

he was dead, a *post-mortem* examination disclosing a long-standing affection of the heart. His contributions to bibliography and to index-making were numerous. So far back as 1836 he catalogued a portion of the Helen Library; and only fifteen hours before his death he was correcting the proofs of the Index to the *Journal of the Statistical Society*. He compiled a *General Index to the First Fifty-three Volumes of the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions* (1871) and a similar work to vols. xvi.-xxv. of the cognate institution, the Pathological Society. His elaborate *Catalogue of the Library of the Medical and Chirurgical Society* was published in 1879 in three volumes, the third being an Index of Subjects of great range in medical science, and of great value to all students of medicine. When the Alfred Club was in existence he was employed to draw up a Catalogue of its library; and in 1851 he was engaged in the same capacity by the committee of the Athenaeum Club, when he compiled a Supplement to its Catalogue, with a classified Index of Subjects. Mr. Wheatley was a vice-president of the Library Association, and several of his papers are found in its *Reports*. The system of size notation which he drew up was submitted, in competition with several others, to the members of that body at their Manchester meeting, and was the favourite system. Mr. Wheatley was never married, his sister living with him and ministering to his wants. His younger brother, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, is well known in literary circles.

THE "Cornish poet," as he was fondly called in the West of England, died at Falmouth on January 7. Mr. John Harris was born on October 14, 1820, the son of a miner; and in the well-known Dolcoath Mine he was himself employed for nearly twenty years. While working in this manner, his earliest volumes of poems were published, his first work, *Lays from the Mine, the Mere, and the Mountain*, appearing in 1853, and being reprinted in 1856. They were succeeded by many other volumes of poetry, which met with a very favourable reception in a wide circle of readers. The prize for the best poem on the tercentenary of Shakspeare was awarded to him in 1864 by the judges, of whom Lord Lytton and George Dawson were two, and the original MS. is preserved in the museum at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Harris wrote a large number of tracts, and contributed in prose and verse to many religious periodicals, several of his contributions describing his experiences while working in the mines and among the poor at Falmouth. Four grants of £50 were made to him from the Literary Fund, and two, amounting together to £300, from the Royal Bounty Fund. His autobiography was published by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. about a year ago, and has passed through two editions. In its pages he described his career as having "been one of hardship and severe struggle," and confessed that since his "first boyish bursts" of poetry he had written upwards of a thousand pieces.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *Revue historique* is mainly devoted to ecclesiastical history. It contains two excellent articles. One, by M. Aubé, deals with "The *Lapsi* and *Libellatici* during the Persecution of Decius," and gives a sympathetic account of the difficulties which the early Church had to encounter in its attitude towards apostasy resulting from persecution. A paper by M. Bayet treats of the obscure question, "The Papal Elections under the Carolingians, 757-885." His general conclusion is that the relations between Church and State were as vague then as they have been since. The State claimed its right of confirming the Papal election; the Papacy pursued its claim

to independence. What actually occurred in each case depended on the personal characters of the two antagonists and the circumstances of the time.

LIFE among the exiles from England who are employed at the various submarine telegraph stations dotted all over the world has been ere now relieved by the collection of matter for several works descriptive of foreign life; but the members of the staff of the Brazilian Submarine Telegraph Company who are stationed at Madeira are, so far as we know, the first to sweeten their daily labour by the preparation of a magazine all to themselves. Its second number has just been issued; the cream of the journal is a spirited "Song of the Telegraph Clerk," dedicated to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, which was reproduced in the pages of last week's *Electrician*.

THE second number of the *Revue internationale* has a London letter by Mr. Richard Garnett, which many persons in England will be glad to read, even though it is painfully evident that the writer had no opportunity of correcting his proofs. Among the future announcements we observe a series of papers by Mr. Saintsbury on "The Modern English Novel."

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

II.

Egypt and the Egyptian Question. By D. Mackenzie Wallace. (Macmillan.)

Egypt (a big word, by-the-by) opens dramatically: the two horsemen of a late novelist reappear in the author and his donkey, and the scene serves for a geographical comparison. *Egypt Proper* (*i.e.*, between the sea and the First Cataract) is justly likened to a long walking stick or fishing-rod, surmounted by a small outspread fan representing the Delta. After this preliminary chapter of *mise-en-scène*, Mr. Wallace settles down to his work. We do not hear the magisterial voice which spoke from Russia; "I have been told" modestly presents itself, and there are signs of late acquaintance with the subject. But the author is a large-brained man with extensive experience and unbiassed views; his pleasant style, in places a trifle tart, and his humour, here and there verging upon the "pawky," carry the reader easily over the Desert of Statistics; and his volume, combined with Mr. Broadley's and that of the Baron de Malortie, will make the reader a modern Egyptologist.

