

one party moving slowly on, heavily loaded, each individual carrying a vetch-seed about the size of its bearer, while the returning party hurried back for a fresh burden. I passed them at dusk, and on the following day found them as busy as ever." These little thieves would soon empty a granary, but he would be a bold man who should attempt to check their course and so subject himself to their stings. Then there are the jackals, with a special liking for human flesh, who even break into the hospital dead-wards in search of food, and whose half-barking, half-wailing cries sounded to Dr Adams like an utterance of these words:

Dead Hindöö—Dead Hindöö!  
Where—where—where—where?  
Here—here—here—here!

Pleasanter objects of study—beasts, birds, and fishes of all sorts—came abundantly in Dr Adams's way during his stay in Poonah and on his journey to Scinde. In search of others he made expeditions to the Chor mountain and other parts of the Himalayan ranges, as well as into Cashmere and elsewhere. In these expeditions he shot pheasants without number, and hunted deer, wild boars, bears, elephants, and the like. About the appearances and habits of each and all Dr Adams supplies much interesting information.

*Alec's Bride.* By the Author of 'St Olave's,' 'Janita's Cross,' &c. &c. In Three Volumes. Hurst and Blackett.

The author of 'St Olave's' and 'Janita's Cross' is the author of more than two very good novels, for *Alec's Bride* is very good. It is a good work, evidently by a woman, and, in no narrow sense of the phrase, a good woman's work. Few of our novelists can paint more delicately English provincial life—in this novel it is the life of a cathedral and university town,—touch its shortcomings with kindlier satire, or suggest to the mind more satisfying pictures in unforced, almost literal, sketches of everyday life. She has a sense of the poetry in men and women and in the civilized nature that lies round about their habitations; she is intolerant of nothing but intolerance, and upon that is rather disposed to flash summer lightnings than to launch a thunderbolt. Her satire is never scornful, never even hard or unlovely; a sense of the poetry of life and of the honesty that lies firm at the foundation of many a widely differing structure of opinion, gives to her castle-building of fiction more solidity and beauty than we usually are content with. She does not raise a storm of passion from the depths of a great crime; as a great poet may do, and a bad novelist often pretends to do; but she sends her rill of fiction, rippling under shadows, rattling over stones, or, sleeping at full breadth in the sun, among English cities, hills and meadows, with a pleasant sense of home in its music, and a quiet unobtrusive poetry in all its glassing of the scenes it passes by. Compare with the harsh religious controversies of the day, as hard men see them, the reflection of them in the sketch of the Ritualist, Low Church, Broad Church, and Dissenting sections of Ulphusby society, in the third and fourth chapters of the first volume of this tale. And not for the first time do we have from this writer, in the Aunt Phillis of *Alec's Bride*, and in Marian Govan, the wholesome and the noble sense of womanhood. The likings of teasings of Alec and Roda, their love and its small troubles are charmingly told, with the blended note of pathos in the linking of their loves with the love of Marian Govan, who had suffered much, and endured nobly; out of whose life many had been enriched, while "into it few, except the Great Father, had put much but suffering."

*British Quarterly Review.* No. 91. July 1867. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The new number of the *British Quarterly* opens with an able sketch of the Roman Question in the days of Napoleon I., derived from the correspondence of Napoleon and Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi. Another article will follow on the Roman question of the last ten years. Everything, says the writer, indicates that Italy seriously accepts the motto of Cavour: A free Church and a free State. An article upon George Herbert and Keble contains pleasant reading, and, on the whole, good criticism. Another article is based on MS. letters of a Nonconformist minister, the late Dr A. C. Simpson. We are glad to find in the *British Quarterly* a cordial appreciation of the two published volumes of Professor Rogers's 'History of Agriculture and Prices in England,' which promises to be the most important book of its kind yet written, and to which we still owe some of the attention it deserves. There is an article, of course, upon Reform and the State of Parties, and as the supple public conscience of Mr Disraeli—anything but Nonconformist—has made that gentleman the hero of the Parliamentary campaign, we may as well quote what our able Nonconformist review, the *British Quarterly*, says of him:

