

departed. Two days after, the cat was missing:—"Boy, where is the cat?" "Oh, pardon, master; other day nothing to eat for officer-gentlemen, me curry the cat!" The other is a garrison chaplain's grace before meat, pronounced when H.R.H. dined at the mess at Colombo. The reverend gentleman wished to be equal to the occasion, and yet was in a hurry for his dinner, so he delivered himself *ore rotundo*, as follows:—"God save the Queen and bless the dinner—white soup, boy," all in the same breath.

*Blackwood* is, of course, in high feather. The way in which Maga unwraps the flannels from his gouty old limbs, flings away his crutch and dances a jig on the grave of the Liberal party, is "a caution;" but of this presently. The initial chapters of a new story, "Alice Lorraine," are very promising—the legend of the Astrologer opening the prospect for no end of possibilities. The second and concluding part of "The Two Spersansky" is given, and we think our readers, if they have the Magazine at hand, will agree with us that a more interesting and pathetic story has seldom been told than that of Michael, the father, sometime Secretary of State to the Czar, and Elizabeth Spersansky-Bagréeff, the Russian novelist, his daughter. If the Royal Marriage, which is sure to introduce a flood of translations and other forms of literature on Russian subjects, will secure for us a good English version of "Une Famille Tongouse," we shall be thankful. The paper on Queen Anne's reign is light, sketchy and entertaining. "Disorders in Dreamland" is not yet concluded. It is one of those choice bits of serio-comic story-telling for which *Blackwood* is famous. We only wish the writer would not drag his heroine, Miss Fulford, through so many troubles. She is a most lovable creature, and the public will expect the author, who has charge of her destiny, to see that she is amply rewarded when the curtain falls. The suddenness of the dissolution cut Maga off with only two political pages last month; he takes ample revenge now by giving an article for each of these pages. The Conservative cock certainly "does" some "pretty tall" crowing, as our neighbours would say. The great victory is turned over and examined in all its aspects; figures are manipulated in a bewildering fashion, and it is satisfactorily shown that things could have been better and yet could not have been better than they are. Maga told the public five years ago, and has been telling them ever since, that this success would

result; but nobody listened to the prophet. Who is right now? And the old chap chuckles over the evidence of his own prescience. We are sorry to see, however, that he is not as generous to Mr. Gladstone as he can afford to be. If the ex-Premier had been Arthur Orton, picking oakum in Newgate, it could scarcely have said anything much more severe than it does say. Its party has managed to "subdue the proud," but it shows no disposition "to spare the vanquished." However, it is not often that magnanimity waits upon success. Let us give a sample of the first article. After styling the dissolution a "night attack" and an "Ashantee ambush," the writer proceeds:—"The Radical party have been utterly routed. They have lost their seats, they have lost their places, they have lost their heads, and they have lost their principles." We begin to think that the Liberals are not the only people who have lost their heads.

The *Fortnightly* opens with a manly and common sense view of "The Conservative Reaction," from the pen of Frederic Harrison. Those who have been in the habit of reading the notes on "Public Affairs" from month to month, will know what to expect at his hands. There is no attempt to belittle the disastrous defeat of the Liberal party—it is admitted to the fullest extent. Mr. Harrison acknowledges the operation of minor causes, but contends that the great cause of all is that "the middle-classes have gone over bag and baggage to the enemy." In another place he says: "The hard-and-fast party of the strictest sect of Liberalism or Radicalism has been wont to smile at the vision of the Conservative working-man. Perhaps he smiles no longer. He has had a good deal to do with the making of the Conservative working-man, who, in all the measures which directly affect his interests, has found the Radical economist his stiffest opponent." On the whole, Mr. Harrison views the position of affairs with regret, but not with dismay:—"The tone of the nation has become distinctly Conservative," and that there is every probability it will continue so perhaps during this generation. Amongst the other articles, we note as eminently able and instructive, Mr. Morison's "Age of Louis XIV.," Mr. F. W. Newman's "Parliamentary Government," and Mr. John Morley's appreciative criticism of Victor Hugo's new romance on the Vendéan War and the Revolution of '93. To some of these we may return, and we must again leave the *Contemporary*, which contains several important papers, for a future occasion.