The contrast of the well-known *Times* correspondent with the representative of the influential *Journal des Débats*, M. Gabriel Charmes, is pleasing to our national pride. The Englishman personally visits persons and places to be described; he adheres punctiliously to truth; he takes the broadest views; and he is tender to the *altera pars*. The Frenchman shines with another light. With him popular fiction is systematically preferred to fact; his Parisian narrowness oppresses his vision; his *Parisian* is pure *badinage*; and his national animosity is too strong for common honesty. It amuses an Englishman living abroad to read Governmental speeches periodically assuring us that the last half-century of peace has bred good-will between the two races. We know it to be the clear reverse. "France has no more cruel and jealous enemies than the English," cries the French Press. And England is only a little less bitter because she feels that her old foe is, thanks to Germany, very far "down in his luck."

This is not a book that can be abstracted; the reader must study it chapter by chapter to the admirable ending (pp. 520-21); and the best thing I can do as a reviewer is to offer a running comment upon its contents. The result

* Happily no illustrations.

will be a bald and disjointed bit of writing, but it will be good work if it recommends the volume to the public.

All Egyptian travellers will agree with the author when he shows "how extremely disagreeable railway travelling can be made" (p. 27). Even the main trunk (Cairo-Alexandria), so far from improving under English management, has of late years distinctly retrograded. The rails are looser, the permanent way more neglected, the carriages fouler, the *employés* less civil and obliging, the prices higher, and the danger greater than under native direction. As for the Cairo-Suez line, the second half is one of the most rickety and risky bits of railway ever travelled over by Europeans. You are pretty sure to be told of a train which "derailed" a short time before, and made the hapless passengers pass a cold and hungry night in the open; and I have seen a single "Zug" catch fire twice in a single day. One of Egypt's latest curses is, or rather was, the misuse of certain superannuated Anglo-Indian officials, who, with some notable exceptions, drew large salaries for doing little or no useful work. Their early training was against them, as we saw in the Crimea, where Sepoy officers were sent to command Turks because, forsooth, they had drilled Hindú Moslems and Hindú heathens. For the Egyptian services we should even prefer, to these seniors, juveniles, even clerks, fresh and direct from England.

Mr. Wallace's "Grand Oriental Inter-oceanic Railway" seems intended to "poke fun" at a Koueh-Kosseir line, and apparently he is not aware that anyone ever thought of building it (p. 49). The project is at least fifteen years old. Presently we shall land opposite Malta, off Gurnah, Cyrene of old, with a safe port on the north-eastern shore of the Sidrah Gulf (Syrtis Major). The Cyrenaic was famous as one of the granaries of the Roman Empire, and the splendour of its ruins shows a high degree of civilisation. This ancient land, Pentapolis, offers no mechanical difficulties to a railway connecting it with Alexandria. We shall then run up via Cairo to Koueh (Dendera), turn eastward, and embark at Kosseir (Berenice). This line will spare us the mortification of the disagreeable and dangerous Suez Gulf; and, as it will gain three days, we are sure to have it sooner or later.

Chap. II. is eminently worth reading by way of correction to Mr. Broadley's special pleading and over-estimate of Dictator Arabi and the intriguing heads of his party. "The very first rank of living diplomats" is justly assigned to Lord Dufferin, who is still wanted to cleanse the "Augean Stable." His personal experience of "the East" began nearly a quarter of a century ago, when he aided in organising the Libanus. He is a conscientious worker, with a firm touch and light hand; he has the "courage of his opinions;" and he has the gift of common-sense, which does not always characterise his profession.

Four chapters (v.-viii.) describe the Fellah in his various capacities—a subject of which the English reader is now waxing weary before he has begun fairly to study it. They are ably written, but they do not descend below the surface. Despite the theme being so worn, I cannot refrain from again discussing it. The Fellah-race is distinct from all others. As hair, features, and figure prove, the Nilote is of African, not of Asiatic, *progeniture*, partly white-washed by foreign intermixture. Mr. Lane erroneously dubbed him an "Arab;" you have only to place him by the side of a Bedawi, and the fallacy of the theory *satis una pars*. His half-brother is the Copt, who has kept his blood freer from miscegenation, and both are perforce peculiar peoples. The climate of the Nile Valley allows no foreign-born to be viable; it is an atmosphere of complete conservatism.