He is open, a confessed, a recognized, Free Lance—the Cent Suisse of the Tory party—splendidly remunerated and trusted; but, so remunerated and so trusted, faithful and loyal unto death. What, in the name of plain sense, is there spin-like in that? Men who see a riddle there, are like the children who look for miracles in the daisy they pluck to pieces with childish ejaculation. Two anecdotes concerning Mr Disraeli have lately gone the round of the clubs, which, true or false, so exactly illustrate his position, and the public and acknowledged view of that position, that we cannot forbear to quote them. "They may say what they like of me," Mr Disraeli is reported to have said, talking to an old friend the other day; "they may say what they like of me, but there are two things they cannot say. They cannot say I have ceased to be a Jew, and they cannot

say I have ceased to be a Radical." Well—certainly, nobody can say either the one or the other; for it was Mr Disraeli who admitted the Jews to Parliament, after Lord John Russell had privately confessed, when in power, that he dare not do so—a confession not by any means very creditable to the gritty little nobleman, who owed much to the Jews, and for whom every Jew in the kingdom was ready to walk barefoot through fire. As for Mr Disraeli's Radicalism, if we did not know that "his forte was sedition," we know that he has suffered household suffrage to walk into the citadel of the constitution to save his party, with only conventional resistance on his part—a well-feigned, nicely-calculated, a most artistic and decorous resistance—yet still, it must be confessed, a conventional—not a passionate, not a personal, resistance.

We honour Mr Disraeli for his fidelity to the Jews. It is one of his claims to greatness. It is in our humble opinion the key note and the foundation of the grandeur of his personality. We could wish (for great men are not to be had for the asking), we could wish that his fidelity had not been alloyed by the quackery of Caucasianism and the hierophantism of an Asian mystery, trumpery which no man better than Mr Disraeli knew to be the merest piece of literary jugglery and polytechnic hocus-pocus. His position would have been indefinitely more august, if he had said with biblical simplicity as Mr Gladstone said of the workman—the Jew is after all your own flesh and blood. He gave you your Saviour.

The reviewer compares Mr Disraeli's declaration at the Merchant Taylor's School 'that in this country democracy is impossible,' with his picture of what would be the effects of Household Suffrage, when the proposer of it was Mr Bright:

We mentioned two anecdotes as going the round of the clubs. The first led us into some disquisition. The second is equally characteristic. We of course do not vouch for its truth, but it shows very plainly what is the general opinion concerning Mr Disraeli's political career. In 1841, when Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham were forming their strong government, and the then Tory whip recommended Mr Disraeli as a very rising young politician for office, both Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham were highly favourable to Mr Disraeli's claims. But the man who would not have him at any price was the then Lord Stanley, now Lord Derby, who was then coming over with a strong following to the Conservative camp. The story goes, that in later years an old friend asked Mr Disraeli, since such and such were the facts, how it was that he had "hated Peel so?" Whereupon the story relates Mr Disraeli's answer: "It is quite a mistake to suppose I ever hated Peel. On the contrary, he was the only man under whom I should have liked to have served. But I saw very clearly that he was the only man whom it would 'make' me to attack, and I attacked him." These are the legendary stories which define a statesman's popularity. Such a story shows the rooted popular distrust of Mr Disraeli. Far be it from us to impugn his greatness. That, in our eyes, is all the greater from his total absence of popularity. The *Standard*, with considerable innocence, has indulged in almost daily sneers at Mr Gladstone as the "People's William," forgetting, or more probably not seeing, that what is to the *Standard* a sneer, is to the classes it speaks of a fact, a very endearing reality, a reality to which Mr Disraeli cannot—probably would not, if he could,—aspire. Whether or not Disraeli drapes himself in the pride of his contempt for the lower classes, whether or not Mr Gladstone is sneered at for his flesh-and-blood theories, it does not alter the fact that the lower you go down in the scale the more Mr Gladstone's name is loved, whereas the vulgar idea of Mr Disraeli is that of a clever conjuror and political tumbler. . . . If Mr Disraeli's supporters expect to reap the popular gratitude in return for his having swallowed the leek and outbid Mr Gladstone, they deceive themselves. The new constituencies will pocket their windfall and follow Mr Gladstone—if not to-morrow, as we believe—the day after. And their instincts will serve them truly. They owe everything to Mr Gladstone, nothing to Mr Disraeli.

