, if you do nothing else
the whole month, to peruse all the magazines and reviews,
but abroad it is out of the question.

Olga Novikoff
40. R. 3

THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE SALVATION ARMY.
God speed the new REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

H. Bramwell Booth.

Some of the letters were too long for reproduction in *fac simile*. They are reprinted here in *extenso*, together with several others:—

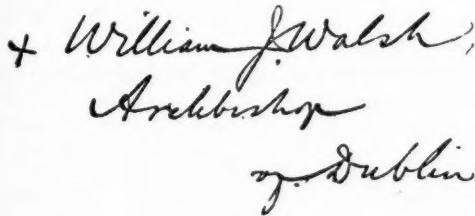
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Your proposed review and summary of reviews and magazines of England and other countries will be very useful. The stream of periodicals now pouring forth from hundreds of channels is beyond the powers of any reader to follow. One often hears from some friend of an excellent article on a given subject, but the friend has forgotten the magazine in which he saw it and the month too. Much that is excellent is thus lost for all practical use at the end of the month of its publication. Such a review of reviews as you contemplate will exactly meet this difficulty, and I heartily wish it success.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

I cannot hope to improve upon your way of putting it, "There are already too many magazines, that is the reason why another is coming out." There could be no better reason for bringing out another, that is, for bringing out another such as you project. Your REVIEW OF REVIEWS will be of priceless help to all who read, or who vainly strive to make out time to read, for any useful purpose, what is worth reading in the almost countless monthlies and quarterlies that are now sent out from the press. I may fairly claim to speak from personal experience as one of this latter class.



THE LATE BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

The following extracts from a letter written by the late Bishop Lightfoot's chaplain from Bournemouth, possesses a melancholy interest as being one of the last communications received from him before his death.

In reply to your letter addressed to the Bishop of Durham, his lordship desires me to say that in his opinion some such monthly guide to the magazines as you sug-

gest and contemplate would be valuable to all classes of readers.

He has no doubt that it would obtain a wide circulation on its own merits without any special recommendation. He will be glad privately and to individuals to speak in favour of it.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, LATE HIGH COMMISSIONER, SOUTH AFRICA.

I think your project of a sixpenny monthly, which will give the gist of the magazines and reviews of the month, an excellent one. It will meet a want much felt in the colonies, where the people are generally too busy to read the home periodicals, and often too poor to buy them. I wish your venture all success, and trust it will help, by keeping the colonies in touch with the most highly educated feeling in this country, to strengthen the ties which unite the different portions of our vast and scattered Empire.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

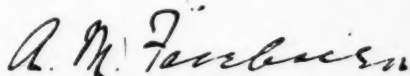
I cannot but think that such a guide to magazinedom as you propose to establish would be extremely useful if the editor could secure the services of a body of intelligent and painstaking précis writers. We have too much criticism already. I am not quite sure that extracts are fair to authors—I mean in the sense that passages without context often give a very wrong impression of the writer's meaning.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

I cordially wish success to your venture. If it be carried out on the lines proposed, it will be invaluable to busy people like myself.

THE REV. PROFESSOR FAIRBAIRN.

Your proposal seems to me excellent. When we consider the value of many of the articles contributed to magazines, reviews, and other journals, and then the enormous number of these, nothing could be more helpful, both to special students and general readers, than a careful summary of the contents of such journals, and a brief critical estimate of the value of special articles. While I say this frankly and emphatically, let me also add that the work would need to be well done, and be most comprehensive in its range. To the periodicals of the countries you name, there ought to be added those of Germany, Holland, Italy, and Russia.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

I thank you for your courtesy in writing to me as to your proposed handbook or guide to the magazines. I have no manner of doubt that it will be both interesting and useful. If I abstain from saying more than this rather curt sentence on the subject, it is because I am now an old man, and such literary education as I had was very little concerned with newspapers or magazines. At one time of my life I wrote far too many articles to have much opinion of the ability required to produce them, or their value to any one when produced. It may be replied to me that I have a right to speak only of my own productions, which of course is true, but on looking back I cannot honestly say I think mine were much worse than the general run of articles which passed muster fairly well according to the standard of such things. It would be invidious to particularise, but I think the butter is often very thin over the plate, whereas it ought to be and used to be in a pat.

Coan

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

I think your idea of publishing a monthly guide to the magazines an excellent one. Such an "abstract and brief chronicles" of current literature will meet a widely felt want, and it seems wonderful that no one should have thought of it before. I am glad to observe that you propose giving extracts as well as summaries. There is so much second-hand reading at the present day that your new publication will fully justify its existence if it serves to whet the literary appetite of the general reader and enable him to choose for himself from among the vast and varied supplies of intellectual food those subjects which seem best fitted to his taste. As an attempt to bring the knowledge of the best that is thought and said in the world within the reach of those who are not blessed with a superabundance of either time or money your project deserves, and will, I hope, receive the widest support.

Morell Mackenzie

MRS. FAWCETT.

I heartily wish you success in your projected REVIEW OF REVIEWS. A good summary of the contents of the monthlies, done without fear or favour, cannot fail to be useful.

MADAME ADAM (JULIETTE LAMBERT).

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,—Ah, those English! They like doing things on a grand scale. You are going to do your thing on a grand scale, Mr. Stead.

But will you not at the same time be obliging your contemporaries to become too learned? What will become of them when their heads are forced to contain the whole world?

I, for my part, wish you luck, for *La Nouvelle Revue*, in common with all the others, will derive great profit from your luminous idea.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

I like the idea of a "Monthly Guide" to the monthlies very much, and I feel sure it will be appreciated by the ever-increasing appetite of the reading public.

If the monthly magazines of England, America, and France could be brought within easy reach of the working classes, they would prove a great educational benefit to those who are to be the power-wielders of the State in the near future. The reviews which tempt the "run-and-read" people of the day with their mental bill of fare every month would make a small library, on mostly all current topics, for those whose means will not allow for the purchase of many books. I am in the habit of buying reviews when they are a month or two old, when they can be got for a few pence, and in this way I have got a several years' collection of invaluable reading matter.

But to keep abreast with the active thought of the hour there must be current study of the magazines, as there is a more or less daily perusal of the press, if we are to know what representative opinion and thinkers of authority are saying on vital problems in Europe and in America. To read or study *all* the monthlies is entirely out of the question, so far as working men are concerned, and, in fact, most men and women who have the duties of daily life to perform.

Your "Guide" will therefore be a welcome assistance of a most practical kind to all who are anxious to get at the gist of what the monthlies say upon the pressing questions of the hour, and on science, literature, and art.

Wishing your new "Guide" every success.

Michael Davitt

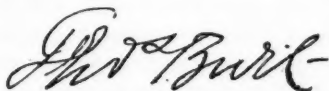
THE REV. H. HANNA, LL.D., D.D., BELFAST.

Although far from approving of your politics and some methods of your public work, as you well know, I receive with satisfaction the intimation you send me of a

proposed eclectic review. The idea is admirable, and embodied in fact will be a great boon to busy men who would like to keep in view the various phases of the multiform thought of the age. I will gladly become a subscriber of such a compendium of the high-class periodicals as you contemplate. And although I differ from you in many things, I do not hesitate to say that I do not know any man more likely than yourself successfully to accomplish such a project. I await with interest a specimen of your design. Such an effort deserves to succeed.

MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P.

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS idea is a capital one, and I have no doubt that in your vigorous hand it will be carried to success. Working men who take an interest in our high-class periodicals are increasing, and it will be a great boon to make such literature more accessible to them. As an old friend I will follow your career with keen interest for many years, and your new venture has my heartiest benediction.



M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

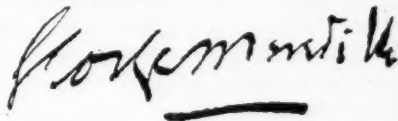
Your idea of publishing a monthly guide to the principal magazines and reviews is excellent, and will enable those who are interested in art, science, or literature to find the articles they want to refer to without any difficulty. The men who work with brain and pen will bless you. What is wanted would consist of an accurate resumé of the contents of an article with occasional extracts from the text, instead of simply a critical essay or review. It will entail hard work on you, but it will lighten the burdens of many.



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, POET AND NOVELIST.

Your scheme of the magazine, which is to be an indicator of the specially good things published monthly & generally, promises usefulness. I am glad to think that it will give the humbler publications here and there a chance of winning attention, and so be helpful to young writers of talent, or possibly genius, who do not at first find the more noted periodicals hospitable to them. Of course you know in the task you propose to yourself extreme discretion is exacted. But editors, I believe,

may trust to you. A survey and abstract of foreign publications, including critical French articles on the stage and current literature, I should consider particularly serviceable. It would be so to me.



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

Anything is better than the present bewilderment. No man can be loyal to more than half-a-dozen magazines per month, and the hurried prospecting through the remaining hundred is the most sterile and demoralising thing in the world. If any one will edit the editors for us he will vastly relieve the literary conscience, and prevent unnumbered sins of omission and commission. America has already made a modest move in this direction, and I know nothing more needed here than such an organ for the magazines as is proposed, an organ which will guide men to what they contain, provide samples of the best work, and state the thesis of each important article in such form and at such length as may be consistent with the intellectual rights of the author and the interest of the publishers. The *Pall Mall Gazette* annoys its readers continually by breaking off its descriptive articles just when one wants to know more, and if you extend what I believe to be your *secret* to your new venture, it will secure rather than discourage an appeal to the original, and so avert the lawful indignation of the *Condensed*.

Boiled magazine, as usually served, is an insult both to author and reader, but with really high-class cooking the magazine of magazines ought to give us both "good nutrition and an appetite."



THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

It seems to me that your project, if successfully carried out, will meet a great want, and be of much public service, both to those who are too busy to search themselves for the most important articles; and for those who, if they have leisure, may frequently need guidance in the selection of what they will read out of the mass of literature that is now continually poured forth from the press.

PROGRAMME.

OF the making of magazines there is no end. There are already more periodicals than any one can find time to read. That is why I have to-day added another to the list. For the new comer is not a rival, but rather an index and a guide to all those already in existence. In the mighty maze of modern periodical literature, the busy man wanders confused, not knowing exactly where to find the precise article that he requires, and often, after losing all his scanty time in the search, he departs unsatisfied. It is the object of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS to supply a clue to that maze in the shape of a readable compendium of all the best articles in the magazines and reviews.

Culture, according to Matthew Arnold, consists in knowing the best thoughts of the best men upon the subjects that come before us. The aim of this magazine will be to make the best thoughts of the best writers in our periodicals universally accessible. When Thor and his companions travelled to Jotunheim, they were told that no one was permitted to remain there who did not, in some feat or other, excel all other men. Therein Jotunheim resembled the memory of man. All but the supremely excellent fades into oblivion and is forgotten. The first step towards remembering what is worth while storing in the mind is to forget that which is worthless lumber. The work of winnowing away the chaff and of revealing the grain is the humble but useful task of the editorial thresher. The work of selection will be governed solely by the merits or demerits of the articles, not in the least by the opinions which they may express. Without pretending to be a colourless mirror, in which may be seen, in miniature, a perfect reflection of the periodical literature of the month, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will honestly endeavour, without fear or favour, without political prejudice or religious intolerance, to represent the best that is said on all sides of all questions in the magazines and reviews of the current month.

At the same time that the furnishing of a guide to the monthlies forms the chief object of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, it will supplement this resumé of periodical literature by four distinctive features :—

(1) The first place in each number will be devoted to a carefully written Survey of events at home and abroad, some acquaintance with which is indispensable to the right understanding of the articles in the reviews, which are indeed, in many cases, the direct outcome of incidents in contemporary history.

(2) Without aspiring to be a Review of anything but periodical literature, such a magazine would be incomplete without some mention, if it were only in the shape of a catalogue, of the New Books and Blue-Books of the month. Every book of importance will be briefly described, and when possible, its price will be given as a guide to intending purchasers.

(3) Three-fourths of periodical literature consists of fiction. It is impossible to summarise serials. But without this element the REVIEW OF REVIEWS would be a very imperfect mirror of its contemporaries. To meet this difficulty, each number will contain a condensed novel, with its salient features and best scenes intact. It will often be the best foreign novel of the month. But no hard and fast rule will be laid down, and if a strange true story of real life or a really good original tale should offer it will not be refused.

(4) To know the character of the leading actor in the contemporary drama is essential to the right understanding of its history and its literature. Every number, therefore, will contain a character-sketch of some man or woman who has figured conspicuously before the world in the previous month. It will be written with sympathy and with a sincere desire to present the individual as he seems to himself in his best moments, rather than as he seems to his enemies in his worst.

From time to time other features will be added, but always with the same object. To enable the busiest and poorest in the community to know the best thoughts of the wisest; to follow with intelligent interest the movement of contemporary history; and to understand something of the real character of the men and women who rank among the living forces of our time,—that is the aim which will constantly be kept in view in the editing of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

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TO ALL ENGLISH-SPEAKING FOLK.

THERE exists at this moment no institution which even aspires to be to the English-speaking world what the Catholic Church in its prime was to the intelligence of Christendom. To call attention to the need for such an institution, adjusted, of course, to the altered circumstances of the New Era, to enlist the co-operation of all those who will work towards the creation of some such common centre for the inter-communication of ideas, and the universal diffusion of the ascertained results of human experience in a form accessible to all men, are the ultimate objects for which this REVIEW has been established.

A daily newspaper is practically unreadable beyond twenty-four hours' distance by rail of its printing office. Even a weekly, although capable of wider distribution, is of little use as a circulating medium of thought in all the continents. If anything published in London is to be read throughout the English-speaking world, it must be a monthly. It must also be published at a price within the means of all, and it must condense into a manageable compass the best and ripest thoughts of the foremost thinkers of our time. Hence the present venture. It will be a combination of two elements,—the eclectic and the personal. In one part there will be the expression of individual conviction upon men and things; the other part, that which gives the distinctive character and designation to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, will endeavour, as faithfully as if we had no creed or political opinion, to mirror the best thought of our time. This is done distinctly on a religious principle. The revelation of the Divine Will did not cease when St. John wrote the last page of the Apocalypse, or when Malachi finished his prophecy. "God is not dumb, that He should speak no more," and we have to seek for the gradual unfolding of His message to His creatures in the highest and ripest thought of our time. Reason may be a faulty instrument, but it is the medium through which the Divine thought enters the mind of man. Hence the man who can interpret the best thought of his day in such a manner

as to render it accessible to the general intelligence of his age is the true prophet of his time.

While this Review will not be a colourless reflection of the public opinion for the time being, it will certainly not be a party organ. Neither party has at this moment any distinctive body of doctrine, any well-conceived system of faith which would justify me in labelling this new monthly with a party badge. Creeds are at this moment in a state of flux. Party allegiance is governed more by personal enthusiasm or personal repulsion than by any serious difference of political principle. Neither party has any creed beyond the fundamental dogma, which both hold implicitly, that it is wrong to do anything which would risk the loss of the next general election. Beyond that no party lifts its eyes. Party, although useful as an instrument, must be a servant, not a master. We shall be independent of party, because, having a very clear and intelligible faith, we survey the struggles of contending parties from the standpoint of a consistent body of doctrine, and steadily seek to use all parties for the realisation of our ideals.

These ideals are unmistakably indicated by the upward trend of human progress, and our position in the existing economy of the world. Among all the agencies for the shaping of the future of the human race, none seem so potent now and still more hereafter as the English-speaking man. Already he begins to dominate the world. The Empire and the Republic comprise within their limits almost all the territory that remains empty for the overflow of the world. Their citizens, with all their faults, are leading the van of civilisation, and if any great improvements are to be made in the condition of mankind, they will necessarily be leading instruments in the work. Hence our first starting-point will be a deep and almost awe-struck regard for the destinies of the English-speaking man. To use Milton's famous phrase, faith in "God's Englishmen" will be our inspiring principle. To make the Englishman worthy of his immense vocation, and at the same time to help to hold together and strengthen the

political ties which at present link all English-speaking communities save one in a union which banishes all dread of internecine war, to promote by every means a fraternal union with the American Republic, to work for the Empire, to seek to strengthen it, to develop it, and when necessary to extend it, these will be our plainest duties.

But how? Not, it may be said at once, by any attempts to interfere with the liberties already conceded to our colonies, or by indulging any wild aspiration after an impossible centralisation. We have to move in the opposite direction. To save the English Empire we must largely Americanize its constitution, and the first step in the direction of this necessary development is to compel the Irish to undertake the responsibility of managing their own affairs under the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. Home rule will open the door by which all the colonies may yet enter into the pale of our Imperial Constitution. At present they are outside. If the fatal clause excluding the Irish members from Westminster had been carried, Ireland would have been thrust outside as well. The defeat of that pernicious proposal will probably mark the watershed in the history of our Empire. The next Home Rule Bill will not exclude the Irish. It ought to open the door for the admission of colonial representatives to the House of Commons, pending the inevitable evolution of a true Imperial Senate.

The existence of such an avowed ideal will contribute powerfully to the realisation of that ideal. At present the columns of the press supply that Imperial forum in which, pending constitutional transformations, the representatives of Greater Britain can discuss and assist in deciding the policy of the Empire. The habit of interrogating the colonies for their opinion on questions which are now decided over their heads should be developed, and it will give a great stimulus to the movement in favour of the enfranchisement of the nascent commonwealths under the British flag. At present they are disenfranchised by the Empire, and yet they are bound by its policy. If not enfranchised and brought within the pale by being allowed a voice in deciding the policy of the Government of the Empire, they will inevitably seek enfranchisement in another direc-

tion, by severing themselves from the political system over which they have no control.

It follows from this fundamental conception of the magnitude and importance of the work of the English-speaking race in the world, that a resolute endeavour should be made to equip the individual citizen more adequately for his share in that work. For the ordinary common Englishman, country yokel, or child of the slums, is the seed of Empire. That red-haired hobbled-hoy, smoking his short pipe at the corner of Seven Dials, may two years hence be the red-coated representative of the might and majesty of Britain in the midst of a myriad of Africans or Asiatics. That village girl, larking with the lads on her way to the well, will in a few years be the mother of citizens of new commonwealths; the founders of cities in the Far West whose future destiny may be as famous as that of ancient Rome. No one is too insignificant to be overlooked. We send abroad our best and our worst: all alike are seed-corn of the race. Hence the importance of resolute endeavour to improve the condition, moral and material, in which the ordinary English-speaking man is bred and reared. To do this is a work as worthy of national expenditure as the defence of our shores from hostile fleets. The amelioration of the conditions of life, the levelling up of social inequalities, the securing for each individual the possibility of a human life, and the development to the uttermost by religious, moral, and intellectual agencies of the better side of our countrymen,—these objects follow as necessary corollaries from the recognition of the providential sphere occupied by English-speaking men in the history of the world.

Another corollary is that we can no longer afford to exclude one section of the English-speaking race from all share in the education and moralising influences which result from the direct exercise of responsible functions in the State. The enfranchisement of women will not revolutionise the world, but it will at least give those who rock our cradles a deeper sense of the reality of the spectre which their babies' hands may grasp than would otherwise be possible. Our children in future will be born of two parents, each politically intelligent, instead of being the product of a union between a political being and a creature

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whose mind is politically blank. If at present we have to deplore so widespread a lack of civic virtue among our men, the cause may be found in the fact that the mothers from whom men acquire whatever virtue they possess have hitherto been studiously excluded from the only school where civic virtue can be learnt—that of the actual exercise of civic functions, the practical discharge of civic responsibilities.

However much we may place the English-speaking world before us as the chief object of our attention, no self-denying ordinance on the part of our statesmen can prevent us having an influence on European affairs. The shrinkage of the world and the development of the colonial policy of Germany, France, and Italy render a policy of non-intervention impossible, even if it were desirable. But it is not desirable. The pressure, pacific but constant, of a great federation of English-speaking commonwealths would be very strong in favour of the development of a similar federal system in Europe. The Concert of Europe, steadily developed, will result in the United States of Europe; and to that goal the policy of England should be constantly directed. All the old nonsense about the maintaining the balance of power in Europe, of sending armies to defend Constantinople, is now pretty nearly exploded, even in Printing-house Square. We have too much to do within our own Empire to bolster up the Empire of the Turks; and it will be time enough to talk of sending an army on to the Continent when our fleet is strong enough to protect our commerce on the sea.

With regard to the dark-skinned races and the yet unoccupied regions of the world, our duty depends upon our opportunities and our responsibilities. We have no business to breed rowdies and filibusters, and let them loose with firearms and firewater upon the half-civilised or wholly savage races on our borders. We must follow the rowdy by the policeman, and endeavour to secure that the dispassionate voice of impartial justice should be heard and obeyed on the frontiers of the Empire. Nor must we ignore the still weightier duty of the just government of our great Indian dependency, with its three hundred millions of human beings of every shade of colour, creed, rank, and culture.

Imperialism within limits defined by common sense and the Ten Commandments is a very different thing from the blatant Jingoism which some years ago made the very name of Empire stink in the nostrils of all decent people. The sobering sense of the immense responsibilities of an Imperial position is the best prophylactic for the frenzies of Jingoism. And in like manner the sense of the lamentable deficiencies and imperfections of "God's Englishmen," which results from a strenuous attempt to make them worthy of their destinies, is the best preservative against that odious combination of cant and arrogance which made Heine declare that the Englishman was the most odious handiwork of the Creator. To interpret to the English-speaking race the best thought of the other peoples is one among the many services which we would seek to render to the Empire.

We believe in God, in England, and in Humanity! The English-speaking race is one of the chief of God's chosen agents for executing coming improvements in the lot of mankind. If all those who see that could be brought into hearty union to help all that tends to make that race more fit to fulfil its providential mission, and to combat all that hinders or impairs that work, such an association or secular order would constitute a nucleus or rallying point for all that is most vital in the English-speaking world, the ultimate influence of which it would be difficult to overrate.

This is the highest of all the functions to which we aspire. Our supreme duty is the winnowing out by a process of natural selection, and enlisting for hearty service for the commonweal all those who possess within their hearts the sacred fire of patriotic devotion to their country. Carlyle did not believe much in what he called "penny editors." Of the inspiration of the morning papers, he declared long ago we have had enough, and by these means he thought we had arrived at the gates of death. But it will probably be through the agency of the newspaper, that Carlyle's great idea will yet get itself realised in England. Whatever we may make of democratic institutions, government of majorities, and the like, the fact remains that the leadership of democracies and the guidance of democracies belong always to the few. The governing minds are never numerous.

Carlyle put this truth in the most offensive aspect, but truth it is, and it will be well or ill for us in proportion as we act upon it or the reverse. The wise are few. The whole problem is to discover the wise few, and to place the sceptre in their hands, and loyally to follow their leading. But how to find them out? That is the greatest of questions. Mr. Carlyle, in almost his last political will and testament to the English people, wrote: "There is still, we hope, the unclassed aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, in human talent, nobleness, and courage, who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God. If, indeed, these fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of hobnails, of brutish hoofs and hobnails, then, indeed, it is all ended. National death lies ahead of our once heroic England. . . . Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible Aristoi fighting for the Good Cause in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions on which all turns. In the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle response, 'Life for you: death for you.' But considering what of piety, the devoutest and bravest yet known, there once was in England, one is inclined to hope for the best."

Our supreme task is to help to discover these wise ones, to afford them opportunity of articulate utterance, to do what we can to make their authority potent among their contemporaries. Who is there among the people who has truth in him, who is no self-seeker, who is no coward, and who is capable of honest, painstaking effort to help his country? For such men we would search as for hid treasures. They are the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and it is the duty and the privilege of the wise man to see that they are like cities set on the hill, which cannot be hid.

The great word which has now to be spoken in the ears of the world is that the time has come when men and women must work for the salvation of the State with as much zeal and self-sacrifice as they now work for the salvation of the individual. For the saving of the soul of Hodge Joskins, what energy, what devotion, is not possible to all of us!

There is not a street in London, nor a village in the country, which is not capable of producing, often at short notice and under slight pressure, a man or woman who will spend a couple of hours a week every week in the year, in more or less irksome voluntary exertions, in order to snatch the soul of Hodge Joskins from everlasting burning. But to save the country from the grasp of demons innumerable, to prevent this Empire or this Republic becoming an incarnate demon of lawless ambition and cruel love of gold, how many men and women are willing to spend even one hour a month or a year? For Hodge Joskins innumerable are the multitude of workers; for the English-speaking race, for the embodiment of many millions of Hodges, how few are those who will exert themselves at all? At elections there is a little canvassing and excitement; but excepting at those times the idea that the State needs saving, that the democracy need educating, and that the problems of Government and of reform need careful and laborious study, is foreign to the ideas of our people. The religious side of politics has not yet entered the minds of men.

What is wanted is a revival of civic faith, a quickening of spiritual life in the political sphere, the inspiring of men and women with the conception of what may be done towards the salvation of the world, if they will but bring to bear upon public affairs the same spirit of self-sacrificing labour that so many thousands manifest in the ordinary drudgery of parochial and evangelistic work. It may no doubt seem an impossible dream.

Can those dry bones live? Those who ask that question little know the infinite possibilities latent in the heart of man. The faith of Loyola, what an unsuspected mine of enthusiasm did it not spring upon mankind? "The Old World," as Macaulay remarks, "was not wide enough for that strange activity. In the depths of the Peruvian mines, in the hearts of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China, the Jesuits were to be found. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter: and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word."

How was this miracle effected? By the preaching of a man who energised the activity of the Church by the ideals of chivalry and the strength of military discipline. What we have now to do is to energise and elevate the politics of our time by the enthusiasm and the system of the religious bodies. Those who say that it is impossible to raise up men and women ready to sacrifice all they possess, and, if need be, to lay down their lives in any great cause that appeals to their higher nature, should spare a little time to watch the recruiting of the Salvation Army for the Indian mission-field. The delicate dressmaker and the sturdy puddler, the young people raised in the densest layer of English commonplace, under the stimulus of an appeal to the instincts of self-sacrifice, and of their duty to their brethren, abandon home, friends, kindred, and go forth to walk barefoot through India at a beggar's pittance until they can pick up sufficient words of the unfamiliar tongue to deliver to these dusky strangers the message of their Gospel. Certain disease awaits them, cruel privations, and probably an early death. But they shrink not. A race whose members are capable of such devotion cannot be regarded as hopeless, from the point of those who seek to rouse among the most enlightened a consuming passion for their country's good.

But how can it be done? As everything else of a like nature has been done since the world began—by the foolishness of preaching. And here again let Mr. Carlyle speak:—

“There is no church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but in any case hast thou not still preaching enough? A preaching friar settles himself in every village and builds a pulpit which he calls newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen and believe? Look well; thou seest everywhere a new clergy of the mendicant order, some barefooted, some almost barebacked, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach zealously enough for copper alms and the love of God.”

It is to these friars that we must look for the revival of civic faith which will save the English-speaking race. For other hope of salvation from untutored democracy, weighted with the burdens of

Empire and distracted by its own clamant wants and needs, it is difficult to see.

That which we really wish to found among our readers, is in very truth a civic church, every member of which should zealously, as much as it lay within him, preach the true faith, and endeavour to make it operative in the hearts and heads of its neighbours. Were such a church founded it would be as a great voice sounding out over sea and land the summons to all men to think seriously and soberly of the public life in which they are called to fill a part. Visible in many ways is the decadence of the press. The Mentor of the young Democracy has abandoned philosophy, and stuffs the ears of its Telemachus with descriptions of Calypso's petticoats and the latest scandals from the Court. All the more need, then, that there should be a voice which, like that of the muezzin from the Eastern minaret, would summon the faithful to the duties imposed by their belief.

A recent writer, who vainly struggled towards this ideal, has said:—

“We are told that the temporal welfare of man, and the salvation of the State, are ideals too meagre to arouse the enthusiasm which exults in self-sacrifice. It needs Eternity, say some, to stimulate men to action in time. But as there is no Eternity for the State, how then is patriotism possible? Have not hundreds and thousands of men and women gladly marched to death for ideas to be realised solely on this side of the grave? The decay of an active faith in the reality of the other world has no doubt paralysed the spring of much human endeavour, and often left a great expanse of humanity practically waste so far as relates to the practical cultivation of the self-sacrificing virtues. We go into this waste land to possess it. It is capable of being made to flourish, as of old, under the stimulating radiance of a great ideal and the diligent and intelligent culture of those who have the capacity for direction. If we could enlist in the active service of man as many men and women, in proportion to the number of those who are outside the churches, as any church or chapel will enlist in self-sacrificing labour for the young, the poor, and the afflicted, then, indeed, results would be achieved of which, at present, we hardly venture even to dream. But it is

in this that lies our hope of doing effective work for the regeneration and salvation of mankind."

This, it may be said, involves a religious idea, and when religion is introduced harmonious co-operation is impossible. That was so once; it will not always be the case, for, as was said recently in the *Universal Review* :—

New Catholicity has dawned upon the world. All religions are now recognised as essentially Divine. They represent the different angles at which Man looks at God. All have something to teach us—how to make the common man more like God. The true religion is that which makes most men most like Christ. And what is the ideal which Christ translated into a realised life? For practical purposes this: To take trouble to do good to others. A simple formula, but the rudimentary and essential truth of the whole Christian religion. To take trouble is to sacrifice time. All time is a portion of life. To lay down one's life for the brethren—which is sometimes literally the duty of the citizen who is called to die

for his fellows—is the constant and daily duty demanded by all the thousand-and-one practical sacrifices which duty and affection call upon us to make for men.

To establish a periodical circulating throughout the English-speaking world, with its affiliates or associates in every town, and its correspondents in every village, read as men used to read their Bibles, not to waste an idle hour, but to discover the will of God and their duty to man,—whose staff and readers alike are bound together by a common faith, and a readiness to do common service for a common end, that, indeed, is an object for which it is worth while to make some sacrifice. Such a publication so supported would be at once an education and an inspiration; and who can say, looking at the present condition of England and of America, that it is not needed?

CHARACTER SKETCH: JANUARY.

I.—MR. H. M. STANLEY.

IN all the annals of chivalric romance there is no more adventurous career than that of the Welsh workhouse boy who has just plucked the heart out of the mystery of the Dark Continent. On the shelves of Don Quixote's library there were no tomes more full of romantic fascination and entralling interest than the volumes which tell of how Mr. Stanley found Livingstone, converted King Mtesa, opened up the Congo, and rescued Emin.

Yet although every one in a more or less vague kind of fashion knows Mr. Stanley, and most people have seen him, hardly any one has any clear consecutive idea of the extraordinary career which even now may not yet have reached its culminating point. Some day, perhaps, some man of genius may arise who may add the indispensable element of imagination to the story of Mr. Stanley's adventures, and then we shall have a tale that will rank for all time with that of the Arthurian Cycle or with the Hero stories of old Greece. Even to those who have but cursorily followed the more conspicuous incidents of his adventurous life, it is evident that it contains as much material for poetic or romantic treatment as the wanderings of Ulysses, the labours of Hercules, or the quest of the Holy Grail. Here, in the heart of this plain, prosaic nineteenth century, from which materialism and steam are supposed to

have exorcised the Ideal that shone like the star of the evening through "the twilight that surrounds the borderland of old romance," we have an adventurer who, so far at least as the mere quality of his adventures go, is not unworthy to be ranked with any of the paladins of Charlemagne or the knights of Arthur's Table Round.

RINALDO REDIVIVUS.

It is impossible to read Mr. Stanley's latest letters and not to be reminded of the ordeal through which none of Godfrey's knights could pass save one. Tasso has gone out of fashion nowadays,—the more's the pity,—but all who have read his "Jerusalem Delivered" will remember the adventure of the enchanted forest. Christendom, under Godfrey of Bouillon, was besieging Islam defiant behind the walls of Jerusalem, when the siege operations were brought to a standstill by the destruction of the machines by which the Crusaders assailed the ramparts of the Holy City. Timber was required, but timber was only to be procured from a dismal wood, whose branches scarce admit the gloomy light, and which had been rendered doubly inviolate by the incantations of Ismeno the magician. When the Christians ventured into its horrid darkness, earthquakes shook the ground, the trees murmured and groaned as if a hurricane stormed through their branches, the thunders pealed on high, huge lofty walls and battlements of flame sprang up

before the intruders, and one after another all the bravest knights of Christendom confessed themselves discomfited, and retired unnerved and trembling from the enchanted wood. Even Tancred the Fearless was baffled by the enchanter's art, and the Christian camp was in despair until Rinaldo, who had been dallying in Armida's bower, plunged into the dismal depths of the haunted wood, and by imperturbable bravery and resolution terminated the enchantment, vanquished the foul fiend, and restored the means of victory to Christendom.

THE HIDEOUS FOREST OF CONGO-LAND.

"Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd," we may say to-day to the Rinaldo of our time as he reappears in our midst. But Rinaldo's ordeal was but for one day. Mr. Stanley's desperate wrestlings with the hideous forest of Congo-land lasted 160 days. All others who had preceded him had failed. Even Gordon, our nobler Tancred, was powerless to reach and rescue Emin. But Mr. Stanley succeeded. And at what a cost! Here is a passage from one of his letters:—

Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours, murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us in the Congo Forest.

Yet the crossing of the Congo Forest, through which, as he said, "he marched, tore, ploughed, and cut his way for 160 days," was but one episode in the great Odyssey of his wanderings.

GENERAL GORDON AND MR. STANLEY.

There is a strange coincidence in dates which links Mr. Stanley with General Gordon. It is now just five years since the news arrived in this country that Emin Pacha was in difficulty in the Equatorial Province of the derelict Soudan. On the very day on which the news arrived, General Gordon started for Brussels, *en route*, as he believed, for the Congo, full of the idea of using that river to penetrate to the rear of the slave-trader's hunting ground, so as to cut up the slave-trade by the roots. His idea was to join hands with Emin very much as Mr. Stanley has done, but he meant, not to rescue and retire,

but to advance and conquer. When I saw General Gordon at Southampton, he spoke much of this. Looking over my diary for 1884, I come upon this curious entry at the close of the notes of the interview which led to his being despatched to Khartoum.

"Have you any more questions?" he asked me.

"Well," I said, "if I might talk freely, I would like to ask a good many questions. For instance, about the Congo, and about China."

"I will tell you a secret," he said; and unfolding a map of Africa, he showed me the head waters of the Congo. "Stanley," he said, "is here; I go to join him. . . E. is nominally above me, but we shall really be equals in the command."

"Then you will quarrel," I said.

"No," said he; "I am not afraid."

"But you will," I said. "Stanley is of very different mettle to you."

"No," said he; "if it is God's will, it will be done. We will go there. I will strike northwards and eastwards from the Congo to the Equatorial Lakes, arming the natives and driving out the slave-trade at its source. Ten degrees north of the Equator, the Arabs, descending the Nile, spread to the West Coast of Africa, forming a belt of Mohammedan States across North-Central Africa. They could not come below ten degrees, because their camels would not live. Another great exodus took place along the Mediterranean, which ultimately engulfed Spain. I propose to strike northwards towards the line of Mohammedan States so as to narrow the area of the No-man's-land where the slave-traders ply their calling."

He showed me a map with the slave routes marked in red, published, I believe, by the Anti-Slavery Society.

"Here," said he, "I believe the great work will be accomplished."

His eyes glistened, and he looked like some prophet, seeing the long hoped-for consummation.

KING LEOPOLD AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

When General Gordon was recalled from Brussels, and asked to do what he could to save the garrison in the Soudan, he never abandoned his dream of utilising the Congo as a base from which to take the slave-traders in the rear. He was profoundly uneasy after being ordered to Khartoum at the thought of leaving the Congo, and it was not until his sister suggested that he could go to the Congo after he had "cut off the dog's tail" at Khartoum that he was reconciled to the change of his destination. The idea, however, dwelt with him to the last. One of his last telegrams home was a petition to the King of the Belgians to be allowed to take the Bahr el Ghazel and the Equatorial Provinces in the name of the International African Association. I had a hot discussion about the matter with the King, I remember, but both the English Government and his Majesty shirked the responsibility of authorising General Gordon to annex provinces which were nominally Turkish or Egyptian. The King told me he was not unwilling to allow Gordon to carry out his scheme, if Mr. Gladstone would give him the assurance that the provinces had ceased to belong to the Ottoman Empire.

How far away in the distance seems that fierce discussion in the palace at Brussels that Sunday after-

noon; how irrevocable the doom which was even then descending upon the hero whose life was made the playing of political exigencies! "It is always so in politics," said King Leopold, bitterly. The provinces are lost now. All dreams of establishing a crusading anti-slavery empire on the Equatorial Lakes have been dissolved into thin air by the touch of the Mahdi's spear, and now we are rejoicing as over an unexpected good fortune, that Mr. Stanley has been able to snatch Emin Pacha as a brand from the burning of the Soudan.

WHY NOT RESCUE LUPTON BEY?

When General Gordon was beleaguered in Khartoum, and Lord Wolseley was toilsomely preparing to paddle up the Nile with all his boats, in the vain hope of saving the honour of England, Mr. Stanley sent a message that he wished to see me. I went at once and found him in his comfortable chambers in Sackville-street. Mr. Stanley wanted to see me about Gordon. He said that it was known that the position at Khartoum was very critical, and that it was more than doubtful that Lord Wolseley would not reach the city in time. The Mahdi was in force in front of Khartoum, and it was therefore necessary to do what could be done in order to create a diversion. Why not by the Congo? There was a water-way to within 200 miles of the Bahr el Ghazel. There was Lupton Bey holding out,—alas, it was not then known that Lupton had succumbed,—whom we were bound in honour to relieve. Why not send a competent man down the Congo with a small expedition? It would only cost £20,000; it would save Lupton; it would create a diversion in the rear of the Mahdi's forces. Rumour, magnifying everything, would lead the Mahdi to imagine that a great army was falling upon him from the south. He might even raise the siege. Who knows? In any case it could not fail to relieve the pressure on Khartoum. This was in September, 1884, that Mr. Stanley pressed the idea of an expedition for the Congo upon me, and, through me, upon the Government. Unfortunately, the idea was scouted at headquarters. It was not till nearly three years later that Mr. Stanley received the commission to save Emin. In the south as well as in the north, our watchword has been—Too Late.

THE FATALISM OF AFRICA.

That, however, was not Mr. Stanley's fault. He has done what he undertook to do, late though it was in the day, and on a very different commission to that to which he at first aspired. In this, as in everything else, Mr. Stanley would probably see the element of Fate. M. Taine declares that vice and virtue are as much the produce of climate and environment as vinegar and sugar. It would almost seem as if there were something in the

blazing sun of Africa and the contiguous desert of Arabia to imbue men with fatalism. Mohammed made submission to the inexorable decree the foundation of his religion; General Gordon's belief in Providence was a Christianised fatalism; and Mr. Stanley, judging from his latest letters, has emerged from the African wilderness a greater fatalist than ever. He confesses:—

A veritable Divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will; but nevertheless guided and protected us.

And this Divinity which guided and protected Stanley made mincemeat of the officers of the rear column who disobeyed his orders; three quarters of this force die of slow poison, the commander is murdered. On the other hand, not one officer who was with Mr. Stanley has fallen by the way. All are safe, sound, and well, although they have lived for months in deadly atmosphere on abominable diet, wading as many as seventeen mud-streams a day, and often being prostrated with fierce fever. This, he says, is not due to me.

The vulgar will call it luck, unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains a feeling that of a verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy. . . . I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. I endeavoured to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. My faith that the purity of my motives deserved success was firm; but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands.

Mr. Stanley is not in the least a religious enthusiast like General Gordon. But he concluded his letter to the *New York Herald* with a "thanks be to God for ever and ever"; the whole strain of his utterances since he came back to civilisation has been, "Is not this the finger of God?"

THE INFLUENCE OF LIVINGSTONE.

Mr. Stanley undoubtedly has in him that element in which such speculations find a congenial home. He is no recluse of the cloister. He is a man who has followed for years one of the most soul-deadening occupations in the whole range of journalism. War is terrible to wage, but even the slaughter of men can be glorified by a conviction of the supremacy of duty. But merely to attend as a camp-follower of armies, to watch war from the heart of it without being concerned in the heroics of it, to regard the slaying of men from the point of view of the picturesque reporter,—from all these things every journalist may well pray to be delivered. Mr. Stanley was through them all. He has seen the worst of life, both savage and civilised, and he started with but a slender equipment of religious faith. Until he met Dr. Livingstone he sneered at missionaries, and apparently judged their work with the shallow superficiality of the

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smart journalist. But Dr. Livingstone changed all that. As Mr. Stanley told the Baptist Missionary Society at Cannon-street Hotel, when he found how Livingstone went about his work, he saw how egregious a mistake he had committed.

When I saw him I recognised what a type of noble physical and spiritual manhood a fine good missionary and good man could be, and from the kindly manner in which Dr. Livingstone spoke, and from his zeal and earnestness, I have ever since had a very different idea of missionaries.

Mr. Stanley, in short, "found salvation" when he found Dr. Livingstone. Nothing could be more beautiful than his devotion to his spiritual father. It blazed up in fierce fashion once at a meeting of the British Association at Brighton, when Mr. Clement Markham had seemed to speak slightly of Livingstone's claim to have discovered the Nile sources. "I tell you," said one who was present, "Stanley was the most scathing man I ever listened to when he was mad over Livingstone."