The Fellah has been much the same from the remotest ages; you see his face in the Sphinx. Read Brugsch Bey's report how the Fellah women ran dishevelled along the Nile banks, "keening" the death cry, when they heard that the mummies of their olden Pharaohs were being boated down stream by the abominable Frank.

The "poor down-trodden Fellah," sentimentally contrasted with his oppressors, the Pashas and Beys, a bit of cant begun for a political purpose during the Napoleonic days, was perpetuated by Lane and Gardner Wilkinson, and is repeated by the latest writers, Malortić and Dicey. Ask Europeans who have lived in the villages, and they will confirm my statement that there is nowhere a more dogged and determined, turbulent and refractory, furiously fanatical, and, when excited, cruel and bloodthirsty race than these clowns of Kemi, the Black Land. The home Press, which has read about the theoretical or ideal Fellah, asked with wonder, when commenting upon the bloodshed and arson of June 11, '82, how such "lambs had suddenly turned wolves." Lambs, indeed! why, no fighting ran is more persistent and pugnacious, or less open to pity and mercy, than an Egyptian peasant. And, if the men are brutal, the women are, if possible, worse. As Mr. Lane and "The Thousand Nights, and One Night" show, their morals are of the vilest, and their modes of murdering are unutterably horrible. At Tantah the "poor Fellah" and his meek wife tied the limbs of slaughtered Franks to dogs' tails, poured petroleum upon the unfortunate brutes, and set it on fire. At Alexandria these bestial beings promenaded the streets with the remnants of slaughtered Europeans borne like flags on long staves.

Per contra, the Fellah is remarkable for his independence (*sui generis*), his persistence, his bravery, and his talents—a fact which will not be found in Mr. Wallace's pages. The villagers act as their own police and "ministers of high justice," trying and punishing all criminal cases within their mud walls. If man or woman break the law, especially of *haram* or immemorial custom, the offence is carefully kept from the "guardians" of society—magistrates and policemen. If certain "Commandments" are violated, he, she, or it is incontinently tied and trussed up, gagged, and cast into the River of Egypt. Father Nilus could tell marvellous tales.

The persistence of the Fellah is an exceptional. A drive to the Pyramids will show you troops of half-naked urchins running a mile in the forlorn hope of a copper; and in this point the boy is the father of the man. The adult will be bastinado'd within an inch of his life before he pays his lawful rent, and his wife will praise him as she dresses his wounds. Under Sesostris, the Fellah-soldier, who invented the Phalanx, overran the nearer East. Under Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim, he beat the Arabs at Bissel and the Turks at Nezir. Even a Moltke could not save the Ottoman; and the late Gen. Jochnus told me that, when commanding the Tartar cavalry, he escaped defeat only by systematically declining battle. The dogged pluck of the gunners at the Alexandrian forts and at Tel-el-Kebir proves that the stock has not degenerated. The easy final defeat is readily explained. There was treachery in the air; foreigners say the *Cavallerie de Saint-George* (gold sovereign) was battling for England; and the best and bravest will not stand firm when they suspect that their nearest neighbours have been bought to leave them in the lurch. Had the "Rebs" been disciplined, and led by English or French officers, there would have been a very different tale. As a rule, the sight of blood does not terrify an Egyptian soldier; it makes him only an "anglier customer." Mr. Wallace has not done justice to the "un-

warlike" Fellah's fighting qualities; and, when Arâbi Pasha speaks of his compatriots' timidity, he talks *ad captandum*.

Compared with our Nilotes, the "finest pisantry" are a weak and violent race which never produces, like the Fellahin, typical and remarkable men. Take only two specimens of the latter. One is Ismail Sâdik (El-Mufattish), a son of the soil who could hold his own against the ablest financiers of Europe. The other is Arâbi, who has graven his name upon the memorial tablets of his native valley, and who, unless we are wise, will go down to posterity as a patriot-hero and a martyr to his faith.