When, therefore, we avow our sense of Mr Disraeli's greatness, it is not that we think him a sphinx and miracle of intellect. His cleverness we believe to be overrated. His intellect we hold to be inferior to Mr Gladstone's. His finance was only another word for failure. He is inferior to Mr Gladstone as an orator, even although certainly his superior in epigram. He is immeasurably inferior to Mr Gladstone in popularity, much inferior in popular feeling. His greatness lies in his total and impassive independence of all external popularity, his total superiority to the sympathy of friend or foe. It is, we admit, a pagan greatness, but in a pagan view there is a grandeur of personality about Mr Disraeli before which we incline ourselves. That is not a man at whom, even with a political crime on his head, we could find in our hearts to cast a stone. It is something in these days of relaxed sentimentality to look back upon Mr Disraeli's parliamentary career, to see him from the beginning sufficient unto himself, pursuing the even tenor of his way, independent of the smile of favour or the frown of resentment. Since the passing of the Corn Laws, the attitude of the Tories has been one of continual retreat before an advancing and growing enemy. The failure of Mr Disraeli in 1859 would have broken a smaller man, and killed a less granitic temperament. For eight long years he has sat unmoved upon the Opposition bench, undisturbed by the hatred of his supporters, heedless of the jealousies of his followers, calm and impervious before the sneers, the contempt, and, worse still, the pity of his adversaries. No welcome breeze of popularity cooled his temples, no idolizing clique waited incense to the favourite idol, no enthusiastic faction with ultimate and determined aims helped to keep him warm, and shield him from the cold depression of growing and seemingly final failure. His enemies in front and rear were formidable, active, keen, of commanding ability. But he sat where he sat by virtue of his own sheer weight, self-contained, and rose when he rose, and his opportunity came, unwearied, unworn, himself at his best, a political Monte Cristo from an apparent political grave. Let those who will deny Mr Disraeli's greatness. In our view his greatness rises even to grandeur. But we reverence it as the seal of a great personality; we look to it for no great patriotic ends.

*The Westminster Review.* New Series. July, 1867. Triibner and Co.

The *Westminster*, in its article upon the future of Reform, gives less credit to Mr Disraeli for the flexibility of his political conscience:

We anticipate more mischief from the precedent set by the Earl of Derby's Government than from the operation of the Bill it may have the honour of carrying. Consistency is meritorious up to a certain point only; but inconsistency like that now gloried in by the Tory party is a calamity. For a time it will shake public confidence in the professions of public men. There is no analogy between the conduct of the Earl of Derby and of the late Sir Robert Peel, because the latter reversed his policy after avowing that his convictions had been changed; whereas the former has done when in office what he condemned and opposed when in Opposition, yet maintained that his opinions have never varied. Had he and Mr Disraeli boldly admitted their misinterpretation of the wishes of the country, had they openly appealed to Parliament for support on the ground that they were in advance of their party, no true Liberal would have withheld his aid, while many of their party would have followed

their lead. As reformers we should have welcomed them; but when they act as reformers while professing to be Tories, we regard their conduct as pernicious and unjustifiable.

Greatly, however, as we deplore the course which, at Mr Disraeli's instigation, the Tory party has pursued, we are ready to acknowledge the almost superhuman cleverness which Mr Disraeli has displayed. As leader of the House of Commons, he has worthily emulated Lord Palmerston. Fertile in resource as he is audacious in assertion, he has never failed to extricate himself with ease from embarrassing situations, and to make his blunders contribute to his success. When he lauded the "unerring instinct" of the House, he paid it a subtle compliment, which was thoroughly to its taste. When he defiantly asked, "What opinions have we changed?" he exhibited the sort of pluck which Englishmen are far too willing to admire, resembling that of Prometheus when his case was hopeless, but his spirit unshaken. As a stroke of tactics nothing could have been more adroit than his assent to the amendment of Mr Hodgkinson, annihilating the compound householder in Parliamentary boroughs. Hardly less clever was the way in which he avenged himself on his opponents when he embodied the motion of Mr Childers, providing for the continuance of compounding, in the amendment of the Government. When that amendment was objected to by the Opposition, his answer was a cutting sarcasm to which a retort was impossible, for he might assert, with apparent truth, that he had striven to conciliate his opponents by adopting their crude proposals. Perhaps his boldest yet most characteristic effort was to bid for public favour by stigmatising the party of which Mr Gladstone, Mr J. S. Mill, and Mr Bright are prominent members, as "the party of reaction." Never has a man of keener intellect and more reckless ambition led the House of Commons. Seldom has any other member of that House known better how to handle every weapon in the armoury of politics, or scrupled less about using them against either foe or friend. His personal triumph is alike incontestable and unenviable. Mr Disraeli will appear a model statesman to him alone whose type of a great political chief is "The Prince" of Machiavelli.