So angry was he at what he thought an aspersion on Livingstone's honour, that he jumped up from a banquet to which he had been invited that evening, flatly refused to speak, and, flinging a guinea on the table to pay for his dinner, walked off without saying a word. The hot Welsh blood soon boiled over when a word was uttered in dispraise of his idolised Livingstone.

MR. STANLEY AS MISSIONARY.

Mr. Stanley has, indeed, been a missionary himself on a very large scale. The story of the conversion of King Mtesa of Uganda to Christianity reads much more like a chapter out of the early ages of the Christian Church than a matter-of-fact record of the exploits of a special correspondent.

Mtesa said: "Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men knew everything, and are skilful in all things. If you want knowledge you must talk to them to get it. Now, Stamlee, tell me and my chiefs what you know of the angels."

A large order for the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald*. But Mr. Stanley was not unequal to the occasion. He drew a vivid picture of angels as he remembered seeing them in Michael Angelo's frescoes and Gustave Doré's illustrations,—what a bizarre combination!—and then sent for his Bible in order that he might read to the king the passages in which the prophet Ezekiel and the apostle John described the angelic host. It was this ready resourcefulness of Mr. Stanley which led to the introduction of Christianity into Uganda. The king, fascinated by the image of the white-winged visitants from the Spirit-land, insisted upon being taught all about Christianity, and during the intervals of the war which he was then waging he was under instruction by Mr. Stanley in the mysteries of the Christian creed. Mr. Stanley even translated a sum-

mary of the Bible into Kiswahili, "embracing all the principal events from the Creation to the Crucifixion of Christ; St. Luke's Gospel was translated entire, as giving a more complete history of the Saviour's life." This *Telegraphese* version of the Gospel it was which, backed by the example of his white visitors, weaned Mtesa from the faith of Islam.

"I say that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, so I think that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's; for all that Stanlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe."

Thus it was that Mtesa became a Christian,—of a sort, and it was to confirm the faith of his interesting neophyte that Mr. Stanley penned an appeal to Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda, in which occurs the following passage, describing his ideal of a Christian missionary:—

It is the practical Christian tutor who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, turn his hand to anything like a sailor,—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race.

The ultimate outcome of his missionary enterprise was not very satisfactory, but therein it did not differ from many apostolic precedents.

A COMPOSITE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Stanley's patriotism is something like Mr. Stanley's Christianity. It is real enough, but it is somewhat peculiar. Mr. Stanley, whose real name is not Stanley, but John Rowlands, is a Welshman by birth. But he settled in Louisiana, and fought at first in the Confederate army. After being taken prisoner he escaped to England, and the next we hear of him he was fighting in the Federal navy against his former comrades. Then he figured as the typical American journalist who, under the Stars and Stripes, carried relief to Livingstone, and for a long time his British nationality was ignored. He marched across the Dark Continent as the joint representative of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, and then accepted the position of salaried officer of the International Association of the Congo which had the King of the Belgians as its chief. And yet, although a pseudo American in Belgian service on African soil, he no sooner saw British interests endangered than he lifted up his voice in a fashion to make glad the heart of every Imperialist in England.

HIS PROTEST AGAINST PORTUGAL.

It is curious how history repeats itself. In 1883 it was the Congo that was threatened by Portuguese ambition.

To-day it is the Zambesi and the Shiré. But the principle is the same in both cases, and the words which Mr. Stanley addressed to Mr. H. H. Johnston six years ago may be remembered with advantage to-day when it is Mr. H. H. Johnston himself, now our Consul at Mozambique, whose portrait will be found on the frontispiece, who is holding the gap for England against the Portuguese. Speaking of the proposal to give the Portuguese control of the Congo, Mr. Stanley cried:—

Such an ample basin, with such mileage and navigation, with its unmeasured resources, would you bestow as a dower on such people as the Portuguese, who would but seal it to the silence of the coming centuries? For what? Is the robust Empire called the British in its wane that you will put a limit to its growth? Such an idea is simply self-murder and a present confession of impotence. Follow the dictates of Nature. As in man so with nations, Nature is the best guide. Statistics tell us the Englishmen are increasing fast, that ships are building more and more every year, that trade is extending, that the revenue is augmenting, that colonies are forming, that wealth incessantly flows from all lands to England, that education creates thousands daily fit to cope with life's best work—namely, to thrive and to multiply, and we are well aware that the present Government is not less able than its predecessors to direct and maintain the force of the nation. Then why lock the gates of a promising field against yourselves? Keep the gates open; let him who seeks to enter do so without let or hindrance, and leave it to time. Time will teach the British Government where its interests lie. Meantime, observe your treaties with the native chiefs of the Lower Congo. Protect, as you promised to the chiefs so far back as 1845, through your naval officers. If you deliver these people into the hands of the Portuguese, the past as well as the present teaches what to expect. You deliver them soul and body to hell and slavery. So avoid the imputation of being false and faithless, proclaim a protectorate over the Congo, and preserve these your people from their impending fate.

The treaties which are in danger now are those which Mr. Johnston has concluded with native chiefs on the Shiré. It is well to remember Mr. Stanley's emphatic words when we come to consider the fate of the Makololo. "If you deliver these people into the hands of the Portuguese, you deliver them soul and body to hell and slavery."

HIS FAITH IN ENGLISH-SPEAKING MEN.

This, however, was not the only expression of his views concerning the importance of defending British interests in Africa. He spoke at many public meetings in England on the subject, nor did he spare us for our disgraceful policy even so far afield as the Transvaal:—

From the Cape of Good Hope to Mogador, in close proximity to the Arabian Gibraltar, or near the Nigerian sources; in the Nilotic basin, or in the region of the Lusitanian possessions, in Persia or in Chinese Asia, I see a shifting of responsibilities and a sacrifice of commercial interests, a prodigal and thoughtless surrender of resources of trade, a Timonian recklessness and indifference to vital interests, as though England was in a hurry to disgorge herself, being sickened of a surfeit. Meantime, with our rich argosies floating upon every sea and our palatial steamers bearing each in its hold the revenue of a respectable state, we offered a premium to a herd of petty states to join in a coalition in the hope of some of the booty becoming their share. There was only one bright spot in the picture of possible danger and disaster, and that was the peaceful inter-

course and relations and the continual growing commerce between this country and the United States, apart from that which England maintained with her loyal colonies. All else was dismal in the extreme. Individually, Englishmen were still great, still tireless in the pursuit of trade. Could this greatness of soul, these expansive ideas, this daring enterprise of individuals, be but shared by their rulers, the outlook were void of these dangers, and a happy ending of these troublesome issues might be confidently anticipated.

That sentence is the one bright spot in the dismal picture. The unity of the English-speaking race is the key-note of the policy of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which, by a fortunate coincidence, is able to lead off with such an Anglo-American as the first subject in its monthly gallery.

A CHARMED LIFE.

Mr. Stanley seems to bear a charmed life. No one has been more in perils oft, and yet here he is to-day, after half a century of rough and tumble, as tough and sound and vigorous as ever. What a picture of vicissitude is there not presented by his life, from the time when, as a baby, he was carried to the Welsh workhouse, down to his triumphal reception at Zanzibar! His life is one long romance. When a mere boy he ran off to sea from the butcher's shop where he was sent to earn his bread, and found his way to New Orleans. There is something very characteristic in his first utterance that is recorded. Seeing an announcement in the shop of one Henry Mortlake Stanley that a boy was wanted, he entered and asked for the situation. "And what can you do, my lad?" said a kindly-looking tradesman. "Anything," was the reply, "that a boy of my age and strength could be expected to do." He got the situation, and on the death of his employer, who had adopted him as his son, assumed his name. That is how John Rowlands became H. M. Stanley.

He seems always to have been smart. His grandfather named him "My man of the future." "We missed him at home 'uncommon,'" said the relative who carried him, on his father's death, to the workhouse of St. Asaph; "he was a very sharp child." Thanks to the reports of the schoolmasters as to "the extraordinary talents of Betsy's little son," he was placed on a farm as a shepherd, and it was from the farm that he went to Liverpool, from whence he worked his passage, at the age of sixteen, to New Orleans. When his adopted father died, he enlisted under the Confederate flag. After taking part in many engagements without injury, he was made prisoner near Pittsburg. He escaped, swam across a river under a hail of bullets, and ultimately made his way to Wales, where he turned up at his mother's house, tattered and torn and all forlorn. His mother had married a butcher of the name of Mr. Jones, and was very glad to see her son, who, in a strange freak, had written to his sister announcing his own death at the time when he

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assumed the name of Stanley. He did not rest long in Wales, but returning to America, plunged once more into the war, this time on the Northern side, and on sea, not on land. Here he soon distinguished himself by swimming, under fire, with a rope to a Confederate ship whose crew had deserted her under the fire of the enemy, but which could not be approached so as to make her a prize. Mr. Stanley made her fast, and she was towed away in triumph. This gave him an ensigncy, and as ensign he began his career as newspaper correspondent by occasionally contributing to the *New York Herald*.

When his ship was at Constantinople he made an excursion to Jerusalem, and he travelled through Asia Minor, suffered many things, first of pachas and then of brigands. He was arrested at Smyrna, and after being released, was first plundered by brigands, and then handed by one of them over to the authorities as a robber. In these early encounters with the primeval forces of Oriental savagery, Stanley displayed the *sang froid*, the ready wit and resource, which have distinguished him through life. He succeeded by the aid of the *Levant Herald* and United States Minister in extorting compensation from the Turkish Government, and he left Constantinople with flying colours.

MR. STANLEY AS JOURNALIST.

When he returned to America he quitted the navy and devoted himself to journalism. His first professional commission was to accompany General Sherman in a campaign against the Sioux Indians. His letters gave satisfaction, and when Lord Napier was ordered to march against King Theodore of Abyssinia, Mr. Stanley was told off to accompany the English army on behalf of the *Herald*. This may be said to mark the commencement of his international career, and it may be well to pause to ask to what qualities are we to attribute the success which has made him *facile princeps* of the profession.

He has nothing approaching to the literary gift of Mr. Forbes. As a writer he cannot be ranked as amongst the first. He writes easily and writes rapidly, but nothing he writes stands out in the memory. He is a man of untiring assiduity. "There's a beautiful saying in the Old Testament," Mr. Stanley once told an interviewer, "which I have always kept before me. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' From the time when I was a reporter on the New York Press to the present day I have done what I had set myself to do with a will."

On arriving at Zanzibar, he said: "Looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task, and that goodwill, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as the circumstances permitted." That element of shirking nothing, of doing everything with his

might, was the commonplace foundation of all his subsequent success. Many men might be industrious and persevering, and yet few would arrive at the summit which Mr. Stanley occupies.

HIS SELF-POSSESSION.

The man has unquestionably great natural gifts—first among which is a great faculty of self-possession. For a Welshman—and Mr. Stanley to this day understands his mother tongue, although he speaks it with difficulty—he is wonderfully phlegmatic and self-possessed. He blazes up now and then, no doubt, but he speaks slowly as a rule. His words give you the impression of deliberation even when his actions are as instantaneous as the lightning. A cool, self-composed man, he always had his wits about him.

He said on one occasion:—"I have always found tobacco a solace and an aid to concentration. I remember on one journey down the Congo, we were just about to enter a most dangerous country. I knew that a fight was inevitable, and I told my men to make ready. I took an observation, lighted my pipe, and smoked for five minutes to settle myself for the action. We were fighting for our lives a few minutes afterwards, and the battle went on for hours. Livingstone never smoked."

The capacity of deliberately smoking for five minutes to settle himself for the action may be less enviable than the capacity of not needing tobacco or any external help to internal calm; but it is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Stanley. If he has not the best, he will tranquilly put up with the second best, and make the best of that.

THE STORY OF THE BURNT SHAKESPEARE.

A man also he is of infinite resource. It is told of him that he added to his telegram from Abyssinia a chapter of the Bible so as to block the wire and secure long priority for his despatch. Another example of the same quality was his ready sacrifice of his much-loved Chandos Shakespeare in order to save his note-book. Five hundred natives, armed with hostile intent, gathered round him once, threatening his life. They had seen him sketching in his note-book, and they declared that he had bewitched them. Unless the book was burnt, they would reluctantly, but resolutely, take his life. To sacrifice his note-book, with all the jottings and sketches, would have been heartbreaking. Yet the natives were inexorable. As he opened his desk, he saw Shakespeare lying among his papers, and saw with delight that it was not dissimilar in outward appearance to his note-book. He took it up and asked them if this was the book that had done the mischief. "Yes, yes," they cried. "Then you will be contented if I burn it?" They assented, and when Shakespeare was flung into the flames they departed full of gratitude. A less ready man would have hesitated

at substituting one book for the other, another might even have grudged Shakespeare. Mr. Stanley has a supreme quality, sharpened by facing death in every shape, of instant decision. When your life hangs upon promptitude, you usually learn to be prompt, and Mr. Stanley is very prompt. He is capable also of striking a balance rapidly and calculating a loss. Nor does he shrink from any sacrifice, no matter how disagreeable, if it be necessary. He severely condemned the conduct of the officer who, by refusing to surrender a fugitive slave-girl, brought on the destruction of the station at Stanley Falls.

HIS SUPREME PRACTICALITY.

This quality is allied to another that makes his character seem somewhat unscrupulous. He is nothing of a precisian for all his preaching. His one code of ethics is to take the line of least resistance to his goal. There is something elemental in him, like water seeking its level, or electricity selecting its conductors; he thinks only of his ends. This element in him makes men shrug their shoulders when they read his unworthy reference to Gordon's "wilfulness," and his overdone horror at the suggestion that he might have varied his route and gone to the Bahr el Ghazel. If it will help the success of the expedition to employ cannibals, he will employ cannibals; nor does any one really think that his gorge would rise even at the spectacle of human hands sticking out of the cooking pots. Other things being equal, he would, of course, rather do without cannibals, but as cannibals are useful, he will impose no test of anti-cannibalism on his followers. In like manner he needs Tippoo Tib. Tippoo may be Zebehr Secundus, a slave-trader and a fiend, but if Tippoo is essential to Mr. Stanley, all his little shortcomings are ignored. The whole man is dominated by his overmastering will. He decides that he must attain a given point. He goes there swimming, if need be, under a storm of hostile bullets, or hewing his way through 160 miles of swampy, gloomy forest, or fighting his way through flotillas of hostile canoes, or, as in the case of the road past the falls on the Congo, blasting his way with dynamite through the solid rock—a feat which led the natives to christen him Bula Matade, or Rock-breaker.

Whatever may be the obstacles, he goes under, over, or through them all, and hitherto he has always come out scatheless and triumphant.

AS A LEADER OF MEN.

His mother remarked of him while a boy, that he was always small, light, and somewhat weak, though very tenacious and lively. Lieutenant Braconnier, who served with him as lieutenant on the Congo, gave the following interesting analysis of his character, from the point of view of a subordinate:—

He is a man of sudden resolutions and irresolutions. Ten minutes before he starts he hardly knows himself whether or where he is going. No one can admire Stanley's qualities more than I. He is a man of iron—easily discouraged, indeed, but quick to regain courage; full of dogged will, which is his strength, and a splendid leader. In his dealings with the natives, whatever lies people may say of him, he is invariably kind, merciful, and politic. He can palaver with them. He respects their religions, their customs, their traditions. There is not an atom of truth in the iniquitous accusations of cruelty brought against him and the officers in general. But he has one fault, he is not so unselfish as he might be. He is far too inconsiderate of his European fellow-workers, and more esteemed than liked. He treats his white companions as though he were a little king,—lives apart, never "chums" with them, and at certain moments would think it justifiable to sacrifice any one of them to his own safety. I never asked him for "reasons." Sometimes he would say to me, "Braconnier, strike your tents, we start in ten minutes." Had I been foolish enough to say, "where are we going?" he would have answered, "Mind your own business, not mine." I have watched him smoking under his tent, knowing all the time his officers had no tobacco, and it would never occur to him to offer them a pipe. You must live with him a long time to understand him. However long you might know him I doubt that you would ever become his friend.

There is an apartness about Mr. Stanley that others have noticed besides Lieutenant Braconnier.

In society he is pleasant enough, but there is always a certain element of reserve. In this he was very different from General Gordon.

A HOMERIC HERO.

Whatever may be his literary shortcomings, Mr. Stanley has the gift of an eloquence which has been tried in many languages and has proved successful in all. Mr. Kinglake once declared, after hearing Mr. Stanley hold forth once in Madame Novikoff's salon, that if he were to enter the House of Commons, he would speedily be recognised as one of the first debaters of his time. The art of oratory he has practised under fire, and his speeches to his followers, like his letter to Emin adjuring him to be done with his indecision and obey orders from without, remind one of the speeches of Homeric heroes. Alike in fighting and in speaking he is cast in the antique type.

He is not given to the gluttony popular among some ancient heroes. He has been sober and temperate both in food and drink, excepting in tea, for which he has the passion common to men of his temperament. He said once—

I never allow the luxuries of civilisation to demoralize me, and I never was a gourmand. I shall be happy when I set foot once more on African soil, and I fall very readily into my old nomadic ways of life. Tea, coffee, milk, tobacco, but stimulants seldom. In England I smoke three cigars a day. In Africa I have my pipe and mild tobacco. I did not begin to smoke until I was twenty-five, and could not grapple with a pipe till I was thirty.

Smoking in Africa, as, indeed, elsewhere, is often an indispensable lubricant of conversation. Here, for instance, is a pleasant picture drawn by Mr. H. H.

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Johnston of Mr. Stanley when he was reigning as a little king on the Congo:—

Here he was seated on his camp chair, his pipe in his mouth and a semicircle of grinning kinglets squatting in front of him, some of them smoking long-stemmed, little-bowled pipes in complacent silence, and others putting many questions to "Bula Matade" as to his recent journey to Europe,—to "Mputo," the land beyond the sea, as they call it. Perhaps he never posed better for a picture than at that moment as he sat benignly chatting and smoking with the native chiefs, his face lighting up with amusement at their naive remarks, while the bearing of his head still retained that somewhat proud carriage that inspired these African chieftains with a real respect for his wishes and a desire to retain his friendship.

MR. STANLEY'S MOTHER.

Respect and a desire to retain his friendship—Yes. Passionate devotion—No. Therein the contrast between Mr. Stanley and General Gordon is the strongest. Mr. Stanley, somehow or other, is not much loved. And yet in many relations of life he seems lovable enough. The story of how he brought his old mother up to London, put her up at a grand hotel, and told her that he wished to make her a very valuable present, is full of humour and pathos. It was just after he had come back from the Abyssinian campaign. Her curiosity was much excited, and she eagerly watched him unfasten a carefully tied-up parcel, wondering what precious contents would soon be revealed to her view. "It is very valuable," said he proudly, "and it will become still more so as time goes on." So saying, he unfolded before her eyes a strip of torn and bloodstained coat, worn by King Theodore when he was killed. But, alas for Mr. Stanley's pride! His mother, so far from appreciating it, was frightened at the blood-stains, and begged him to take it back,—which he did, feeling his gift was somewhat misplaced. Other relics, however, she was glad to receive and to cherish. There used to be a small Stanley museum in her cottage, in which she kept the hats her son wore in his search for Livingstone, an African war-club, named by its maker the tree of life, a papyrus cradle,—like that of Moses,—and the small American flag which he carried with him on his hunt after Livingstone. All these used to be on view before the good old lady died and was buried in a coffin on which was recorded the fact that she was "the mother of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer." She loved him, and so did her sister. So also did the boy Dualla, who waited upon him for many years, and who was one of the most conspicuous African features of Mr. Stanley's chambers in London.

THE SISYPHUS OF AFRICA.

Mr. Stanley is a man of unusual administrative ability. He had laid out, he once remarked casually, no less than a million sterling in Africa,—not a bad record for the little workhouse lad of fifty years ago. When he was in charge on the Congo he commanded a small industrial

army of 75 Europeans and 2,000 natives. He controlled seventeen stations, and patrolled the river with a flotilla of twelve steamers.

His health is good. He sleeps well. He has no nerves, and seems to be as absolutely without fear as man can be. The initial velocity of the creature is inexhaustible. The imagination shudders as it contemplates the labour of this Sisyphus of Africa. He has the native fire of the Welshman, the phlegm of the Englishman, and the inexhaustible resource and ingenuity of the Yankee. He is emphatically a man of his time. The child of the press, he has never forgotten "that Archimedean lever which moves the world." It is, as he says, the enterprise of the press which has popularised African discovery. It was as a Special he discovered Livingstone, and as a Special he discovered the possibility of opening up the Congo. When he left the press he used the press, and it was the attention which he drew to Central Africa through the press which set on foot that scramble for Africa which is the most conspicuous feature of our day.

I am not writing a life of Mr. Stanley, and it is not necessary to do more than pass in rapid review the great achievements of his prime. The story of how he found Livingstone is one of the most familiar, if not the most familiar romances of modern travel. After his return he acted as Special in the Ashantee campaign, and then undertook the journey across Africa, which resulted in the conversion of King Mtesa and the opening up of the Congo. By how many sacrifices these ends were achieved who can realise even among those who passed through them and survived! He wrote on one occasion:—

We were very much dispirited. The small-pox was raging. Dysentery had many victims, one-fourth were infected with the itch, some twenty suffered from ulcers, many complained of chest diseases, pneumonic fever, and pleuritis; there was a case or two of typhoid fever; in short, there was work enough in the stricken expedition for a dozen physicians. Every day we tossed two or three bodies into the deep waters of the Livingstone.

He survived however, came home beloved, wrote his book, and went back to found the Congo State. For six years he laboured, with these results. He established a confederacy of 400 chiefs, bound by treaty to promote trade and keep the Congo open. He established thirty stations, opened up the river for 7,000 miles into the heart of Africa, and ultimately succeeded in securing European recognition for the Congo State. Then he returned to England once more. He brought out another book, delivered more lectures, and was back in Africa again in 1887 on his way to relieve Emin Pacha.

Of the story of that two years' journey, now happily crowned with complete success, the newspapers have been so full for so long that it is unnecessary to speak.

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The Projected Law on Charitable Institutions. By R. Mazzei.

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Nathaniel Parker Willis. By R. H. Stoddard.

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Youma. By Lafcadio Hearn.

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Virginie. By Val. Prinsep.

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The Talking Image of Uzur. By F. M. D. Hartman.

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The Wages of Sin. By Mabel Lucas.

Unsere Zeit.

Unter den Tropen (concluded). By Martha Asmus.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CARLYLE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THE most important paper in the *Fortnightly* is an article of twenty-eight pages in which Professor Tyndall jots down some personal recollections of Thomas Carlyle. The article is quite as interesting for the glimpses it gives of Professor Tyndall as for the light it throws upon Mr. Carlyle. The net impression is distinctly pleasurable. The imposing figure of the great teacher stands forth with its rough angularity softened, and a certain mild radiance about the features which is familiar enough to all of us who knew the real Carlyle as he lived, but which is almost unbelievable to those who have estimated him solely from the "Latter-day Pamphlets" or the bitter self-reproaches with which his "Reminiscences" were filled. Professor Tyndall knew Mr. Carlyle for many years, and in these pages he describes, with the loving fidelity of a disciple, the impression produced by the presence and teaching of the master. He says, very truly, that Carlyle wrote his "Reminiscences" when he was but the hulk of the true Carlyle. The lurid atmosphere of personal suffering, physical and mental, in which they were written, defaced, blurred, and sometimes inverted, like mirage, his coastline of memory. Hence the figure of himself quivering on that dissolving shore has suffered more from the false refraction than anything else. With no intention of contributing more than a few memorial notes to the voluminous literature which has grown up round the memory of Carlyle, Professor Tyndall publishes these "Recollections," which, as he says, are but as "a pebble dropped on the summit of a tor."

THE INFLUENCE OF "PAST AND PRESENT."

He begins his narrative by describing the effect which the perusal of "Past and Present" had upon him in the year 1843. He was then living in the midst of poverty-stricken Lancashire. He says:—

It was far from easy reading; but I found in it strokes of descriptive power unequalled by my experience, and thrills of electric splendour which carried me enthusiastically on. I found in it, moreover, in political matters, a morality so righteous, a radicalism so high, reasonable, and humane, as to make it clear to me that, without truckling to the ape and tiger of the mob, a man might hold the views of a Radical.

He read the book through three times, and then wrote out on some old sheets of foolscap an analytical summary of each chapter. This finished, he tied up the loose sheets and stowed them away among his papers, from whence they were exhumed more than a quarter of a century afterwards. Professor Tyndall was then superintendent of the Royal Institution, and one day, after explaining to Mr. Carlyle the experiments which demonstrated the fact that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation, he read to him the old analysis of "Past and Present." When it was finished, Mr. Carlyle said, "What greater reward could I have than to find an ardent young soul, unknown to me, and to whom I was personally unknown, thus influenced by my words?"

ALAS, NO BOSWELL IS HERE!

Professor Tyndall says that it would require gifts greater than those of Boswell to reproduce Carlyle. He does not make the attempt. The "Recollections" abound with vivid pictures of Mr. Carlyle in his daily life. We see him walking down Albemarle-street, "his tough old arm encircling mine," or drinking a tumbler of claret in front of a bright fire, or smoking a churchwarden, or seat-

ing himself in the Brompton 'bus, "where, when he was inside, every conductor knew that he carried a great man;" or galloping wildly over the country at such a rate that his companion described the motion as "tantamount to being shot like a projectile through space." But there are very few of Mr. Carlyle's recorded sayings. Professor Tyndall tells us that he denounced homeopathy; that he loved to hear Professor Tyndall hold forth on the undulatory theory of light, and displayed in all his intercourse that piercing, long-sighted intellect which justifies his friend's remark when, after describing his death and burial, he exclaims: "So passed away one of the glories of the world!" Of the actual sayings of Mr. Carlyle in this article, here a few. When he stood before the portrait of Bloody Mary, he remarked: "She is a very well-abused woman,—not a bad woman; I rather think a good woman acting according to her lights." On another occasion he said, "Frederick was the greatest administrator the world had seen, but I could never really love the man." Of Goethe, Professor Tyndall says the majesty of his intellect seemed, in Carlyle's estimate, to dissolve all his errors, both of intellect and conduct. It will surprise no one that Mr. Carlyle enjoyed and admired Browning, but it will be news to many that, notwithstanding all his denunciations of Darwinism, he once met the author of the "Origin of Species," and declared that "a more charming man I had never met in my life."

WE HAVE ABOLISHED HELL-FIRE!

Here is a very vivid picture of Mr. Carlyle and Professor Tyndall one stormy day finding refuge in a clearing in the heart of the New Forest:—

It was a solemn spot, perfectly calm, while round the wood sounded the storm. Dry, dead fern abounded. Of this I formed a cushion, and placing it on one of the tree stumps, set him down upon it. I filled his pipe and lighted it, and while he puffed conversation went on. Early in the day, as we roamed over the pastures, he had been complaining of the collapse of religious feeling in England, and I had said to him, "As regards the most earnest and the most capable of the men of a generation younger than your own, if one writer more than another has been influential in losing them from their theological moorings, thou art the man!" Our talk was resumed and continued as he sat upon the stump and smoked his placid pipe within hearing of the storm. I said to him, "Despite all the losses you deplore, there is one great gain. We have extinguished that horrible spectre which darkened with its death-wings so many brave and pious lives. It is something to have abolished Hell-fire!" "Yes," he replied, "that is a distinct and an enormous gain. My own father was a brave man, and, though poor, unaccustomed to cower before the face of man; but the Almighty God was a different matter. You and I do not believe that Melchett Court exists, and that we shall return thither, more firmly than he believed that, after his death, he would have to face a judge who would lift him into everlasting bliss or doom him to eternal woe. I could notice that, for three years before he died, this rugged, honest soul trembled to its depths at even the possible prospect of Hell-fire. It surely is a great gain to have abolished this Terror."

Most people would have thought that that was the last consolation Mr. Carlyle would have taken to his soul. Half of his writings were devoted to a passionate attempt to impress upon his generation a lively sense of the reality and the truth of the great doctrine of retributive justice which found theological expression in the doctrine of "hell-fire."

THE DEATH OF MRS. CARLYLE.

Professor Tyndall describes, with keen sympathy and much delicate humour, the difference there was

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between Mr. Carlyle after a good sleep, and Mr. Carlyle when his rest had been broken and troubled. After nine hours' uninterrupted slumber, Carlyle's countenance glowed with seraphic happiness, and there was "a boundless blessedness in his eyes and voice." The visit to Edinburgh University, the triumph of his inaugural address, the subsequent banqueting, and then the terrible blow which shattered his life, are all described sympathetically and well. After Mrs. Carlyle's death Professor Tyndall hastened to Chelsea.

The door was opened by Carlyle's old servant, Mrs. Warren, who informed me that her master was in the garden. I joined him there, and we immediately went upstairs together. It would be idle, perhaps sacrilegious, on my part to attempt any repetition of his language. In words, the flow of which might be compared to a molten torrent, he referred to the early days of his wife and himself,—to their struggles against poverty and obstruction, to her valiant encouragement in hours of depression, to their life on the moors, in Edinburgh, and in London,—how lovingly and loyally she had made of herself a soft cushion to protect him from the rude collisions of the world. Three or four times during the narrative he utterly broke down. I could see the approach of the crisis and prepared for it. After thus giving way, a few sympathetic words would cause him to rapidly pull himself together and resume the flow of his discourse. I subsequently tried to write down what he said, but I will not try to reproduce it here. While he thus spoke to me, all that remained of his wife lay silent in an adjoining room.

MR. CARLYLE AS A HUSBAND.

Of the much disputed and debated question of the rights and the wrongs of their matrimonial differences, Professor Tyndall speaks wisely.

They had had their differences,—due probably more to her vivid and fanciful imaginings than to anything else. He, however, took the whole blame upon himself. It was loving and chivalrous, but I doubt whether it was entirely just. I think it probable that in the lamentations which have reached the public through the "Reminiscences" he did himself wrong. His was a temper very likely to exaggerate his shortcomings; very likely to blame himself to excess for his over-absorption in his work, and his too great forgetfulness to his wife.

There was, he tells us in a foot-note, "a fund of tenderness in Mrs. Carlyle, but her sarcasm could on occasion bite like nitric-acid." After her death Professor Tyndall carried Mr. Carlyle off to Mentone, away to the sunlit South. In packing for the journey a curious wrangle arose. Mr. Carlyle insisted on packing his pipes *more suo*, turning a deaf ear to Professor Tyndall's warnings. As a result, only three out of fifty arrived unbroken, while not one of the fifty packed by Professor Tyndall were broken in transit.

HIS USE AND DREAD OF SCIENCE.

This is but a brief indication of a narrative full of intense human interest, characterised as much by tenderly reverent personal feeling as by rare literary skill. We will close with one more extract. After pointing out the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Carlyle's metaphors derived from science, and the extent to which he used the whole body of the sciences, "grinding them into paint where-with to paint his marvellous pictures," Professor Tyndall says:—

Worship he defined as "transcendent wonder," and the lifting of the heart by worship was a safeguard against moral putrefaction. Science, he feared, tended to destroy this sentiment. I may remark here that, as a corrective of superstition, science, even when it acts thus, is altogether salutary. But preoccupation alone could close the eyes of the student of natural science to the fact that the long line of his researches is, in reality, a line strung with wonders. There are freethinkers who imagine themselves able to sound with their penny twine-balls the ocean of immensity. With such Carlyle had little sympathy. He was a freethinker of wiser and nobler mould.

CONVERSION AND CONFESSION.

FROM MR. GLADSTONE'S REVIEW OF "ELLEN MIDDLETON."

MORE than forty years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote a long review of a novel called "Ellen Middleton," which was written by the late Lady Georgiana Fullarton in 1844, two years before she was received into the Catholic Church. The novel, which was republished in 1884, has been so generally forgotten that most of our readers will be glad to have a brief *resumé* of its plot with some illustrative extracts, which they will find on a subsequent page. Mr. Meynell, the editor of *Merry England*,—a Catholic magazine which appears this month with a New-Year's greeting from Cardinal Manning in *fac simile* on its frontispiece,—had the review—which is a very long one—copied out at the British Museum from a forgotten periodical. Then the editor of *Merry England* wrote to Mr. Gladstone, asking permission to republish the review with Mr. Gladstone's name attached. As a reply to this application Mr. Gladstone sent a postcard. This postcard bore the Chester postmark, and was written and signed by the ex-Premier himself. The words ran as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I should be indeed sorry to repay your courtesies by declining your request.

"Pray proceed as you think fit.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"D. 12, 1888."

Mr. Meynell proceeded as he thought fit by reprinting the first part of this voluminous review in *Merry England* of January. From the fifteen pages, mainly critical, we take the following extracts which bear upon the questions of Conversion and Confession. "Ellen Middleton" expresses the feelings and aspirations of a generation which longed to see practical efforts made to establish the confessional and the semblance of Catholicism in the Anglican Communion. Hence the significance of Mr. Gladstone's allusions, guarded though they be, to the discipline of the Church, the practice of confession, and his disparaging references to the Methodist doctrine of conversion. The leader of any political party, of course, has a right to believe what he pleases, and no one would dream of setting up an inquisition into his religious convictions. But as the author of this review of "Ellen Middleton" voluntarily descends into the market-place to proclaim his opinions in the ears of passers by, it is only respectful to so eminent a controversialist to give the utmost possible publicity to the views which he thinks it so important to enunciate. The following passages are textually extracted from Mr. Gladstone's article. For the cross-headings, of course, he is not responsible.

CONFESSION AND EFFORTS OF PAIN.

Let us not conceal it from ourselves that men cannot live for generations, and almost for centuries, deprived of any other spiritual discipline than such as each person, unaided by the external forces of the Church and the testimony of general practice, may have the desire and the grace to exercise over himself, without being the worse for it. Indeed, the notions have gone abroad among us, and that not only where avowed ungodliness prevails, but likewise in connection with very strict professions of religion, that the inward direction and government of the spirit are not a great, arduous, and perpetual work, but a mere corollary, following as matter of course, or little more, upon the sincere adoption of certain doctrines, and, therefore, that they need not be made the subject of a distinct solicitude and care; that the inward consequences of sin, though never corrected by Confession, by efforts of pain, conscious and sustained, by restitution,—those various parts of the process of repentance which test and ascertain its solidity,—may be neutralised by the mere lapse of time, and, so to speak, taken up and absorbed like the ill humours of the body; that it shows a want of faith and savours of Judaism, or some other *ism*, to employ detailed and systematic means for the purpose of working out Christian renovation. Against this false philosophy and false religion the writer of the work before us does battle, not by any logical analysis and exposure of its deceptiveness, but exhibiting to us the machinery of a human heart in full play amidst the trials which critical combinations of circumstances present, and instituting before our eyes the appeal to its living experience. She has assailed that which constitutes, as we are persuaded, the master delusion of our own time and country, and in the way of parable, and by awful example, has shown us how they that would avoid the deterioration of the moral life within them, must strangle their infant sins by the painful acts and accessories of repentance, and how, if we fall short of this by dallying with them, we nurse them into giants for our own misery and destruction.

THE DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION.

It is a sublime result of the Christian revelation to exhibit the strict and close concatenation which, in characters of great depth, force, and scope, links indissolubly together the occurrences of their inward history, and to evolve through a continuous detail into a great consummation the final fruit of some act, secondary in magnitude when it occurred, and seemingly long gone by, and yet to refer all the parts of this great scheme to their proper efficient cause respectively, in the free will and responsible agency of man. We look back with great admiration to those dramas of the Greeks, in which this unity of idea and fortune is most forcibly exhibited, a unity always directed towards crime and suffering, and testifying to divine truth, in so far as it teaches the doctrine of retribution, but sadly obscuring it, in so much as both are alike derived from an uncontrollable and iron necessity as their main origin. . . . The more faithful the transmission of the consequences, the more appalling indeed the picture of human misery, but the more ambiguous, or rather the more hopeless, is the path of escape, and the more perplexing the question, "If there be a God in the world, why are these things so?"

FREEWILL THE KEY TO THE PROBLEM.

But to the practical dilemma which thus beset the fortunes of our race, and which fastened by a magic interest the creative minds of paganism, Christianity brought a great solution. It showed us that there was,

indeed, a reality in this doctrine of moral causation, that every act we do is full of the power of reproduction, that we are tracked and hunted by our own deeds, and that after we have lost them from view and from memory, they reappear and claim as of right the mastery over our fate. All the unity and continuity which, according to the Greek ideas of destiny, belonged to the processes of the life of man, are even more clearly shown by a Christian philosophy to pertain to it; but it is because a will residing within us, and made free to choose the better part, forges its iron chains link by link, in again and again choosing the worse; it is because every action done has a tendency to determine the form and character of that which is next to be done; and they who act without taking this tendency into account, are delivering themselves and their own future into the hands of a blind power, small at first, but rapid in its growth, in its maturity portentous and irresistible.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION.

Unhappily these great truths, of which the philosophical exposition is to be found in Bishop Butler's doctrine of habits, have miserably fallen into neglect during the periods of cold and superficial theology with which the Church of England has been afflicted. Some there have been in whose teaching Christian virtue has been a mere code of maxims and restraints, scarcely more calculated to be operative upon character in its latent springs than the regulations of a turnpike road upon those who travel along it, instead of being "the power of an endless life," the manifestation of the heavenly gift, translucent from within through the veil of flesh. The law of inward formation could not but languish and decay, for it has seemed at times as if the very idea of such a process had been lost. Then came that impatient reaction of minds which felt themselves defrauded of the great living powers enshrined in the Gospel Covenant, and they determined to recover these powers, and they sought as it were to ensure the possession and enjoyment of them by compressing their whole agency into a short and single crisis: a life of loathsome sin, the sharp pangs of a moment, hour, or day, and then a fixed, almost a dogged assurance of sanctity and of felicity, imagined to be founded on the principle of faith. This was the history of the Christian soul in a peculiar phase of the world's religious life.

NEWMAN'S REVIVAL OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH.

But this device, so short, so cheap, so simple, has long ago become full of cracks and fissures; a strong man, as we readily grant, and an earnest one, made it, and it has served its day and done its work; a stronger man is destroying it, and larger, broader, deeper truths rapidly resume their sway, and promise the revived consciousness and use, on behalf of the people of Christ, of all the means of discipline which He graciously bequeathed to them.

After describing how Ellen, after conceiving the idea of confessing to a venerable clergyman, recoiled from executing her design, as she felt the minister of God and the messenger of heaven disappear in the amiable, conversable, gentleman-like man before her, Mr. Gladstone says: "We must pause for a moment to moralise upon the case of Mr. Leslie."

CLERICALISM A PROMINENT SYMBOL OF RELIGION.

Religion has of late years been driven back in great part from that acknowledged position of prominence and authorised power which it once used to occupy in ordinary life; although not absolutely "relegated into obscure municipalities and rustic villages," yet it covers and

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skulks in society, and manifests not itself until, by some careful application of the touchstone, it has ascertained in what quarter sympathy exists. . . . In this state of things it is hard, even for the priest, to be so absorbed in the sense of that vocation that attends him whithersoever he goes, as not ordinarily to remit somewhat of the character and bearing that belong to it. . . . It is not by violence of effort that this state of things can be amended; it must be by the diffusion of the atmosphere of devotion in which men can meet and breathe freely; it must be by the recognition of those symbols of religion which have become so faint and few among us, and among which will be prominent the broad and clear development of the clerical character, both as it respects the obligation of the clergy to live nearer to God than others, and likewise as regards the making full proof of their ministry, and fitting their whole demeanour to the special, and, so to speak, specific form which belongs to it.

THE MIRACLES OF ELECTRICITY.

A SOMEWHAT provoking paper by Mr. Pack Benjamin, in the *Forum*, discusses the possibilities of electricity with more scientific imagination than literary skill. He remarks that the discovery that both electricity and light are due to waves at right angles to the line of transmission caused in the so-called luminiferous ether which pervades all space, and that both have the same absolute velocity, may open the road to electric lighting under entirely new conditions. If a practical mode can be found of exciting and maintaining an electrical vibration of any required degree of rapidity, we may be able to produce light without heat, and then the secret of the glowworm will be unfolded.

PHOTOGRAPHING ACROSS A CONTINENT.

It is now believed that a ray of light, falling on a bar of selenium, sets up therein an electromotive force which produces a current. On this discovery are based the photophone, which reproduces words at a distance by the aid of luminous rays; the artificial eye, sensitive to light and to differences in colour; and the telephotograph, which is competent to telegraph silhouettes and shadows. A slender current is said to have been detected in the optic nerves of a frog when the eye was exposed to light. May there, then, be a conceivable possibility of varying the electrical wave in such manner that at some far-distant point it shall be converted into the corresponding light wave, so that the sensitive plate in San Francisco, for example, may instantly and photographically record the event taking place in New York?

ELECTRIC TRAINS AT THREE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

As soon as it becomes cheaper to generate electrical power than to generate steam power, the reign of steam will be practically ended.

Whether the economy of the electric locomotive will compare favourably with that of the steam locomotive, is not settled. The speed attainable on an electric railway would probably far exceed that now reached on any steam road. One hundred miles per hour is not without the range of reasonable possibility. Whether still greater velocity is practicable will probably depend upon means of reducing the air resistance to the moving vehicles. It certainly would be a curious outcome of the electrical railway, if in time we should come to speak of the lines of a railway car in much the same way as we now do of the lines of a fast yacht.