We would willingly have seen something more about the Suez Canal than is given us in pp. 306, 509 *et seq.* The author rightly terms M. de Lesseps a "projector," not, after the fashion of our scribes, the "great engineer," a retired consul ignorant of all engineering but the amateur's. It was not his eloquence that prevailed with Saïd Pasha: it was the strong support of the Tuileries. Had he been an Englishman he would have been ignored by his own Government, opposed by his fellow-countrymen, and left to fight single-handed against a foreign host, and to fail. However, during the "sixty days' war" he unconsciously and right unwillingly did us the best of good turns. His emphatic patronising of Arâbi, his phrasing, his posing, and his promises of immunity from attack kept the Canal open, although arrangements had been made for closing it. This is not to be done by shovelling in earth and sand, which can be shovelled out almost as fast: the true way is to lash together two or three ships or dredges and to scuttle them; the obstruction would require dynamite, and this wastes valuable time. The real want is a second water-way, and Mr. Wallace is right in objecting to an Alexandria-Suez line. The affair has been complicated by a preposterous request for eight millions sterling at three and a quarter per cent. interest, and by a pompous claim to the monopoly of the Isthmus, while the clarion note of the Gallic chancier has been followed by a loud gobbling from the bubbly-jock of Stamboul. All we have to do is to possess our souls in patience. M. de Lesseps has so mismanaged matters during his last "progress" that already some twenty thousand shares, sold at a depreciated figure, have been added to the 176,602 before held by England; the bear is fated to beat the bull; and a "financial-political operation" will presently transfer all the stock to *perfidæ Albion*. Have patience, and be deaf to *la blague*!

A second water-way is the more required as the days of the Euphrates Valley Railway are either done or have not yet dawned. With the Russian at Kars, ready to march 10,000 men down south, we should be building a road for the especial benefit of the invader. Ten years ago it would have served to check his progress; now it would only facilitate his attack. Not that we have any fear in the final struggle, whatever the Russophile may say. Chinese armies led by British officers will occupy Moscow before the Muscovite reaches Calcutta.

Chap. xii., describing the army reform, will interest military readers. Egypt no longer wants the large forces and fleets with which she once conquered her neighbours. But she must have a considerable body of regulars; and I would rather see 15,000 than 5,650 men: all of them will be required to defend her against Abyssinian raids and to protect the Equatorial provinces, even after peace shall have been re-established. The Egyptian fleet is a mere show, an article of luxury—costly, moreover, as it is useless. The country wants only a few heavily armed gun-boats to guard the African shores, to put down the slave export, and to prevent Arab piracy. Subsidised lines of steamers, the more the better, suffice to connect her with

Asia as well as Africa. The old doddering men-o'-war which rot in Alexandria and Suez harbours, melancholy remnants of past power, may be broken up and carted away as soon as possible. With respect to the harbour on the Red Sea proposed for cession to the "King of Kings, Johannes," I may say that the measure is theoretically good and practically evil. The port would serve only for the importation of arms and ammunition, and would make the troublesome "Highlanders of Ethiopia" more dangerous than at any period of their turbid history. As it is, the Egyptians cannot fight in the mountains, and the Abyssinians fear the plains, a consideration which tends to keeping the peace. But the breech-loader and the magazine-gun, when provided with cartridges, would change every condition. It is to be hoped that the Egyptian army of the future will be built on the lines of the old East India Company's force, a return to which is one of the crying wants of India. A correspondent informs me that all officers have been ordered to study "classical Arabic," and that, when they try it on the Fellahs, the latter are cursed for not "knowing Arabic," and make tracks, wondering the while what new manner of language has been got up for their benefit by the English. Our authorities ought to have heard of the late Spitta Bey's admirable Grammar of Egyptian; but I am not aware that any Englishman who knows the language or the people is officially employed by England in Egypt.

Mr. Mackenzie (p. 417) lays down as follows the main factors of the great problem—how to reform Egypt:—

1. To create a military and police force of such a kind as to ensure public tranquillity;
2. To introduce certain urgently required reforms, judicial and administrative;
3. To ameliorate the economic position of the peasantry; and
4. To endow the Egyptian people with certain political institutions—not immediately wanted.

And now let us see what the last twelve months odd have done towards the desirable work of giving Egypt a new and a "fair start." Englishmen who have experience in such matters deprecated England occupying Egypt, and would have preferred to see strong garrisons at Port Said and Suez, leaving the Nile Valley "to stew in its own broth." The individual John Bull is masterful and overbearing enough, but his Governments cringe rather than command; and, while the French rule a trifle too much, the English rule far too little. You cannot manage Moslems unless you take the master tone.

Then the circumstances of our occupation, the Joint Control, Egyptian and English, placed us in a false, or rather in an impossible, position. It was the story of the two stools. For instance, when the cholera broke out at Damietta we should have isolated the town as we did the last plague village in Gujârât; we left the duty to native authorities, and the results were some 29,000 deaths. And then we offended the common-sense of Europe by denying quarantine: because England in the high Temperatures does not require such measures, *viz.* the subtropical Mediterranean must find them useless. Hence our unbinds declared that with us the shop is now all-powerful, and that the lives of men are light weight compared with £ s. d.