If the Government measure be regarded as a Franchise Bill only, there is little reason to be dissatisfied with it. But as a complete settlement of the Reform question, we regard it both with distrust and displeasure. Taken as a whole, its purpose is to favour the territorial interest and to strengthen the Tory party. The disfranchisement of decayed boroughs has been too partial; the enfranchisement of qualified constituencies is ludicrously one-sided and unjust. After the bill shall have become law, Reformers will have to labour energetically in order that glaring inequalities may be redressed and just aspirations gratified. Among the earliest duties of a reformed Parliament will be to provide for the proper representation of the country by a sweeping change in the distribution of seats.

In an 'Independent Section' of the *Westminster* we find a paper signed by M. Mazzini on 'the Religious side of the Italian question.' Italy he says has no religion and has set up a negation in its place. The Papacy is a corpse beyond all power of galvanization, and all contact with it is contact with death carrying the taint of its corruption. The mission of the Papacy was fulfilled six centuries ago. Innocent III. was the last true Pope. Progress is the sacred word which sums up the dogma of the future. It cancels, he says, the dogmas of grace, predestination and eternity of punishment, which are negations of the perfectibility granted to all men, of free will and of the divine element existing in every human soul. They who, like Cavour, profess to reduce the problem of the Papacy to the realization of a free Church in a free State are, says M. Mazzini, "either influenced by a fatal timidity, or destitute of every spark of moral conviction."

Opposed to the Papacy, but itself a source of no less corruption, stands M. Mazzini says, Materialism, the philosophy of all expiring epochs and of peoples in decay. We must admit the idea of God and the moral law that emanates from Him, or worship the omnipotence of facts. Is it not better to submit to God and accept the sovereignty of an aim prescribed by conscience? Italy is a religion. Her mission in the world was at all times religious. Twice she has given moral unity to Europe. Let her again substitute a declaration of Principles for the barren declaration of rights.

When—in my earliest years I believed that the *initiative* of the third life of Europe would spring from the heart, the action, the enthusiasm and sacrifice of our people—I heard within me the grand voice of Rome sounding once again, treasured up and accepted with loving reverence by the peoples, and telling of moral unity and fraternity in a faith common to all humanity—it was not the unity of the past, which though sacred and conducive to civilization for many centuries, did but emancipate individual man, and reveal to him an ideal of liberty and equality only to be realized in Heaven;—it was a new unity, emancipating collective humanity, and revealing the formula of ASSOCIATION, through which liberty and equality are destined to be realized here on earth; sanctifying the earth, and rendering it what God wills it should be, a stage upon the path of perfection, a means given to man wherewith to deserve a higher and nobler existence hereafter.

Criticize as he may, who that has in him a spark of the noble spiritual life can withhold honour from the noble temper of the soul that dreams these patriotic dreams?

*Cassell's Magazine.* Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

*Cassell's Magazine* is a new cheap journal of amusement and information that has able men among its writers and no lack of honest earnestness in management. An article in the July number dwells usefully on the trite fact that Trade Unions are no new things in this country, only that now the men combine as well as the masters.

The following extract from an ordinance made in the reign of Edward the Third, will have an interest at this time, when the working tailors are on strike: "Tailors shall henceforth take for a robe garnished with silk, 18d.; for a man's robe garnished with thread and buckram, 14d.; also for a coat and hood, 10d.; also for a lady's long dress, garnished with silk and cendele" (a sort of thin silk), "2s. 6d.; also for a pair of sleeves for changing, 4d." It is strange to find so recently as the eighth of George the Third a restrictive statute on the wages of tailors—a restriction, perhaps, imposed in anticipation of the demands which "the man of many waistcoats," the friend of Brummell and of Nash, would make upon their exertions. In that year, however, an Act was passed, prohibiting, under heavy penalties, all master tailors in London and five miles round it from giving, and their workmen from accepting, more than two shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny a day, except in the case of a general mourning.

The hours fixed by this statute as the complement of a working day were from six a.m. till seven p.m., one hour being allowed for dinner,