Two new systems for quick despatch have lately been proposed in this country. One includes a long, narrow car of small cross-sectional area, running on an elevated track, and claimed to be capable of making a speed of

two miles per minute. The other employs a series of electro-magnetic coils, inclosing the elevated track at intervals, through which coils the small car is successively drawn by the action of the current entering the several coils in turn. It is not impossible that we may be able to project mail and express matter throughout the country at the rate of two or three hundred miles an hour, either on elevated structures or through subterranean pipes; or that some day the mails may be sent across the Atlantic by the aid of electric motors traversing tubes laid on the ocean bed.

The most successful electrically-driven air ship thus far is that tested in 1884 by Messrs. Renard and Krebs, which made five miles per hour against a nine-mile breeze (so that her actual speed was fourteen miles per hour), and was able to return to her starting point.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

It may be possible in the future to send perhaps a hundred messages in opposite directions from each end of the same wire at the same time. It may become possible to telegraph between far distant points without the use of wires at all, by the induction of one electrified body upon another—a result already accomplished between comparatively short distances, as is exemplified in the present mode of sending telegraphic despatches from moving trains to the wires on the poles beside the track.

Telegraphic communication has been established through water between boats, and between the opposite sides of rivers and channels. The telegraphic transmission of fac-simile writing, a pen at one point following the motions of a pen at the other, so that a letter written in New York, for example, is automatically reproduced in the chirography of the sender in Philadelphia, has already been achieved.

It is possible to telephone speech over short distances by induction without connecting wires, and equally possible that in time we shall be able to do so over long distances.

TELEGRAPHING TASTES AND SMELLS.

The use of the exceedingly sensitive thermopile in an alarm circuit which shall warn the physician in his office of the feverish condition of his distant patients, has already been proposed. It is known that the current will set the brain in action, and it is known that the current will affect the gustatory nerves and produce a sharp acrid taste, whence the query whether flavours will some time be transmitted electrically, and artificial taste thus be created. So, also, the organs of smell are in some slight degree affected by passing current, and hence the idea of the possibility of the electrical transmission of odours. In time the race may develop a special electrical sense, whereby we may recognise the presence of a charged body, and avoid the terminals of the conductor carrying a dangerous current as we might a mass of hot iron; and that the heat of the brain, due to the working of the "maddening mechanism of thought," may be convertible into electricity by a thermopile attached to the skull, and so be measurable—the "divine afflatus" estimated in volts and amperes.

THE ELECTRICAL MAID OF ALL WORK.

The simple operation of passing powerful currents through the abutting ends of pieces of metal, bids fair to revolutionise the processes of the metal workers; for it enables metals thus to be welded which could not otherwise be joined, and objects of the most intractable forms to be firmly united. It requires but little imagination to conceive that the hulls of iron ships at some future time will be made in one piece, with all their

plates welded together. The cooking of food, the warming of railway cars and buildings, and the tempering of steel by heat produced by the electric current, have all recently been done on a limited scale, and will undoubtedly be accomplished on a larger one. We may yet have our pianos automatically played from a central office, and music on tap in every dwelling.

The last practical suggestion of Mr. Benjamin is the suggestion that a wall-paper may be devised capable of being rendered luminous by electricity, and even sufficiently warm to heat a room!

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. A. E. KENNELLY, Mr. Edison's first electrician, contributes to *Scribner's* an interesting paper on "Electricity in the Household," from which we make the following extracts:—

One of its applications is the burglar alarm apparatus. Every door and window through which entrance could be forced is fitted with a simple clip, adjusted to make, on the least opening, a metallic contact which sets an alarm bell in operation, and at the same time indicates the room where the invasion is being made. By means of a small key, or "switch," the battery is cut off during the day.

THE REGULATION OF TEMPERATURE.

Another most useful system, on the same plan, controls the automatic regulation of temperature in winter time, whether a house be warmed by water, hot air, or steam, it is only necessary to place in each room an automatic thermometer which makes a contact as soon as the temperature reaches the desired point, and to arrange that the contact so made shall electro-magnetically cut off the supply of heat from that chamber. The subsequent cooling of the room below the limiting temperature causes the thermometer to break the circuit and readmit the heat, and it is only necessary to keep an abundant supply in reserve in order to obtain a practically equable temperature. Such a thermometer, generally called a thermostat, is made by riveting side by side two strips of different materials,—generally brass and rubber,—which expand differently at the same degree of heat.

In the same way, during the summer months, this thermostat can, by an additional contact, control the supply of fresh or, if possible, ice-cooled air, so as to maintain a pleasant temperature within doors.

The fire-alarm system depends upon a similar thermostat set for higher temperatures, usually from 120 deg. to 160 deg. The contact in this case rings an alarm bell and indicates the room where there is danger.

An electric door-opener has also been lately designed by which visitors can be admitted without delay. The closing of the door compresses a powerful spiral spring, which is then held in check by a lever until the latter is released by an electro-magnetic impulse. The spring forces open the door, the latch at the same moment being withdrawn.

MAKING CLOCKS KEEP TIME.

Of inferior importance to these systems, which guard the safety of the household, but yet of great interest and utility, is the clock system. Exactly at the hour the standard clock makes a contact completing a circuit through all the controlled timepieces, and electrically exciting a magnet in each. In obedience to this impulse, a pair of arms spring from the dial at the figure XII. and meet swiftly in the centre with the minute hand tight in their embrace, and vanish the next instant behind the dial, where they await the next hourly summons. Each clock is thus mechanically corrected every hour, as the

arms sweep over three minutes' space on each side of the true vertical, and the clock that fails to keep time by three minutes in the hour may well be submitted to internal examination.

Another convenience which is sometimes added to a system of time regulation is an arrangement for electrically winding up the clocks at regular intervals.

The electric time-detector registers the time at which visits are paid to any particular part of the premises. A dial, rotating by clock-work once in twelve hours, carries round a paper disk over a perforated metal plate. The watchman going round the building pushes the various buttons on his way, thus registering his progress on the paper disk by punched holes; the rings marking the buttons and the angular position indicating the time.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR

is a wonderfully compact piece of mechanism, for, in domestic sizes, it weighs under one hundred pounds per horse-power. In any house supplied with the electric light it is only necessary to connect the motor with the electric mains, like a lamp, and turning the switch sets the machine at work, thereby saving the hundredth part of a horse-power, which is the usual amount of energy needed to drive it by treadle, not to mention the comfort gained and nerve-force conserved.

As another example of use and ornament united, circular fans driven by motors are not uncommon luxuries in hot weather, when even the exertion of waving a fan counteracts the comfort so produced.

The electric motor is destined to enter largely into the operation of elevators in town houses.

Another suitable task for the electric motor in country-houses is pumping. A float in the reservoir above breaks a contact as soon as the level of the water there has reached the desired limit, and so automatically stops the motor until further supply is demanded.

In the same way motors have been applied to lawnmowers, to carpet-sweepers, to shoe-polishers; and, in fact, there is no household operation capable of being mechanically performed, of which, through the motor, electricity cannot become the drudge and willing slave. It has even been applied to serving at table. A miniature railroad track runs round the table within easy reach of each guest, and thence, by ornamented trestle-work, to the wall, disappearing through a shutter. The dishes, electrically signalled for by the hostess, are laid on little trucks fitted with tiny motors, and are started out from the pantry to the dinner-table. They stop automatically before each guest, who, after assisting himself, presses a button at his side and so gives the car the impetus and right of way to his next neighbour. The whole journey having been performed, the cars return silently to their point of departure.

HEATING BY ELECTRICITY.

The question ultimately reached is, whether labour can be saved to a community if all the coal necessary for their heat-supply through the medium of electricity be burned in one central station, and the electrical power so obtained distributed generally, instead of continuing the usual custom of burning the coal in each house locally.

An electric coffee-heater is an ornamental case enclosing a coffee-pot, or, in another form, it may be a kettle in an asbestos lining, round which circulate coils of wire, the passage of the electric current through these coils generating the heat. In one convenient form the current that would feed fifteen ordinary incandescent lamps will produce hot coffee in ten minutes.

THE NATURAL INEQUALITY OF MAN.

[BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.]

As last month Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer were drawn into a correspondence in the *Times* concerning absolute political ethics, no one who knew either of these two doughty disputants can affect any surprise when he finds them reappearing in the *Nineteenth Century* to fight out their feud in a wider arena. Of the two articles, Professor Huxley's will command by far the most attention, not only on account of superiority of literary style, but because of its much closer and sharper contact with the political ideals of our times. It is a contact, however, which resembles the blow which the prize-fighter lands upon the eye of his antagonist; for Professor Huxley sets himself deliberately to combat that revived Rousseauism which he says is gradually coming to the front again. He thinks it is working such sad mischief among those who are led astray by a superficial and plausible doctrine as to impose upon him the duty of counteracting it to the best of his ability. His article in the *Nineteenth Century* is devoted to an attempt to show what Rousseau's doctrines were, and to demonstrate their worthlessness from a scientific point of view. He summarises Rousseau's doctrines under three heads:—

First, that all men are born free, equal, and good, and in the state of nature remain so.

Secondly, that men being equal by natural right, no one can have any right to encroach on another's equal right to the land or its produce without the unanimous consent of all other men.

Thirdly, political rights are, therefore, based upon contract. The right of conquest is no right, and the property acquired by force may rightly be taken away by force.

Examining each of these propositions in turn, Professor Huxley has little difficulty in demonstrating that the so-called "state of nature," in which noble and peaceful, but nude and propertyless savages sit in solitary meditation under trees, without cares or responsibilities, is the veriest figment of the unscientific imagination. The science of anthropology has practically been created since Rousseau's time, and the result of all our investigations into the past of mankind is conclusive against the theory from which Rousseau starts. Whilst it is very difficult to say in what way society and property came to acquire their present form, one thing is absolutely certain, they did not arrive from any such starting-point as Rousseau presupposes. Examining the various points of the Gospel according to Jean Jacques, Professor Huxley ridicules the idea that a child which cannot live twenty-four hours unless it is imprisoned in its mother's arms and coerced into putting its foolish wandering mouth to the breast it could never find for itself, can be said to be born free. To say that it was a born slave would more nearly agree with fact. Children are no more born equal

than they are born all with blue eyes or black hair. The different potentialities of their natural qualities develop as they grow up into political faculties. Even in nomadic society, in which property did not exist, the clever man would have ideas, the commodity which in the long run buys all others, while the witless man will have none. The one will miss opportunities and the other will make them. "Thus proclaim human equality as loud as you like, Witless will serve his brother." The doctrine, therefore, of the natural freedom and equality of all men, is an utterly baseless fiction. Professor Huxley is inclined further to deal out the same measure to the modified form to the proposition that all men ought to be free and equal; at least so long as the "ought" poses as an immutable command, but he is willing to admit that in reference to positive law with limitations it may be justifiable. That admission, however, does not affect his contention that the demonstration that man is naturally born neither free nor equal, knocks the bottom out of Rousseau's argument. He deals equally unceremoniously with the doctrine as to the invalidity of titles, especially to titles to land: based on the assertion that they are based on conquest. Conquest itself, he says, may be regarded as a form of contract. At the price of peace certain lands are paid over to the conqueror. Again, every declaration of war is an appeal to the arbitration of force, and contracting parties are bound to abide by the decision of the arbitrator. This argument, however, is open to the objection that arbitration implies a voluntary reference by both contracting parties, while war is usually forced by the stronger on the weaker in opposition to his vehement protests. On the ground of practical expediency the argument for a statute of limitations is overwhelming, and Professor Huxley evidently inclines to the opinion "that force used so as to render further opposition hopeless is an ownership which should be recognised as soon as possible." Individual property in land in many cases is proved to have grown up by the operation of purely industrial causes. The communal system went to pieces under the pressure of the superior commercial advantages of individual ownership.

The passages in the article which will be read with the greatest interest are those in which, abandoning for a moment his polemic against Rousseau, Professor Huxley roundly assails the dominant fallacies of modern democracy. Freedom used foolishly and equality denied by the facts of nature, are things of which he thinks we have rather too much already. One thing we need to learn is the necessity of limiting freedom for the general good, another that the despotism of the majority is theoretically as little justifiable and as dangerous as that of the auto-

crat, and thirdly that to give a vote to fools is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing to the fools.

I should be very sorry to find myself on board a ship in which the voice of the cook and the loblolly boys counted for as much as those of the officers, and yet there is no sea more dangerous than the ocean of practical politics.

Still more important is the passage in which he refers to the population question, "that real riddle of the Sphinx to which no political *Œdipus* has yet found the answer. In view of the ravages of the terrible monster over multiplication, all other riddles sink into insignificance." No system which the wit of man has devised can evade the difficulty unless mankind can be prevented from multiplying indefinitely. Even absolute political ethics he thinks will be puzzled to answer the question which will arise when population has reached the limits of the means of subsistence, namely, "are we who can just exist to admit the new comers, who will simply starve themselves and us?" To that question there is obviously only one reply, although Professor Huxley leaves the reader to supply it himself.

OUGHT DIVORCED PEOPLE TO RE-MARRY?

BY MR. E. G. PHELPS.

THE late Minister for the United States at the Court of St. James, contributes to the *Forum* of December a very weighty and interesting article on the divorce question. Viewing the matter solely from the practical plane of public policy, he argues forcibly in favour of the root and branch abolition of the law allowing divorced persons to re-marry. Nothing but this, he contends, will do any good. The system must continue substantially as it is,—scandalous, demoralizing, dangerous,—or it must be plucked up by the roots. The rapidity with which divorces are increasing in the United States is very alarming. Three thousand courts have the right to grant divorce, and during 1889, 35,000 will have been granted. What is more alarming is that divorces are most frequent where churches are most numerous and educational machinery most elaborate. In the last twenty years, 328,000 marriages were annulled, and the rate of increase of divorce has been double that of the population. The root of the mischief is the permission to re-marry. If that right were taken away, nine-tenths, perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of the divorce cases, would at once disappear. Mr. Phelps rejects the suggestion that the constitution should be amended so as to permit of a uniform national law of divorce. First, because he thinks that to include divorce at all in the constitution would be wrong in theory and fatal in practice, while in reality it would afford no security that the national law would be much better than the State laws which it would supersede. Equally impossible for practical reasons would it be to forbid the guilty party to marry again, while permitting re-marriage to the innocent partner. In nine cases out of ten the guilty person is a man. But the divorced man re-marries much more frequently than the divorced woman; hence, he argues, that in order to allow the really innocent party a right to marry again the same right is unavoidably extended to ten times as many cases in which the conduct of the party contracting has been guilty, fraudulent or collusive. He admits the hardship to individuals, but main aims that,

on the whole, it would work much less suffering if the cases of individual hardship were not allowed to dictate a law prejudicial to the permanent interests of the whole community. So far from believing that divorced persons, compulsorily celibate, would necessarily be immoral, he says that among women this is notoriously not the case, and that the history of all countries shows that immorality increases when facilities for divorce are enlarged. They are a stimulant to it, not a preventive. Facile divorce is a perpetual provocation to matrimonial disputes. Hence Mr. Phelps, without relying in the least on the sentimental side of marriage, arrives at practically the same conclusion as Mr. Gladstone on the authority of Scripture and of the Church.

BY MR. GLADSTONE.

In the December number of the *North American Review* there is an article by Mr. Gladstone on "The Question of Divorce." The following four questions had been submitted as a basis for discussion in the previous numbers:—

- I. Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?
2. Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?
3. What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family?
4. Does the absolute prohibition of divorce, where it exists, contribute to the moral purity of society?

In answering these questions, Mr. Gladstone writes:—I undertake, though not without misgiving, to offer answers to your four questions. For I incline to think that the future of America is of greater importance to Christendom at large than that of any other country; that that future, in its highest features, vitally depends upon the incidents of marriage; and that no country has ever been so directly challenged as America now is to choose its course definitely with reference to one, if not more than one, of the very greatest of those incidents.

I. On the first of the four questions I have to observe that the word divorce appears to be used in three different senses. First, it is popularly applied to cases of nullity, as in the world-famous suit of Henry VIII. This sense has only to be named in order to be set aside, since the finding of nullity simply means that, in the particular case, no contract of marriage has ever been made.

The second sense is that which is legally known, in canonical language, as divorce *a mensâ et thoro*—from board and bed; and which is termed in the English Statute of 1857 judicial separation. I am not prepared to question in any manner the concession which the law of the Church, apparently with the direct authority of St. Paul (1 Cor. vii. 10), makes in this respect to the necessities and the infirmities of human nature.

II. The second question deals with what may be called divorce proper. It resolves itself into the lawfulness or unlawfulness of re-marriage, and the answer appears to me to be that re-marriage is not admissible under any circumstances or conditions whatsoever.

Not that the difficulties arising from incongruous marriages are to be either denied or extenuated. They are insoluble. But the remedy is worse than the disease.

Mr. Gladstone asserts because he believes that marriage is essentially a contract for life, and only expires when life itself expires.

That Christian marriage involves a vow before God. That no authority has been given to the Christian Church to cancel such a vow.

That it lies beyond the province of the civil legislature, which, from the necessity of things, has a veto within the

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limits of reason upon the making of it, but has no competency to annul it when once made.

That according to the laws of just interpretation re-marriage is forbidden by the text of Holy Scripture.

That, although private opinions have not been uniform even in the West, the law of the Latin Church, and also of the Anglican Church, from time immemorial, allows of no re-marriage.

That divorce proper, without limitation, essentially and from the time of contraction onwards, alters the character of marriage, and substitutes a relation different in ground and nature.

That divorce with limitation rests upon no clear ground either of principle or of authority.

[In England it was urged, on behalf of the bill of 1857, that adultery broke the marriage-bond *ipso facto*. Yet, when the adultery is of both the parties, divorce cannot be given! Again, it is said that the innocent party may re-marry. But (1) this is a distinction unknown to Scripture and to history, and (2) this innocent party, who is commonly the husband, is in many cases the more guilty of the two.]

That divorce does not appear to have accompanied primitive marriage. In Scripture we hear nothing of it before Moses. Among the Homeric Achaians it clearly did not exist. It marks degeneracy and the increasing sway of passion.

III. While divorce of any kind impairs the integrity of the family, divorce with re-marriage destroys it root and branch.

IV. I do not venture to give an answer to this question except within the sphere of my own observations and experience, and in relation to matters properly so cognisable. I have spent nearly sixty years at the centre of British life. In the year 1857 the English Divorce Act was passed, for England only. Unquestionably, since that time the standard of conjugal morality has perceptibly declined among the higher classes of this country, and scandals in respect to it have become more frequent. The decline I believe to be due in part to this great innovation in our marriage laws; but in part only, for other disintegrating causes have been at work. The mystery of marriage is, I admit, too profound for our comprehension; and it seems now to be too exacting for our faith.

The number of divorces *a vinculo* granted by the civil court is, however, still small in comparison with that presented by the returns from some other countries.

ROBERT BROWNING.—IN MEMORIAM.

MR. SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE sends seven sonnets on the subject of Mr. Browning's death to the *Fortnightly*. They are not among his happiest efforts. Here are the best lines:—

"Among the wondrous ways of men and time,
He went as one that ever found and sought,
And bore in hand the lamp-like spirit of thought,
To illumine with instance of its fire sublime
The dusk of many a cloud-like age and clime."

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* Sir Theodore Martin contributes a sonnet to the memory of the poet, in which, after alluding to Mr. Browning's reunion with his wife, he continues thus:—

"Gone to behold, with eyes serene and clear,
The world that to thy life was ever near

In gleams, now perfect dawn, of heavenly lore!

Gone from our eyes that noble, gracious head,
The quick, keen glance, the welcoming frank smile.
Hushed, too, the voice with its strong manly ring,
But not the strains in which our souls are fed
With thoughts that life of half its pain beguile,
And hopes of what the great Beyond shall bring!"

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE.

The best article on Mr. Browning in this month's magazines and reviews is that of the Rev. Stopford Brooke in the *Contemporary*. "When Browning passed away," says Mr. Brooke, "men felt as of old when a great king had died." "Robert Browning was one of the spiritual kings and prophets of mankind." "Fifty-seven years ago the appearance of his first poem, 'Pauline,' foretold that a new world of poetry was about to open its doors to men. It was the poetry of introspection, born of the political excitement of the Reform movement which, working in the poet's soul, roused in it the conception of a new spiritual ideal. No longer looking backwards like their predecessors, they looked forward, and allying themselves with the religious and theological movements associated with the names of Newman and Maurice, they expressed in verse the impulse of the soul of their time. In 'Paracelsus' Mr. Browning clearly laid down his view of the meaning and the end of this life, and what he said then he went on saying in a hundred different ways as long as he lived." Mr. Stopford Brooke predicts, "that among the whole of the English-speaking peoples, in proportion as they grow in thought and in spirituality and love of men and women will they grow in the recognition and praise of Browning's poetry, until it will attain to a power and reach of which we cannot conceive." Browning's life was "at one with the past, passionate with the present, and possessed by faith an endless and glorious future—a life lived at the top of the wave." Browning has left behind him a religious lore of life based on faith and a life to come. In this material age Browning held up the blessed torch of life in God, and maintained the great truths of God's fatherhood and man's perfection beyond death. It is a mighty legacy to leave behind.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

In the *New Review* Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes a pencil sketch to the Browning portrait gallery. From the paper, which is all too short, we extract the following passage describing Mr. Browning as a talker:—

"There have been many attempts to describe Mr. Browning as a talker in society. To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms, the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then, in his own study or drawing-room, what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low arm-chair's 'sofa-lap of leather,' and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannise, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio, talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those

generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigour, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength.

"The last time that the present writer enjoyed one of these never-to-be-forgotten talks was on the earliest Sunday in June, last summer. For the first time since many years Mr. Browning was in Cambridge and he was much fêted. He proposed a temporary retreat from too full society, and we retired alone to the most central and sequestered part of the beautiful Fellow's Garden of Trinity.

"He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he, marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet, and nothing but a poet. He remarked that all his life long he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to superabundance of production, since, on looking back, he could see that he had often, in his unfettered leisure, been afraid to do nothing. Then, with complete frankness, he described the long-drawn desolateness of his early and middle life as a literary man; how, after certain spirits had seemed to rejoice in his first sprightly runnings, and especially in *Paracelsus*, a blight had fallen upon his very admirers. He touched, with a slight irony, on 'the entirely unintelligible *Sordello*,' and the forlorn hope of *Bells and Pomegranates*. Then he fell, more in the habitual manner of old men, to stories of early loves and hatreds, Italian memories of the forties, stories with names in them that meant nothing to his ignorant listener.

"It is almost a necessity with imaginative genius of a very high order to require support from without: sympathy, admiration, amusement, must be constantly poured in to balance the creative evaporation. But Mr. Browning demanded no such tribute. He rather hastened forward with both hands full of entertainment for the new-comer, anxious to please rather than hoping to be pleased. The most part of men of genius look upon an unknown comer as certainly a bore and probably an enemy, but to Robert Browning the whole world was full of vague possibilities of friendship.

"It was part of Mr. Browning's large optimism, of his splendid and self-sufficing physical temperament, that he took his acquaintances easily—it might almost be said superficially. His poetic creations crowded out the real world to a serious extent. It must be ten years ago, but the impression of the incident is as fresh upon me as though it happened yesterday, that Mr. Browning passed from languid and rather ineffectual discussion of some persons well known to us both into vivid and passionate apology for an act of his own *Colombe of Ravenstein*. It was the flash from conventionality to truth, from talk about people whom he hardly seemed to see, to a record of a soul that he had formed and could follow through all the mazes of caprice. It was seldom, even in intimacy, I think, that he would talk thus liberally about his sons and daughters of the pen, but that was mainly from a sensible reticence and hatred of common vanity. But when he could be induced to discuss his creations it was easy to see how vividly the whole throng of them was moving in the hollow of his mind. It is doubtful whether he ever totally forgot any one of the vast assemblage of his characters."

MR. H. D. TRAILL.

There is a short but solid paper on Robert Browning in the *National Review*, which is written by Mr. H. D. Traill. After recognising the imperishable services which Mr. Browning has rendered to the intellectual life of his country, Mr. Traill says that he thinks that the poet's best

work was done before his popularity set in. That popularity was full, no doubt, of mental and emotional stimulants, but more conducive to copiousness of production than to the perfection of form. He sums up the matter as follows:

"Command over the beauty of external form was a faculty which he was slowly acquiring at the moment when popularity overtook him; and from that moment or so I think it must appear to an impartial judgment, he ceased to strive after it. That he was a real poet in the sense of having written real poetry will be admitted by every competent critic. But it will have, I fear, to be added that no poet so eminent as Mr. Browning has ever left behind him so large a body of brilliant, profound, inspiring literature, wherein the essential characteristics of poetry will be sought in vain."

MR. BROWNING'S AUTOGRAPH.

In *Merry England* Mr. Meynell publishes an autograph letter of three pages addressed to him from Asolo by Mr. Browning, as recently as the 7th October, 1889. It is a letter of kindly counsel and sympathetic interest in a young man of talent who was doomed to uncongenial labour from which he wished to extricate himself. "He can have no better adviser and friend," wrote Mr. Browning, "than yourself, except *himself*, if he listens to the inner voice."

WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH MY MILLIONS?

BY MR. MILLIONAIRE CARNEGIE.

In the *North American Review*, Mr. Andrew Carnegie writes a second paper on his "Gospel of Wealth," the chief thesis of which is that men who die rich are inevitably "damned and ought to be." "There will be nothing to surprise the student of socialistic development," he tells us, "if society should approve the text which says that a camel can go through the eye of a needle more easily than a rich man can enter the kingdom of heaven," provided that it is interpreted to mean that no one should die rich. The millionaire should give away his millions while he lives. But to whom shall he give them, and how can he best discharge the stewardship of wealth? To give them in charity is worse than to throw them into the sea in 950 cases out of a thousand. The rich man may therefore find himself at some loss what to do. He is damned if he keeps his money, and he damns other people if he gives it away in the ordinary method of charity. Hence arises the need for Mr. Carnegie's paper on the "Best Fields for Philanthropy." We make the following extracts from the article, which is characterised by a great deal of shrewd common sense, and to the main leading suggestions of which Mr. Gladstone has just given his emphatic adhesion in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

I.—FOUND OR ENLARGE A UNIVERSITY.

Standing apart by itself, there is the founding of a university by men enormously rich, such men as must necessarily be few in any country. Perhaps the greatest sum ever given by any individual for any purpose is the gift of Senator Stanford, who undertakes to establish upon the Pacific coast, where he amassed his enormous fortune, a complete university, which is said to involve the expenditure of ten millions of dollars, and upon which he may be expected to bestow twenty millions of his surplus. If any millionaire be interested in the ennobling study of astronomy, the Lick Observatory is an example which could well be followed, for the progress made in astronomical instruments and appliances is so great and

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continuous, that every few years a new telescope might be judiciously given to one of the observatories upon this continent. By adding to and extending those universities in existence a wide field remains for the millionaire as distinguished from the Cræsus among millionaires.

2.—FOUND FREE LIBRARIES.

The result of my own study of the question, What is the best gift that can be given to a community? is that a free library occupies the first place, provided the community will accept and maintain it as a public institution, as much a part of the city property as its public schools, and, indeed, an adjunct to these.

When I was a boy in Pittsburg, Colonel Anderson, of Allegheny,—a name I can never speak without feelings of devotional gratitude,—opened his little library of four hundred books to boys. Every Saturday afternoon he was in attendance himself at his house to exchange books. No one but he who has felt it can know the intense longing with which the arrival of Saturday was awaited, that a new book might be had. My brother and Mr. Phipps, who have been my principal business partners through life, shared with me Colonel Anderson's precious generosity, and it was when revelling in these treasures that I resolved, if ever wealth came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man.

Many free libraries have been established in our country, but none that I know of with such wisdom as the Pratt Library, of Baltimore. Mr. Pratt presented to the city of Baltimore one million dollars, requiring it to pay 5 per cent. per annum, amounting to fifty thousand dollars per year, which is to be devoted to the maintenance and development of the library and its branches.

Closely allied to the library, and, where possible, attached to it, there should be rooms for an art gallery and museum, and a hall for such lectures and instruction as are provided in the Cooper Union.

All that our cities require to begin with is a proper fire-proof building. Their citizens who travel will send to it rare and costly things from every quarter of the globe they visit, while those who remain at home will give or bequeath to it of their treasures.

3.—ESTABLISH HOSPITALS, LABORATORIES, ETC.

We have another most important department in which great sums can be worthily used,—the founding or extension of hospitals, medical colleges, laboratories, and other institutions connected with the alleviation of human suffering, and especially with the prevention rather than the cure of human ills.

The late Mr. Vanderbilt's gift of half a million of dollars to the medical department of Columbia College for a chemical laboratory was one of the wisest possible uses of wealth. It strikes at the prevention of disease by penetrating into its causes.

The forms that benefactions to these may wisely take are numerous, but probably none is more useful than that adopted by Mr. Osborne when he built a school for training female nurses at Bellevue College. Their employment as nurses has enlarged the sphere and influence of women. It is not to be wondered at that a senator of the United States and a physician distinguished in this country for having received the highest distinctions abroad should find their wives from this class.

4.—IRE-ENT PUBLIC PARKS.

In the very front rank of benefactions public parks should be placed, always provided that the community undertakes to maintain, beautify, and preserve inviolate the parks given to it. If a park be already provided,

there is still room for many judicious gifts in connection with it. Mr. Phipps, of Allegheny, has given conservatories to the park there, which are visited by many every day of the week, and crowded by thousands of working people every Sunday.

The parks and pleasure-grounds of small towns throughout Europe are not less surprising than their libraries, museums, and art galleries. We saw nothing more pleasing during our recent travels than the hillside of Bergen, in Norway. It has been converted into one of the most picturesque of pleasure-grounds; fountains, cascades, water-falls, delightful arbors, fine terraces, and statues adorn what was before a barren mountain side. Here is a field worthy of study by the millionaire who would confer a lasting benefit upon his fellows. Another beautiful instance of the right use of wealth in the direction of making cities more and more attractive we found in Dresden. The owner of the leading paper there bequeathed its revenues for ever to the city, to be used in beautifying it. An art committee decides from time to time what new artistic feature is to be introduced, or what hideous feature is to be changed, and as the revenues accrue, they are expended in this direction. Thus, through the gift of this patriotic newspaper proprietor, his native city of Dresden is fast becoming one of the most artistic places of residence in the whole world. A work having been completed, it devolves upon the city to maintain it for ever.

5.—OPEN PUBLIC HALLS, WITH ORGANS.

We have another good use for surplus wealth, in providing for our cities halls suitable for meetings of all kinds, especially for concerts of elevating music. Our cities are rarely provided with halls for these purposes. The gift of a hall to any city lacking one is an excellent use for surplus wealth for the good of a community. If every city in our land owned a hall which could be given or rented for a small sum, for such gatherings as a committee or the mayor of the city judged advantageous, the people could be furnished with proper lectures, amusements, and concerts, at an exceedingly small cost. If any millionaire born in a small village, which has now become a great city, is prompted in the day of his success to do something for his birthplace with part of his surplus, his grateful remembrance cannot take a form more useful than that of a public hall with an organ, provided the city agrees to maintain and use it.

6.—START SWIMMING BATHS.

In another respect we are still much behind Europe. A form of beneficence, which is not uncommon there, is providing swimming baths for the people. The donors of these have been wise enough to require the city benefited to maintain them at his own expense, and as proof of the contention that everything should never be done for any one or for any community, but that the recipient should invariably be called upon to do part, it is significant that it is found essential for the popular success of these healthful establishments to exact a nominal charge for their use.

7.—BUILD CHURCHES.

Churches, as fields for the use of surplus wealth, have purposely been reserved until the last, because, these being sectarian, every man will be governed by his own attachments; therefore gifts to churches, it may be said, are not, in one sense, gifts to the community at large, but to special classes.

The millionaire should not figure how cheaply this structure can be built, but how perfect it can be made. If he had the money, it should be made a gem, for the educating influence of a pure and noble specimen of

architecture, built, as the pyramids were built, to stand for ages, is not to be measured by dollars. Every farmer's home, heart, and mind in the district will be influenced by the beauty and grandeur of the church. But having given the building, the donor should stop there; the support of the church should be upon its own people. There is not much genuine religion in the congregation or much good to flow from the church which is not supported at home.

AN OCTOGENARIAN ON OLD AGE.

"OVER THE TEA CUPS," BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, who is now in his eighty-first year, begins a series of papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* in January, under the title of "Over the Tea Cups." Those who enjoyed the morning draught of his genius will not reject what he describes as evening slip-slop, nor need he fear the verdict of the critics, whom he likens to cannibalistic caterpillars in a passage which recalls the Autocrat at his best:—

We are literary cannibals, and our writers live on each other and each other's productions to a fearful extent. What the mulberry-leaf is to the silkworm, the author's book, treatise, essay, poem, is to the critical larvæ that feed upon it. It furnishes them with food and clothing. The process may not be agreeable to the mulberry-leaf or to the printed page, but without it the leaf would not have become the silk that covers the empress's shoulders, and but for the critic the author's book might never have reached the scholar's table. Scribblers will feed on each other, and if we insist on being scribblers we must consent to be fed on.

The bulk of the January instalment is taken up with a discourse upon old age, a subject on which a man of three-score years and twenty can naturally speak with authority.

Moses at 120, says Dr. Holmes, was, according to Scripture, in remarkably good condition for a man of his age, and Joshua, the stout old captain of eighty-five, was hearty and vigorous for his years when he crossed the river Jordan into the Promised Land. But nowadays very few climb the white summit of the Mont Blanc of four-score. Of fifty-nine men who graduated with him at Harvard in 1829, only ten survive. At sixty men come within range of the rifle-pits. About sixty-three, at the beginning of the grand climacteric, nature begins to administer her kindly anodyne.

More and more freely she gives it, as the years go on, to her grey-haired children, until, if they last long enough, every faculty is benumbed, and they drop off quietly into sleep under its benign influence.

Do you say that old age is unfeeling? It has not vital energy enough to supply the waste of the more exhausting emotions. Envy not the old man the tranquility of his existence, nor yet blame him if it sometimes looks like apathy. Time, the inexorable, does not threaten him with the scythe so often as with the sand-bag. He does not cut, but he stuns and stupefies. One's fellow-mortals can afford to be as considerate and tender with him as time and nature.

Old age nowadays can no more look back to the past and boast of there being giants in the land in those

days. It can only boast of what its youth had not. It can at least make a great display of minus quantities, of which the fact that it had not learnt how to make the thunderbolt a common carrier is the chief. But as a compensation old age is much more comfortable and much less dull. Barzillai had no daily newspaper, and no tobacco.

Old age is infinitely more cheerful, for intelligent people at least, than it was two or three thousand years ago. If they that look out at the windows be darkened, the optician is happy to supply them with eye-glasses for use before the public, and spectacles for their hours of privacy. If the grinders cease because they are few, they can be made many again by a third dentition, which brings no toothache in its train. By temperance and good habits of life, proper clothing, well-warmed, well-drained, and well-ventilated dwellings, and sufficient, not too much exercise, the old man of our time may keep his muscular strength in very good condition. I doubt if Mr. Gladstone, who is fast nearing his eightieth birthday, would boast, in the style of Caleb, that he was as good a man with his axe as he was when he was forty, but I would back him,—if the match were possible,—for a hundred shekels, against that over-confident old Israelite, to cut down and chop up a cedar of Lebanon.

Habits, he remarks, are the crutches of old age. The older we grow the more automatic we become. If we lived long enough we should become like Maelzel's chess-player. When Emerson was sixty-three he felt his productive stage was over. The loss of the sense of active power is sometimes accompanied by a freshening and verifying of the pictures painted by the imagination—these faded frescoes on the walls of memory. Theology softens in old age. Every age remakes its God.

We unmake Presidents and make new ones. This is an apprenticeship for a higher task. Our doctrinal teachers are unmaking the Deity of the Westminster Catechism and trying to model a new one, with more of modern humanity and less of ancient barbarism in His composition.

Dr. Holmes winds up with a poem, but the discourse really finishes with a curious account of a discussion he had with Longfellow some twenty or thirty years ago on the longevity of poets.

I said to Longfellow that certain statistical tables I had seen went to show that poets were not a long-lived race. He doubted whether there was anything to prove they were particularly short-lived. Soon after this, he handed me a list he had drawn up. I cannot lay my hand upon it at this moment, but I remember that Metastasio was the oldest of them all. He died at the age of eighty-four. I have had some tables made out, which I have every reason to believe are correct so far as they go. From these, it appears that twenty English poets lived to the average age of fifty-six years and a little over. The eight American poets on the list averaged seventy-three and a half, nearly, and they are not all dead yet. The list including Greek, Latin, Italian, and German poets, with American and English, gave an average of a little over sixty-two years. Our young poets need not be alarmed. They can remember that Bryant lived to be eighty-three years old, that Longfellow reached seventy-five and Halleck seventy-seven, while Whittier is living at the age of nearly eighty-two. Tennyson is still writing at eighty, and Browning seems in flourishing health and vigour at seventy-seven.

Alas, before these lines were printed, Browning was no more.

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THE SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA.

MR. CONSUL JOHNSTON.

THE portrait of Mr. H. H. Johnston, which forms the frontispiece of this number of the REVIEW, is a faithful reproduction of a photograph taken by the Stereoscopic Company immediately after his appointment to Mozambique. Since Mr. Johnston began treaty-making with the natives on the Shiré river the Portuguese have acted in such a way as to cause the despatch of a British squadron to Delagoa Bay, and the Anglo-Portuguese question has almost attained the dignity of a small international crisis.

As might be expected, the question is handled in several magazines, but in most cases from the English standpoint. One of the most interesting of the articles is Captain Lugard's "Glimpse of Lake Nyassa" in *Blackwood*.

CAPTAIN LUGARD ON NYASSA LAND.

Captain Lugard is one of the officers who helped to hold the fort for the African Lakes Company against the Arab slave-traders at Karonga. He naturally holds strong opinions as to our duty.

The question is a simple one. We wish to know whether this country, discovered by Livingstone and opened up by our missionaries and traders, and held against Arab aggression by British pluck, and at the loss of several brave lives, is to be ceded to Germany or Portugal, and the access cut off by preposterous concessions to the latter Power. If this is to be so, let the brave men still holding out against sickness and under very trying circumstances at Karonga, know the verdict of their countrymen, and let Germany or Portugal fight their own battles, or leave them. Our good faith to our allies will be broken, an impetus will be given to the slavers which many years will not win back again; but it will *not* be the fault of the Karonga garrison. It is a question of honour and duty; it is a question of life or death, freedom or slavery, to the many who have trusted our good faith.

To get to Lake Nyassa, you land at Quilimane and row four or five days up the Kwakwa river, full of crocodiles, and through air misty with mosquitoes, to the Zambesi, which you reach after a postage of four miles. Up the Zambesi through the fever zone to the Shiré, you pass the marshes into the land of the Makololo, where you come to the tribes to whom Consul Johnston has been distributing British flags. Thirty miles climb over steep gradients bring you to Blantyre, 3,000 feet above the sea.

Savage Africa lies all around, but passing up the long avenue of blue eucalypti, we find ourselves in an oasis of civilisation, the more striking and complete for the contrast. Well-built and neatly-thatched houses of solid brick, enclosing a square beautifully kept in shrubs and flowers, all watered by a highly skilful system of irrigation channels (which bring the water from a distant brook), give a British homely charm to the picture, and disarm surprise, when we find well-stocked kitchen-gardens, carpenters' shops, brickmaking, and laundry establishments all around us. The mission children are dressed in spotlessly clean clothes, and look bright and happy. Over this model colony preside the Rev. D. C. Scott and his wife.

Descending to the shore above the Cataracts you ascend to the lake in the steamer *Itala*. The entrance is commanded by the chief Mpouda, a semi-Arab slaver, who has been squared by the Portuguese. If mere treaty is allowed, Captain Lugard thinks it is all up with our trade on the Nyassa. The lake is 400 miles long, and varies

from fifteen to sixty miles in breadth. The level of the lake is constantly falling, and the water is as clear and pure as crystal. The East Coast is under Arab influence. On the West Coast there is a mission-station under Dr. Laws, of Bandawé, but Karonga, on the north, is the little station which six men have held against overwhelming odds.

A PLEA FOR SWAZILAND.

BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE author of "She," deserting romance for a moment, has relapsed into politics in the *New Review*. Mr. Rider Haggard is a vehement opponent of the policy which is supposed to be favoured by Her Majesty's Ministers. He sees an empire slipping from our grasp in South Africa, and he appeals to the public to speak and act in such a fashion as to compel the Government to proclaim a Protectorate over Swaziland, clear out the Boers, and enclose the anti-British area within the narrowest possible limits, and then leave the political forces thus confined to work out their natural ends.