The "economic condition" of the peasants is worse than ever; they have a debt of some twelve millions sterling; and the "deficiency of receipts" now figures, they say, at £2,800,000. It will be years before the Fellah learns the value of, and is able to effect, deep-ploughing—the only remedy for a surface-soil exhausted by cane and cotton. Manuring has

been on the *tapis* for years, but nothing has been done. The villagers become more and more turbulent, and only martial law can gain us, or rather re-gain us, respect. "Egypt for the Egyptians" as much as you please; but at present Egyptians must be trained for Egypt. Meanwhile, the supervision of imperial questions, matters of finance, transactions involving income and outcome, the magistracy and the police, cannot but remain under English surveillance; and the "village Hampdens"—a race quickened by Arabi—here find a grievance, and ventilate it.

We are evidently between the horns of a dilemma, evacuation or annexation; and we must apply the usual British panacea—a compromise. Nothing can be worse than those "extra-Parliamentary utterances," those periodical pledges of withdrawal volunteered by high authorities. They have kept the Nile Valley in a chronic excitement; they have paralysed commerce and industry; and they cannot fail, if persisted in, to ruin the country, and to make English mis-rule or no-rule a by-word among the nations. The only compromise is a *bona fide* protectorate established for a term of years.

For the benefit of those who propose evacuation I am tempted to repeat the words which I wrote after a last visit to Egypt in 1882:—

"Many will consider the following statement *sensational and exaggerated*, whereas it is plain and notorious fact. There is no second opinion upon the subject among foreigners in Egypt. When the last English soldier leaves Alexandria the last European had better embark with him. The final exodus of our redcoats and our bluejackets will be followed by a human hurricane such as the lively annals of the Nile Valley have not yet witnessed. As we are here, so here we must perforce rest. It is our second conquest of the goodly land, which—*all know*—was offered in gift to England some years before its final fall. We honestly declined it then, but now the tyranny of Circumstance forces, nay, has forced, it upon us."

Mr. Mackenzie, like Mr. Broadley, is seldom found tripping; yet there are passages which we would see changed. He must not talk of the "unexplored region between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba" (p. 51); every inch of ground is well known. In his note on *Kurbash* (p. 59), he might have told readers that it originated the French "cravache." Evkai (p. 71) misrepresents Aukaf—mortmain property bequeathed to mosques, &c. "Dura" (*durrak* = holcus, millet) should not be rendered "native maize." The legitimacy of the slave-girl's son is at the bottom of the antique quarrel between the descendants of Isaac and Ishmael (p. 301). To old Mohammed Pasha is due the cultivation of cotton in Egypt, not to Said Pasha in 1854 (p. 269). And will Mr. Wallace bear with us if we object to his phrase "all were so jealous of each other" (p. 107)? "Love each other!" is by no means equivalent to "love one another!" And this disregard of the delicacies of our English threatens its with conversion to Ay-mericanism.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BERRIER, T., et H. JOUIN. Histoire et Description de la Bibliothèque Mazarine. Paris: Plon. 1 fr. 50 c.
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 FEUILLET, O. La Veuve. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
 MAUPASSANT, Guy de. Au Soleil. Paris: Havard. 3 fr. 50 c.
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GESCHICHTSQUELLEN der Prov. Sachsen u. angrenzender Gebiete. 16. Bd. Halle: Hendel. 10 M.
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NEHRING, A. Fossile Pferde aus deutschen Diluvial-Ablagerungen u. ihre Beziehungen zu den lebenden Pferden. Berlin: Parey. 4 M.
 RICHER, Ch. L'Homme et l'Intelligence. Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.
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 IEN JAI'S Commentar zu Zarnachari's Mufassal. Hrgs. v. G. Jahn. 2. Bd. 1. Hft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 12 M.
 STUDIEN, romanische. 20. Hft. Verzeichniss der Rätoman. Literatur v. E. Boehmer. Bonn: Weber. 3 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MYSTICS AND THE SACRAMENT.

Lansdowne, Edgbaston: Jan. 13, 1884.