The tale, he says, of contemplated surrender of Swaziland seems incredible, but nothing is incredible to those who have studied the record of Colonial Office policy in Southern Africa for the last ten years. There is no one thing of which an English Government is not capable when an opening affords itself to escape responsibility abroad. Neither national honour, nor expediency, nor policy, nor profit will suffice to stay the destroying hand of the Colonial Office. How has South Africa been governed of late years? Has it been governed in the interest of the Empire, in the interest of the British Colonists, or in the interest of the natives? In none of these. It has been governed with scarce a particle of honesty, but almost purely to the supposed advantage of the Government of the day, and with the view of catching votes or avoiding censure. When justice has been done, it has been done because the force of public opinion has made it dangerous to be unjust. Were it not for the native grit and determination of Englishmen abroad, little indeed would remain to us of our South African Empire to-day.

It may be said: Why not allow the Boers to take Swaziland, since they themselves are destined to be peaceably submerged with all that is theirs? For two reasons. First, because of the natives, to whom we are under great obligation, and whom it is our duty to protect. Secondly, because, when the transformation occurs, in all probability it will not bring about a reunion of the Transvaal to the British Empire, and the Empire should look after its own interests and save what it can from the wreck. Let not Englishmen be deceived. If the Transvaal becomes British again, it will probably be as an independent Republic, not as a possession of the Empire. And yet, although a great colonial authority has declared the contrary, there is still room for Imperialism in South Africa. The stars in their courses have fought for us; our rule has not been utterly destroyed by our own wantonness and folly. That day has indeed gone by when, for the asking, Africa might have been ours from the Somali country to Cape Agulhas; but we still have many footholds in the land, and could a Government be found that would consent to march forward to a definite end much might yet be regained. It is useless to blink the fact that a great struggle is in progress, of which the issue is shall Dutch or English rule in South Africa? As

has been said, South Africa hitherto has been governed for party purposes, and almost entirely with a view to party gain. Can no rulers be found who will adopt another attitude, who, like Gunnar, the hero of Norse song, will not yield a single inch, but who will go forward, heedless of Boers, Germans, or Portuguese, and the obstructive efforts of disloyal subjects of the Crown; working no wrong or violence indeed, but remembering that here they have a vast and splendid national inheritance which it is their duty to guard, to augment, and to pass on for the benefit of future generations of Englishmen? Surely there are many, both here and in South Africa, who now cry, "A plague on both your houses," but who would support such a policy with heart and soul. But if this rumour is true, if Swaziland is to go the way of the Free State, the Transvaal, and parts of Zululand, and to be handed over to the Boers, what is there more to say? One thing only, that this way madness lies.

COMMANDER CAMERON ON PORTUGUESE SLAVE TRADE.

Commander Lovett Cameron replies, in the *National Review*, to the Portuguese claims put forward by Signor Batalha Reis, and impales Portugal upon the horns of the following dilemma:—"If she owns the territories claimed, she has by her merchants and officials been guilty of the worst forms of the slave trade; while if these men were not her officials, were not under her control, were not her subjects, she has no shadow of a foundation for the argument that their travels and residence in African countries give her a right to sovereignty over these countries."

IN PRAISE OF WAR.

BY LORD WOLSELEY.

LORD WOLSELEY concludes in his seventh paper in the *North American Review* his criticisms on the American Civil War, in the course of which he has let fall many characteristic remarks. Lord Wolseley has no patience with that "hoary-headed old rascal" yclept public opinion, whom he treats as the prisoner at the bar, and whom he charges with issuing decrees in moments of irritability and impatience upon which Governments are obliged to act, even though they send armies to destruction. The following extract in eulogy of war, with which the series concludes, is more interesting than the record of the alternating hot and cold fits which played such havoc with the Federal forces in the great struggle.

The routine of military duty had stationed me in the neighbouring Dominion of Canada while this mighty fight was going on. It is not easy to describe the breathless interest and excitement with which from month to month, almost from day to day, we English soldiers read and studied every report that could be obtained of the war as it proceeded. In one respect, at all events, the broad impressions then formed are confirmed by the conclusions since arrived at, both from the more elaborate

histories and from this most valuable series of papers. I refer to the opinion that, amid the crowds of able men, of gallant soldiers, and of clever statesmen whom the epoch of the American Civil War produced, the two men, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Lee, stand out a head and shoulders above all others. Neither of them was free from human error. Experience and the teaching of history warn us that perfection is a myth. But how great were both of these two great men in their several spheres! How modest, how wise, how self-restrained, how generous, how large in their views, and how grandly patriotic, as each understood patriotism!

One other remark before closing this series of articles, which have at least afforded me most interesting work, whether my humble criticism shall or shall not be profitable to others. I make it with considerable diffidence, both because I am a soldier and because I am not a citizen of the United States. What I have to say is that if one were compelled to choose between condoling with American friends on the terrible misfortunes they underwent in that war, or of congratulating them upon the ennobling effect which that war has had upon their people, one would unhesitatingly congratulate them upon the fact that such stirring and ennobling incidents as those which fill the volumes I have reviewed did occur in American history a quarter of a century ago.

It has been said—foolishly, I think—that the nation is happy whose annals are uninteresting. If anything so preposterous could be true, we should thank God to have been born in a country every page of whose history was replete with heart-stirring events. To eat the fruits of the ground in a warm, balmy climate, with all sorts of comforts round one, may furnish the materials for a happy, passive, uneventful, almost vegetable existence in equatorial Africa. But would there be any pride in belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race if we had no Crécy, Agincourt, Armada, or other glorious achievement of our ancestors to look back upon? What would England be if there had been no Marlborough, no Wellington, no Nelson, no Chatham, Pitt, or Clive, or Warren Hastings—no "men of action"? And since the greatest writers have always breathed the patriotic spirit of their own times, no Shakespeare, no Milton either? How could any Miltons or Shakespeares have been born in a country of purely bovine delights, whose history was a blank? Without war, there would, in fact, be no history at all. And yet, without any doubt, the statesman or the soldier who would not devote all his energies to save his country from what all must regard as the appalling calamity of civil war, or indeed from any war, would be an unprincipled villain. But when all has been done that can be done by statesmen or soldiers to stave off the calamity, surely the effects of war upon the country are not all bad. It is a fearful evil, but an evil for which greater good often compensates. Would the United States now prefer to have had no Washington, no Lincoln, none of the many heroes of the War of Independence and of the Civil War, in order to blot out the record of all war from the pages of its history? Would it be better for the future generations of American citizens that, as mere characters, all such heroes as Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson should never have lived and fought?

In the nation that has never gone through the fiery ordeal of war,—if there be such a nation,—that has never had to encounter circumstances of difficulty and of danger which have threatened its very existence, that has never endured calamities which have tested its men's fibre, there can be no great characters, no lofty figures. It is not a noble, a glorious, or an admirable epoch in the history of any people when the great hero of the hour is the best platform orator or the best money-grubber,

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THE STATE AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* Bishop Magee explains and defends his thesis—

1. That it is not possible for the State to carry out, in all its relations, literally, all the precepts of Christ, and that a State which attempted this could not exist for a week.

2. That if it were possible to do this the result would be a perfectly intolerable tyranny.

Some one had defined Christian Socialism as "compelling men to obey the precepts of Christ." This awkward definition leads the Bishop off upon his present track. He asks:—

Is it possible for the State to carry out those precepts of His which inculcate non-resistance, inexhaustible forgiveness, and unlimited benevolence? Can the State, that is to say, disband its army, burn its ships of war, abolish its courts of justice, pull down its jails, dismiss its policemen, bestow its revenues upon all and sundry who ask for them, and yet still continue to exist as a State? If there really be any person who maintains this I cannot argue with him. His proper place is in a lunatic asylum.

Does the Sermon on the Mount, then, not apply at all to the State? The Bishop thinks that, whatever *interpretation* we may give to the teachings of that discourse, their *application* is exclusively to the individual acting solely on his own behalf, and not to the individual, nor to any collection of individuals, acting on behalf of others. Self-preservation and the preservation of all that is entrusted to it are the *moral* obligations of every State. Now, is this idea of protection of interests, of maintenance of rights, and of resistance to all assaults on these, the idea of the Sermon on the Mount? Distinctly it is not. It is, in a word, from beginning to end, the idea of self-sacrifice as opposed to that of self-preservation. Nay, so far as it is possible for the State, which is governed by the law of self-preservation, to act on law of self-sacrifice, that if the individual is to continue to exist, literal obedience to all the laws of Christ is possible for him only on one condition, viz., that the State does *not* literally obey them all; for, if it did, any one might terminate his existence at any moment with impunity. But is the individual bound to obey literally the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount? Bishop Magee says no. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." What, then, is the spirit of these precepts? It is not an exactly measured amount of submission to authority, of non-resistance and of benevolence, but the readiness to show any amount of each of these as occasion may demand and as *all* the circumstances of the case *viewed with regard to all our other duties and obligations* might require.

The Bishop then proceeds to prove that any attempt to enforce obedience to the precepts of Christ would be an intolerable tyranny. The Christian law is only tolerable when self-sacrifice is inspired by the passion of love. That passion the State cannot supply. Until it can it has no right to exact the practice of Christian principles by its subjects.

To talk of the State, in this matter of Socialism, "compelling men to obey the precepts of Christ," is to talk undiluted and mischievous nonsense. Christianity is not communistic because it has not condemned the possession of property, and not socialistic because it has not made acquiescence in a compulsory redistribution of property a condition of Church membership. The Church and the State are two kingdoms which have different aims, different laws, different functions. To say "that the State

shall constitute itself the guardian of men's souls as it is the guardian of their bodies, and as such that it should repress all vice and all irreligion as it is bound to repress all crime," is to re-establish the "sour, sullen, and dreary tyranny" of the brief but terrible reign of the saints—"a fussy, prying, omnipresent, and utterly unendurable rule of faddists and fanatics," with inevitable reaction following in its wake.

Christianity, he maintains, has nothing to say to the Socialist but: Be just. See that you do not, even in order to save ten thousand men from suffering, inflict unmerited or unrequited suffering on even a single individual. And take care, for the sake of the poor, that you do not make any economic mistake in reconstructing society, for it is the poor, not the rich, who will chiefly suffer.

Is that all, then, that Christianity has to do with politics? Directly, yes; indirectly, no. The conception of human brotherhood enlarges the area over which justice is obligatory, and this works out in softening the horrors of war, abolishing slavery, modifying the severities of our criminal law, and when legislating for the poor in yielding justice fully and completely.

"In all these ways, and in a thousand others, Christianity is exercising a vast and a most beneficent influence upon politics; but that influence is indirect. It acts, not by filling the statute book with Christian precepts, but by filling the hearts of legislators with Christian feelings and motives. If we want, however, to check, or even to destroy, this beneficent work of Christianity, we shall do so effectually by attempting to force all its teachings upon all men in the shape of positive enactments. The clumsy hands of the State are incapable of administering those Divine laws which deal with the conscience and the soul. If it meddles with these it will either perilously relax them lest they prove too severe, or, in attempting to enforce them, it will excite against them a dangerous revolt."

The first part of the Bishop of Peterborough's paper on the socialistic views of St. Paul, as set forth in the Epistle to the Corinthians, appeared in *Good Words*. St. Paul, says the Bishop, dwells at much greater length on social evils than on those of religious schism; the reason being that the Apostles were not only the teachers of a new faith, but also the leaders of a great social revolution. They turned the world upside down mainly by the proclamation of the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

"St. Paul's ideal of a Christian Church was an ideal full of social inequalities, yet pervaded all through by a sense of a true,—the only true,—equality, in which all are not, indeed, equal members, but all are equally members of the Body of Christ. An equality of brotherhood which makes men tolerant of inequalities of rank. An ordered and appointed inequality of rank, which is ever tempered by the sense of perfect and equal brotherhood resting, all of it, upon the sense of a common Fatherhood of God in Heaven."

MRS. GRUNDY AS CENSOR OF FICTION.

A PROTEST AND A DEFENCE.

IN the *New Review* three popular novelists discuss the vexed question of Mrs. Grundy's censorship of the modern novel. In England any one is free to write what he pleases, but if he publishes what Mrs. Lynn Linton euphoniously describes as "specialised literature," unfit for the Young Person, he is in danger of prosecu-

tion, and if he escapes Holloway gaol he cannot escape the boycott of Mudie and W. H. Smith, the censors of English fiction, who exist by favour of the British nation.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Mrs. Lynn Linton deploras the woeful limitation of the subjects lying to the hand of the British novelist, who may deal freely in all the deadly sins but one. "No one must touch the very fringes of uncertificated love under pain of the greater and the lesser excommunication." While evening papers are rampantly unmuzzled, the novelist is cut off from one of the largest and most important areas of human life. An English Balzac would, she thinks, be hustled out of social life as well as out of literary existence, although Mrs. Lynn Linton only remembers two licentious pages in all his works. The Young Person reigns supreme. But Mrs. Lynn Linton would save one corner free from the purifying blight. As in Italian museums there are chambers whose contents are never exhibited to ladies, so Mrs. Lynn Linton would have a locked bookcase in every library, where, side by side with all the virile work of the last and preceding centuries, the mature man and woman could keep the books that are not meant for the Young Person which English Balzacs would, it is to be hoped, arise to write.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy takes the same line. Hamlet and Othello would be rejected as "unsuitable" by every magazine editor in London. The true artist has to pay, as the fearful price of writing in the English language, "the complete extinction in the mind of every mature and penetrating reader of sympathetic belief in his personages." No great and profound novel can be written without offending modern prudery. The magazine and the circulating library directly tend to exterminate the novel which reflects and reveals life—life being a physiological fact, largely concerned with the relation of the sexes. How then can the friends of the English novel contrive to circumvent the present lordship of nonage over maturity? Mr. Hardy has three suggestions, which are all suggestions of Despair. (1) Revolution of the publishing business, by which novels should be bought, not borrowed; (2) the publication of the Emancipated novel as a newspaper feuilleton; and (3) the publication of magazines exclusively for adults. This last he thinks is the most hopeful. But how to prevent young people reading these magazines of the Explicit or Emancipated Novel he does not explain.

MR. WALTER BESANT.

Mr. Walter Besant takes the other side. Average opinion, he says, regards the family as the keystone of society. If there is no fidelity in marriage the

family drops to pieces. Therefore we will have none of your literature of free and licentious love. Thereupon the advocates of the Explicit Novel cry cant, hypocrisy, and so forth, to which Mr. Besant replies as follows:—

"So far as we pretend to social purity as a nation we are indeed hypocrites. But to set up a standard of purity and to advocate it is not hypocrisy. This country, and the remnant still surviving of the New England stock, stand almost alone in the maintenance of such a standard. As for the wide-spread laxity alleged, it is not true. Certainly, there is a chapter in the lives of many men which they would not willingly publish. But in almost every such case the chapter is closed and is never reopened after the man has contracted the responsibilities of marriage. And as for women—those above a certain level—*there is never any closed chapter at all in their lives.* When we talk of hypocrisies, let us not forget that the cultured class of British women—a vast and continually increasing class—are entirely to be trusted. Rare, indeed, is it that an Englishman of this class is jealous of his wife: never does he suspect his bride.

"These considerations will perhaps explain the attitude of Average Opinion towards the literature of Free Love. Any novelist may write what he pleases: he may make an artistic picture of any materials he chooses; but he will not generally find, if he crosses certain boundaries, that his books will be distributed by Mudie or Smith. It is with him, then, if he desires to treat of things forbidden, a question of money—shall he restrict his pencil or shall he restrict his purse?

"There is, however, one more answer to the accusation of narrowness. Is English Fiction narrow? Is the treatment of ungoverned passion absolutely forbidden? Then what of George Eliot, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Gaskell—not to speak of living writers? Can any writer demand greater freedom than has been taken by the authors of 'Adam Bede,' 'A Terrible Temptation,' 'Ruth,' or 'The Scarlet Letter?' With these examples before him, no one, surely ought to complain that he is not permitted to treat of Love free and disobedient. The author, however, must recognise in his work the fact that such love is outside the social pale and is destructive of the very basis of society. He *must*. This is not a law laid down by the great authority, Average Opinion, but by Art herself, who will not allow the creation of impossible figures moving in an unnatural atmosphere. Those writers who yearn to treat of the adulteress and the courtesan because they love to dwell on images of lust are best kept in check by existing discouragement. The modern Elephantis may continue to write in French."

A EULOGY OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

BY A RUSSIAN GENERAL.

In *Harper* a Russian General, whose name begins with G., and who served in the Khivan campaign and in the Shipka Pass, contributes a highly eulogistic article on the Russian Army, which is very copiously and admirably illustrated. But we should enjoy it more if the praise so indiscriminately showered had proceeded from other than a Russian pen. He begins by declaring that, in supreme moments, he has always found the Russian soldier sublime, and he ends by declaring their topographical and geodesic corps to be perfect, and between the

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sublimity of the first page and the perfection of the last he keeps up the same high strained panegyric. Nevertheless the article is interesting, and the following extracts may be commended to those who are pleased to picture the Russian soldier as little better than a brutal savage.

Sincere and unaffected love for his monarch, profound religious piety, attachment to the fatherland, unlimited confidence in his chiefs, very strong *esprit de corps*, and a faculty of enduring gaily and naturally the greatest privations,—such are the most marked characteristics of the Russian soldier. To these traits must be added remarkable bravery and a rare contempt of death, combined with naive kind-heartedness and a gentle and indulgent disposition. The Russian soldier is distinguished by a good humour that never abandons him, even in the most difficult moments, by his brotherly understanding with his comrades, and by his gay and contented way of facing all the decrees of fate. He feels at home everywhere, whether in the steppes of the fatherland, in the tundras of Siberia, or the mountains and deserts of central Asia. He has an exceptional faculty of putting himself at his ease wherever he may be, even in places where others would die of hunger and thirst.

I have seen the Russian soldier at home in heat and in cold, in hunger and in thirst, in peace and in war,—and I have always found in him the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the safety and the good of others. These simple characteristics of the Russian soldier—his self-denial, his simple and natural self-sacrifice—give him peculiar powers as a warrior.

Of late the Russian infantry has achieved remarkable precision in shooting. During target practice in peace time it is considered nothing extraordinary if 60 or 70 per cent of the bullets hit the mark. The firing discipline, too, even in the most critical moments, is very remarkable.

But the quality which above all things distinguishes the Russian infantry soldier is his capacity of enduring without exhaustion all the fatigues of campaign life, and of making the longest and most difficult marches without losing his strength or courage. During General Gourko's expedition on the other side of the Balkans, the infantry sometimes marched without a halt thirty miles, and then began immediately to fight. As regards the accoutrements of the Russian infantry soldier, it may be remarked that he is a little too heavily loaded, for besides cartridges, provisions for four days, and a tent, he carries also the *impedimenta* that he might need when campaigning. This fact, however, has the advantage of lightening the baggage train and facilitating rapid mobilisation. When furthermore, thanks to the strength and abnegation of the Russian soldier, the weight of provisions can be augmented to the extreme limit, you will often see, especially in Asia, infantry cross immense distances without any baggage train whatever, and without a single superfluous man in the ranks. This circumstance constitutes in Asia an enormous superiority over the English, whose fabulous baggage train and mass of camp-followers, useless in combat, will sooner or later be fatal to the Indian army.

The training of the Russian cavalry is very complete, and it is drilled with a view to operating on all kinds of ground. In serried columns it jumps deep ditches, hedges, and ramparts; it is drilled to swim across rivers and lakes; as dragoons the men are also trained to fight on foot, and several of the regiments are not inferior to the infantry in target practice. The Cossack is born in the saddle. A hundred Cossacks make less noise than a single regular cavalry soldier. On active service the

Cossack is the soul and eye of the army, or rather its pointer-dog. He seems to smell the enemy where no one even thinks of his existence. The Cossack and his horse do not know what fatigue means, and no one has yet been able to discover when either of them takes rest. The Kabardin horse ridden by the Circassian Cossack will walk five miles an hour, and his rider will simply have the impression of sitting in a swing very gently moved. I have often ridden fifty miles a day on one of these horses without feeling the slightest fatigue.

The Russian officer, in peace obscure, modest, and insignificant, is suddenly metamorphosed in war into a giant, before whose courage, strength, and energy one must bow. All his timidity has disappeared, and his whole outward appearance assumes a new aspect. He always advances at the head of his men, and forms the first target for the enemy's bullets. The enormous losses in officers which the Russians experienced during the last Turkish war are evident testimonies to their courage. Thus, for instance, the Orloff Regiment of infantry and the Fourth Brigade of riflemen lost during the war more than 100 per cent. of their officers.

The Russian officer never thinks of resting himself until he has made all the arrangements for his soldiers, for whom he feels a fatherly solicitude. For this care the soldier requites him with sincere affection.

The entire Russian war effective, including officers, artillery, engineers, train, etc., consists of:—

Regular army	1,766,278
Cossack troops	145,325
Irregular troops	6,331

1,917,934

By adding to these figures the effective of the troops not levied in time of peace, say 100,000 men, we reach an effective of 2,000,000 men for the war footing. The Russian militia, which may be called out in times of war, amounts to 3,000,000 men.

THE BEST RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

AS CHOSEN BY D.D.'S AND WOMEN.

In *Our Day* for December, replies are printed from 34 doctors of divinity, theological professors, and leading American women in reply to the following question:—

What volumes, aside from the Holy Scriptures, have been the most serviceable to yourself in

- I. Christian Evidences?
- II. Church History?
- III. Religious Biography?
- IV. Devotional Literature?

It is impossible to summarize all the replies, but here are a few of them:—

Prof. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Union Theological Seminary, New York.

I. Ulmann's *Sinless Perfection of Christ*; but the New Testament first and last, and above all other books combined.

II. Neander.

III. Augustine's Confessions.

IV. Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*.

Principal John Cairns, D.D., LL.D., Edinburgh.

I. Origen against Celsus; Pascal's *Pensées*; Butler's *Analogy*; Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*; Chalmers's *Evidences*.

II. Eusebius's *Church History*; Athanasius; *Autobiographical Works of Luther*; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*; M'Crie's *Life of John Knox*; Neander's *Church History*.

III. Augustine's Confessions; Orme's *Life of Baxter*; Edwards's *Life of Brainerd*; *Life of Henry Martyn*; Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*.

IV. Pilgrim's Progress; Rouse's Psalms; Scottish Paraphrases; Wesleyan Hymns; German Hymns; Latin Hymns; Cowper's Works.

Rev. Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D., Edinburgh.

I. Bruce's Gesta Christi; Bruce's Miraculous Element in the Gospels; Herbert's Modern Realism; Stanton's Messiah; Browning's Poems.

II. Dörner's History of Protestant Theology; Dörner's History of Doctrine of Person of Christ; Robertson's Rise of the Papacy; Bryce's Holy Roman Empire; Lindsay's Handbook of Reformation; Gibbon, Neander, Milman (Latin Christianity).

III. Life of Henry Martyn; Life of John Foster; Life of John Wesley; Augustine's Confessions; Life of Kingsley; Stephen's Ecclesiastical Essays.

IV. Temple's Sermons; Baxter's Saints' Rest; Manning's Sermons; Faber's (Roman Catholic) Growth in Holiness and Spiritual Conferences.

Prof. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D., Berlin, Prussia.

I. I have found of especial value works written in answer to Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, and articles on the same subject in *Studien und Kritiken*; Neander's *Planting and Training*; and *Life of Christ; The Person of Christ*, by Schaff; and the *Sinlessness of Jesus*, by Ullmann. Most helpful of all was my personal intercourse with Tholuck.

II. Neander, Kurtz, Hagenbach, Schaff.

III. Augustine, Luther, M'Cheyne, Tholuck, J. T. Beck.

IV. *The Imitation of Christ*, and the Mystics.

Miss F. E. Willard, Evanston, Ill.

I. Butler's Analogy; Joseph Cook's Lectures; Professor Drummond's, &c.

II. D'Aubigné.

III. Madame Guyon; Mary Lyon; Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

IV. Epictetus; *The Faith that makes Faithful*; Havergal's *Kept for the Master's Use*.

Dr. George Smith, of Edinburgh, is one of those whose list is given, also Dr. Pentecost, of Glasgow. Some of the replies are curious. For instance, Rev. C. A. Bartol, D.D., Boston, under the head of *Christin Evidence*, says, "More than Paley or Butler, the great poems of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, and Goethe, with the painting and portfolios of Italy, Germany, Holland, and Spain, have drawn the furrows of the world's faith"; and under *Church History*, "Gibbon and Hume, with pages like negative plates in photography, producing the best picture-book of our religion." Dr. Foster, of Boston, also finds Gibbon suggestive as a Church history.

The following analysis of the popularity of the books returned under the headings of Christian biography and devotional literature are very suggestive. The queries were sent out for the most part, if not exclusively, to Protestant divines, and for the most part to Americans.

Christian Biography.

Confessions of St. Augustine	12	John Foster	4
Dr. Arnold	4
Charles Kingsley	4
Lyman Beecher	4
Horace Bushnell	4
Madame Guyon	3
Dr. Chalmers	3
Brainerd	3
John Wesley	3
F. D. Maurice	2
		Henry Martyn	4
		John Bunyan	4
		Dr. Judson	4
		Robertson	4
		Martin Luther	3
		Dr. Payson	3
		Finney	3
		Dr. Guthrie	3
		John Tauler	2

Devotional Literature.

Thomas à Kempis	10	Christian Year	3
Phelp's Still Hour	7	Leighton's Works	3
Taylor's Holy Living, &c.	6	Fénelon	3
Pilgrim's Progress	5	Doddridge	2
Bushnell's Sermons	5	Baxters' Saints' Rest	2
Faber's Hymns	3	Common Prayer	2

If it were not for Augustine and Thomas à Kempis, the theological range of the American Protestant would seem to be somewhat limited.

YET ANOTHER UTOPIA.

BY M. CHARLES SECRÉTAN.

THERE is an admirable article in the *Contemporary Review*, by M. Emile de Laveleye, which he calls "Two New Utopias," but which in reality is a very carefully-written and most useful summary of the leading Utopias which have been sketched out by philosophic dreamers from Plato down to Edward Bellamy. It also contains a very lucid account of State Socialism in Peru, which was a kind of realised Utopia. The only new thing in the article, however, is the account of M. Charles Secrétan's new book "Mon Utopie." M. Secrétan, says M. de Laveleye, is an eminent Professor of Philosophy at the University of Lausanne, and his Utopia answers the ideal of the future formed by those who have faith in the ulterior progress of the human race. M. Secrétan falls asleep on the banks of Lake Lemman. Waking in the next century, he meets a man with the hands of a blacksmith and the forehead of a philosopher, under whose guidance he is made acquainted with the social revolution which has been brought about in the world. It is interesting to know that the millennium began in Ireland, where all the land and even the houses were nationalised, the landlords being bought out. This operation was so successful that it spread throughout the civilised world. Mr. Livesey will also be delighted to know that the solution of the industrial question was brought about by profit-sharing. Strikes became so frequent, and industrial war so savage, that the employers came to the conclusion that all their hands must be made shareholders. The former owners became directors, and so every factory became a co-operative association. The kind of profit-sharing which is to prevail in the millennium is based upon the principle of deferred pay. Every one employed in a mine or a factory receives part of his wages week by week, while the balance is carried to his credit and invested as his share in the concern. Casual hands are paid in full. Wages averaged £120 a year, and every one learned a trade. Free Trade became universal, and great trusts, which included all the societies engaged in separate branches of industrial trade, superseded competition. Production was regulated by statistical returns as to the probable demand.

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Machinery was constantly going, but six hours was the normal working-day, four shifts of workmen being employed every twenty-four hours. The gradual fall in the rate of interest, which has enabled Mr. Goschen to reduce the interest on the National Debt, continued, with the result that a man needed to be a millionaire in order to live on the interest of his fortune. M. Laveleye, who briefly sketches M. Secrétan's ideal, sympathises with it almost entirely, and hopes that the social revolution will be brought about peacefully and quietly.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."

AN INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD BELLAMY.

MISS WILLARD sends to *Our Day* an account of Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward." Of good old New England stock, son of a Baptist pastor, a journalist and author both born and made,—such, in a word, is Edward Bellamy. In figure of medium height, in forehead full and broad, with thoughtful dark-blue eyes, radiating good will; with mobile lips, parenthesized by a dark-brown moustache, the cheeks covered by a stubby beard; and the dress a little careless—this he is to look upon. Omitting my many frank questions, let me give some of the points that made his ready utterance so full of interest.

I am a married man with a boy four and a girl three years old. I believe a man must have a daughter of his own before he really learns how to sympathise with women in their difficult relations in life. I would make women absolutely independent of men to the extent that material values are concerned. Under my system men will be chosen on their individual merit, and not because they can "support a wife." The present misunderstandings and jealousies of the sexes toward each other will be largely eliminated by this perfect independence each of the other in financial matters. This vast change must come by evolution rather than revolution. Little by little changes will be wrought out, as for instance the nationalisation of railways, not by confiscating stocks, as some have ignorantly supposed, but by the United States becoming the great receiver alike of solvent and insolvent, and paying dividends on a reasonable valuation. In like manner, coal mines would be turned over, paying a suitable interest to the present owners, and doing away with artificial rates. They now have artificial rates because they shut down in order to raise the price of coal; we would open the mines to lower it. The telegraph and telephone naturally belong to the national service, and we would make them part and parcel of it. Municipalities are now lighted, heated, and the means of transportation furnished by great corporations. But why not let the municipality be itself that corporation? But the working people are confederating: Knights of Labour, Locomotive Engineers, Trainmen, etc., are going to work together after a little, and thus condense their power. We who believe in nationalism are forming clubs in all centres, and we have two papers: *The Dawn*, and *The Nationalist*. Women are very friendly to our movement. Howells is strongly sympathetic, as his recent story of "Annie Kilburn" proves. Mark Twain is looking our way with great interest. The clergy are sympathetic too. This movement will bring the common people back to the church; they always heard Christ gladly. Substantially His sermons were on the unity and brotherhood of man. A résumé of the Ten Commandments contains all we are working for,—that and the socialism of the early church, as stated in the accounts of Pentecost. Christians form the best class in society, but they have lacked a practical working plan, and our movement supplies that lack. The partnership principle is the backbone of our philosophy. Some say we do not need a new religion. I think we need the old sort, only we might well talk about it less, and live it out more.

LONDON SOCIETY FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

THE SALONS AND THE DANDIES.

In *Blackwood* the author of a dialogue between author and publisher, entitled "In the Days of the Dandies," gives us a rare and pleasant glimpse of London society half a century since. There were many Admirable Crichtons, he says, in those days. The dandies were much more than dandies. Even Brummell was intellectually gifted, and Count D'Orsay was an artist and a man of genius. So powerful were the dandies, whose great resort was Crockford's, that at the coronation, George IV., who was in a state of great anxiety, said, "I care nothing for the mob, but I do for the dandies!" and asked Lord Gwydyr's advice. "Lord Gwydyr suggested that to keep them in good humour it might be well if his Majesty invited them to breakfast in the vicinity of the Abbey on the morning of the Coronation. The King acquiesced. A grand breakfast was prepared in one of the rooms of the House of Lords, and the King regained all his popularity with the dandies!"

Lord Palmerston was strongly opposed to the closing of Crockford's. It was closed, however, after a Parliamentary inquiry. The report of that Committee would be worth reprinting. Another feature of London society which has vanished was the *salon*.

The influence of highly gifted women, pre-eminent by birth, education, and manners, is lost, I fear never to be renewed. It was indeed a distinction to be received into any of these houses. The great ladies then received in the early evening *la prima sera*, immediately after dinner, without any special invitation, all their inner circle. It was the hour of pleasant companionship, and lively talk, when wit and politician mingled with the beauties of the day. Lord Willoughby said that in his dandy days the inner circle of society certainly never exceeded six hundred, and no one could enter it unless with the approval of the great ladies; even the young men were taken round and duly presented to them before they were invited within the sacred circle. No leader of a party ever had a more efficient helpmate than Lady Palmerston proved herself to Lord Palmerston. Lady Beaconsfield was certainly his "guide, companion, counsellor, and friend," and Lord Beaconsfield fully appreciated her sympathy and devotion. He always said that he owed everything to her. But she never attempted a *salon*; hers were entirely domestic qualities. Lady Palmerston was entirely devoted to the object of confirming the wandering in their adherence and winning over opponents. Many a difficult crisis has been averted by Lady Palmerston entering the room at the suitable moment, and in her charming manner insisting on the discontented or disappointed one accepting her gracious hospitality. She possessed the power of making each visitor feel that he was the guest she delighted to honour; and thus her receptions were highly appreciated, and were of incalculable benefit to the party. There is not the least question that Lady Palmerston's dinners and receptions kept the party together. She was a perfect hostess. Except the first Lady Granville, I have never seen any one possessed of so much tact, and, on great occasions, courtesy. Now all that is departed, the publican and Jew have jostled the aristocracy off the stage of London life. It is the hour of the speculator, the schemer, the stockbroker. They reign supreme.

The article concludes with a very lively account of David Urquhart.

A SOCIALIST PROGRAMME.

BY M. DE PAËPE.

THE *Revue Socialiste* is one of those organs which show that the same spirit of deadly earnestness, and to outsiders desperate dullness, which animated theological disputants in the sixteenth century has now entered into the Socialist controversialists. The December number is chiefly notable as containing the conclusion of a series of care-

fully thought-out articles by M. Cesar de Paëpe in which that worker sets out his view as to the public services. M. de Paëpe avoids the cardinal error of denying all personal property, the one point of which makes men fight shy of all socialistic doctrine. For while he advocates the common possession of highways of all sorts, of minerals, and perhaps of land, he deprecates all ideas which favour the State appropriation of those things which enter more intimately into a man's life: his cheaper tools, his food, his home, &c. "Unless," says M. de Paëpe, with very apparent truth, "unless we allow every man personal property in those intimate things which every man holds dear, and unless we allow him to earn these same, we shall never be more than a set of dreamers giving out Utopian schemes which no one will accept and whose number has no limit, and we shall leave the world no happier than we found it."

He points out that all corporate property is transforming itself more and more into social property, and he discusses the question whether means of communication such as railways, the post, and in general all the public services the use of which is optional, should be free,—that is, should be paid for by the State or the Commune through the taxes,—or should be directly paid for by those who use them? He thinks that the tendency should be in the direction of making means of transport and of communication free, or at least to have them paid for by a uniform tax such as that which exists for the post. As these services are after all optional, and not altogether indispensable, there is not the same flagrant injustice in making each user pay for them, as there is in following that rule with regard to the Police, Justice, Hygiene, Medicine, Education. In any case the State and the Commune ought to manage these departments without making a profit on them, for that would be to levy an indirect tax which would weigh upon production.

"To the Jacobin idea of the State being all powerful and the Commune in an inferior position to it, we oppose the conception of the enfranchised Commune, training all its officers itself, making its own bye-laws, and organising its local services and police. To the "Liberal" conception of a policeman-State we oppose that of a State *disarmed*, but charged with the instruction of youth and with centralising those great works which need concentration. The Commune becomes essentially the organ of 'Political Functions,' or those things which have been so-called: The law, justice, security, the guarantee of contracts, the protection of the incapables, civil life; but it is also at the same time the organ of all the public services. And the State becomes essentially the organ of scientific unity and of the great combined work necessary to society. Political decentralisation and economic centralisation such is, it seems to us, the situation to which tends this new idea of the double rôle of Commune and State."

HOW THE EXHIBITION IMPRESSED THEM.

BY M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU.

M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU, under the title of "Our Guests of 1889," contributes to the *Novelle Revue*, of December 15th, what is perhaps the most brilliant literary paper in all the magazines and reviews on our table. Fresh from the great human kaleidoscope of the Paris Exhibition, he asks himself what ideas were impressed upon the minds of the innumerable visitors who were gathered under the shade of the Eiffel Tower from all the

racés and all the civilisations of the world. Following out this idea, M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu has written a dozen imaginary letters or extracts from journals, in which he expresses his idea of what might have been the impressions of various visitors, beginning with the Shah and ending with a provincial from Alsace.

To the Shah the gallery of machines seems the sanctuary of the fairies who have promised to the West the empire of the world. He entered it with fear and trembling, as one enters the dwelling of the gods. The groaning and the hissing of the machines, the rattle of the wheels, and the tremors of the earth make him think of the marvellous machines invented by evil spirits, and he wonders to find them controlled by men, not by demons, who, in order to control these modern genii, have to dwell in a diabolic region,—a more terrible hell. But it is only in machinery that the Shah finds the modern West superior to the ancient East. He mocks at the instability of our institutions, and recalls the saying of Bismarck at Berlin, "When your Majesty visits the Exhibition, ask if they are exhibiting the fifteen constitutions which they have enjoyed since 1789!" Our Progress seems to him the supreme malady of the West and through the West of the world.

After a brief letter from King Dinah Salifou, who thinks it a topsy-turvy world in which, as it is no advantage to have many wives, white people ordinarily have only one, we have the letter of a Hindoo from Bengal, who sees in the Exhibition the supreme presentation of the joy of existence, and yet, at the same time, by its fragility, as supreme an illustration of the evanescence of all mortal things. The Indian pessimist, whose sole ideal is Nirvana, marvels at the intensity of the belief of the Westerners in the reality and the joy of life, which eastern philosophy has long recognised as the great illusion. Never since man existed has he wielded such power, because he has never had such faith in life. Even the pessimistic poets of Paris, oppressed by the weight of their civilisation, decorate the life which they declare to be evil. The illuminated fountains, whose many-coloured waters flash in glory in the electric light for a moment and then vanish for ever, supply the sombre philosopher with an all too faithful illustration of the vanity of all human things.

In sharp contrast to the Hindoo's meditations comes a letter from a Chicago engineer, who is full of the Eiffel Tower, chiefly because it pays. The pyramids and S. Peter's do not pay; the Eiffel Tower does. It is not only a monument,—it is business. His admiration of the Eiffel Tower will not let him rest, and he hurries home to draw up plans for constructing a tower half as high again. It is to be reared over the bed of a great river, so that ships

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in full sail may pass between its colossal feet. Elevated in mid air, he would build, not trumpery restaurants, but theatres and dancing saloons. Newly-married couples would spend their honeymoon in the clouds. Chapels would be scattered up and down, with chaplains in attendance to marry and baptize. It would be a veritable city, but it would be vertical and perpendicular instead of horizontal. After the engineer comes a Marabout of the African desert, who is impressed with the fragility of the Eiffel Tower in comparison with the pyramids, and he is never more convinced of the truth of Islam than when looking down upon the City of the Revolution. His ear is wearied with the tumult of the crowds, his soul longs for repose, and he bids his sons saddle his steed, for he would give the Exhibition and all it contains for an hour's gallop over the sands of the desert. A Jew from Jerusalem, writing to his brothers Moses and Isaac, rejoices at the free career which Paris affords to the Hebrew race. On arriving from Jerusalem he took to selling tickets at the gates of the Exhibition. When, by an effort, he sacrifices sufficient money to ascend to the first platform of the Tower, his imagination is filled with the thought of the immensity of the treasures spent in building the city below. It was an ocean of wealth, a sea of gold that was spread out at his feet. The perfume of riches refreshed him and he feels invigorated. To Jerusalem he returns no more. Paris is the new promised land in which a Jew will make his fortune.

A pious Russian raskolnik from central Siberia groans in spirit and is troubled over the Exhibition which seems to him the triumph of the senses. The pride of life and the lust of the flesh are predominant in the Exhibition. It is the supreme handiwork of Satan disguised as an angel of light, the better to deceive his victims. From the whole place God is absent, pagan idols abound, but there is not a single cross. To his pious soul the Exhibition itself seems to be an impious temple reared to the glory of man. Men are becoming as gods. They will renew the face of the world, they will re-open the garden of Eden, they will gather the fruits of the Tree of Life, they will abolish the doom of labour by the invention of machines of iron and steel. The Eiffel Tower reminds him with its four enormous feet of the beast in the Apocalypse. The phonograph, which makes wax and copper speak and revives the voice of the dead, seems to him to be the foreshadowing of the end of all things. But when he mounts to the summit of the Tower and beholds that perfidious Babylon, compared with which all the royal cities which are cursed in the Bible are but as nothing, it seemed to him as if he were standing on the exceeding high mountain from whence the Tempter showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them.

A Chinese commissioner tells his master that the Westerns are far behind the Chinese in all the useful arts, especially in the arts of government, but in machines the Westerns excel. What the Chinese must do is to adopt the machines, but to take very good care to prevent the importation of the Spirit of the West. Steam and electricity have a habit of getting into the heads of the men who use them; hence the mania for movement and for agitation which has destroyed the stability of the French State. A Finnish student, writing to his fellows at Helsingfors, found in the Exhibition nothing but the anarchy of intelligence. The Eiffel Tower, or rather the multitudes which it had gathered together, seem to him a new Babel, not of tongues, but of ideas. There is no unity of thought, no great idea harmonising the aspirations of men. The light which streamed from the Tower was an emblem of our brilliant and deceptive civilisation. It was a lighthouse without a port. The Exhibition celebrates the centenary of the Revolution, but the men who made it had lost faith in the ideals of 1789. Climbing to the top of the Eiffel Tower he gazes with anxious eye round the horizon to see where will rise the sun of justice and of peace. He looks in vain. To the east, to the west, to the north, to the south, the people are in arms, and everywhere force triumphs, A Prussian officer follows, who inscribes Gott, König, und Vaterland, in the visitors' book in the *Figaro* printing office. He moralises with Prussian pride over the city which eighteen years ago he had helped to bombard. Finally the article closes with a letter from an Alsatian to his children, full of tender love for France, and joyous pride in her grandeur. "Everything that raises France is a joy to the heart of Alsace-Lorraine."