Will you permit me to point out, with reference to Mr. Webster's very interesting article on Valdes and Molinos (ACADEMY, January 12, 1884), that the accusation brought against the followers of the latter of neglecting Mass can only refer to the perfunctory attendance at High Mass? It was a grave accusation against them, as is proved by a letter from Cardinal Caraccioli, printed in full in the Appendix to Mr. Bigelow's admirable monograph, that they "frequented the Holy Communion daily," which appears to have shocked the Cardinal very much, when they happened to be married people. It was said that they took the Sacrament "as though it were a cake," but this meant no more than that they took it without confession. It was part of the judgment upon Molinos that he should make sacramental confession *only* four times a year, and receive the Sacrament.

Through the whole course of history few figures seem to me more calm, gracious, and beneficent than that of this Spanish priest. His temperament was wrought to such fine issues that it appealed instinctively to the lofty and the pure; he went about doing good; he vanishes from our sight into his living tomb, without striving and without cry, and his voice is no longer heard in the streets. So, always, is it with the finest natures: apparent failure is the unalterable seal of their mission, and the immortal influence they exert comes invariably from beyond the grave.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE TOMB OF MARGARET COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

York: Jan. 15, 1884.

Anyone knows that the chief person to whom Appleby, in Westmorland, ought to look back with pride and gratitude is Anne Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. Throughout the course of the chequered and somewhat melancholy life of that great and religious lady, there was one person, above all others, to whom her thoughts reverted and her affections clung; and that was her mother, Margaret Russell, a daughter of the Bedfords, widow of George Earl of Cumberland, the great sea-captain and courtier. In the Lady Anne's will she expresses her deep gratitude to her mother, and says, "as I doe my selfe, soe I desire my succeeding posteritye to have her in memory,

love, and reverence, who was one of the most vertuousse and religiousse ladies that lived in her time." The mother and the daughter met for the last time, at Brougham, on April 2, 1616; and there the daughter erected a pillar to commemorate the event, and provided a liberal dole for distribution to the poor on the same day, and at the same place, every year, for ever. The memory of her mother was the one sentiment in the daughter's life. Throughout her diary, which was kept with unflinching regularity to a great old age, she counts time by incidents in her mother's life, in many of which they had a common interest, which the child whom she had served so well never ceased to remember.

This Lady Margaret Countess of Cumberland died in 1616, and was interred beneath a stately altar-tomb, which still remains, on the south side of the altar in St. Lawrence church, Appleby, rich with all the heraldry of the Cliffords, and invested, as most persons will admit, with the very strongest associations and claims.

Will it be believed that the vicar and churchwardens of Appleby are applying at this very time for a faculty to remove this tomb to a different position in the church; and, not content with this, have actually opened the vault before the faculty has been granted, and have suffered numbers of people to inspect it? Is all sentiment, all gratitude, extinct at Appleby; and is the leaden shroud which conceals the remains of the great lady to be made, as it has been, the subject of newspaper paragraphs, idle gossip, and worse? I trust for the credit of Appleby, that the application for the faculty will be withdrawn; or, if it be unhappily persevered with, that the accordant voice of the English public will approve of the action of a few of the descendants of the illustrious Countess, who are asking the Chancellor of Carlisle to say that the faculty shall not issue. If the tomb needs strengthening, then let it be strengthened; but by all means let it stay where it is. It is a fortunate thing for the people of Appleby that the Lady Anne cannot come back among them.

J. RAINE.

THE MYTH OF CRONUS.

London: Jan. 11, 1884.

Mr. Taylor says that I think it "scientific and necessary" to go to Australian savages "for the interpretation of the poetical literature of Periclean Greece." If Mr. Taylor regards the myth of Cronus—old, in He-Jod's time (Grote, ed. 1869, i. 15)—as a production of Periclean Greece, it seems needless to argue further on the question. Mr. Taylor calls the method which seeks to explain certain anomalies found among civilised people as survivals from savagery "a nostrum" which "has hitherto proved to be no method at all." The method is that of Mr. Taylor and of Darwin. Whether it has been fruitless of results readers of Taylor, Darwin, Lubbock, and McLennan may judge for themselves.

In his explanation of the myth of Cronus Mr. Taylor says nothing of what may be called the Maori "variant," though, indeed, the story of Papa and Rangi varies very little from that of Gaea and Uranus. Now, why are savage myths to be left out, especially when the theory which explains the Greek myths explains the savage myths as well? Mr. Taylor's own explanation is the sixth or seventh given on what he calls "the old orthodox lines." It is very ingenious, and exactly as convincing, "easy," and "reasonable" (especially easy) as the others which Mr. Taylor calls "misfactors." If the myths be "transparent," why do so many learned critics see wholly different meanings in each of them? I