This is a very hasty and imperfect *résumé* of an article full of subtle and delicate thought, expressed with great literary charm.

WANTED AN IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

A CHANCE FOR A MILLIONAIRE.

IN the *North American Review*, Mr. Henry E. Rood writes as follows:—

In New York city to-day there is the chance for one or more persons of great wealth to make for themselves name and fame undying; to win the gratitude, respect, and admiration, not only of the United States, but of all America, of the whole civilised world; a chance to make their memory revered as long as the Government shall last. And all this with little effort, as far as the millionaires are personally concerned. They have only to found an institution more powerful than pulpit, stage, or forum,—an absolutely truthful, unprejudiced, independent, daily paper, whose news columns shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and whose editorials shall discuss both sides of every important question.

The vast power of American journalism cannot be denied, even fettered as it is on all sides. It accomplishes much good, but it also is responsible for much

evil. Prejudiced, fearful, and often corrupt as is the press of to-day, it still remains the most influential factor in American civilization. In this respect all else sinks into insignificance beside it; and yet its bulwarks have been raised at an awful expense to good morals and good government. The journal of to-day is edited from the counting-room. The ideal newspaper has not yet made its appearance. The editorial and the business departments should be absolutely independent of each other. The paper should speak the truth, no matter how its advertising patronage or its political "pull" is affected. A free and unsubsidised press—where will you find it? Papers all over the land will rise up, and each, patting itself, cry "Here!" But those in command know that the daily paper which prints the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the daily paper whose editorial opinions are absolutely fearless and unprejudiced, does not exist in the United States. The ideal paper should print in its news columns nothing but that which has been verified. Readers might not get particulars of a race war so soon as in one of the present "enterprising" journals; but when published in the ideal paper the news could be absolutely relied upon. The editorials should discuss in parallel columns both sides of leading questions. For example, articles advocating free trade and protection should appear simultaneously. In the case of a great strike, one column should contain the employer's views, another the labourer's arguments. Chicago should have the chance of putting forth her reasons for wanting the World's Fair as well as New York. The Southern and the Northern sides of the race problem should both be discussed. The paper should argue for and against every great question, local, national, international. Then could the people read, reflect, and decide who and what is the right. Would such an impartial journal pay? Perhaps not in money at first. But the people of the United States are willing to be convinced; they want the best government, the best officials, the best of everything. That paper in time would be read from Maine to California, and beyond the seas. Its influence would be inestimable, its power transcendent. Evil-doers of whatever party and station, rich or poor, black or white, alien or native, would fear it. Good citizens would eagerly support it. The poor would pray for its success.

The ideal paper should not be pledged to support any party, community, state, or government. It should be nothing less than the exponent of humanity. And it must occupy this grand plane if not an advertisement is received, if not a single copy is sold. How can this be accomplished? Here lies the millionaire's chance to see his name grouped with those who have made nations, who have conferred lasting benefits upon mankind.

Endow such a paper as colleges are endowed. Let it be managed by a board of trustees. Let the employes represent the faculty; the readers, the students. Pay salaries large enough to command the best editors, writers, and publishers. Have the trustees select for these various positions men of integrity, of broad minds, of education, ability, culture, and noble ideas. Be liberal, so that they will put forth continually their best efforts. Guarantee to the paper a regular income, that it may be published day after day and decade after decade, if the advertising columns are blank, if every copy has to be given away.

The time is ripe, the people are anxious, the field is unoccupied. A great daily paper which could be relied upon absolutely would be a monument for ever to its founders.

Where is the man or the group of men who will improve this opportunity?

SOME STRANGE GHOST STORIES.

THE Rev. M. J. Savage, an advanced Unitarian, describes his experiences with Spiritualism in the December *Forum*. He holds the sound view that the world is perhaps a little too free with its theories as to what can happen and what cannot happen. He holds that the "scientific method" is the only method of knowledge, and in his investigations he says he has ruthlessly set aside everything that has seemed to occur where the conditions were such that he could not feel sure of his facts. But certain things to him inexplicable have occurred, and he submits some specimens, from which we extract three:—

TELEPATHY EXTRAORDINARY.

A merchant ship, bound for New York, was on her homeward voyage. She was in the Indian Ocean. The captain was engaged to be married to a lady living in New England. One day, early in the afternoon, he came, pale and excited, to one of his mates and exclaimed: "Tom, Kate has just died! I have seen her die!" The mate looked at him in amazement, not knowing what to make of such talk. But the captain went on and described the whole scene—the room, her appearance, how she died, and all the circumstances. So real was it to him, and such was the effect on him of his grief that, for two or three weeks, he was carefully watched lest he should do violence to himself. It was more than 150 days before the ship reached her harbour. During all this time no news was received from home. But when at last the ship arrived at New York, it was found that Kate did die at the time and under the circumstances seen and described by the captain off the coast of India.

A TELL-TALE SPIRIT.

At a sitting with a psychic friend, there purported to be present the "spirit" of a lady I had known for years. She told me of a sister married and living in another State. She said: "Mary is in a great deal of trouble. She is passing through the greatest sorrow of her life. I wish I could make her know that I care. I wish you would write to her." As we talked the matter over, she explained it to me, telling me at first vaguely, as though shrinking from speaking plainly, and then more clearly, making me understand that the husband was the cause of her sorrow. I had not seen the husband more than once, and had never dreamed that they were not happy. And the psychic had never heard of any such people. In this case, also, I wrote to the lady. I told her I would explain afterward, but for the present asked her only to let me know if she was in any special trouble; and provided she was, and the nature of it was such that she could properly do so, to tell me what it was. I received a reply, "private and confidential," confirming everything that had been told me in the privacy of my own study. And she closed by asking me to burn the letter, adding that she would not for the world have her husband know that she had written it.

AN AUNT ANNOUNCES HER OWN DEATH.

A lady and gentleman visited a psychic. The gentleman was the lady's brother-in-law. The lady had an aunt who was ill in a city two or three hundred miles away. When the psychic had become entranced, the lady asked her if she had any impression as to the condition of her aunt. The reply was, "No." But before the sitting was over, the psychic exclaimed: "Why, your aunt is here! She has already passed away." "This cannot be true," said the lady; "there must be some mistake. If she had died, they would have telegraphed us immediately." "But," the psychic insisted, "she is

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here. And she explains that she died about two o'clock this morning. She also says a telegram has been sent, and you will find it at the house on your return." Here seemed a clear case for a test. So, while the lady started for home, her brother-in-law called at the house of a friend and told the story. While there, the husband came in. Having been away for some hours he had not heard of any telegram. But the friend seated himself at his desk and wrote out a careful account, which all three signed on the spot. When they reached home,—two or three miles away,—there was the telegram confirming the fact and the time of the aunt's death, precisely as the psychic had told them.

WHAT I BELIEVE AND WHAT I DON'T.

BY COLONEL ROBERT INGERSOLL.

COLONEL INGERSOLL is a curious amalgam of Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Bradlaugh. He has a good deal of the human sympathy and the magnetic eloquence of the former, with the ruthless and uncompromising scepticism of the latter. The part of his paper in the *North American*, entitled "Why I am an Agnostic," is somewhat disappointing. To most English readers he seems to be contending not so much against the Christianity of to-day as against the narrow-minded prejudices of a bygone generation. When we read that Christians say "You must not examine, you must not investigate; but whether you examine or not, you must believe or you will be eternally damned," we feel as if we have got to deal with a controversialist who is pummeling not the living, but the spectres of the dead. Apart from these blemishes, it is interesting to have Colonel Ingersoll's creed in a comparatively compressed compass. The following passages are the gist of his *credo*:—

Being satisfied that all believe precisely as they must and that religions have been naturally produced, I have neither praise nor blame for any man.

I prefer the books that inspiration has not claimed.

A MAGAZINE EXCHANGE.

OF a hundred people who buy magazines not more than one lends them, not more than ten ever look at them after the first month of issue. Ninety per cent. therefore of our periodicals may be said to disappear within a month of publication. But at the same time it may be said that ninety per cent. of our population never read a high-class magazine or review at all. There is great waste here. Magazines and reviews are for the most part quite as readable a month old as they are on the day of issue. Yet, excepting for the few who buy the half-crown reviews through Mudie and Smith & Son at one and threepence, a month after publication, they practically cease to exist with the month which gave them birth.

One of the objects of this REVIEW is to secure a more extended circulation for our best periodical literature.

I am convinced that Haeckel, Huxley, and Tyndall know more about the earth and stars, about the history of man, the philosophy of life—more that is of use, ten thousand times—than all the writers of the sacred books.

I believe in the religion of reason—the gospel of this world; in the development of the mind, in the accumulation of intellectual wealth, to the end that man may free himself from superstitious fear, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature to feed and clothe the world.

The prosperity of nations has depended, not upon their religion, not upon the goodness or providence of some god, but on soil and climate and commerce, upon the ingenuity, industry, and courage of the people, upon the development of the mind, on the spread of education, on the liberty of thought and action; and in this mighty panorama of national life, reason has built and superstition has destroyed.

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that substance is eternal; that the universe was without beginning and will be without end; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change,—but that the substance of things is from eternity to eternity. It may be that planets are born and die, that constellations will fade from the infinite spaces, that countless suns will be quenched,—but the substance will remain.

The questions of origin and destiny seem to be beyond the powers of the human mind.

It seems to me that the man who knows the limitations of the mind, who gives the proper value to human testimony, is necessarily an Agnostic. He gives up the hope of ascertaining first or final causes, of comprehending the supernatural, or of conceiving of an infinite personality. From out the words Creator, Preserver, and Providence, all meaning falls.

Let us be honest with ourselves. In the presence of countless mysteries; knowing that each grain of sand, each leaf, asks of every mind the answerless question; knowing that the simplest thing defies solution; feeling that we deal with the superficial and the relative, and that we are for ever eluded by the real, the absolute,—let us admit the limitations of our minds, and let us have the courage and the candour to say: We do not know.

It is possible, nay, it is easy by a little organisation and with very little extra expenditure for those who now see only one magazine to see two, three, or even four, and it is not so very difficult, if but a little care and public spirit are shown, to double and treble, in the course of a single year, the number of those who are at present able to read our monthly magazines and reviews. It can be done in any large town for the trouble of a passing call; it can be done in any part of the kingdom for the cost of postage. All that it needs is a centre of exchange. That centre I propose to supply to all my readers.

Mr. Jones, let us say, who lives in Battersea, buys the *Nineteenth Century*; Mr. Smith, who lives in Berwick, takes in the *Fortnightly*; while Mr. Robinson, in Penzance, sticks to the *Contemporary*. They all three have read

them by the 15th. Each has read his own review, but none of the three ever sees any other review than his own. Yet for the cost of postage,—that is to say, for sixpence a month,—they could exchange all round. Mr. Jones could send the *Nineteenth* to Mr. Smith on the 15th, who would pass it on a week later to Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson, on the 15th, could send the *Contemporary* to Mr. Jones, who in turn, on the 22nd, could pass it on to Mr. Smith. By this time each of the three, for 3s. 6d. monthly, would be able to read three half-crown reviews. If, however, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson all live in Battersea, the exchange would not even cost the postage, and there is no limit to the extent to which the system could not be carried. Once the initial purchase is made, the number of exchanges is practically unlimited. A magazine or review becomes a circulating medium, and can be exchanged for another of equal value any number of times,—as long as the pages hold together. All that is necessary is to have a common centre, where those who wish to exchange can be placed in communication with each other. Already by that excellent weekly, the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*, a good many magazines change hands, but the system is capable of development.

Nothing but experience can show what method of communication would be the best. But experience will never be acquired unless a beginning is made, and by way of making a beginning I open, in connection with this REVIEW, an office for the exchange of magazines. If any of my readers wish to exchange any of the magazines to which they at present subscribe for any other of equal value, and will communicate with the Magazine Exchange at the office of this REVIEW, enclosing threepence for postage and cost of booking, I will put them in communication with any other of our subscribers who may have the magazines which they wish to secure. Of course the success of this scheme depends entirely upon its being largely made use of. If only half a dozen or a score subscribers desire to exchange, it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to meet their wishes.

But supposing that only one per cent. of the purchasers of this REVIEW intimate their desire to enter into such an arrangement, it would probably not be difficult to meet all their wants. Fifty, let us say, would want the *Contemporary* in exchange for the *Nineteenth*, and 50 the *Fortnightly*, 100 would ask for the *Century* in exchange for *Harper*, and 100 for *Scribner*, 50 would wish to exchange the *New Review* for *Good Words* or the *Leisure Hour*, 25 the *Quarterly* for the *Edinburgh*, and *vice versa*, and so forth until the 500 were exhausted. On receiving the intimation of the wishes of the would-be exchangers, the clerk in charge of the Exchange, on receipt of their letter, would at once place them in direct communication with each other. Once the system is

established it would work with the utmost simplicity. All that would be needed would be a post-card to each address. Mr. A desires to exchange a *Contemporary* for a *Fortnightly*. Here is the address of Mr. B, who desires to exchange a *Fortnightly* for a *Contemporary*. The parties could then arrange between themselves as to the date of exchange. Our responsibility would cease with the despatch of the post-cards communicating the addresses.

Another branch of the Exchange would be that of bringing into communication those who wish to sell their magazines with those who, like Mr. Michael Davitt, wish to buy them secondhand. Any person who will forward, post-free, a half-crown review for a shilling a month after its publication, or a shilling magazine for sixpence, or a sixpenny magazine for threepence, can register his name and address at the Magazine Exchange for threepence, and it will be forwarded to any would-be buyer of second-hand magazines who will intimate his wish to purchase on those terms. This branch is essential to the business of exchange. For every one knows that sometimes he may wish to keep a magazine or review for some special article, and this, although it may occur only once in a twelvemonth, is a bar against undertaking to exchange it regularly for another. But if a duplicate copy of the magazine in question can always be obtained at less than half-price, this obstacle disappears. It is better once in a twelvemonth to spend a shilling for a second copy than for the sake of that shilling to deprive yourself of a half-crown review every month.

Finally, in connection with this Exchange, I hope to establish a system by which those who neither wish to sell their old magazines nor exchange them, will consent to send them for cost of postage to those who cannot even afford to buy a secondhand magazine. There are many such. Schoolmasters, curates, dissenting ministers in the rural districts, junior clerks, working men with young families, often do not see a magazine that costs more than sixpence from year's end to year's end. Yet at this moment how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of high-class periodicals are lumbering our closets which would be as manna from on high to many an intelligent, hardworking man and woman, if we only knew where to send them or how to get rid of them? I invite those of my readers who are willing to send their magazines about the world doing good to communicate with the Magazine Exchange, stating what periodicals they are willing to send on receipt of postage, or deliver if called for. We shall not have much difficulty in finding eager applicants for the surplus of their shelves.

I make this announcement with some trepidation, merely as a means of getting the system started. I invite from those of my readers who are in sympathy with

it suggestions for making the proposed Exchange more efficient and more universal. Whatever defects there may be in this tentative scheme, I am convinced that it only needs to be taken up seriously and worked practically to confer an enormous boon upon the masses of our countrymen. I hope to see the day when there will be a well-assorted bundle of our best periodicals in the fore-castle of every ship that leaves our ports, and that there will soon not be a village in the Empire to which every month the best magazines and reviews published in the

English language will not penetrate as regularly as the newspaper. Hitherto our high-priced monthlies have been the luxury of the few. In the near future I hope we may be able to do something practical to secure the magazines for the million.

All communications from those who desire to exchange, sell, or distribute their magazines and reviews should be addressed to the Magazine Exchange, Office of REVIEW OF REVIEWS, Burleigh-street, Strand, and should enclose threepence in stamps.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

THE success of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will depend chiefly upon the extent to which the readers, or a certain proportion of them, co-operate with the Editor. The last thing which I desire is to be a mere man in a pulpit droning a monotonous monologue in the ears of his hearers. The secret of power in all journalism, daily, weekly, or monthly, is the establishment of close touch between the Editor and his readers, and the creation in the minds of the latter of a consciousness that their co-operation is essential to the success of the former. It is with readers of monthlies as it is with congregations in churches. A thousand hear the sermon, but a dozen or a score do all the work. What I want to do is to lay my hands upon those who are in sufficient sympathy with the aims and objects of this REVIEW, to take trouble to push its circulation in the first place, and in the second to aid me with counsel and information whenever I ask for it, or whenever they see an opportunity for tendering it.

I want to make this REVIEW a medium of inter-communication throughout the whole English-speaking world. For my part, I will do my best to make it as interesting as I can, to make it as comprehensive a compendium as possible of everything that is best worth reading in the periodical literature of the day, and to present some intelligible account of the movements of the great drama of contemporary history. But I need the eyes, the ears, and the brains of all my readers to help me in my task. I want their suggestions how to improve the REVIEW, I want their ideas as to how to secure its universal circulation, and I want their practical help in securing subscribers.

A great thing will be achieved when in every town or village throughout the English-speaking world there is one man or one woman who feels himself sufficiently in earnest about the objects of this REVIEW to read it, to recommend it, to lend it, and to work for it as if he or

she were the Editor in person. There is no one too poor or too insignificant to be of no use in this matter.

Take, for instance, the question of circulation. It may well be that there are many to whom even sixpence a month is a sum beyond their means. I was in that condition myself for years. If any such person will by canvassing or otherwise secure us six subscribers, I will send him the REVIEW free as long as the six continue their subscriptions. In this case the subscriptions should be paid in advance.

Or take another instance. Any reader in any colony or foreign country who will undertake to forward me from time to time any information which may be specially asked for in the REVIEW, or who will promptly send me warning of any danger that he may see to be threatening the interests of the English-speaking race, or send me news of any advantage that may be secured for the speakers of our English tongue, or who will undertake to send me extracts from the local press bearing upon issues raised in the REVIEW, will also be placed upon the list of those who, being contributories to its success, are entitled to receive it free direct from the office.

The only limitation to this offer is that it must be confined to one person in each ship, regiment, school, or township.

What I want is to get into more or less personal direct communication with a picked body of men or women, if they are earnest enough, who will not hesitate to work for the REVIEW and the ideals which it upholds as zealously as hundreds of thousands are working for the ideals of churches and the shibboleths of parties. I want to get to know in every community in the whole English-speaking world, the name and address of the thoroughgoing individual who can be relied upon not to spare himself or herself in working with me on the lines of this REVIEW for the well-being of English-speaking folk all round the world.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE difficulties under which the production of any first number is accomplished have been aggravated in the present case by two causes. (1) Everything has been, as it were, improvised. It is less than a month since the publication of the REVIEW was decided upon. Hence unavoidable incompleteness in the survey of periodical literature, a defect which I hope will not reappear in future numbers. (2) Many publishers of periodicals, instead of co-operating in the production of what they will soon discover to be a valuable advertisement for their publications, took alarm and interposed obstacles, whereas, had they understood what was contemplated, they would have tendered assistance.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, I venture to hope that even the present number may afford sufficient indication in outline of the scope and character of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS to secure for the new venture the support of the reading public, and the co-operation of the publishers and editors of our periodical literature. I shall be very glad to receive suggestions, both from readers and from publishers, for the improvement of this department of the REVIEW. I only ask them to remember first, that space is limited, and secondly, that the danger of making it too encyclopædic is that you make it as dry as a dictionary, and as unreadable as the London Directory.

I have already arranged for the addition of notices of various special branches of periodical literature, but any extensive development in that direction is barred by the necessity of making the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a popular readable compendium of that which is of most general interest to the English-speaking folk throughout the world.

Editors and publishers who wish to secure notice for their publications are requested to send them as early as possible for review. There is a great pressure at the end of the month, and the earlier the montilies are received the more opportunity there is for doing justice to their contents.

Publishers of any monthly or bi-monthly magazine or review, in any part of the world, can receive the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regularly in exchange for their publication, on sending an intimation to that effect to the office, Burleigh-street, Stand, London.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

ONE of the features in the *Contemporary*, and one which may be referred to as a striking illustration of the superiority of maps to letterpress, is to be found on two pages in Mr. Keltie's article, "What Stanley has done for the Map of Africa." One shows "Central Africa before Stanley," and the other "Central Africa after Stanley." From the 30th degree to the Atlantic, and from the 10th degree south to the 5th degree north of the equator, the whole of the map of Africa has been redrawn by the intrepid explorer who is now on his way to a royal welcome in his native land.

HOME RULE IN INDIA AND IN IRELAND.

There is a delightful paper by "A Bengal Magistrate" on "Home Rule in India and in Ireland." The author is just a trifle too ingenious and too triumphantly plausible. Nothing can be more effective than the mode in which he compares the way in which we govern Ireland under a pseudo-constitutional system, which is distorted in order to enable us to govern against the popular will, and the beneficent despotism by which the welfare of our Indian population is secured. It is constantly asked by opponents of Home Rule, "Is it not a disgraceful confession that the nation which governs 200 millions of men in India, cannot govern five millions in Ireland?" The "Bengal Magistrate" supplies the explanation: it is because we ignore in

governing the five millions every principle upon which we act in governing the 200 millions that the five millions are ungovernable, while the 200 millions are contented. The article is simply crammed with facts and figures, tersely packed and effectively put. We have only room to mention one, in the hope that it may dwell in the minds of some when the Irish Land Bill comes on for discussion next session. By nationalising the land in India the revenue of 21 millions sterling is secured for the State, thereby enabling the Indians to escape many of the taxes which have impeded civilisation and endangered the Empire elsewhere.

The Bishop of Ripon's paper on "Brotherhoods" is slight but sensible, stating the *pros* and *cons* with judicial impartiality and more than Episcopalian moderation.

Miss Julia Weddewood sets forth her belief that the parable of the unfaithful steward was the one sarcasm in which Jesus indulged. She thinks it foreshadowed the fate of the Jews, who endeavoured in vain to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, and lost their stewardship in consequence. The article illustrates the fact that a great flow of language and a graceful and pleasant style may be combined with a lamentable lack of lucidity and precision.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING FOLK.

Lucidity and precision are certainly not lacking from the paper of Mr. Freeman on "The Origin of

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the English People," in which he tomahawks, with something of the savage joy of a Red Indian, Mr. Seeborn for his theory that our forefathers came from the South, and M. Du Chaillu for his antagonistic hypothesis that they came from the North. Mr. Freeman is thoroughly at home in dealing with his subject. But although he pounds the heretics into powder he does not solve the great problem, which is how to find a word that will be accepted universally as a true description of the folk who speak English in all parts of the world. No doubt, as he says, the valley of the Potomac is one of the chief homes of the English folk, but the dwellers in that region would vehemently object to be described as English. They are Americans. "English-speaking," awkward as it is, is the only adjective that we can employ.

Mr. Nicholson contributes a very solid paper on "Profit Sharing," which he thinks is capable of much wider extension than it has yet attained, if only because it utilises the moral energy of all the workers, the chief obstacle in its path being the under-rating of the economic value of moral forces.

Mr. Werner's paper on "Racing for Records" is excellent. His picture of life in the stoke-hole on an Atlantic steamer is almost gruesomely vivid. If all writers in magazines could write as Mr. Werner does, our periodicals would be much more lively reading than they are at present.

Mr. Mulhall's paper on "Brazil: Past and Future," is a piece of statistical pemmican as useful for reference and as unreadable for amusement as the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

In the *Fortnightly Review* the place of honour is given to Mr. Swinburne's Seven Sonnets on the death of Robert Browning, written on December 13, 14, 15. There are good lines here and there, but they possess as a whole neither the music nor the sweep of Swinburne's verse. There are two articles dealing with the East of Europe,—one a short description of the Cretan Insurrection of 1889, by an observer on the spot, which maintains that there was no insurrection at all, but simply a prolonged series of mutual persecutions by the two parties in the country, by which about two hundred people lost their lives. The chief cause of the trouble he attributes to the system of electing judges. The only solution he can suggest is that of a British Protectorate, but this he admits is impossible. Home Rule and annexation to Greece would be equally disastrous. He is therefore for the *status quo*, with such slight ameliorations as are possible with the Turk in command. The other is Mr.

Hulme-Beeman's account of his visit to the capital of Montenegro. It is a pleasantly bright travel paper, but contains little that is new, excepting the fact that the Valley of the Rijeke yields the most magnificent maiden-hair ferns in the world—assuredly the last place in Europe where so graceful and delicate a fern might have been expected to flourish. Another political paper demonstrates the baselessness of the Portuguese claims to Mashonaland and Nyassaland. The writer has little difficulty in demolishing the flimsy claims of the Portuguese Government, but he is hardly ingenuous in his account of Mr. Johnston's negotiations at Lisbon. In his map he does not publish the extent of territory that Mr. Johnston meant to leave to the Portuguese, and implies that the only feature of the Lisbon agreement was an offer on the part of Portugal to recognise our right of way from Bechuanaland to Tanganyika. That formed part of the agreement, no doubt, but the writer should not have ignored Mr. Johnston's offer as a *quid pro quo* to recognise Portuguese sovereignty up to a point where the Rovuma river joins Lake Nyassa. The writer says that if the Portuguese do not mind their p's and q's Delagoa Bay may be permanently occupied by the British Government. Another anonymous article—the third in this number—is "A Retrospect of Stanley's Expedition." It contains little that is new. The writer is by no means an enthusiastic Stanleyite. He believes the adoption of the Congo route to have been a mistake, entailing delay, which destroyed the effective value of the Expedition. He defends Emin Pacha from Mr. Stanley's criticisms, and concludes by declaring that Stanley has triumphed, but that Central Africa is darker than ever. Mr. Grant Allen in an article entitled "Sacred Stones," which is full of curious out-of-the-way information, maintains that the tombstone is the progenitor of all our gods. He supports this theory by an extraordinary array of facts gathered together from the primitive history of all religions. His concluding sentence, which may be regarded as the spear-head of the whole paper, which indeed was written in order to drive it home, is as follows:—

I do not see therefore, how we can easily avoid the obvious inference that Jahweh, the god of the Hebrews, the god of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, the god who later became sublimated and etherealised into the God of Christianity, was in his origin nothing more or less than the ancestral fetish-stone of the people of Israel, however sculptured, and perhaps in the very last resort of all, the monumental pillar of some early Semitic skeikh or chieftain.

Mrs. Jeune, who appears to be desirous of obtaining a place in periodical literature as prominent as that which she has long occupied in society, writes an article upon the "Homes of the Poor," of which it can be said that, with a due sense of the fitness of things, its author has

made it as dull and as colourless as the homes of the poor, of which she writes with much sympathy and good common sense. She sees, if others of her set do not, that the progress of popular education, and the aspiration after a higher standard of life resulting therefrom, will unavoidably lead to a peremptory demand on the part of the sufferers that they should no longer be cheated out of God's gifts, in which the poor have as much heritage as the rich. The following is almost the only gleam of brightness in the article, but it is spoiled by the omission to name the "old cock" in question.

During the investigation that took place into houses in various parts of London during the sitting of the Commission on the Housing of the Poor, four of the commissioners, in company with the sanitary inspector, visited one of the most degraded and wretched courts in London. The members of the Commission included one or two illustrious persons whose identity was concealed from their cicerone. On entering one court, where a terrible picture of horror and squalor met their eyes, the inspector turned to the most illustrious of the party, and slapping him on the shoulder exclaimed, "What do you say to that, old cock?" the only feeling in his mind being that he was showman of an exhibition, by the existence of which he earned his living.

After all, when society went slumming it is natural that the nuisance inspectors should feel some degree of pride in their show slums. Professor Dowden writes an interesting monograph upon a Protestant pietist born in France but resident in Germany, De Marsey by name. Professor Tyndall's paper is dealt with elsewhere.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* is very solid, but it has ideas. Mr. W. Earl Hodgson argues strenuously that free banking and free note issuing on the Scotch model supplies the economic cure for socialism. The sum total of the economic law governing note circulation is, says Mr. Hodgson, that the banker must lend his notes upon liberal terms to producers and tradespeople who develop the industries of his own district and work with profit. When a writer in a Conservative monthly can declare that the bank monopoly is closely connected with the sweating system, it is evident that the coming of the rag-baby, in the shape of a demand for universal paper currency, cannot be long delayed. Another article with an idea in it is Mr. R. E. Prothero's elaborate paper on "Tithe-Rents and Peasant-Tenancies." He suggests that all rent-charges should be extinguished by surrendering to the State land producing rental equivalent to rent-charge. By this arrangement the State would become landlord and rent-receiver for the Church. Glebe lands and tithe rent-charge lands would provide peasant tenancies for every parish in the kingdom. Mr. Sydney Wyatt, writing on the proposed Miners' Federation, predicts that it will succeed, if trade improves, in securing the eight-hours day for miners, but that it will inevitably

bring into being a Mine-owners' Union. This will become a gigantic national ring in which all the colliery owners in the land will join hand in hand to keep up prices. By this means, Mr. Wyatt says, cut-throat competition will be got rid off, and we shall be free from the nightmare of trade disputes. He does not seem to see that when all the colliery property in the kingdom is consolidated in one great Trust it will only require one clause in an Act of Parliament to transfer that property to the State. Another article which deserves mention is Mr. G. Rome Hall's disquisition upon "Public Health and Politics." It is not brilliantly written. Mr. Hall does not make the most of his points,—never having acquired the art of effectively presenting his ideas,—but he says many good things and many true things, and the gist of it all is that the true Tory policy is to take in hand seriously the improvement of the material condition of the working population. "Not until our lower ranks are comfortable and contented here in Great Britain can we expect them to be Imperialists." So for the sake of the Empire we must clear away the pig-styes in which our brothers live. All roads lead to Rome, and every tendency in our time seems to bring grist to the mill of the social economists. Captain Willoughby Vernon gives an interesting account of "Bird Life in Romney Marsh." Mr. Canon Doyle praises Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Methods of Fiction"; and Mr. Alfred Austin extols Lord Tennyson's new volume in an article from which we hope he will not object if we quote one characteristic sentence. Speaking of the two Locksley Halls, he says "the first was the Baptismal Hymn, and the second the Burial Service, of that generous but impracticable creed once known as Liberalism."

THE NEW REVIEW.

The *New Review* begins its new volume in good style. It opens with a poem by Mr. Swinburne, "A Swimmer's Dream," which is much more Swinburnian than his contributions to the *Fortnightly* and the *Magazine of Art*, and closes with a sympathetic reminiscence paper on Robert Browning by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who is temporarily editing the *Review* in the absence of Mr. Grove, now honeymooning in Africa. The articles on "Candour in English Fiction," and "The Fate of Swaziland," by Mr. Rider Haggard, are dealt with elsewhere. Viscount Wolmer tells us how to get the Tithes Bill through the House of Commons. His prescription is very simple. It is that Churchmen must worry everybody all round until the Bill is thrust through. It is for the Bishops, he maintains, to take a bold lead in the matter, and then every lay and clerical Churchman is to be let loose to worry his M.P. by correspondence, meetings, and resolutions until each member feels that an all-important body of his con-

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stituents will be discontented with himself personally if the Tithe Bill be not passed. Then Viscount Wolmer sums up in one sentence the quintessence of all our experience of Parliamentaryism—namely, "There is only one policy which succeeds—that of the importunate widow." "Rambles of Cupid and Psyche" is the somewhat fantastic title of a sprightly article which contains much good sense on the subject which is profanely called "calf-love." The writer says: "Were calf-love a purchasable commodity, every wise father and mother would go to market for six months of it at least, and present it to their sons on their nineteenth birthdays." This witness is true, but whether the illumination which comes from this early kindling of the emotions is, as the writer seems to imply, the prophetic foreshadowing of the millennial relations between man and woman is probably no more than a pious imagination. Lady Dilke, in writing on "Trades Unionism for Women," describes her experience at the Dundee Trades Congress, and appeals to rich and idle women to assist in spreading the principles of Trades Unionism among their sisters. Lady Dilke does not seem to know that the writer whom she calls "Mr. John Law," belongs to her own sex. The article entitled "Who Next?" says Sir William Harcourt's leadership in the House is inevitable, but that Lord Spencer will be the next Premier. Lord Rosebery, the writer thinks, is too young: his time will come hereafter.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MR. KNOWLES has got together a goodly team for his January number. Mr. Gladstone and Earl Grey, Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer, a couple of Countesses, and a German and an Irish M.P., figure as contributors. Of Professor Huxley's paper some account is given elsewhere.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S ABSOLUTE POLITICAL ETHICS.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's papers defend the doctrine of Absolute Political Ethics, and somewhat plainerly expounds what is his "way of thinking" in order to convict Professor Huxley of injustice in describing it as it was not. Absolute political ethics are to applied politics what ideal mechanics are to operations of the workshop. The *à priori* system of absolute political ethics is defined as being that under which "men of like natures, severally so constituted as spontaneously to refrain from trespassing, may work together without friction, and with the greatest advantage to each and all." This fundamental principle, arrived at *à priori*, is verified in an infinity of cases *à posteriori*. The interdict on murder is already regarded as absolute. So it will come to be with various other interdicts which absolute political ethics will impose on aggression, the restraint of which is

necessary to secure to the citizen the exercise of his activities, whether the aggression to be restrained is that of the private citizen or of the State.

MR. GLADSTONE ON LORD MELBOURNE.

Mr. Gladstone sitting in judgment upon Lord Melbourne and the Melbourne administration is interesting, if only because it suggests the picture of some future reviewer and ex-Prime Minister of 1940 writing a similar article on Mr. Gladstone and his Government of 1880-5. Mr. Gladstone's paper is long and, for the most part, of historical interest. There are many happy and forcible phrases which give it a certain literary charm. Lord Melbourne, he says, in dismissing Lord Brougham, wrote letters which performed the work of the hangman in the spirit of the warrior and the gentleman. And again, of Lord John Russell, to whose character he pays a high tribute of praise, he remarks that, owing to his ready and delicate sensitiveness, there was a spirit of resignation in him which was undoubtedly for cabinets a spirit of disturbance. Mr. Gladstone, in summing up, says that Lord Melbourne was ideal in his dealings with his Sovereign and in his relations with his colleagues; but in relation to the nation his sympathies, although warm, were narrow. His administration did good work in Ireland, and even better work in revolutionising our Colonial policy, thereby saving the Empire from possible disruption and certain discredit. In domestic legislation, notably in municipal extension, in education, and in ecclesiastical reform, his Government did well. Its finance was intolerably bad; its standard of political morality was low, otherwise it would have resigned rather than consent to drop the Appropriation Clause. Its foreign policy was dubious, and in the end its Parliamentary defeat was "smashing," a word for which Mr. Gladstone has considerable affection. Note, in passing, that Mr. Gladstone does not recollect or know the time in our history when the two great parties in the House have been led by men who so truly and so largely as Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel identified political with personal morality.

EARL GREY ON TITHES.

Lord Grey, who is almost as remarkable an octogenarian as Mr. Gladstone, reluctantly but vigorously scourges the Government for the disastrous line of action on which it has entered in relation to the tithes question. In Wales he thinks they should have shown much more vigour in enforcing the law, and much more sense in amending it. The only amendment he favours is a change making the owners of land, and not the occupiers, the persons by whom the tithe-rent charges should be paid. The tithe-owner would have no

concern in this settlement, the farmer would have to look solely to the landlord for reductions. The Welsh landlords can hardly be expected to derive much encouragement from this proposal to rally to the side of law and order against the turbulent agitation of their tenants.

THE GERMAN PRESS.

Dr. Bamberger contributes what is one of the most interesting articles of the month, in the shape of a paper on the German Press. Its foible, he says, is omniscience, especially in all that relates to foreign countries. Greater stores of historical and geographical knowledge lie hidden in German editorial crania than are to be found in England and France put together. So greatly is Dr. Bamberger impressed with this inborn facility for apprehending the conditions and peculiarities of other nations that he is almost disposed to see in it a providential call to Germany to re-establish a new Holy Roman Empire over all the world. The Reptile fund, he says, amounts to £50,000 a year, but Reptile fund notwithstanding, German journalists, even of the financial genus, are less corrupt than their brethren elsewhere. Journalism in Germany, however, labours under many drawbacks. First, there is the excessive localism, due to the law of regional limits; secondly, the thirst for liquid rooted in the German organism contends with the thirst for information, and his coppers go in beer, not in papers; thirdly, there is the severity of the law against the Press.

Not very long ago a court of law decided that a writer could be refused admittance to a theatre subventioned by the public money, although he had paid for his ticket, because he had criticised the actors so sharply that he had spoilt the pleasure of the public in the performance!

A COUPLE OF COUNTESSSES.

The two Countesses write like pleasant, well-bred ladies, but there is a tendency to platitudinize, especially in Lady Cowper, which is somewhat aggravating. The Countess of Jersey, who writes on "Ourselves and our Foremothers," says many interesting things, but there is a lack of clear, decisive vigour about her paper. The most satisfactory and definite statement in her article is that the majority of girls in society are not only as strong as their predecessors of, say, thirty years ago, but that they are finer and taller, and possess a greater air of health and vitality. Lady Cowper, who writes on the "Decline of Reserve" among women, aggravates the failings of Lady Jersey's style. The decline of reserve is in no way limited to women. It is the gauge of progress in the evolution of humanity from the oyster. This, in a dim way, Lady Cowper sees, but she descends at the last to school-girl platitudes, somewhat trying to the patience, as for instance, "If we wantonly destroy the great and splendid

gift (the power of reserve), we shall find ourselves ere long in the quicksands of licence, which we mistook in our waywardness for the rocks of freedom."

CITY CHARITIES, IRELAND, ETC.

Mr. Robert Hunter, in a sensible and fact-crammed paper on the "Future of the City Charities," takes serious exception to the present system of disposing in perpetuity of the funds of these charities by a Special Commission, and advocates, as an alternative policy, that these London charities should be placed at the free disposal of a popularly elected Board of Trustees representative of London. He makes several suggestions as to the better application of the funds, and advocates very drastic dealing with the City churches.

Mr. T. W. Russell describes Ireland from the point of view of a Unionist optimist, with a great flourish of figures not without effect. His mode of treatment is to contrast the poverty-stricken, congested Celtic, Catholic, illiterate West, which returns twenty-five Parnellite members to Parliament, with the comparatively wealthy, progressive, and educated East. The figures are very striking, and his account of the improvement in the material condition of Ireland in the last half-century is calculated to make Englishmen sleep easier of nights. "Politicians," says Mr. Russell, "young and old are in too great a hurry." So think the Irish landlords, who, he laments on the very next page, "have always waited until the pitiless storm burst upon them, and then they have had to sullenly acquiesce in what ought to have been done under other and better conditions."

Mr. Marcus B. Huish constructs quite a monumental pile of statistics to prove what immense things have been done for British art in the last ten years. One thing, however, as he justly complains, we have not done. We do not compel our railway companies to imitate the Great Eastern, and convert every railway carriage into an art gallery by exhibiting attractive photographs of the beauties of nature through which their line runs.

A paper by the late Dr. Charles Mackay sets forth what in his opinion should be done to amend and purify our English tongue. He would have a Minister of Education to set a competent lexicographer to work to ascertain what is really and truly the classical English language. When that is done, the way would be cleared for the great work of compelling us to spell through throe, of giving feminine terminations to such masculine nouns as thief and friend, and of various other reforms upon which the late poet and philologist had set his heart.

Mr. Charles W. Vincent contributes a most uncomfortable article in the shape of a brief paper

on the "Dangers of Electric Lighting," from which the general reader vaguely gathers that London, in being supplied with the electric light, is really having earthquakes and volcanoes and the thunderbolts of Jove laid on in all directions, with the certainty that some time or other they will go off by mere accident, generating sufficient heat to reduce square yards of paving stones to a molten mass.

THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

In the *Universal Review* Mr. Samuel Butler contributes a curious paper copiously illustrated by some very fine pictures of the chapels of Oropa near Biella, in which he takes occasion to air his views concerning the future evolution of Christianity.

WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY?

In Oropa the Madonna and the infant Christ are not white but black, a fact which leads Mr. Butler to indulge in the following speculation:—

I have wondered whether she may not intend that such details as whether the Virgin was white or black are of very little importance in comparison with the basing of ethics on a story that shall appeal to black races as well as to white ones. How can those who accept Evolution with any thoroughness accept such doctrines as the Incarnation or the Redemption with any but a quasi-allegorical and poetical interpretation? Can we conceivably accept these doctrines in the literal sense in which the church advances them? I, who distrust the *doctrinaire* in science even more than the *doctrinaire* in religion, should view with dismay the abolition of the Church of England, as knowing that a blatant bastard science would instantly step into her shoes; but if some such deplorable consummation is to be avoided in England, it can only be through more evident leaning on the part of our clergy to such an interpretation of the sacred history as the presence of a black and white Madonna almost side by side at Oropa appears to suggest.

Should the Church of Rome or the Anglican Church welcome his overtures he will, on his part, graciously consent to overlook some defects of the Christian ideal in order to take part in the task of establishing a sublimated kind of Christianity in which there only remains what he describes as the kernel of the nut; namely, common sense and cheerfulness, with unflinching opposition to the charlatanism and pharisaisms of a man's own times.

The essence of Christianity lies neither in dogma, nor yet in abnormally holy life, but in faith in an unseen world, in doing one's duty, in speaking the truth, in finding the true life rather in others than in oneself, and in the certain hope that he who loses his life on these behalfs finds more than he has lost. What can Agnosticism do against such Christianity as this?

THE PARABLES OF LADY DILKE.

Lady Dilke contributes some Parables of Life which read like a washed-out version of the Allegories of Olive Schreiner or Carmen Silva. There are three of them. The parable is obscure, and the life which is portrayed is displeasing and morbidly unreal. Take the first,

for instance. A king's son marries a beggar girl, and is disinherited. His beggar bride, who had hoped to wed wealth and ease, bitterly upbraids him for their disappointment. So that when a baby girl was born to them there was no joy in the man's heart, and the milk in the mother's breast was bitter. The child grows up. The father was sick unto death, and the mother sold her daughter's maidenhood for a great sum, which she displayed to the dying father. He, gaining momentary strength, strangles her and falls dead upon her body. The daughter fled from the house of death, and when her purchaser arrived he found only the dead bodies and the money scattered on the floor. Forlorn and desolate, the girl fainted in the streets, and was taken by a priest to the palace of her grandfather, where she lived alone, and no man cared for her. The parable ends as follows:—

Seeing now that she had no place on earth, and that Death would not willingly have her of his company, the girl sought for herself the means whereby she might part from life. . . . Now, the girl had thought that her spirit, in the hour of her parting, should escape and should wander, free from fear, in the palace that had been her father's habitation. But it was otherwise. For, even as she passed, the spirits of the house came about her, and they were a vast company, crying, "Who art thou? How camest thou hither?" So they drove her before them, and as she fled from room to room of that palace, they gathered to an innumerable host. Then she went forth into the garden and stayed her flight at the terrace walk where she had met Death, but even there she was pursued by that terrible company.

At this the spirit knew that for those who have no place in life, neither is there any place in death, and, shuddering, passed out upon the night.

Mr. Alfred W. Pollard contributes an elaborate article upon old Christmas Plays, which is copiously illustrated, full of information about the Christmas Plays of the Middle Ages, of which, in the out-of-the-way districts, our mummers still preserve the tradition. Professor Verrall's "Love and Law" is a somewhat disappointing attempt to supply a new interpretation of Propertius.

THE FORUM (New York).

The *Forum*, a monthly magazine edited by Mr. Loretta S. Metcalf (London, Trübner, 50 cents), is one of the most useful and solid reviews published in the English language. We quote elsewhere the articles on "Divorce," by Mr. Phelps, on "The Miracles of Electricity," and "Some Ghost Stories." But there are many other articles well worth attention. Professor Henry Scomp, discussing one of the most burning of American questions, maintains that there is no solution of the negro difficulty short of the gradual transportation of the whole negro population outside the Union. He says:—

Negro and white will not continue to compete and continue to exist. The colonisation must be beyond our borders; but where? Perhaps the most available spot would be in the West Indies, Mexico, or Central America. Under a United States protectorate, the work of removal and colonisation might be begun and prosecuted.

While he proposes to get rid of the blacks in the South, Mr. William Round proposes to deal drastically with the flood of foreign immigration in the North. Foreign immigrants, especially the Irish, furnish far more than their proportion to the prison population of the States. Irishmen at large constitute a proportion of 3.6 to the whole population, while the Irishmen in prison show a percentage of 9.2. Official restrictions, he argues, should be put on the Irish immigration. His suggestion is:—

What we most need is a thorough systematic examination of every emigrant by our representatives abroad. Before granting a certificate of good character and correct and industrious habits, a thorough investigation by proper officers should be made. No person should be allowed to land here, with the intention of taking up his residence, until he had such a certificate stating such intention, signed and filled with proper voucher as to its truth, three months before his date of sailing. This would give our consuls time to have his character properly investigated.

Bishop McQuaid sets forth the Catholic case against the State School system. One of his chief complaints is that the American State School is unadulterated communism. It develops naturally from State schoolism into State tailorism, of which he gives a curious instance, Children in Chicago who plead that they cannot go to school for want of suitable clothing, are supplied by that city of socialistic tendencies with state trousers, frocks, and shoes.

Professor Sumner asks if we want industrial peaces and stoutly replies that we do not. "Industrial war is a sign of vigour in society; it contains a promise of a sound solution. It is not possible to stop it, and it would be a mistake to try." Dr. Gould indulges in a fervent eulogium on medicine as a preventive science. He says:—

It would seem that all the body's foes come from without. If such a disease as cancer be of bacterial origin, it is probable that any other disease may be, and the dream of an elixir of life would be realised if we could keep all microbes outside and observe the laws of hygiene.

Consumption, he thinks, is capable of easy prevention, and that medical science, which has saved England 50,000 lives per annum in the last twenty years, is but at the beginning of its triumphs. America has much leeway to make up, as appears from one fact, that if the death-rate of New York and Brooklyn were equal to that of London there would be an annual saving of 16,000 lives. Professor Everett, in a short and thoughtful paper on the Natural History of Dogma, illustrates in the growth and mutation the doctrine of the Atonement, the thesis that the ideals that control the politics of the world sooner or later revolutionise its theology. Much of the existing creed of Christendom being a direct product of aristocratic and monarchical ideas, will melt like an iceberg beneath the democratic and humanitarian influences of our time. The remaining article is by Mr. Pepper, who

describes the growth of the Farmers' Defensive Movement of the United States, from which it appears that out of 4,500,000 farmers, at least one million are organised in associations in secret discipline and bound by oath to act together against railroads, middlemen, and banks. The ultimate object is to establish a National Business Exchange for the elimination of middlemen.

THE NORTH AMERICAN.

THE *North American Review*, which unfortunately for English readers is far too little known on this side of the Atlantic, contains in its December number, besides the articles we have mentioned elsewhere, Mr. N. H. Dole's sarcastic little note which he calls a "Plea for a Legislative Kindergarten." Every man in Congress is considered to be in some way or other above the average, but they produce a session which is a "disorderly bedlam and a bear-pit of rascality." This, he says, is because each new legislature is an infant and irresponsible as an infant. He proposes, therefore, a kindergarten for legislators,—an arrangement by which the first two years of their corporate existence are to be merely experimental. They might pass as many laws as they like, but none of them should take effect. Meanwhile, the previous legislators which would then have passed through their childish days might be entrusted with serious functions. Mr. Karl Blind speaks "a good word for the Jews," in which he maintains that in the early Middle Ages the Jews in Germany enjoyed far greater rights than in subsequent centuries. Marion Harland writes a short and pithy article on the "Incapacity of Business Women," in which she maintains that the feminine idiosyncrasies, levity, "skittishness," and a habit of cunningly relying upon the proverbial effect of lachrymal demonstration, are the vices of her sex which tend more than any other influence to keep her wages down. Woman considers the necessity of self-support as against nature and precedent. If she earns her bread she does so, as it were, under protest, and counts the hours until she arrives at the marriage which will relieve her from the odious necessity. What is needed is that women should undertake their allotted labour with the purpose of performing it as if it were the one and only object in life. Until that is realised the cry of women educated to do nothing for a means of livelihood sounds in the ear "like the wail of unbaptized babies wandering in the outer darkness." General James B. Fry traverses Lord Woseley's articles upon the Civil War, admitting that his criticisms are in general sound, provided that the articles in the "*War Book of the Century*" could be accepted as a complete history of the great struggle. This, however, General Fry points out, is not the case,

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and he enters into some detail to prove how inadequate material has led the English general into error. He demurs *in toto* to Lord Wolseley's doctrine that it was the Civil Government which was responsible for the disasters experienced by the Federal troops. Mr. Walter Damrosch, in an article upon the "German Opera and Everyday Life," maintains that Wagner has brought about in America in the last five years one of the most remarkable artistic awakenings of the time. This he attributes to the exalted position accorded to American women and their greater freedom from the material spirit of the country. The next great musical genius of the world should be an American. The signs are auspicious. "Never was there such an awakening of art, never such fields for musicians to work in." The only other article that need be mentioned is Mr. Westinghouse, Junior's, reply to Mr. Edison, defending the alternating system of electric lighting against the Edison system, by which a continuous current is employed for the entire area for central station incandescent lighting. Mr. Westinghouse says, five persons use the alternating system for one employing direct current. The points of the rival systems are brought into clear relief, and the article may be read with interest and profit by all who are practically engaged in the installation of electric light.

OUR DAY.

How few people in Great Britain have ever seen *Our Day!* And yet there is hardly any American magazine which touches at so many points on the moral and social questions which command attention in this country. It is edited by Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, and is conducted in a fashion peculiar to itself. We give elsewhere some account of the leading features of the December number—the Symposium on Religious Reading, as well as Miss Willard's interview with the author of "Looking Backwards."

The editorial notes for December afford Britons an opportunity of understanding how intelligent Americans regard the evolution and expansion of the British Empire, as well as their hopes for the future of the American continent. From Dr. MacNiece's paper on "The Exciting Situation in Utah," we learn that on February 10 there is to be a battle royal for the control of the capital of Mormondom. The municipal elections which are fixed for that date may wrest the control of Utah from the hands of the polygamists. At present, with the exception of four members, the whole of the administration of the city is Mormon. The concluding portion of the report of the Utah Commission is published as an appendix to Dr. MacNiece's paper, and a very interesting document it is. The Mormons are being driven to the wall, and before

long they will have either to emigrate or to disappear. There is an interesting account of the recent Woman's Christian Temperance Convention at Chicago. Mr. Craft's "Impressions of a Trans-Continental Tour" give us the curious glimpses of the extent to which European migration has been making breaches in American morality and American Sabbath observance. The South is the least affected by the Continental Sunday; "politicians there have no German vote to fear." On the other hand, the Central West, from Ohio to Kansas, is said to be "in moral power the heart of the nation, and more influential than New England, both in evangelism and temperance reform. In Sabbath reform New England is retreating, while the Central West is charging the foe." Pennsylvania leads the van in the observance of Sunday; California has no Sunday law at all, and Sabbath observance grows worse as one goes West. There is an interesting review of two books on Deaconesses; and in the department known as "Questions for Specialists," there is a couple of pages describing the state of scientific temperance teaching in the public schools in the United States, which would be read with interest by temperance societies over the world. In seven years the legislatures of twenty-seven States have made the science of temperance a compulsory study in all the schools under their control; only eleven States remain who have not this legislation. In Massachusetts the evils of tobacco are also insisted on in all the public schools of the State.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

HAS "Robert Elsmere" reached France? is the question with which every one will take up M. Th. Bentzon's long and synthetical review in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Bentzon's method in dealing with foreign novels is to take out the story and tell it, analysing it as he goes. He has applied this method admirably to "Robert Elsmere," and the parts which he has selected in order to present the human drama of it to the French public show how sympathetically he appreciates the plane of emotion on which Mrs. Ward has based her story. The surprise is the greater to find as we read that his "Hamlet" is to be played without the Prince of Denmark. He can understand a Freethinker, he can understand a Catholic, but,—he argues it most logically,—a Dissenter cannot exist! To the essential Protestantism of the book his only comment is "Impossible!"

A FRENCH VIEW OF ROBERT ELSMERE.

Admirers of "Robert Elsmere" will find the review well worth reading. It is at once so sympathetic and so radical, so inalienably irreconcilable, that it will give them the pleasure of a fresh point of view. Catherine

is the central figure of the story as he re-tells it. Of Robert he contents himself with saying that as the majority of his readers will agree that Elsmere's vocation for the priesthood was never serious, there is no need to dwell upon his imprudent speculations and his too easy defeat.

His review is as typical of his point of view as Mrs. Ward's book is of hers. French habits of religious thought have not been evolved through three centuries and a half of Protestantism, and the French public, where it is not Catholic, is prepared to take its Rationalism undiluted. The half-way house of Nonconformity has no meaning for it. Therefore M. Bentzon, placing himself at the Catholic point of view, espouses Catherine's cause in its integrity. She ceases to interest him only when she shows signs of yielding to the influence of the outer world. Here, in the very heart of the story, is the essential Protestantism which he cannot accept. Her first attitude was comprehensible and right, her second M. Bentzon attributes to a failure, not of the heroine herself, but of the author to complete her own conception. It is, he says, by Mrs. Ward's will that Catherine becomes an attenuated and artificial being, who ceases to interest us because there is no longer a reality. Therefore he condemns the book.

A PIONEER OF RATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Under the title of "Un Precurseur," M. Emile de Laveleye contributes an interesting article on M. Dupont White to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December. He claims for Dupont White that he was the founder of the modern doctrine of State Socialism, and it is in this capacity that he calls him a forerunner. The two books which M. de Laveleye specially reviews of his dead friend are "L'Individu et l'État," and "La Centralisation," but the article is rather a notice of M. Dupont White's work than of his works. His ideal of the State was neither the public policeman of certain economists nor the public providence of the socialists. He claimed for it that it should be the instrument of progress and the organ of public justice, and as early as 1846 he had already traced the plan upon which the foundations of the new State socialistic school are laid. M. de Laveleye adds to a lucid summary of M. Dupont White's arguments in favour of beneficent State action, his own observations with regard to the growth of a school, which, in opposition to the purely scientific principle of the survival of the fittest, has adopted the maximum of *charity in the laws*. The Irish agrarian laws have, he says, given a ruder shock to the principles of the right of property and freedom of contract than was given by the French Revolution, and even by the Terror itself. And he points out that already

they are insufficient. In America, as in Europe, State socialism is on the increase. The reasons are, according to M. de Laveleye, both evident and inevitable. M. Dupont White had collected all the materials for a work on the "Organisation of Democracy," which he would have written had he lived. In losing him, M. de Laveleye estimates that we have lost one of the most valuable of the guides who might have piloted us across the turbulent ocean of the immediate future.

We cannot pass without mention a review by M. Brunetière of M. Maurice Spronk's "Études sur le XIX^e Siècle." His criticisms are always interesting, and we are delighted to find him speaking of eccentricity for eccentricity's sake as "a business which ought to be left to the monsters of the circus."

The Duc de Broglie continues his "Diplomatic Studies of the Eighteenth Century" in the second number of the *Revue*, and gives us thirty pages filled with the intrigues of the Spanish and Italian Courts and the prospect of the federation of Italy.

The broad skies and open landscape of M. Emile Michel's "Study of Life in Amsterdam and Holland" in the days when Descartes lived there, and the crash of the Thirty Years' War was echoing across the dykes, which occupies the next place in this number, forms a not unwelcome pendant. It is in relation to Dutch and Flemish art that M. Michel has been led to study the national history; and lovers of De Vos and Maes, of Rembrandt and Van Dyck, of Hobbema and Teniers, will certainly be disposed to like their favourites better for the glimpses which he gives of the life that produced them. The article is very long, and touches as far as possible all the sides of Dutch life which have been reflected in their artistic schools.

The two articles have of course nothing to do with each other, but the contrast between them is rather interesting for the illustration it furnishes of different methods of criticising history.

An article by M. Antoine Saparta, on "The Adulteration of Milk and Butter, and Methods of Detecting It," will interest dairy amateurs and housekeepers. Oleomargarine and preserved milk, even when quite free from adulteration, are not, according to M. Saparta, so absolutely wholesome as we had thought. Oleomargarine becomes indigestible when cooked. Preserved milk, which is made better from skimmed milk than from new milk, does not, when water is added to it, contain all the elements of fresh milk.

There are two articles by M. De Récy, upon "Mining Property," which are somewhat disappointing. M. De Récy is against the nationalisation of minerals. He admits only in one case the right of the State to interfere.

That solitary exception is the one in which an individual refuses to exploit and work the minerals under his land. Then, if the mine is sufficiently valuable, he would permit the head of the State to form a concession, and give it to some other man. But this he regards as too improbable a contingency to weigh at all in the discussion.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

MADAME ADAM is always interesting, and her politics have the advantage of being as lucid as her style. The monster of Germanism, stretching the hundred hands of brute force abroad while its vitals are being slowly gnawed away by Socialism at home, is the foreground figure of her picture of Europe.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

In the "Lettres sur le Politique Extérieure" of the second December number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, she briefly surveys the twenty years which the beginning of 1890 will soon complete since the Franco-Prussian war. She reviews the monster rising refreshed from the deep draught of blood with which that war provided him, and prepared like a giant to run his race. "Since then, doubtless both in the East and West, the principles of Germanism have infiltrated. No doubt the policy of Prussia, which is the most brutal and dangerous expression of Germanism, has become every day more dominant and more encroaching." In England, Madame Adam is of opinion that the Tory policy of an understanding with Germany is drawing the country to its destruction. She finds the expression of the German idea of force in our new Imperialism, and predicts that it must end in the separation from us of our colonies, and the disintegration of our empire. In consequence of the *entente cordiale* with Germany, we are, she says, allowing that power to penetrate into Turkey in a way which, though we are heedless of it, and Prince Bismarck plays the indifferent, there lies, in fact, our hold upon India and the whole of our Mussulman possessions. At the same time in Africa we allow her to outwit us, and while our natural counterweight there to German preponderance would have been an alliance with France, we alienate France by our conduct in Egypt, and the late mission of Sir Lintorn Simmons to the Pope, by which we hope to acquire the protection of the Catholic Church in Tripoli and upon the Nile. It may be remarked in passing that Madame Adam's statement with regard to Egypt betrays less than her usual information. She seems to have taken her opinions from the almost grotesque misstatements of M. Planchett in the *Revue des Deux*

Mondes of last winter. But Madame Adam does not despair. She views Bohemia, Hungary, Servia, bestirring themselves to cast off the fatal fascination; the Tzar of Russia clear-eyed and holding himself aloof; the Balkan States, uneasily rebutting the Liberal party in England, awake to the danger; Belgium, under the grip, it is true, of a clerical majority, but ringing to the echo of popular indignation. Above all, Germany itself face to face with the social question. Under these circumstances she sees winged hope in the horizon.

The insufficiencies of the actual Parliamentary system which is more accentuated and more generally recognised in France than in England, gives the occasion for two articles on a "Rational Policy" by M. Courcelle Seneuil. A better system of election, shorter Parliamentary sessions, longer Ministries, more intelligent legislation, firmer statesmen, a more articulate public, and, above all, peace and justice for a supreme national aim,—these are suggestions interesting to follow in detail, and not likely to meet with much serious objection, but, alas! only too likely to remain for a long time to come in a state of theory.

The stimulus of the Exhibition is to be traced in the two articles of M. Z. Marcas on the relations of the Government to French commerce. He demands a closer assimilation of the diplomatic and consular bodies for the defence of French commercial interests, greater freedom for the Foreign Office with regard to the choice and appointment of officers in foreign stations, and a reorganisation of the work of consuls, including fuller commercial reports. These reforms, which he urges in great detail, will, he says, cost little, but if granted, he considers that they will give a fresh impetus to French commerce.

THE GERMAN REVIEWS.

IN the article on the "Protection of Workmen," in the December number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Herr Heinrich Albrecht makes some practical observations with the intent of impressing on all concerned the duty of doing all in their power to minimise the dangers to life and limb to which many workmen are exposed in various trades. A little technical knowledge, *e.g.*, would often avert serious accidents, such as boiler explosions and most accidents with the machinery. A few factory owners have taken the initiative in providing proper accommodation for their hands, and though the socialist legislation has also done a great deal to better the condition of the working classes in Germany, much still remains to be done by employers and employed. The questions of cheap baths, over-crowding and want of

air in factories, insufficient light to work by, still need to be considered.

In "Schiller's 'Don Carlos,'" Herr Brahm tells us how Schiller first conceived and planned his drama, and how it was that it was five years between beginning and concluding it.

Another article of literary interest is contributed by Herr Paul Weisser, who gives some biographical notes of Marie Behrends, who died last September, together with Lenau's letters to her during their brief engagement. Herr A. Kluckhohn writes a lengthy review of the first two volumes of Heinrich von Sybel's "History of the Founding of the New German Empire by William I.," while Herr A. Hausrath adds some notes on the Paris Exhibition, comparing the arts and industries of the year 1789 with those of 1889.

There is an interesting account of the cheap baths for the people at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Vienna, Berlin, and Magdeburg in *Unsere Zeit*. The price of a bath at these institutions ranges from 5 pf. to 50 pf. ($\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 6d.), and includes towels and soap. Herr Otto Speyer writes sympathetically of Benedetto Cairoli, the illustrious Italian patriot and politician, who died a few months ago, and the editor, Herr Frederick Bienemann contributes a short obituary notice of Dr. Peters. The unhappy "Political Condition of the Philippine Islands," owing to Spain's wretched colonial policy, forms the subject of a more lengthy article by Herr F. Blumentritt. The writer sketches the history of the islands from their conquest by Spain down to the present day. The European Spaniards regard the Philippines with nothing but distrust and suspicion. They refuse to allow them to enjoy the privileges of Spanish citizenship. The most terrible evil from which the islands suffer is administrative banishment. The secret information of a monk or any one in office is sufficient to get an innocent man arrested by night and transported to the south of the Archipelago or to the Ladrone Islands, and no judicial inquiry follows to enable the accused to reply to the secret complaints made against him. Dr. S. Mayer contributes an article on "The Present State of the Administration of the Law in Hungary," and Herr K. Bleibtreu discusses "The Realistic Drama and the Théâtre Libre"; Dr. Edmund Koenig has an article on "Natural Laws in Human Society," while Dr. R. Doehn gives a somewhat tardy account of the Johnstown Disaster of last May.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

THE two leading Italian reviews,—the *Nuova Antologia* and the *Rassegna Nazionale*,—are both fortnightly. They

both publish political notes and reviews of foreign literature. The *Rassegna* is running as its serial a translation of B. Thomas's "The Violinist." There are not many articles this month calling for special mention. In the *Nuova Antologia* of December 1, the article on "The National Museum" gives an account of the important results secured by the Government in directing and regulating excavations during recent years. It also describes the foundation of the new Museum of Antiquities. The latter consists in two sections: that within the town at the Baths of Diocletian, for the reception of antiquities excavated within the City of Rome; the other, Papa Guilio Villa, outside the walls, for objects found in the neighbourhood. This latter is especially interesting and important.

The article on the administrative elections marks the satisfactory way in which the recent extension of the franchise worked during the last provincial elections; recommends the working classes not to vote for members of their own class, but for champions who have had more experience and better opportunities; and suggests several points of financial reform relating to the Customs duties and the public expenditure.

In the number of December 15, the article entitled "Social Peace at the Paris Exhibition" discusses the feasibility of founding an "institute of social experiments," as suggested by M.M. Léon Say, Cheysson, Charles Robert, and others, at the Paris Exhibition.

In the *Rassegna* the article on "The Calamities of Labour" is taken from the address recently delivered by L. Luzzatti, at the Congress at Paris. In that article different systems of individual assurance in Alsace and in Germany are discussed,—the former being voluntary, the latter compulsory and official instead of private. Both are compared favourably to the English system, which is based solely on speculation; and the Italian, which has more or less of a charity association about it.

The article on "The Projected Law on the Charitable Institutions," in the number of December 16, strongly condemns the intended reorganisation of the charitable institutions of Italy,—the *Opere Pie*,—by which the Government proposes to do away with the present administration of these institutions, the funds of many of which are greatly mismanaged, and to take their management into its own hands.

THE PERIODICALS OF RUSSIA.

THE *Messenger of Europe*, the doyen of Russian monthlies, has but one really remarkable article,—an intellectual oasis in the midst of a dry, dreary

waste of instalments of home and foreign manufacture; translations from Longfellow, and dissertations as wearisome as last year's almanack.

A RUSSIAN CARLYLE.

The paper in question,—for the publication of which the Editor of the *Messenger* has just received his first warning from the Government,—the last of a series, entitled "Sketches from the History of Russian Conscientiousness," is from the pen of the most profound philosopher, the closest reasoner, and the most honest publicist of modern Russia,—Vladimir Solovieff, who for the last decade or more has been playing the part of a Russian Carlyle, regaling his countrymen with bitter but salutary truths, and giving them occasional electric shocks that the intellectual medicine men, or censors, condemn as dangerous. Analysing the mystico-political notions that lie at the root of the principles preached by patriots like Aksakoff, Katkoff, and their disciples, he maintains that they were imported from abroad, taken bodily from Joseph de Maistre's "Considerations sur la France," and "Eclaircissement sur le Sacrifice," so "that our national-political conscientiousness has for the space of half a century been nourished with the crumbs that fell from the intellectual table of the West." "The denial, reduced to a principle, of all objective notions of goodness and truth, with the apotheosis of John the Terrible by way of a picturesque illustration of the principle,—such is the last word of our nationalism." His characterisation of Russian religion, the defects and vices of which are glorified by Panславists into proofs of Russia's superiority over the rest of humanity, will be of interest to English readers. "The principal defect of our spiritual life," he remarks, "is the unreasoning quality of our faith, our strong predilection for the traditional letter, and indifference to religious thought,—proneness to regard piety as the essence of religion, and to confound piety with ritual. And behold this abnormal love for the traditional ceremonial, to the prejudice of the other intellectual and moral elements of religion, this mental disease of the Russian people is paraded as a proof of the immeasurable superiority of Russians, in the matter of religion, over Western peoples! The latter, if they believe, reflect upon the objects of their faith, endeavouring to understand them to the best of their ability. We, on the contrary, believe without reasoning; we do not hold the objects of our faith to be also objects of thought and knowledge; in other words, we believe,—we know not what. Is not our superiority patent?" It would be as difficult to disprove as to belittle the significance of M. Solovieff's deliberate assertion that "the formal denial of truth, as such, in the name of national taste, the rejection of justice, as such, in the name of national selfishness, this denial of the true God,

of reason and of human conscience, has now become the predominating dogma of our public opinion."

Russian Antiquity devotes no less than eighty-four pages to the publication of the "Memoirs of Count Rostoptchin," the celebrated Governor of Moscow in 1812, during the French invasion. Here is his simple account of the "one Russian who was ready to sell his country," Vereschtschagin by name. "Having ordered Vereschtschagin and Mouton to be brought before me, I addressed the former, upbraiding him with his crime (the drawing up of the Napoleonic proclamations), the more abominable that he alone of the entire population of Moscow was willing to sell his country. I told him that he had been condemned to death by the Senate, and must undergo the sentence now, and I thereupon ordered two under-officers of my bodyguard to hew him to pieces with their sabres. He fell without a single word."

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIAN PRISONS.

The *Northern Messenger* has a paper of interest, by V. Ptitsin, describing the Russian prisons of the Lena district, which serve as halting-places for the convicts on their way to Siberia; and the pictures he draws of the sufferings of these outcasts before they reach their final destination are as harrowing and gruesome as the most sensational statements with which Mr. G. Kennan shocked a phlegmatic public. Thus we read of 100 men being crammed into a dark cell in which 40 persons could with difficulty be accommodated, the temperature being as low as 24 deg. Fahr.; of the atmosphere being so poisonous in some cells that the prisoners are compelled to sleep with the door open, letting in the frosty air in which the mercury of a Fahrenheit thermometer descends to 20 degrees below zero. He tells us of weak women and children, on that frightful journey in the depth of a Siberian winter, who, in favourable cases, are fed only on black bread, and bitterly complain that they get very little even of that; in unfavourable cases, which are very frequent, receive neither food nor money for a space of several hundred miles, and are thus wholly dependent upon the sorely-tried charity of the poverty-stricken peasant. He speaks of rickety wooden prisons through which the Arctic wind blows as through muslin, and into the wooden walls of which the prisoners, for the edification of M. Ptitsin, plunged their fingers as easily as into soft snow or molten butter; of rooms sodden with unnameable filth and ordure, sick persons of both sexes lying helplessly on the cold, putrescent floor, so close together that an apple, if it fell, would not reach the ground, crying, moaning, complaining of the cold. Worst of all, he describes bright little children, the smile of innocence playing on their lips, lying uncared for in a corner of the cell set apart for syphilitic women, "just

like puppies or kittens"; of the tortures of the so-called "naked people,"—convicts who, unable any longer to endure the pangs of hunger, sell their clothes, buy food with the proceeds, and perform a journey of hundreds of miles in their linen, sure of being soundly flogged if they arrive alive. A considerable portion of every batch of convicts is composed of "naked people," whom the peasant-carriers cover with straw, horse-cloths, or whatever is handy, and hurry them off to the next station, no matter how ill they may be, apprehensive lest they should succumb in the district for which they are responsible. There are many halting-places unprovided with prisons, where the peasants are obliged to take in the convicts for the night. This would seem a welcome change from the cold hospitality of a regular prison; but it has terrible drawbacks. The convicts complain, says M. Pitstin, that while the peasants are deliberating and squabbling about the billeting of the batch of prisoners, the latter have to stand,—some covered only with their linen and a piece of tarpaulin,—for half a day in the open air, hungry, weary, and perishing of cold, the thermometer often registering 36 degrees below zero (Fahr.). Small wonder that convicts are frozen to death, cut down by want, swept away by disease, and that a mere fraction of those sent to Siberia ever get to their destination.

Under this unsatisfactory system, peasants and convicts, the innocent and the guilty, suffer alike; and no doubt the former often think what the painter Vereschschagin tells us, in the current number of *Russian Antiquity*, that the Ossetinians actually expressed to the Tzar Alexander I. A deputation of the elders of that people arrived from the Caucasus in St. Petersburg, and their grey-haired spokesman concluded his speech to the Emperor as follows:—"We know, Sire, that thou art magnanimous and merciful; that thou wishest us nothing but happiness. But we have heard, Sire, that in thy following there is one evil-minded man, Government by name, through whom we all suffer. Drive him away, Sire, we entreat thee; make him flee from before thy face!"

E. J. D.

THE CENTURY.

The Century for January is very strong in history, and appropriately enough has an excellent portrait of Professor Bryce, the historian, as frontispiece. Miss Amelia B. Edwards leads off with a long paper, copiously illustrated with twenty-three pictures, entitled "Bubastis," a historical study, in which she describes the discovery of the ancient temple found under the mounds of Tell Basta. It is more than 6,000 years since the temple of Bubastis was built. The pictures give a wonderful impression of the colossal size and artistic development of Egyptian sculpture. Another important paper is the instalment of the history of Abraham Lincoln, which tells with much spirit the story of the president's assassination. It is illustrated with a portrait

of President Johnson and a plan of the box of the theatre where Lincoln was shot, but it does not give any portrait of the assassin. "The Story of the Pursuit and Death of John Wilkes Booth" is told by Majors Ruggles and Doherty. It is a curious fact that the soldier who shot Booth struck him about the same place, at the back of the head, where his shot had entered Mr. Lincoln's. The soldier subsequently went mad, and is now in a lunatic asylum. The autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, is a somewhat scrappy *omnium gatherum* of reminiscences full of theatrical chit-chat, illustrated with portraits of actors of a past generation. The paper by Henry James on Daumier, the French caricaturist, is excellently illustrated. The sketch of M. Thiers is exquisite, and the picture in the Court of Assizes shows that Daumier was capable of much more than caricature. Mr. James thinks that "it needs an old society to produce ripe caricature. The newspapers thrive in the United States, but journalism perhaps does not; for the lively propagation of news is one thing, but the close interpretation of it is another." The caricatures in *Puck*, however, are full of promise that the United States, in caricature as in other things, will yet "lick creation." Mr. Stillman contributes another of his papers on "Italian Old Masters," Mantegna Andrea being the next in his series. It is illustrated by a wonderful engraving of the Circumcision, from the Mantegna triptych in the tribune of Uffizi. As a specimen of engraving, the expression of the head of the priest, and the appealing look on the babe's features, are about the finest things in the illustrations of the month. If anyone wants to know how portentously dull an American can be when he chooses, let him read the "Present-day Paper" on the "Problems of the Family," by Samuel W. Dike. His ideas are not bad, but what a contrast between the way in which they are presented and the way they would have been presented, say by a Frenchman! Mr. Dike thinks that the time has come when we should study the biology of society, and approach the study of the evolution of the family by a careful study of social anatomy and physiology. Another article which is not very lively reading is Mr. Fisher's third paper on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which deals with what he calls its "gradualness." Its aim is to assert the superiority of the later Revelation over the earlier, to exalt St. Paul's later epistles over those which he wrote earlier in his career, and finally to set forth the Gospel and First Epistle of St. John as the fullest and ripest statement of the theological import of the Gospels. The poetry is above the average, although it is doubtful whether Florence Earle Coates's poem, "To the Tzar," will do much to drive home the impression which Mr. Kennan's articles have made. There are some fine lines in her verse, but to tell the Tzar, "Thou, like Siberian tiger caged, Must secret journey o'er thy native sod," is ridiculous. There is a short science paper on "The Real Shape of the Spiral Nebulae," and the open letters department contains several startling communications concerning the destruction which is being wrought in the Yosemite Valley under the eyes of its custodians.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

THE opening pages of the *English Illustrated* ring with a cheery throstle-like lyric of Alfred Austin, in which he sings with lively optimism that "life is worth living still." The last verse will go the round of the English-speaking world:—

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!

Not live while English songs are sung
 Wherever blows the wind,
 And England's laws and England's tongue
 Enfranchise half mankind!
 So long as in Pacific main,
 Or on Atlantic strand,
 Our kin transmit the parent strain,
 And love the Mother-Land;
 So long as in this ocean Realm,
 Victoria and her Line
 Retain the heritage of the helm,
 By loyalty divine;
 So long as flashes English steel,
 And English trumpets shrill,
 He is dead already who doth not feel
 Life is worth living still.

After Alfred Austin's poetry the reader will turn to Mr. Walter Besant's sequel to Ibsen's "Doll's House," "The Doll's House—And After." Mr. Besant is about as well qualified to write a sequel to Ibsen as Congreve was to complete Milton, or James Montgomery to write another canto to "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Such is the strenuousness of Mr. Besant's faith, that nothing will content him but the ruin of the whole of poor Nora's family. He makes the husband become a sot, the eldest son a drunkard, the second son a gambler and a forger; while the daughter, a young maiden of ideal purity and beauty, commits suicide when her engagement with Krogstad's son is broken off by the father, who could not allow his boy to marry into such a family. It is all so much overstrained as to read like a caricature. Mr. Besant makes Nora a well-preserved woman of forty-seven, who contends for the emancipation of her sex, writes risky novels, and, although well-to-do, is held up to execration and contempt. Mrs. Jeune contributes a painstaking paper on "Competition and Co-operation among Women," which it takes a good deal of pains to read, so solid is it and sensibly commonplace. Mrs. Lecky's account of "Dutch Girlhood" is interesting. In happy Holland, where everybody knows everybody else, girls are not in a hurry to marry; and except they marry for love, they seldom marry at all. Marriages are generally happy,—so happy, in fact, that a Dutch woman will laugh in your face if you ask her if she has any grievances. But Mrs. Lecky says that while men put no obstacles in the way of the higher education of girls, they rather deprecate learning in a woman. There is an elaborately-illustrated paper on Hoorn and Enkhuizen; and another, of a rather blue-book type, on "The Straits Settlements and British Malaya."

HARPERS.

THE best travel paper in all the magazines this month, and much the best illustrated, is "Jamaica Old and New," which Howard Pyle contributes to *Harper's*. *Harper's* is rich in illustrative papers this month. Mr. Andrew Lang breaks out in a new place as the author of an illustrated article on St. Andrews. Another article in which a good deal of information is pleasantly conveyed is an account of the Smyrna fig harvest. The writer mentions that the worst quality of figs which are used by the natives for their cattle, supplies the seeds for the preserve which is sold in London as strawberry jam! Mr. John Heard, junior, contributes a short but appalling paper on the Philosophy of the Chinese Language. The Chinese alphabet has 214 radical characters and 1,040 phonetics, which must be learned by heart at the very outset. Before you can know Chinese reasonably well you must learn to draw correctly 40,000 complex signs, and absolutely learn by heart 64,000 words. There is an interest-

ing paper by Anne C. Brackett, in which she speaks in a common-sense and practical way of "Women on Horseback," treating of the use of riding for exercise, fresh air, and rest. She maintains that girls and women need riding more than men and boys, although, unfortunately, they do not get it. Her observations on the intelligence of horses are interesting. There is one curious touch in which she speaks of a woman's natural sympathy with a horse when it shies, by referring to the way in which women will scream and jump on seeing a mouse! She recommends that women should be always taught riding on both sides: "To ride regularly on alternate days on alternate sides is a great relief both to horse and rider." She evidently regrets, however, that the deformity of Queen Anne doomed her sex to adopt the side saddle. Another lady writer, Mrs. Lillie, describes the paintings of Thomas Cole and his pupils, and the American pre-Raphaelites. There is the usual allowance of fiction. In Mr. George du Maurier's sketch he shows he can draw four-legged donkeys as admirably as any of the usual guests of Mrs. Leo Hunter.

SCRIBNER'S.

THE strength of *Scribner's* lies in the illustrations, which, as usual, are wonderfully good. The first paper describes the system of water storage in the West. The article, and the views with which it is illustrated, will interest all engaged in constructing reservoirs and storing water for irrigation. One-third of the domain of the United States Government lies barren as a desert for want of water. Mr. W. G. Bates, the author of the paper, thinks that the Government will inevitably be driven to construct public works on the largest and most extended scale and on a plan which aims from the first at the utilization of every drop of water that falls within the area of the arid region.

The article on the Paris Exposition is readable, but the writer's account of the *danse du ventre*, which, he says, was watched with extreme interest by American women,—"their large eyes grew larger still in concentrated absorbed attention,"—is ridiculous. The dance only means one thing. Speaking of the pictures, he says:—

It would be difficult to conceive a more striking attestation of the value of imaginativeness in painting than the manifest respect which the French showed for the works of English painters, which in many other respects invited their clemency. Elsewhere the French ideal reigned supreme.

Mr. A. F. Jacassy begins a series of African Studies by a copiously illustrated travel paper on "Tripoli and Barbary." In the ballad of Tonio Manzi, Mr. Graham R. Tomson tells, in spirited verse, how Tonio Manzi sped to warn the villagers of Rocca that the reservoir had burst, and was thrown into the dungeon as a madman for his pains. A second alarm being given, the villagers escaped, forgetting poor Manzi, who, when the flood had passed, was found dead, drowned in gaol.

The paper on the "Beauty of Spanish Women," by Mr. Henry T. French, is written by an enthusiast and illustrated by an artist. The note of the article is in the following sentence:—

Every nation seems to have a special æsthetic mission. England stands in the front line in literary and poetic development. Italy has achieved the highest in painting, and Germany in music. The mission of Spain has been to evolve the most perfect type of personal beauty and grace, the *petite brunette*, and to transmit to Europe what is best in Oriental and African physiognomy, especially the large black eyes and the long dark lashes, and arched black brows, without which no eyes, whatever their colour, can be perfect.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

The *Magazine of Art* opens with a long poem by Mr. Swinburne on Loch Torridon, which is illustrated by drawings from MacWhirter, engraved by Haider and Davey. The description of swimming at sunrise at the mouth of the lake, where "to left and to right and ahead was the ripple whose pulse is the sea's," is characterised by all the melody and rhythm of Mr. Swinburne's muse. The poem concludes with the following noble lines, in which he hails the reign of the sea supreme—

The kingdom of westward waters, wherein when we swam we knew

The waves that we clove were boundless, the wind on our brows that blew

Had swept no land and no lake, and had warred not on tower or on tree,

But came on us hard out of heaven, and alive with the soul of the sea.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes contributes an article, illustrated by himself, on the "Art of Dry Point," which he considers is capable not only of producing work as delightful and valuable as any we can obtain by etching, but actually in some important respects superior. Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch gives some interesting reminiscences of Jules Bastien Lepage, who died in his arms. When on his deathbed Lepage exclaimed, "What beautiful pictures I would paint if I could get to work. I feel that I have made great progress since I stopped painting and have been able to give myself up entirely to thinking about it. How gladly would I give up all the rest of my life for three months of health with the power to work." There is an interesting paper on the "Corporation of Glasgow Art Gallery," by Walter Armstrong. Mr. Joseph Grego writes on "Old Blue and White Nankeen China," in an article which is illustrated in blue. Letters from Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Holman Hunt support the suggestion that there should be a British artists' room in the new National Portrait Gallery, provided that the difficulty of selection could be surmounted, an end towards which they make suggestions.

BLACKWOOD.

"MAGA," the oldest of magazines, preserves a perennial youth, and her latest number is almost as distinctive and notable as any of those which were published in Ebony when Christopher North was in his prime. From the most notable article, "In the Days of the Dandies," we make extracts elsewhere, and also from Captain Lugard's paper on "Lake Nyassa." The new story, "His Uncle and Her Grandmother" is begun, which breaks off at the most promisingly horrible murder. There is a weird short story entitled "The Ghost Baby." The other serial, "Lady Baby," draws towards its close. Mr. Coult's Trotter writes on "Cardinal Lavigerie and the Slave Trade." He thinks that the best hope lies in the gradual operations of chartered companies. Mr. W. H. Bullock Hall describes a wintry drive from Sedan to Versailles and round Paris during the siege. Peter Bayne contributes a bright and rippling poem, a song of "A Gurdy Scottish Burn." An article upon the "Opening up of Indo-China" strongly advocates the making of a railway through Siam and the Shan States. An American story, "The Man by Yellow Creek," a review of the books of the month, and the inevitable old Tory dissertation, make up the number.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S portrait serves as frontispiece to his love story, "Millicent and Rosalind," which takes up 65

of the 165 pages of the magazine. He also edits, under the title "The Elixir of Life," some posthumous papers of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which are of considerable literary interest as showing the novelist in his laboratory. The story is sketched out with suggestions, rough sketches as it were, which afterwards were worked out into a finished picture. Mr. William Westall gives an interesting account of Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, in his article on newspaper fiction—

Mr. Tillotson rarely read a story before accepting it, and still more rarely accepted one from a new writer. "I buy the author; I don't buy the story," he once said to me; "and I would rather give four thousand dollars for a 'Braddon' or a 'Wilkie Collins' than forty dollars for an intrinsically better story by an author without a name."

The way he dealt with a manuscript from a new man,—if he consented to deal with it at all,—was to send it to a customer and ask whether it would suit him. If the answer were in the negative, Mr. Tillotson would return the manuscript to the author and say he could do nothing with it. Being a very busy man (he ran half-a-dozen newspapers at Bolton and elsewhere, and had literary bureaux in London, New York, and Berlin), he had no time for reading, and of all the novels and romances which he published, probably never perused one. I remember asking him, some years ago, what sort of stories had just then the best chance of success. "Stories of English domestic life, with a good deal of incident and a little immorality," was the somewhat cynical answer. But since that time fashions have changed. The "good deal of incident" and the "little immorality" may still be "good business," but tales of English domestic life have ceased to draw. The rage nowadays is all for strong sensation, rapid movement, and complicated plots.

Of these stories Mr. Westall gives samples, David Pae's "Factory Girl," and Sylvanus Cobb, jun.'s, "The Gunmaker of Moscow." No editor in his senses would buy anything by George Meredith, Henry James Thackeray, or George Eliot, with the possible exception of Adam Bede. Mr. Westall predicts the advent and success of an English *Petit Journal* which would run two serials, and give such news as would interest the better half of the nation, which cares nothing for politics, sport, and the Stock Exchange. Another journalistic article is Mr. Stoddard's account of Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis, who, he claims, was the American progenitor of the special correspondent, and also of the interviewer. When he was sent to Europe to write fifty letters for the *New York Mirror*, he was furnished with the sum of £100! "Kinks on the Skein" is an experiment in American humour by Bill Nye and two friends. It is at least more lively reading than Sir J. Somers Vane's account of the position and prospects of the Imperial Institute. Edward Fuller writes on "The Theatrical Renaissance of Shakespeare." He thinks that Mr. Irving affords the worst instance of how Shakespeare should not be spoken. He is severe on Miss Ellen Terry's "monotonous chant." He deprecates the inability of the American stage to deal with the poetic drama, and declares that we have lost the art of diction.

"Blue Water Lilies," a poem by Amélie Rives, has much of that young and passionate lady's characteristic fervour. She writes like a female Swinburne. But what are "glomes?" "The flood doth sometimes stain the marsh flowers' moon-white glomes." The most interesting thing in the number is the announcement of a coming serial—

"A Dead Man's Diary, Written after his Decease." It will not claim to be more than a narrative of experience, which may be left to convey its own lessons. The narrative is put forth as the writer's actual experience during a lengthened absence from the body, during which he was believed to be dead.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE gem of Macmillan's is the "Ballad of the Last Sutee." The incident is striking and the execution admirable. The wife of a Rajput king, forbidden to immolate herself on the funeral pyre of her lord, escapes from the palace in the guise of a nautch girl, and endeavours to fling herself on the flames. Thrice she tries and thrice she flinches, "and thrice like a wounded dove she came and moaned about the fire." Not daring to fling herself alive upon the pile, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. He does so, not knowing who she was. So "he laid her down by her master's side to rule in heaven his only bride, while the others howl in hell." Mr. William Minto contributes a critique of Courthope's new biography of Pope. Mr. C. H. Herford describes the poetic gift of "Klaus Groth," the father of low German poetry. Lieutenant-Colonel Granville Browne gives an outline of the work of "Granville Sharp and the Slave Trade," and an anonymous writer, in an article upon "The Whigs and Imperial Federation," says "that a different policy might have made the British Colonial Empire a reality, but the policy that was adopted has left us nothing but the shadow of an empire." "Imperial Federation would mean a contradiction of the past." All that remains to be hoped for is a perpetual alliance between free and equal states.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

FIFTY-EIGHT out of 144 pages of the New Year's number of Murray's are devoted to fiction; sixteen are allotted to Mr. Barnum, who blows his own trumpet and cracks his own jokes as complacently in the pages of a magazine as his clowns do in the ring at Olympia. Samuel Smiles begins one of his ponderously instructive works of the self-help order, under the title of "Authors and Publishers." As the first instalment only brings us down

to 1764, he is still more than a century to the rear. A paper translated from the Polish, describing the English experiences of the pianist, Natalie Junotha, is full of interesting anecdotes about Jenny Lind and Madame Schumann. Natalie played before the Queen at Windsor nearly a whole evening. Her mother says the manner of the Queen was very natural, and full of sweetness and dignity. "The grave splendour of Windsor struck us beyond what words can describe." Admiral Colomb and Sir Andrew Clarke have an easy task in demolishing Sir Edward Du Cane's plea for forts as against fleets as a means of national defence. It hardly needed such broadsides of heavy metal to demolish such flimsy fortifications as those which Sir Edward Du Cane set up. Mr. J. H. Yoxall, in an article on the "Public and the Education Department," has a practical Reform Bill of his own under five heads.

First, the Department might practically annul the system called "Payment by Results," by distributing to the schools a larger capitation grant, in place of the present variable grant on the fluctuating percentage of "passes" in each case.

Secondly, a rational programme of instruction, in accord with modern demands for training preliminary to commercial and technical pursuits, should be planned.

Thirdly, the clumsy and mechanical "individual examination," the ready-reckoner score of "pass" and "fail" per child, should be relegated to a museum of antiquities, and with it the irrational regulations which cause a scholar to be classed, taught, and tested according to his age.

Fourthly, the *personnel* of the inspectorate should gradually be changed.

Fifthly, the inferior order of teachers in the service of the nation should be amended.

In conclusion, he calls upon the Education Department to call into its deliberations the presence and advice of earnest managers and experienced teachers of the schools.

ELLEN MIDDLETON.

A TALE OF A TORTURED SOUL: BY LADY GEORGINA FULLARTON.

IN the January number of *Merry England* is republished, over the name of Mr. Gladstone, the first part of a review of a religious novel which he printed anonymously more than forty years ago.

We reprint elsewhere the more salient passages of that review which bear on the great theological issues touched upon by the story. They will create much controversy and may revive the old ridiculous impression of the ultra-Protestants, who persist that Mr. Gladstone is a Jesuit in disguise.

In the discussion thus raised it is natural that a good deal of curiosity will be excited about the novel—admiration for which led Mr. Gladstone to descend into the polemical arena. There is no doubt as to the sincerity, it might almost be added the extravagance, of Mr. Gladstone's praise of "Ellen Middleton." He says:—

"Of the eminently able and eminently womanly work

before us we may state, that of all the religious novels we have ever seen, it has, with the most pointed religious aim, the least of direct religious teaching; it has the least effort and the greatest force; it is the least didactic and the most instructive. It carries, indeed, a tremendous moral; and were this an age of acute and tender consciences, practised in self-examination and intensely sedulous in making clean the inner chambers of that heart of man which is ordained to be the Redeemer's abiding place, we might fear for its producing here and there wounds over deep and sharp. But our authoress has to deal with a dull and hardened state of the public mind, and she can do something towards quickening and arousing it."

A work of such a character ought not to be, as "Ellen Middleton" undoubtedly is, practically unknown to the reading public. Books which convey such "tremendous morals" with such force that, but for the

dull and hardened state of the public mind, they might produce wounds over deep and sharp, and which, even as it is, may do something towards quickening and arousing the public conscience, ought not be consigned to the pit of oblivion in which most novels published in 1844 are hopelessly interred. We have therefore determined to devote the space allotted to fiction in our first number to a sketch of the leading chapters of this remarkable romance.

Our readers will be better able to appreciate the significance of Mr. Gladstone's allusions to Confession after reading the passages in the novel which prompted them. The story itself is powerful and painful. As for the moral which Mr. Gladstone sees in it, whether in favour of the practice of confession or— But without further preface, we had better let the story speak for itself:—

ELLEN MIDDLETON. A TALE.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton wrote the book when she was a member of the Church of England. She herself, in 1884, wrote of it as follows: "The tale which is now reprinted, after the lapse of more than forty years, was published at a time when the writer was on her way to the Catholic Church, into which, two years after it appeared, she had the happiness of being received—a happiness which at the end of a long life, is more deeply valued and gratefully appreciated than even in the first days, when submission had brought peace and joy to her soul. Some passages in this story contain language implying a belief in the intrinsic efficacy of Anglican ordinances, which, after her conversion to Catholicism, the authoress would not have used. They have, however, been allowed to remain, because they witness to needs of the soul which, especially under circumstances at all analogous to those of the chief character in the tale, are felt by thousands who never avail themselves of the divine provisions made by the true Church for their relief."

She opens her story with an introduction full of the subdued light of cathedral aisles, and sketches a saintly old clergyman, to whom Ellen Middleton confides the secret of her tortured life. The story is told in the shape of a confession, written out by Ellen Middleton when dying of consumption, and the moral of it is that if she had confessed long before she would never have come to the tragic end which is visible even in the opening pages of this remarkable book.

The key-note of the tale is sounded in the following lines, which the dying woman pencilled on one of the cathedral pillars:—

My aching heart is breaking,
My burning brain is reeling,
My very soul is riven,
I feel myself forsaken.
And phantom forms of horror,
And shapeless dreams of terror,
And mocking tones of laughter,
About me seem to gather.
And death, and hell, and darkness,
Are driving me to madness.

And the moral of it is expressed with equal explicitness

in her first conversation with the clergyman, Mr. Lacy. She says:—

"I have sometimes opened the Bible, and I have read in it words of pity, words of mercy, words of promise, and for a moment they seemed to bring comfort to my soul; but the dark spirit within me would still whisper, 'They are not written for thee,—not for thee. O God! O God! when shall I ever feel forgiven?'"

"When laying aside all human pride, all human fears," solemnly replied Mr. Lacy, "in meek distrust of your own judgment, in deep humility of spirit, you make, as the Church requires, a special confession of your sins to one, who, if you truly repent and believe, can absolve you from them, by the authority committed to him by our Lord Jesus Christ."

But this is to stray into the polemical, whereas our only purpose is to tell the story.

"SHE HAS KILLED HER!"

Ellen Middleton, when the incident occurs which serves as the pivot of the tale, was only sixteen, and as she is barely twenty when it closes, the extreme youth of the heroine is almost unique in a religious romance. Ellen was an orphan adopted by an uncle and aunt who had one child of their own, an odious little minx of the name of Julia, who was six years Ellen's junior. Mrs. Middleton had always made a favourite of Ellen, but after her own child's recovery from a serious illness, she seemed disposed to reverse the position of the two girls. The sudden discovery of this unexpected change in her aunt's sentiments brought about the whirlwind of emotion, in the midst of which the incident from which the story starts occurred.

There was a bank in the grounds at Elmsley which shelved down to the edge of a rapid stream, which chafed and foamed along the base of the hill against which the house stood. At one of the ends of the veranda was a rough flight of stone steps, much overgrown with moss, at all times difficult to descend, positively dangerous, from the slippery nature of the footing it afforded. It led to the edge of the river, down the bank already described.

One day, when enjoying the view from the summit, I turned round, and saw Julia standing on the edge of the stone parapet, with her arm round one of the columns. The dangerous nature of her position immediately struck me; I told her to come down, and on her refusing to do so, took hold of her, and placed her on the ground. She instantly set up one of her loudest screams, and, exclaiming that I had hurt her, she rushed past me, and ran into the drawing-room, one of the recesses of which formed an angle in the building. A small panel lattice window, which opened on the veranda, was at this moment imperfectly closed, and from the spot where I stood I could hear every word that was spoken in that recess. I heard Julia complaining to her mother of my unkindness, in a voice broken by sobs and tremulous with passion.

As she listened, Ellen nearly lost her senses when she heard her banishment calmly prescribed by those whom she regarded as her parents. She was still under the stunning influence of that shock when she suddenly heard her cousin's voice.

No voice, I say, could have been welcome to me; but when I heard the sharp and querulous tones of Julia, God in mercy forgive me for what I felt. She was again standing at the head of the stone steps, that I have described as forming one of the extremities of the veranda; and as she placed her foot on one of the moss-covered slippery steps, she called out, "I'm going down; I'll have my own way now." I seized her hand, and drawing her back exclaimed, "Don't, Julia!" on which she said, "You had better not tease me; you are to be sent away if you tease me." I felt as if a viper had stung me; the blood

rushed to my head and I struck her;—she reeled under the blow, her foot slipped, and she fell headlong down the steps. A voice near me said, "She has killed her!" There was a plunge in the water below; her white frock rose to the surface, —sunk,—rose again,—and sunk to rise no more. Two men rushed wildly down the bank, and one of them turned and locked up as he passed. I heard a piercing scream,—a mother's cry of despair. Nobody said again, "She has killed her." I did not die,—I did not go mad, for I had not an instant's delusion,—I never doubted the reality of what had happened; but those words, "She has killed her!" "She has killed her!"—were written as with a fiery pencil on my brain, and day and night they rang in my ears. Who had spoken them? The secret of my fate was in those words.

In a paroxysm of despair, she cried aloud. She was carried off to her aunt, who was in an agony of distress. Her uncle came in not less distracted. Julia was dead. Every one supposed that the fall was accidental, no one suspected Ellen. She dared not speak. In the agony and distress of the moment she meditated suicide, but recoiled lest she should add to her aunt's misery. She uttered no false word. She simply kept silence about the fatal blow. At first she could not speak; then she would not. The act of self-accusation became a moral impossibility when her uncle laid his hand on her shoulder and said in a voice of subdued emotion, "You are now our only child. Go to your aunt, dear Ellen; she will not feel herself childless while you are spared to us." She went to her aunt, who was weeping bitterly. "Pray for me, Ellen," she said, and then for the first time remorse took its place by the side of terror in her mind. She could not pray. "She has killed her—she has killed her," rang in her ears, and she felt that the light of heaven had gone out of her life. Speaking of this Mr. Gladstone says:—

We think that the foundation of the subsequent story is laid in these events with great moral truth and no less artistic skill. The first offence is a blow struck in anger: the accidental consequence of that offence, the death of a human being, formed no part of its guilt, but it aggravated the difficulty of confession, not only on account of the pain and shame to the offender from association, through a passionate act, with a fatal catastrophe, but likewise by enlisting a less ignoble motive on the side of concealment, namely, the apprehension of opening afresh the wounds of her nearest relatives and dearest friends, and depriving them of the entireness of their chief remaining joy in herself. On the one hand, it is left quite clear that she ought to have confessed; on the other hand, the incidents are so adjusted as to offer those small impediments and causes of diversion which frequently, by their successive action, effectually intercept the formation and execution of good resolutions; so that, while there is no obscuration of the dividing lines of right and wrong, no tampering with the principles of duty, yet the deviation is intelligible and in entire keeping with probability; as well as in a moral view, perhaps venial or secondary, certainly at first sight far from irrevocable.

But from this beginning by a small sin our authoress has woven the tissue of her tale: the offence of a moment, and a concealment of it, far from being wholly coward-like and selfish, are the warp and the woof of the story, whose combining threads by slow but sure degrees enclose and entangle Ellen Middleton in meshes, from which escape becomes an impossibility. The entire detail of the book is made subservient to the unfolding in living representation of those cardinal truths: that in this world of ours, when once we have let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," "I cannot" presently waits upon "I dare not"; that our particular actions never terminate upon themselves; and that our moral opportunities return not, except with enhanced art and diminished promise, like the Sibyl's books.

BEWARE, I KNOW YOUR SECRET!

Edward Middleton and Henry Lovell, two young men,

the former a nephew of her uncle, the latter a brother of her aunt, were staying in the house. Ellen felt a degree of conviction that one of them had seen her strike the blow that precipitated her cousin into the stream. But which? Both were in love with her, but the cold and reserved manners of Edward lent themselves more readily to the supposition that it was he, and not the more free and easy Henry, who had seen her crime. "She wanted courage, she wanted opportunity, to accuse herself of the involuntary act which resembled murder in its results, and which in the secret cogitations of her restless soul and excited imagination, assumed a form of guilt and of terror which nothing could efface." The question which of them knew her secret haunted her. She tried to make herself believe that the cry she had heard was imaginary. She flung herself with all the energy of a passionate nature into any distraction. Riding was one of those, and Henry Lovell was another. She could drown thought in the excitement of talking to Henry, who, on his part, wrote poetry about her, and fell desperately in love. Edward Middleton, though reserved and severe, had the greatest hold upon her imagination, but Henry's lively conversation and society became almost a necessity of life—the intellectual stimulant that for the moment dulled the gnawing agony of the thought that she had murdered her cousin. One day after a long ride she fell asleep over the keys of the organ in Elmsley Hall. She felt a hard breathing close to her; she tried to scream and could not. She seemed to be standing on the spot where she struck the fatal blow, then she was being herself dragged down the precipice by Henry Lovell, who, just as she reached the hollow, changed into the semblance of Edward Middleton, looking ghastly pale and glaring fearfully. She awoke as from a terrible nightmare, and there before her, by the side of one of the candles, lay a coarse bit of paper, on which was written in large round letters "Beware! I know your secret!"

Frightened, bewildered, and wholly unable to rally against this new source of anxiety, she kept her bed for two days. On the third day she was told that Edward had left for London the day after she was taken ill, and would not return for a year. He was going abroad. His sudden departure was explained in a letter to Lovell. "My resolution is not founded on caprice. I have a reason for what I do, and I beg that you will never allude by word or by letter to the cause of my absence." Ellen at once assumed that he knew her secret. Her suspicion was deepened into conviction by a volume of the "Christian Year," which he asked Lovell to give to her. In this book, the passages which allude to guilt and remorse were carefully marked with a pencil. These passages seemed the sequel to the menacing words left, on the organ, and the pride of her soul rose against such a system of secret intimidation.

THE GENTLE AND PERFECT ALICE.

Mrs. Middleton sees a message by Ellen to Mrs. Tracy, an old nurse who had brought up Henry Lovell, and was now domiciled on the estate at Bridman Manor. Ellen went, accompanied by Henry, who, however, made the strongest objection, when he knew whither she was bound. "She is one of the most unsupportable women that ever lived. She wears my life out with her querulous temper and tiresome complaints. Pray, turn back." Ellen, however, persisted in delivering her aunt's message, and so made the acquaintance of Alice Tracy, a young girl whose features, perfectly faultless, were delicate beyond imagination. It was as pleasant to gaze upon her hand as it is upon any rare work of art. Entering her grandmother's

cottage Mrs. Tracy received Ellen with a formal courtesy and a chilling coldness that was far from prepossessing. A scene, however, began at once between Henry and his nurse, and Ellen went upstairs with Alice to her room, which she prized, because she could see the village church from the window. A Bible, a Prayer-book, Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," "Pilgrim's Progress," and the like stood on the shelves. Among them was a book on Birds and Flowers, which Alice innocently remarked that Mr. Henry had given to her a few months ago. Ellen started. Alice told her simply that when they were living at Bromley, Mr. Henry had found her absorbed in the study of a passion-flower, and had brought her that book because of a poem which it contained on the subject. He had read it out to her aloud. The passion-flower was dying now.

I think, as I see the flowers die so quietly, that they should teach us to die so too. I think, when I see my poor plant give up her sweet life without complaining, that it is because she has done what she ought to do, and left nothing undone which she ought to have done. I planted her in my little garden, and she grew up to my window. She gave me buds first, and then flowers, bright smiling flowers; and, when I was ill, she gave me holy, happy thoughts about God and Christ.

A great dispute now became audible downstairs, broken off with a tremendous oath from Henry, after which Ellen bade Alice farewell and rode home, wondering much what could be the connection between him and Alice. "How do you like Alice?" he asked her abruptly. "As I like all beautiful things which God has made and man has not spoiled." "She is very pretty," he replied, "and she has a kind of cleverness too, but there is something tame and insipid about her notwithstanding. In fact, I do not understand her." How should the serpent understand the dove? thought Ellen. All the time the fascination of the serpent was gaining upon Ellen, despite an unaccountable shudder of repugnance and horror that shot over her. Yet there was not a grain of tenderness in the feverish predilection she entertained for him, and she often hated herself for her deadness and coldness of heart.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Three or four months later Ellen went on a visit to Mrs. Brandon, an aunt of hers in Dorsetshire. At Salisbury, on her way thither, she overheard a mysterious conversation between two rough-looking men, in which old Mother Tracy was alluded to as having some gemman in her clutches, and she further gathered that this gemman was courting Alice, but at the same time was after other game. Who could this gemman be? Probably Henry Lovell. Then she was the other game. But how was he in Mrs. Tracy's clutches? Puzzling over these things, Ellen arrived at Mrs. Brandon's, where, to her infinite surprise, she met Henry Lovell, who soon took an opportunity of explaining that he had planned her visit for the purpose of meeting her. She challenged him about Alice. He said that he had not seen her, that her character was perfectly good, but that Ellen should not go to visit Mrs. Tracy.

Next Sunday Ellen, with the rest of the party at Mrs. Brandon's, went over to the village church. Ellen had a day or two previously had all her horrid emotions of remorse and terror revived by a story which one of the guests had told of a girl who had killed a gendarme to save her lover, and lost her lover thereby, for he would never marry any one who had taken life. Edward Middleton, with whom the narrator of the story had been travelling, had justified the change in her lover's feelings, and Ellen nearly fainted as she realised once more that

the brand of Cain was on her brow. After service the clergyman announced his intention of administering the sacrament next Sunday. Then occurred the scene which occasioned her first approving allusions to confession. Ellen had regarded herself as excommunicated ever since the death of her cousin.

Now, for the first time, I listened with a somewhat different feeling; I longed to kneel there, and as I looked at the clergyman as he preached, and marked his white hair, his venerable countenance, and the benevolence of his manner, a sudden resolution occurred to me. I would open my heart to him; I would tell him all; I would for once pour out the secret anguish of my soul to one who neither loved nor hated me; to one who would tell me what my guilt had been; who would promise me its pardon, and point out the path of duty to my blinded sight.

So she lingered behind the rest and waited to speak to the clergyman as he left the church. She rose as he passed, and he spoke to her.

"I am glad you like your old churchyard," said Mr. Leslie; and then he began talking of the views, of the neighbouring scenery, of the ruined palace now transferred into a farm, of all the subjects he thought would interest me, little thinking that at that moment the secret of a life of anguish, the confession of an overburdened conscience, was trembling on my lips. The more he talked, too (although there was nothing unsuitable to his sacred office in what he said), the more I felt to lose sight of the priest of God, of the messenger of heaven, in the amiable, conversible, gentlemanlike man before me; however, when he had pulled out his watch, and apologised for leaving me, pleading a promise he had made to visit a sick parishioner, I made a desperate effort, and said, "May I ask you, Mr. Leslie, to allow me a few moments of conversation with you before the afternoon service, if you can spare time?" He looked surprised, but bowed assent, and said he would return in half an hour. During that half-hour I sat with my face buried in my hands, feeling as if I were able to count every pulsation of my heart. The excitement under which I had acted was passed. I trembled at the idea of what my lips were going to utter; I felt as if I had escaped a great danger; I was at myself at ever having formed such a resolution; and when Mr. Leslie stood before me again, and asked with a smile, what my business with him was, I could as soon have destroyed myself in his presence as have pronounced the words of self-accusation which had appeared to me so natural and so easy when he was in the pulpit and I on my knees in the church.

The long and short of it was that in desperate confusion, and fearing lest she should burst into tears, she drew out her purse and asked him to distribute several sovereigns among the poor of the parish. She darted away laden down with shame and misery, feeling that she had hardened her heart against the best impulse she had yet experienced, and that she had deceived the minister of God, whose praises sounded like curses in her ears.

LOVELL'S LOVE-MAKING.

That afternoon Ellen, being feverish and reckless, Henry Lovell ventured to make love to her without reserve. A few days after a curious episode occurred. A young lady, Rosa More, who was staying at the house, when walking alone on the Common, was suddenly seized by a rough-looking man, who exclaimed:—

"Harkee, my duck, do you marry that ere chap, that Mr. Lovell, what's a courting you, and the sooner the better, for if you don't it will be worse for you and for him, and for some one as shall be nameless. It will be the saving of his life if you mind me, my pretty gal."

Then up came another man who muttered, "Fool, you are dropping the Brentford ticket at Hammersmith-gate,"

and they disappeared. The company, much amused, organised a hunt for the men. Henry, meantime, had disappeared. No trace of the strange fellows could be found. But by the merest chance Ellen saw Henry and the two men, whose conversation she had overheard at Salisbury, leave a ruined hut at Ash Grove.

Two or three weeks after, Henry, finding Ellen was ordered home to Elmsley, implored her to marry him.

Her own account of the way in which he had led up to this scene, and its result, may best be told in his own subsequent confession:—

I devoted myself to my victim: I watched her continually; I read each emotion of her soul; I soothed her; I flattered her; I made her believe, by a series of artful contrivances, that Edward Middleton was the possessor of her secret, and thus thought, by fear, by distrust, by every pang which that belief occasioned, to crush that passion the dawn of which I had detected with rage and despair. Under that impression she had seen Edward depart with a resigned and sullen indifference, and for some months I thought myself if not loved, at least liked, to a degree which justified my hopes and my designs. They were cruelly disappointed;—a fatal engagement, an entanglement in which guilt and folly had involved me, prevented my offering myself in any way but that of urging her to a secret marriage, which I proposed on the score of her uncle's implacable opposition. She steadily refused to yield to my passionate entreaties, and we parted with threats and upbraidings on my part, and contempt and defiance on hers. I was, of course, banished from Elmsley.

Thither Ellen returned, and there in a short time she received the news of Henry Lovell's marriage with Alice Tracy.

AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER.

It is necessary to anticipate a little the explanation which Henry subsequently gave to Ellen in order to use for this marriage. Before the story opens Lovell had led a very wild life in London. He had gambled heavily, lost all his money, exhausted all the funds he could raise from his friends, and finally found himself several thousand pounds in debt. In a moment of despair he took £3,500 from his father's cash-box, and freed himself from the most pressing obligation—a gambling debt due to one Estcourt. In the frenzy of despair, while loading the pistol with which he meditated suicide, Mrs. Tracy entered the room, and offered him £10,000 on condition (1) that he gave a written promise to marry Alice, to whom the money belonged; (2) that he drew up and signed a statement of the circumstances that led to the bargain; (3) that he made a will leaving what was left of the money to Alice and authorising Mrs. Tracy, in case of her death, to reveal the matter to his family, and recover from them the balance of the sum then placed at his disposal. Besides this, he was to promise never to make Alice aware of this bargain and to keep her always completely ignorant that there ever had been any such arrangement. Lovell struggled against it for a time, but finding it the only alternative to death and disgrace, he at last consented. He signed the documents, received the money, paid his debts, and was compelled to keep his bargain. When he had proposed to Ellen, he thought to evade the fulfilment of his contract to Alice by repaying the £10,000 out of Ellen's fortune. Ellen's refusal rendered this impossible. So he married Alice—married her, knowing that he loved Ellen, and that he did not love his wife, and feeling that she did not love him, except as she loved her brother and her grandmother. Poor Alice!

"CURSED BE"—AMEN!

Edward Middleton returned from his travels more in love with Ellen than ever. He asked her if she had ever

received the book he had left for her. She had it in her pocket. She took it out and handed it to him. He turned over the leaves. "Now," she thought, "the time is come. Now." And the blood forsook her heart. In a moment of morbid irritation she had written on the blank page of the book the fatal words: "Beware! I know your secret!" Edward read them, and turning to her with a smile, said: "What do these mysterious words mean?" A mountain was lifted from her breast. "I laughed hysterically, and said they meant 'nothing.' That was the first time I lied to Edward." He then remarked that she must have read the book attentively, as he saw it was marked in several places. He had never marked a book in his life. When he returned the book, "it fell to me as if the air had grown lighter and the sky bluer, and as if my feet sprang as by magic from the ground they trod on." Ellen felt "foolishly, wickedly, happy" in the conviction that he loved her, that she loved him, that he did not know her secret, and that he had gone abroad merely because he thought she loved Henry. Now Henry was married. But even in the moment of exultation came, in all its bitterness, the memory of the fatal blow. The secret was known, if not to him, then to another. He, moreover, did not know the truth. If he learnt it he would loathe her, not merely for the murder, but for her long, cowardly silence. And as she tossed feverishly on her bed, Henry's mysterious threat came back: "With every throb of love for another there will be in your heart a pang of fear—a shudder of terror or a thought of me." But nothing could quench the passion she entertained for Edward, and on Ash Wednesday she set off to church with him. As she knelt she heard with awe the solemn curse pronounced on unrepenting sinners.

Again, and again, and again it sounded, and died away. Once more it rose and fell, and then the voice from the pulpit proclaimed, "Cursed is he that smiteth his neighbour secretly." and that time I did not hear the voice of the multitude respond, I heard a low, deep amen, uttered at my side, and that amen was to me as a sentence of eternal condemnation. I fainted.

Naturally, therefore, when, in the inevitable course of things, Edward proposed, she refused him. "Leave me, for God's sake, leave me!" she cried. I am utterly unworthy of you!" Of course he did not understand, thought she was acting, and departed in wrath, leaving her to suffer the torments of the damned.

THE POSSESSOR OF THE SECRET.

The inevitable explanation with Henry Lovell was soon to come. Ellen and Mrs. Middleton called upon Alice, and soon after Henry made a full disclosure to her, not only of how he had been trapped into the marriage, but also of the fact that he and Mrs. Tracy had been witnesses of the blow which sent Julia to her death. It was Mrs. Tracy who had cried out, "She has killed her!" It was Mrs. Tracy who had written, "Beware! I know your secret!" It was Mrs. Tracy who really believed that Ellen had killed Julia, in order to make herself heiress of the Middleton estate. The way in which Lovell made use of his knowledge of the secret he thus described, when on his death-bed, in a letter to Edward Middleton:—

When I met Ellen again in London, some time after my marriage, I began to use that power which accident had given me. She had then found out that you were not as she imagined, aware of the event which had so fearfully blighted her peace. I then avowed myself the possessor of her secret; and alternately as a friend and as a foe,—by devotion one while, by threats at other,—to tolerate the expression of a passion, against

which her heart revolted, but which she dared not peremptorily repel, I employed every art which cunning could devise to bind her. In Mrs. Tracy's knowledge of her secret, and violent enmity against her, I held an engine which I skillfully turned to my purpose. I bound her by an oath never to reveal to you the history of Julia's death. She pronounced it; but even while she protested that she would never marry you, she declared to me, with the accents of intense passion, that though she had refused, she adored you, and that she would rather die at your feet than die at my side.

The passage in which she made that avowal is full of spirit.

I said, "I never will inflict upon him a life whose heart and whose life cannot be laid open before him. I would sooner die than reveal to him the dissimulation I have already practised, the threats I have heard from your lips, the words of love I have been compelled to hear from you,—from you the husband of Alice, of whom you are as unworthy as I am of him. No, I shall never be Edward's wife; I never will bring sorrow and disgrace upon him. I have stooped to deceit; I am entangled in falsehood; I must wade through the mire; I must drink of the poisoned cup which you hold to my lips; but, with you at least I will be true. Since there are to be no secrets between us, Henry Lovell, I will tell you what I have never told any human being, and that is, that I love Edward with all the powers of my soul; and with all the passion, and all the tenderness, which outlives hope and feeds upon despair."

A MAD DOG AS A MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

While this was her fixed and unalterable resolve, Ellen was carried off to Hampstead, where she stayed with Rosa Moore. Edward was also of the party, and she was very jealous of Rosa—her resolution notwithstanding. One day, when in the garden, a mad dog rushed down upon her. Edward seeing it, swooped down on the dog, and threw it over the railings, not, however, without being bitten for his pains. Ellen, forgetting everything in the joy of her deliverance, and the dread of seeing her lover die of hydrophobia, insisted upon sucking the virus from his hand. He objected and she insisted. Finally he gave way, saying, "Do what you will; nothing but death shall part us now." She sucked at his wound, oblivious of all but the deep rapture of saving his life, and a consciousness of deep, boundless, inexpressible love. Her uncle came up. "Wish me joy, Mr. Middleton," said Edward, "of the dearest, of the tenderest, of the most courageous, as well as of the loveliest bride that ever man was blest with." In a moment there returned the horrible consciousness of the certainty that when her engagement was made public, Mrs. Tracy would inform Mr. Middleton of the murder of Julia, for Mrs. Tracy was firmly convinced that the death of her cousin had been purposely brought about in order to secure possession of the property that was to be consolidated by the marriage with Edward. In despair, Ellen sat down and wrote to Henry, telling him exactly how matters stood. "If you will not, if you cannot save me, nothing can. You know my sufferings, you know my guilt and my innocence, my life's deceit and my soul's truth. You will pity me, you will help me, and in this hope I make my appeal to you." Despatching the letter surreptitiously by an old governess, she waited in agony for Henry's reply.

ONCE MORE—OH FOR A CONFESSOR!

The misery of her position was intense. To sue to her old lover for help to marry his rival; the subterfuges she had to adopt to conceal her communications with him; the certainty that if he complied with her request he would do so only to acquire power over her,—all these reflections distracted her to madness. She knelt down in the garden at the bench where Edward had saved her from the dog, and she muttered a prayer, while bad pas-

sions raged in her soul and thoughts of evil worked in her mind. Then, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, she remembered Mary Magdalene.

I longed to kneel before Him too, in deep prostration of spirit, and lay all my sorrows, all my sins, all my difficulties at His sacred feet, bathing them as she did with tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head. Oh! if in the moment of emotion, in that hour of penitence, I could have gone to one of those who, ministering at God's altar, and endowed with His commission, have authority from Him to pronounce pardon in His name; if the fatal barrier which habit and prejudice so often raises between the priest of God and the erring and overburdened souls committed to his charge, had not in my case existed; if from his lips I could have heard the injunction to forsake all and follow Jesus, and he had added, "Do this and be forgiven," it might have changed my fate. But, as it was, my penitence spent itself in unavailing tears, and my yearnings towards the better course ended in the same bewildering and oft-repeated question which I could not, dared not, answer for myself: "Where lies the path of duty through the intricate maze in which guilt, misfortune, and weakness have so hopelessly entangled me?" Once more I rose from my knees without any fixed purpose, without any steady resolution; the creature of circumstance, and the sport of events.

LOVELL'S OPPORTUNITY.

Henry Lovell was not the man to lose so unique an opportunity for establishing his ascendancy over the woman whom he so passionately adored. He wrote Ellen a long and eloquent letter, declaring once more his unalterable affection, bidding her marry Edward, but to remember even at the altar that it was he, Henry Lovell, who had opened the way before her at the price of his own jealous tortures, of his pride and of his conscience. He explained that he had, by great effort, procured from Mrs. Tracy a reluctant promise that she would not reveal the fatal secret so long as Alice was kept in ignorance of the facts, so long as he lived with her, and so long as by kindness and respect he ensured her comfort and peace of mind. Alice was with child, and he had threatened to reveal all to her, and declare his love for Ellen and leave the country for ever, unless the grandmother consented to abandon her set purpose to denounce Ellen to her uncle as the murderer of Julia, and the hateful rival of Alice. The letter concluded with an appeal for her help to fulfil his promise to Alice. "You must not leave me to myself, for then my strength would fail me. It must be under your eyes, and in constant association with you that I must learn to treat Alice as I now feel bound to treat her" . . . "Remember," the letter concluded, "that I will be guarded, prudent, and considerate, as long as you show me unlimited confidence. I cannot answer for myself if caprice or unjust apprehensions should estrange you from me."

Ellen saw what it meant. But what could she do? She recoiled in horror from the obligation under which the letter placed her, and yet she saw that what he said of Alice was touching and true, and she resolved to undertake the path he pointed out to her in the spirit of expiation. At the same time something of tenderness stole into her heart as she thought of so deep, so unconquerable an attachment as his. Nevertheless, freed from the haunting dread of exposure, she abandoned herself with feverish joy to the long-subdued and deeply tried passion of her soul. As she clung with frantic intensity to her happiness, and even swept the reserved and severe Edward out of himself by the resistless influence of her passion, he used wonderingly to ask her why there was no peace in her happiness, no repose in her love. She made an evasive reply. The real explanation was afforded long after, when Ellen lay on her death-bed, and her husband read in Lovell's letter his rival's explanation.

My feelings and my conduct at that time appear strange to myself. I was excluded from her uncle's house, and that intercourse with her, which was dearer to me than existence, was interrupted and thwarted in every way. By one effort, one great sacrifice, I regained her confidence and re-established myself in that forfeited intimacy; at the same time I bound her by fresh ties of fear and obligation. Perhaps I was touched by her terrible situation; but be that as it may, I allowed her to marry you, and by some concessions on my own part to my inveterate enemy, the old woman—whose vindictive malice has ruined and undone us all—I bought her silence, and once more snatched Ellen from disgrace and exposure.

AN ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE.

Gradually the toils close round the unfortunate Ellen. Lovell assisted her betrothed at an election, and insisted upon corresponding with her after her marriage. Robert Harding, the man who had loved Alice, and had been employed to dog the footsteps of Lovell, turns up most inopportunistly. We catch glimpses of him at intervals, and we know that his presence bodes no good. As for Ellen, the following is the way in which she spent the eve of wedding:—

I dreamed that night that I was in church, and that everything was prepared for my marriage. We stood before the altar, and the priest opened the book for the marriage service; but as he began it was the burial service that he read. They stopped him and he turned the pages; but ever as he began to read the same words came to his lips, and the book in his hands grew larger and larger, and the words, "For the Burial of the Dead," stood out in bloody letters, and seemed to rise from the page. I looked up into the priest's face, and that was changing too. I had seen those features before; but I knew them not till the thin lips said—"Julia's murderer—Julia's murderer!" And then the book and the altar were gone and a coffin stood in its place; and the same voice said, "Open it!"—and the lid rose, and there was a corpse in its shroud. It lifted itself up slowly, and I could not see the face; but I cried out in terror, "Who is it?" and the grave-cloth fell—it was Alice! I closed my eyes and shrieked; and the voice said, "Look again, look again!" I looked, and it was Edward. Over and over again during that night I awoke in speechless terror; and when I went to sleep again, the same dream, with slight variations, haunted me anew.

In the church next day her presentments were really fulfilled. Mrs. Tracy was there, and when the question was put as to whether any one could show just cause why the marriage should not take place, she drew back her veil, and tried to speak. Ellen felt as if her heart was turned to stone. Henry turned a flashing eye upon his old nurse, and the woman sat down. But "when I raised my eyes, I fixed them by a kind of fascination on those malignant features and glassy eyes which glared upon me with an expression which I cannot describe and cannot recall." She knew that she had been cursed. As she left the church a paper was thrust into her hand, containing a message of menace and of warning.

After a few days peace her husband sternly forbade her to indulge in reproaches and self-accusations. "If," said he, "I were to discover that you were not pure and good and true beyond any other woman in the world, it would be so dreadful to me, that I doubt if in that overthrow of all my pride and my happiness my love could survive." Thus was thrust back into the deepest recesses of a swelling heart regrets, fears, hopes, confidences, the free utterance of which might have saved her. A barrier was raised between them, and a passionate farewell was uttered in her soul.

THE VICTIM IN THE TOILS.

Nearer and nearer comes the dreaded exposure. Robert

Harding calls out at a public meeting, after her husband's election, "Ay, that's fine speaking for the husband of she as killed the child and got the property." A letter denouncing her is given into her husband's hand. He seizes it and flings it into the fire. Hence no end of distrust and suspicion. Alice finds a letter written by Ellen to her husband. Mrs. Tracy rifles Henry's desk, and finds other despairing notes written by the distracted wife to her grandchild's husband. Poor Alice, in whom passion had at last awaked, feels her life shattered, and there is a touching scene between the two women—the unloved wife and the doomed victim of Henry's guilty love. Henry waxes more and more ungovernable in his passion. He compromised her endlessly, and at last succeeded in rousing the jealousy of Edward, that cold and severe precisian, whose character is harsh and repellent. Mrs. Tracy sends Edward the three scraps of paper which Ellen had sent to Henry from time to time to prevent exposure, and the blow falls. Edward believes her false, and quits the home to attend his uncle's deathbed. In despair she thinks once more of confessing all, but she is withheld by the thought of her oath. She will not perjure herself, and so the last chance goes. Henry, finding her deserted, redoubles his attentions. Her husband forbade her, in departing, to see Henry again. But that poor wretch, desperate and reckless, told Alice the whole story, and renewed his assault upon the unfortunate Ellen, whose health was breaking, and whose nerves had given way beneath this frightful strain. Lovell penetrated into her room, and there, after a terrible scene, was discovered by Edward, who returns at the moment when the wretched wife is at Henry's feet praying for mercy. The catastrophe is thus described, when Henry had forced his way into her presence:—

"Henry," she exclaimed, "the moment has come when we must part!"

"Part!" he exclaimed; "do you think I am come to part with you? Do you imagine that I will leave you and Edward—whom I now hate as much as I once loved him—to exult over, my despair, and to banish me from your house after mine has been turned into a hell?"

"What words do you dare to utter? Do not blaspheme. Your house is sanctified by the presence of an angel."

"It is haunted by a fiend, Ellen; that woman who betrayed us, that woman who, in one of her paroxysms of rage, broke open my desk, and drew from it those fatal letters which she sent to Edward in the vain hope of separating us for ever. She it is who intercepted and destroyed the letter you wrote me a fortnight ago; and she had the audacity to admit this iniquity when last night I charged her with it. She gloried in the fact and cast back in my teeth the reproaches I addressed to her. Then, in my fury, I spoke out. I tore away the veil from Alice's eyes; I broke my promises; I told the mother of my child why, and how, I had married her; I saw her tremble with horror, and turn from me with shuddering aversion, when I proclaimed to her pure ears my guilty passion for you, and my resolution, strong as death, never to give you up. I have broken every tie; I have renounced every duty; and now you must be mine,—you shall be mine. I have long been your slave, but I knew it must come to this at last. You have struggled in vain; you cannot escape me; my love must be the bane of your life or its joy, its ruin or its glory; and, unrequited as it has been, it has stood, and will stand, between you and your husband to the day of your death, and turn your wedded joys into deadly poisons."

"Your power is gone, your threats are vain! I defy your vengeance, I scorn your hatred. Denounce me to the world and to Edward; tell them that it was not love but terror that made me tremble before you; tell them you have tortured me, and that I have writhed in agonies under your secret power; tell them that my soul has been wronged, that my heart has been bruised; tell them that you have changed my nature and made

me what I am; and then let Edward, and the world, and heaven itself judge between you and me."

"You defy my vengeance? You scorn my hatred? Am I not weak and imprudent, woman? Have you not written to me letters of frantic entreaty? Have you not broken the commands of your despotic and jealous husband; You have not been wise in your anger or prudent in your wrath."

"You have no power against me if I confess the whole truth to Edward—if I kneel at his feet . . ."

"And perjure yourself."

"Oh! talk not to me of perjury, talk not to me of crime. You have steeped yourself in guilt and iniquity; and be my sin what it may, upon your head it shall rest if you drive me to this act, if you refuse to release me . . ."

A dreadful smile curled Henry's lip, and he said, with a sneer, "What an admirably got-up story this will be for Edward! It is a pity you did not think of it sooner. It would have appeared more plausible than it will now do. An accidental homicide, carefully suppressed for four years, and confessed at last, for the purpose of accounting for your intimacy! Your husband will admire the fertility of your brain and your powers of invention, which, by the way, he seems, from the tenor of his letter, to be pretty well acquainted with."

"Henry, your malice, your wickedness, cannot extend as far as this. You are not a demon; and it would be diabolical to refuse your testimony to my confession; besides, there are other witnesses . . ."

"In your interest, no doubt," retorted Henry, with another sneer. "I shall certainly not admit that I allowed Edward to marry a woman whom I saw with my own eyes murder his cousin."

"Murder! murder my cousin! Is it you that speak? Is it I who hear you? Are there no limits,—merciful heaven!—are there no limits to this man's wickedness?"

"There are no limits to despair. I struggle for life and death. You think of nothing but the misery you suffer. You have no mercy for that which you inflict. If I give way to you now I lose you for ever and . . ."

He stopped and hid his face in his hands; his breast heaved with convulsive emotion. I felt he was softened, and I flung myself on my knees before him.

"You lose your victim, but you gain a friend who, though she may never see you, will bless you every day of her life; and, as she kneels in penitence before God, will mix your name with hers in every prayer she breathes."

I clasped my hands in supplication, and sought to read into his soul.

"Never to see you?—never to hear your voice?—No, no,—you must love me,—you shall love me; and even if you hate me, you shall be mine. Your fierce beauty, your pride, your scorn, have not subdued me; nor shall your streaming eyes and trembling accents avail you now. I love you more passionately in your grief than in your pride; and, prostrate before me, I adore you as never I adored you before. I could kill you if at this moment you named Edward; and the curse of a broken oath, the mysterious guilt of perjury, be upon your soul, if you

play me false, and place the last barrier of separation between yourself and me."

"Oh, do not go with such words in your mouth;—do not leave such a curse behind you: it will fall upon your own head, and follow you to your death-bed. Henry, I cling to your feet!—I implore you: mercy . . ."

Was it the angel of death?—was it the vision of judgment that passed before me? Was it Edward I saw?—and did I live over that hour? I must have seen him,—for never since that day, in dreams or in thoughts, have I beheld him without that dreadful expression which haunts and pursues me. It deprived me of my senses then,—it has been killing me ever since.

When I came to myself, I was in my own room, and all the women in the house were about me; and they looked frightened and curious, and spoke to each other in a low voice.

A servant knocked at the door, and put a letter into my maid's hands. I turned faint at the sight of it, but I took it from her and bade her leave me.

There are moments which we live through, but cannot speak of. I read these words; I read them every day:—

"This is the last communication I shall ever make to you. I shall not return to my house till you have left it. I will never see you again, or hear your name pronounced as long as I live. Your own fortune, and any allowance you may desire out of mine, will be remitted to you by my solicitors in the manner you will direct; should you address any letters to me, they will be returned to you unopened."

I did not faint again; I did not shed a single tear; a dreadful weight oppressed my limbs and checked my breathing; the source of tears was dried up within me; I groaned in spirit; I expected nothing; I hoped nothing; I did not dare to take a step forward; my eyes were fixed on those words, "Leave my house for ever; I never will see you again." If I stirred it was to go for ever! and it could not be; it must not be. I had not seen him for the last time; life was not over with me; I was not condemned to that death of the soul, an endless separation; nor sentenced to a living grave, with a heart still throbbing with ardent and passionate affection.

Would no one help me? Would no one have mercy upon me? Was there no voice that he would listen to,—no appeal that would reach him?

THE END.

The end is soon told. Utterly broken, Ellen flies to an obscure lodging in a cathedral town, where at last the clergyman prevails upon her to confess her terrible story. Henry takes brain fever and dies, after having written a letter to Edward Middleton, protesting his passion to the last, but vindicating Ellen's character. The old clergyman succeeds in bringing Ellen and her husband together again. But it is only that the tortured wife may be taken home to die. Edward lived on, it is to be hoped to suffer some of the agony which his cold and repellant nature inflicted upon the woman whom he slew.

I Practical Suggestion.

So far Lady Georgiana and Mr. Gladstone. The moral of the tale, however, seems to be quite different from that which you deduce from it. What Ellen Middleton needed was not a priest in a confessional, but a sympathetic, level-headed friend to whom she could have told her trouble. It was not absolution that she needed. It was advice and sympathy. No doubt there are many Ellen Middletons in the world of both sexes, who, if they could but disburden themselves of the horrid secret which poisons their existence, might once more breathe freely and live blithely on God's earth. But either because they have no confessor, or no friend whom they dare trust, they bury it in their hearts until, like hapless Ellen, it destroys the life of their soul.

Now is this so? It is a very simple question, and one to which a conclusive reply can soon be forthcoming. Are there any among the readers of this REVIEW, who feel the craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's grief? If so, may I ask them to communicate with me? If there be, as is possible enough, numbers who reject priestly guidance, but who, nevertheless, long for friendly counsel, that is a human necessity which ought to be met. The names of my correspondents will, if they so desire it, remain only known to me. But their cases, as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skillful advisers as I am able to gather round me from amongst the best men and women in the English-speaking world. In this suggestion, which I put forward tentatively, there may be the germ of much useful service for many of the troubled and tried. I invite communications, and will respect confidences.

THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

At least three books of permanent interest appeared in London during the month of December. First among these must be mentioned a volume of new poems by Lord Tennyson—"Demeter, and Other Poems" (Macmillan & Co.); next comes "Asolando: Facts and Fancies," by the late Robert Browning (Smith, Elder, & Co.); and, finally, we have a collection of hitherto unpublished "Letters" from Lord Chesterfield to his grandson, edited, with a critical memoir, by the Earl of Carnarvon (Clarendon Press). The following list enumerates, classifies, and describes the other notable publications of the past month.

ART.

COLLIGNON, MAXIME. **Manual of Mythology in Relation to Greek Art.** (H. Gravel & Co.)

This work deals, not with the interpretation or the development of Greek myths, but simply and solely with the historical evolution of their representations in Greek art. It is translated from the French by Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, who has made additions of her own, and is illustrated with 138 woodcuts, many of which are from sculptures in the Louvre. Cloth. Pp. 334.

CONWAY, W. M. (Editor.) **Literary Remains of Albrecht Durer. With Transcripts from the British Museum Manuscripts, and Notes upon them by Lina Eckenstein.** (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

An account of Durer's life and work, together with a translation of his *Literary Remains*. A valuable addition to the literature of art history.

HUISSH, M. B. **The Seine and the Loire. Illustrated after Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.** (Virtue & Co.)

A handsome quarto volume containing 61 "line engravings,"—characteristic efforts of Turner's genius, an almost lost art. The Editor of the *Art Journal* supplies an introduction and a description of each engraving.

PENNEL, JOSEPH. **Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen.** (Macmillan & Co.)

An elaborate study in the work and methods of the pen draughtsmen of to-day, "with technical suggestions." The work of the following artists (among others) is dealt with:—Sir Frederick Leighton, George du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Harry Furniss, Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, Hugh Thomson, Herbert Railton, Alfred Parsons, and Edwin Abbey. The pen drawing of other countries is also criticised at length. Quarto. 158 illustrations, including 12 photogravures. Limited edition. Price £3 13s. 6d.

PARIS, PIERRE. **Manual of Ancient Sculpture.** (Gravel & Co.)

This is a manual for students, translated from the French and edited and augmented by Miss Jane Harrison, an accomplished lecturer on ancient art. The text is elucidated by 187 illustrations. Cloth. Pp. 370.

BIOGRAPHY.

DIGGLE, JOHN W., M.A. **The Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

A full memorial of the Bishop's work among the people of Lancashire, in preparing which the author has received the help of Mrs. Fraser and many of Fraser's confidential friends. There are numerous fresh letters in the book, and extracts from the Bishop's speeches. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Portrait and illustrations. Price 12s. 6d. A good, solid book.

GARNETT, RICHARD, LL.D. **Life of John Milton.** (Walter Scott.)

This is a volume of that very unequal collection of short biographies, the "Great Writers" series, and is among the best books which have as yet appeared in it. Cloth. Pp. 206 and xxxix. Price 1s.

HERRICK, CHRISTINE TERHUME (Editor). **The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., 1834-1851.** (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Miss J." was a very enthusiastic and aggressive Christian, who ardently desired to convert the Duke of Wellington. She "opened fire" by leaving a large Bible at his town house, a step which she followed up by some hundreds of letters, all of which were politely and punctiliously acknowledged by the Iron Duke. His replies are contained in the

volume now under consideration. They are not of great biographical value; but they throw a curious and by no means unpleasant side-light upon the complex character of the writer. The editor supplements the letters by a sufficiently interesting account of "Miss J." Boards, pp. 224. Price 6s.

M'ARTHUR, ALEXANDER. **Anton Rubinstein.** (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.)

A biographical sketch, prepared in anticipation of the recent Rubinstein Jubilee. Crown 8vo, portraits, medallion, &c. Pp. 154. Price 3s. 6d.

NICOLL, W. ROBERTSON, M.A. **James Macdonell, Journalist.** (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author of this biography, himself a journalist, claims for his book that it is the first life of a journalist, pure and simple, ever written. Macdonell, a Scotsman, who died in 1879 at the early age of thirty-seven, was successively connected with the *Aberdeen Free Press*, the *Edinburgh Daily Review* (sub-editor), the *Northern Daily Express* (editor), the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Times*. The story of his life was worth the telling, and it is well told, though one may doubt the expediency of some of the details which the author has seen fit to include.

ROGERS, REV. CHARLES, D.D. **The Book of Robert Burns.** (Edinburgh: Printed for the Grampian Club.)

This is the first of three volumes which are to contain genealogical and historical memoirs of the poet, his associates, and those celebrated in his writings. It appeals more to the student of Burns, or to the biographer, than to the general reader. Such materials ameliorated by the biographer's brain form interesting and profitable reading enough. 4to, cloth.

SKRINE, JOHN HUNTLEY. **A Memory of Edward Thring.** (Macmillan & Co.) Cloth. Pp. 280. Portrait. Price 6s.SMEDES, SUSAN DABNEY. **A Southern Planter.** (John Murray.)

The English edition of a work recently commended in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Gladstone, who now supplements his "puff preliminary" by a prefatory note. It contains the story of a Mr. Dabney, whom the Emancipation ruined, but who continued to live a contented life, "as grand in his poverty as a king could be in all his glory." Cloth. Pp. x. 29s.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN, D.D. **The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.** (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

This is not a new book, but a reprint in the "Minerva Library of Famous Books" series. It is, however, so cheap and so admirable a reprint of so good a book that we may be pardoned for directing attention to it here. Cloth. Pp. xxiv. 54s. Portrait and illustrations. Price 2s.

TUCKERMANN, BAYARD. **Life of General Lafayette, with a Critical Estimate of his Character and Public Acts.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

A new biography from the American point of view, written for the centenary of the Declaration of Independence. Cloth. Two volumes. Price 12s.

GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ASBOTH, J. DE. **An Official Tour through Bosnia and Herzegovina.** (Swan Sonnenschein.)

M. de Asboth was Counsel of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office when he undertook the tour so fully described in these pages. He gives an account of the history, antiquities, agrarian conditions, religion, ethnology, folk-lore, and social life of the people. Authorised English edition. 4to. Pp. 495. Illustrations. Price 21s.

BRYDEN, H. A. **Kloof and Kapproo.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

This is primarily an account of the sport, legend, and natural history of Cape Colony, with a notice of the game birds and of the present distribution of the antelopes and larger game. It also deals with many other aspects of life in Cape Colony. Cloth. Pp. xiii. 936. Illustrations. Price 20s. 6d.

CONDOR, Major C. R., D.C.L., R.E. **Palestine.** (Philip & Son.)

A volume of the "World's Great Explorers" series, in which Major Conder is perforce compelled to tell the story of his own life's work, since the history of exploration in the Holy Land is more closely connected with him than with any other person. The book contains a full and interesting account of what the present century has done to advance the study of Bible topography in Palestine. Cloth. Pp. 270. Maps. Price 3s. 6d.

GILES, ERNEST. **Australia Twice Traversed.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

Mr. Giles speaks of his book as the "Romance of Exploration." It consists of a narrative compiled from the journals of two exploring expeditions into and through Central South Australia and Western Australia from 1872 to 1876. These expeditions were undertaken under the auspices and with the sanction of the State, and the narrative contains valuable information concerning portions of Australia not generally known. Two vols. Maps and Illustrations. Price 30s.

HARRIS, WALTER B., F.R.G.S. **The Land of an African Sultan.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

An account of travels in Morocco in 1887, 1888, and 1889. Mr. Harris is an intrepid traveller, who has visited Mequinez, Fez, Morocco City, Wazun, and even the sacred city of Sheshouan, from which Europeans are carefully excluded. He has also interviewed the Moorish Sultan. Cloth. Pp. 338. Illustration. Price 31s. 6d.

The Rivers of Great Britain. (Cassell & Co.)

This volume deals only with the rivers of the East Coast, extending from the Dee, the Tay, and the Forth to the Tyne, the Humber, and the rivers of East Anglia. Each river is allotted to specialists, who treat it descriptively, historically, and pictorially. Other volumes will follow in due course. Cloth gilt. Pp. 376.

PENNELL, JOSEPH, and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. **Our Journey to the Hebrides.** (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This description in pen and pencil is the outcome of a Highland tour undertaken at the request of an American magazine editor, when the writers desired to go elsewhere. The letterpress, therefore, is by no means sympathetic, and it has succeeded in irritating the patriotic Scot beyond measure. But while the "tourists in a temper" may be thought to write with undesirable frankness, their drawings are altogether admirable. Cloth. Pp. 225. Numerous illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.

LITERATURE.

I. BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

BLACKIE'S **Modern Cyclopædia.** (Blackie & Son.)

The fourth and midway volume, extending from "Fire" to "Ilorin." To those who want a cheap and concise work of reference, this "Cyclopædia" can be strongly recommended. Cloth. Pp. 512. Price 6s.

Catalogue of the Guildhall Library of the City of London.

A new edition, entered up to June, 1889. Cloth. Pp. 1,137.

Hazell's Annual. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

An invaluable compendium of present-day facts. Pp. 720. Price 3s. 6d.

MURRAY, JAMES A. H. (Editor). **A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.** (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.)

Dr. Murray's great dictionary is one of the most important literary and scientific undertakings of the century. Part V, recently issued, extends from "Cast" to "Clivy," and includes 8,271 words, every one of which has its complete history and origin recorded. The number of illustrative quotations amounts to between 20,000 and 30,000. Boards. Price 12s. 6d.

II.—FICTION.

It would be impossible to describe adequately the scores of novels which issue monthly from the press. The following list gives the authors' names and the titles of the more important works of fiction published in December. Two- and three-volume novels are rarely purchased; readers can always obtain them in abundance at the circulating libraries.

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH" (Rev. S. Baring Gould). **Armi-nell: a Social Romance.** (Methuen & Co.) 3 vols.

BLACKMORE, R. D. **Kit and Kitty: a Story of West Middlesex.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) 2 vols.

BURNETT, MRS. FRANCES HODGSON. **Little Saint Elizabeth, and other Stories.** (Frederick Warne & Co.)

Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations. Price 5s.

COBB, THOMAS. **Brownie's Plot.** (Ward & Downey.) 2 vols.

HOPPUS, M. A. M. **The Locket: a Tale of Old Germany.** (Richard Bentley & Son.) 2 vols.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM D. **A Hazard of New Fortunes.** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 2 vols.

JESSOP, GEORGE H. **Gerald French's Friends.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 1 vol. Cloth. Pp. 240. Price 6s.

LAFFAN, MRS. R. S. DE COURCEY. **Louis Draycott: The Story of His Life.** (Chapman & Hall.) 2 vols.

LAURIE, A. **The Conquest of the Moon: A Story of the Bayouda.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) Pp. 354.

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS. **Would You Kill Him?** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 3 vols.

MAARTENS, MAARTEN. **The Sin of Goost Avelingh.** (Remington & Co.) A Dutch Story. 2 vols.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER. **A Family Tree, and Other Stories.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) Pp. 236. Price 6s.

MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT. **The Art of Love; or, New Lessons in Old Lore.** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 3 vols.

MOORE, GEORGE. **Mike Fletcher.** (Ward & Downey.)

NORRIS, W. E. **Mrs. Fenton: a Sketch.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) Pp. 244. Price 6s.

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL. **The Romance of a Station.** (Trischler & Co.) 2 vols.

"Q." **The Splendid Spur.** (Cassell & Co.)

A historical novel. One volume. Pp. 328. Price 5s.

TOLSTOI, COUNT LYOF N. **The Long Exile, and other Stories for Children.** (Walter Scott.) Pp. 364. Price 2s. 6d.

TWAIN, MARK. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.* (Chatto & Windus.)

Pp. 532. Illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.

VITCH, SOPHIE F. F. *Duncan Moray, Farmer.* (Alexander Gardner.) 2 vols.

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE F. *Jupiter Lights.* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) Pp. 346. Price 6s.

III.—POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

BROWNING, ROBERT. *Asolando: Fancies and Facts.* (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

The latest (and last) volume of poems from the pen of Mr. Robert Browning was published on the 11th of December; the poet died at Venice on the following day. "Asolando" comprises a number of short poems—all more or less representative of the poet's wide-substrating genius. The trust in God and hope for the future which have breathed through his verse from the beginning were with him unabated to the last. Cloth. Price 3s.

DOBSON, AUSTIN (editor). *Selected Poems of Matthew Prior.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

This is a volume of the "Parchment Library," which the wise man will purchase in cloth. Mr. Dobson, who supplies an introduction and some notes, has been fortunate enough to make several discoveries in connexion with Prior's life, all of which have been incorporated with the book before us. Several of the notes are transcribed from a valuable MS. by Sir James Montague, hitherto unpublished. The introduction is very pleasant reading, and the selection includes all of Prior's poems (save "Solomon") that can now be printed. Parchment or cloth. Pp. lxx. 23b. Price 5s.

EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY (editor). *American War Ballads and Lyrics.* (Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Eggleston's collection is nothing if not catholic. It contains verses concerning the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812-15, and the Civil War; and it comprises jiggered and poetry with all that lies between. The two volumes form part of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series, the "get up" of which is unimpeachable. Cloth. Two volumes. Price 7s.

IBSEN, HENRIK. *The Lady from the Sea.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This is an authorised translation by Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling of "Fruen fra Havet," a play which, like "The Doll's House," demands more room to individuality in married life. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, with Mr. William Archer, may be said to represent the Ibsen scholarship of this country, writes an introduction, in which the main facts of Ibsen's life are set out, and his works and teachings critically considered. The translation forms a volume of the Cameo Series. Boards. Pp. 184. Price 3s. 6d.

LEVY, AMY. *A London Plane Tree, and other Verse.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This volume of the "Cameo Series" contains Miss Levy's last printed words. It is a collection of short poems and lyrics, for the most part connected with London, and also for the most part pessimistic in the highest degree. The verse, however, is always musical, and the book is on the whole well worth reading. Boards. Pp. 94. Two illustrations by Bernard Partridge. Price 3s. 6d.

ROBERTSON, T. W. *The Principal Dramatic Works of Thomas William Robertson.* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

Robertson was or twenty years the ruling spirit of English comedy, and his "Caste," "Society," "Ours," &c., have had many direct imitators. It may be doubted, however, whether his plays are sufficiently literary to warrant their collection in two volumes. His son contributes a memoir. Two vols.

ROSSLYN, EARL OF. *Sonnets and Poems.* (Remington & Co.)

A volume of verse dedicated to the Queen. Cloth. Pp. 314. Price 7s. 6d.

TENNYSON, ALFRED. *Lord Demeter, and Other Poems.* (Macmillan & Co.)

The poem which gives its title to this volume is founded on the myth of Demeter (or Ceres) and Persephone (or Proserpine), and consists of a reverie on the part of Demeter on the causes and results of their separation. The remainder of the volume comprises a poem in dialect, tales, lyrics, and some pieces of official verse. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. Pp. 172. Price 6s.

The Henry Irving Shakespeare, Vol. VII. (Blackie & Son.)

The seventh volume of this edition of Shakespeare's works contains "Timon of Athens," "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," "Titus Andronicus," and "The Winter's Tale." Mr. Frank A. Marshall (the editor) having been ill, the present instalment of the work has been brought out with the assistance of Mr. Wilson Verity, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Dr. Garnett, and Mr. Joseph Knight. The last-named has contributed the stage histories which have all along been a feature of the edition. The illustrations are from various pens. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d. Vol. VIII, completing the work, will appear early in the year. It may be added that Mr. Frank Marshall died on Dec. 28th.

VERNON, the Hon. W. W. *Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante.* (Macmillan & Co.)

The "Purgatorio,"—a most difficult poem to understand,—is here taken, passage by passage, and literally translated and explained. The commentary is based upon that of Benvenuto da Imola, published in Latin in 1376. Dean Church, whose "Essay on Dante" appeared in 1850, contributes an important Introduction. Cloth. 2 vols. Portrait.

IV.—MISCELLANEA.

ARNOLD, THOMAS, M.A. (editor). *Dryden: an Essay on Dramatic Poesy.* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.)

Dryden's "Essay" has been set as an examination subject at one of the Universities; hence this reprint, with an introduction and notes. Cloth. Pp. 142.

BUNYAN, JOHN. *A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children.* (Elliot Stock.)

This is a facsimile of the very rare edition of 1686, the unique copy of which was recently secured by the British Museum. The rhymes are homely in the extreme. Contemporary binding. Price, to subscribers, 3s. 9d.

CARNARVON, the EARL OF (editor). *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson and Successor.* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.)

These 236 letters have passed from the fifth earl, to whom they were addressed, through the sixth earl, to his son-in-law, Lord Carnarvon, who now edits them from the original copies. They extend from 1761 to 1770; and in some respects resemble the famous letters which Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son. Like those, they recommend sacrifices to "the Graces," the study of oratory and modern languages, and the cultivation of the art of letter-writing; but their moral tone is, on the whole, much higher. Lord Carnarvon's introductory essay is a scholarly piece of work, and gives an accurate picture of Chesterfield and his times. The book is sumptuously printed and bound, and the impression, which was limited, was taken up by the booksellers at once.

CARROLL, LEWIS. *Sylvio and Bruno.* (Macmillan & Co.)

In this book (which is addressed to children) Mr. Carroll touches a deeper chord than has hitherto been his wont. Some of the scenes in the present story (the action of which takes place in a topsy-turvy land) are both powerful and pathetic. Mr. Carroll, however, is still able to write those delightful verses which so fully accord with Bishop Barrow's definition of poetry,—"ingenious nonsense." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. Pp. 395. Price 7s. 6d. It should be added that the volume contains 46 illustrations by Harry Furniss.

HAMILTON, WALTER (editor). *Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors.* (Reeves & Turner.)

The sixth volume of this serial contains parodies of Swinburne, Sims, and Browning; burlesque ballades, villanelles, rondeaux, rondels, triolets, &c. The book lacks arrangement, and the editor might be more eclectic with advantage. On the whole, however, it is an entertaining and useful collection. 4to. Pp. 346. Price 7s. 6d.

BARING-GOULD, S., M.A. *Old Country Life.* (Methuen & Co.)

Chapters on Old Country Families, Country Houses, the Country Parson, the Hunting Parson, Country Dances, Old Roads, Family Portraits, the Village Musicians, &c. These sketches from Mr. Baring-Gould's facile pen are profusely illustrated by Mr. W. Parkinson and Mr. F. D. Bedford. Crown 8vo, cloth, pp. 358. Price 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

BINGHAM, Captain the Hon. D. *The Marriages of the Bourbons.* (Chapman & Hall.)

An anecdotal history, brought up to date. Two volumes. Pp. 1,120. Cloth. Numerous illustrations. Price 3s.

HUTTON, The Rev. W. H., M.A. **S. Thomas of Canterbury.** (David Nutt.)

A volume of the "English History by Contemporary Writers" series, in which the story of Thomas à Becket is told in the quaint English of contemporary biographers and chroniclers. Cloth. Pp. 286. Price 1s.

LANE-POOLE, STANLEY. **Thirty Years of Colonial Government.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

This is a selection from the despatches and letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., and, like the preceding book, gives history as seen and understood by a contemporary writer. Sir George Bowen's experience of Colonial Government must have been almost unique, since he was successively Governor of Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hong Kong. Cloth. Two volumes. For rail. Price 32s.

LEWIS, HUBERT, B.A. **The Ancient Laws of Wales.** (Elliot Stock.)

This volume contains the result of a most elaborate historical investigation, in which the ancient laws of Wales are viewed especially in regard to the light they throw upon the origin of some English institutions. It is revised, with a preface, by Mr. J. E. Lloyd, M.A. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 558. Price 30s.

MACDONALD, JOHN M.A. **Diary of the Parnell Commission.** (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The "Diary" consists of a series of descriptive reports, reprinted from the *Daily News*. Up to the time that Parnell disappeared from the scene, Mr. Macdonald does excellently; but with the cessation of public interest his reports become colourless. The present volume, however, has a very complete index, in virtue of which it becomes a useful book of reference. Cloth. Pp. xxxvi. 366. Price 6s.

MARRIOTT, J. A. R., M.A. **The Makers of Modern Italy.** (Macmillan & Co.)

Three University extension lectures on Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Cloth. Pp. xiv. 84. Price 1s. 6d.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY.

ALLAN, JAMES MACGREGOR. **Woman Suffrage Wrong in Principle and Practice.** (Remington & Co.)

The startling statement which forms the title of this book also constitutes the thesis which Mr. Allan endeavours to prove. Cloth. Pp. viii. 351. Price 12s. 6d.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BENSON, ARCHBISHOP. **Christ and His Times.** (Macmillan & Co.)

A volume of addresses delivered to the Diocese of Canterbury during the Primate's second "Visitation." The Archbishop discusses the social question in the light of Christianity; pointing out that the problems which the Church has now to face are Poverty, Temperance, Purity, and Lay Work. Cloth. Pp. 240. Price 6s.

ERDMANN, JOHANN EDWARD. **A History of Philosophy.** (Swan Sonnenschein.)

This is pre-eminently and distinctly a student's book. The translation is made by Mr. Willdon S. Hough, and fills three volumes,—(1) Ancient and Medieval Philosophy; (2) Modern Philosophy; and (3) German Philosophy since Hegel.

GOUGH, EDWARD, B.A. **The Bible True from the Beginning.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

An elaborate contribution to Christian Apologetics, designed as "a commentary on all those portions of Scripture that are most questioned and assailed." Vol. II. Cloth. Pp. viii. 632.

MOMERIE, ALFRED WILLIAM, M.A. **Church and Creed.** (William Blackwood & Sons.)

A collection of sermons preached from time to time in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital. Cloth. Pp. 258.

NEVILLE, F. **Retrogression or Development.** (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Stray thoughts on the relations between religion and science from a strictly orthodox point of view. Cloth. Pp. 170. Price 3s. 6d.

FRITCHARD, The Rev. C., D.D., F.R.S. **Occasional Thoughts of an Astronomer on Nature and Revelation.** (John Murray.)

The title sufficiently describes this book, which may very probably have been suggested by Chalmers's lectures on "The Christian Revelation Viewed in Connection with Modern Astronomy." Cloth. Pp. 274. Price 7s. 6d.

WESTCOTT, BROOKE FOSS, D.D. **The Epistle to the Hebrews.** (Macmillan.)

The Greek text with notes and essays. Cloth. Pp. 530. Price 14s.

SCIENCE.

ALLEN, GRANT. **Falling in Love. With Other Essays on More Exact Branches of Science.** (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

Twenty-seven essays on scientific subjects, eighteen of which have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. In all questions connected with evolution there is no more lucid writer than Mr. Grant Allen living. Cloth, pp. 305. Price 6s.

BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL, F.R.S. **Star-Land: being Talks with Young People About the Wonders of the Heavens.** (Cassell & Co.)

This book is prepared from Lectures delivered to children at the Royal Institution in 1881 to 1887. No better introduction to the study of astronomy is possible. It covers the whole ground of the science; it is clear, accurate, and simple in statement, and felicitous in illustration. Cloth, pp. xii. 376. Price 6s.

CROOKSHANK, EDGAR M., M.B. **History and Pathology of Vaccination.** (H. & K. Lewis.)

An elaborate treatise for savants; concerning which it will be sufficient to state here that the first volume comprises a critical, historical, and scientific inquiry into the subject, and that the second contains a number of selected essays, portraits, facsimiles, and illustrations. Price 36s.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The following Blue Books and other official publications have been issued during the past month. They can be bought over the counter for the prices named, at Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's, in East Harding Street, London, E.C.

I. COLONIAL.

Reports from Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Fiji.

Statistical Abstract for the several Colonial and other Possessions of the United Kingdom in each year from 1874 to 1888.

II. FOREIGN.

Six numbers of the Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance, issued by the Foreign Office, appeared in December. They were as follows:—

China, Colombia, Spain, Porto Rico, Persia, Netherlands.

PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

Pilotage.

A Return, setting forth the bye-laws relating to pilots and pilotage, the names and ages of licensed pilots and their apprentices, the services for which they are licensed, the total amount received for pilotage, and an account of the receipts and expenditure of the money so received. Pp. 321. Price 2s. 7½d.

Friendly Societies, Industrial and Provident Societies, and Trade Unions, 1886.

Part II.—(A) dealing with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester United, and giving the names of the various branches and their offices, abstracts of the last Return, quinquennial valuation, &c. Pp. 183. Price 1s. 7d.

Index to the Report from the Select Committee of Woods and Forests and Land Revenues of the Crown.

Pp. 357. Price 4½d.

Return of Joint Stock Companies.

An elaborate compilation, giving the names, objects, places of business, rates of registration, nominal capitals, and value of shares of the Joint Stock Companies of the United Kingdom; together with the total number of registered companies carrying on business at the present time. Pp. 195. Price 1s. 7½d.

Pauperism, England and Wales.—Return (A), Comparative Statement of Pauperism, Oct., 1889.

Gives the number of paupers in all classes in receipt of relief in England and Wales on the last day in every week in the month of October of the several years from 1857 to 1889 inclusive. Pp. 12. Price 1½d.

TRADE.

Accounts Relating the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom, Nov. 1889.

A Parliamentary Return giving information concerning the import and export trade of this country (compiled by the Custom House), and concerning shipping (compiled by the Board of Trade). Pp. 125. Price 6d.

Commercial, No. 28 (1889), United States.

Correspondence respecting the Contract Labour Law in the United States. Pp. 39. Price 7½d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fifty-first Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England (1888).

Reports as to population, marriages, births, deaths, &c., with elaborate analysis. Pp. lxxxiv. 226. Price 1s. 3d.

Slade Trade, No. 2, 1889. Correspondence Relative to the Slave Trade, 1888-89.

Deals with the slave-trade in connection with (1) Central Africa, (2) East Coast of Africa and Arabia, (3) West Coast of Africa, (4) Brazil, (5) Egypt, (6) Italy, (7) Madagascar, and (8) Turkey. Letters and Reports. Pp. 103. Price 10½d.

Calendar and General Directory of the Department of Science and Art, for the Year 1890.

A supplement to the thirty-seventh Report. Pp. 318. Price 1s. 4d.

INDEX TO PUBLICATIONS.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

Antiquary, Ant.; Argosy, Arg.; Art Journal, Art J.; Art Review, Art R.; Atalanta, Ata.; Atlantic Monthly, A. M.; Belgravia, Bel.; Blackwood's Magazine, B. M.; Cassell's Family Magazine, C. F. M.; Century Magazine, C. M.; Chambers's Journal, C. J.; Charity Organization Review, C. O. R.; Contemporary Review, C. R.; Cornhill Magazine, C.; Cosmopolitan, Cos.; Deutsche Revue, D. Revue; Deutsche Rundschau, D. Rund.; Dublin Review, D. R.; East and West, E. W.; Edinburgh Review, E. R.; English Illustrated Magazine, E. I.; Fireside, Fl.; Folk Lore Journal, F. L. J.; Fortnightly Review, F. R.; Forum, F.; Gentleman's Magazine, G. M.; Good Words, G. W.; Harper's Magazine, H. M.; Knowledge, K.; Leisure Hour, L. H.; Library, L.; Library Journal, L. J.; Lippincott's Magazine, Lip.; Little Folks, L. F.; Longman's Magazine, L. M.; Lucifer, Luc.; Macmillan's Magazine, Mac.; Magazine of Art, M. Art.; Merry England, M. E.; Messenger of Europe, Mes.; Murray's Magazine, M. M.; National Review, Nat. R.; New Review, N. R.; Nineteenth Century, N. C.; North American Review, N. A. R.; Northern Messenger, N. M.; Nouvelle Revue, Nouv. R.; Nuova Antologia, N. A.; Our Day, O. D.; Photographic Quarterly, P. Q.; Quarterly Review, Q. R.; Rassegna Nazionale, R. N.; Revue des Deux Mondes, R. D. M.; Revue Internationale, R. I.; Revue Socialiste, R. S.; Revue Suisse, R. Suisse; Russian Antiquity, R. Ant.; St. Nicholas, St. N.; Scottish Review, S. R.; Scribner's Magazine, Scrib.; Sunday Magazine, S. M.; Temple Bar, T. B.; Time, T.; Tinsley's Magazine, T. M.; United Service Magazine, U. S. M.; Universal Review, U. R.; Unsere Zeit, U. Z.; Westminster Review, W. R.; Woman's World, W. W.

All the magazines indexed are for the current month, with the exception of the Continental periodicals, Our Day, the Forum, and the North American Review. The Universal Review is that of the 15th of the preceding month. In case of the bi-monthlies, e.g. R. D. M. 1 stands for Revue des Deux Mondes, Dec. 1; R. D. M. 25 for Revue des Deux Mondes, Dec. 25.

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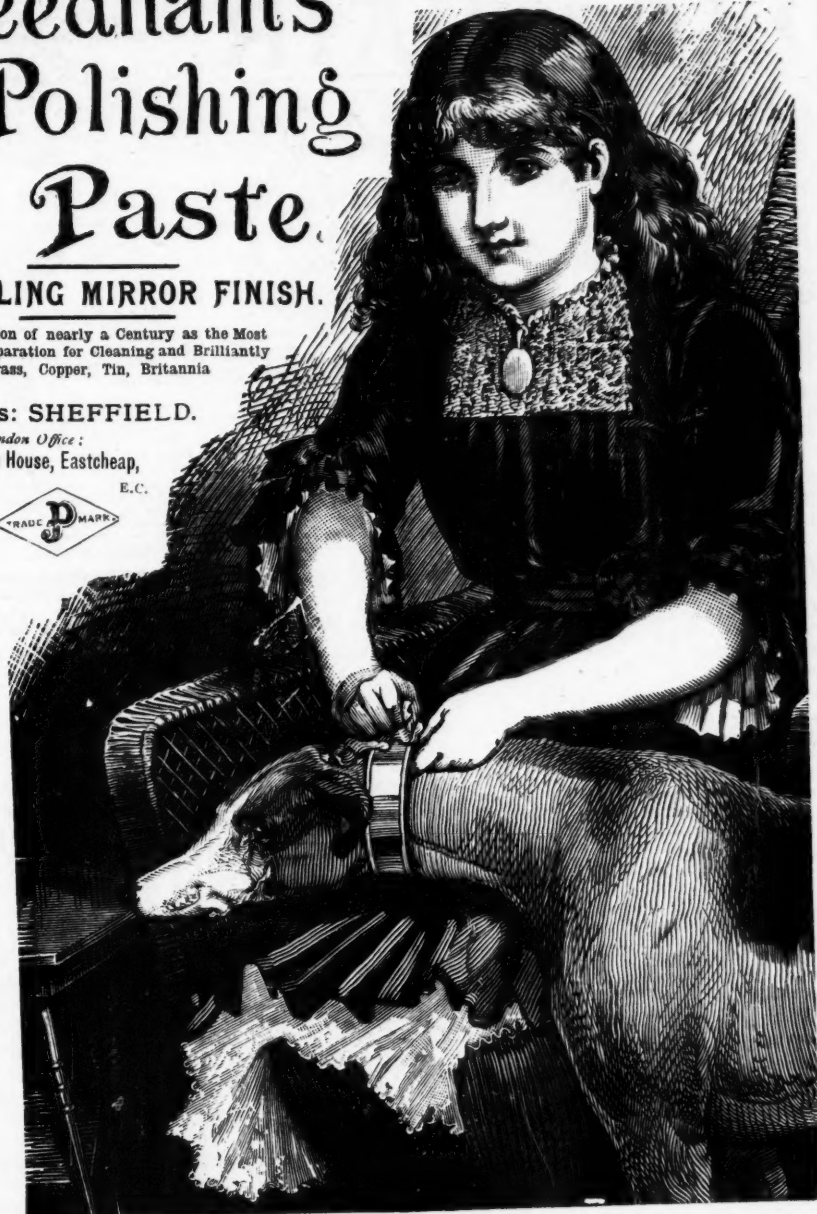
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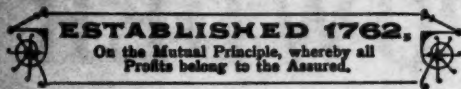
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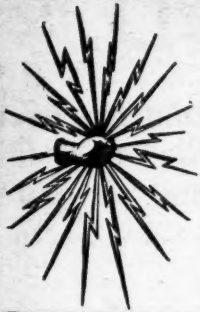
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"I have given a fair trial to 'Frame Food' Porridge, in the case of an emaciated weakly child. The Food agreed beyond expectation; the child gained flesh, spirits, colour and good temper. *Previous to commencing 'Frame Food' Porridge, its prospects of life were distant.* I shall not be slow in again recommending the Food."

DR. EDWIN T. ENSOR, M.D., &c., &c., 23, Chesterton Road, W., writes on 28th October, 1889:—

"The idea of extracting the nutritious constituents of bran, and returning them in an easily assimilable form to the flour is a very happy one, and calculated, I believe, to be of immense service in improving the nutrition of rapidly growing children, and of women during the child-bearing period of life. It is an exceedingly common remark of the latter that with each succeeding pregnancy, they notice a rapid deterioration in the condition of their teeth; and we cannot doubt that this is, in a great measure, due to the drain of phosphatic and earthy matter from the maternal system. Hence it is imperative that those women who would preserve their own health, and at the same time give birth to healthy children, should be supplied with an adequate amount of food, rich in bone-forming material, such as is contained in your 'Frame Food' Extract."

From a considerable experience of the diseases of childhood, I believe that, were it universally given to infants on weaning, together with a sufficiency of good fresh milk, we should see infinitely less of the distorting and weakening condition known as 'rickets.'

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