

company, many a shattered and sinking ship, many a hand of a drowning man held up above the flood, vainly grasping for aid before he is merged for ever beneath the surface. You shall see the most precious wares thrown overboard in the desperate struggle to keep the vessel afloat; honour, honesty, fortune, character are everywhere mixed with the foam and froth of the going flood; precious time is lost; opportunities let slip; honest labour despised:—

Languent officia atque ægrotat fama vacillans.

And it is curious to observe how totally distinct and separate this river of horse-racing is from the scenes and people through which it passes, just as if it were a real river. In some quiet country town, as Chichester for instance, where a grand cathedral lifts its sacred head, perpetual calm seems to reign until the week of the races comes round. Then what a change and contrast! Every house and lodging is let; every cab and carriage is furnished up; every horse and pony is pressed for the occasion from many miles around; omnibuses and hansoms and nondescript vehicles from London descend upon the scene; the hotel-keeper trebles his staff of waiters and cookmaids; the parson preaches his annual sermon against the races, and sends his boys on a visit, to be out of the reach of temptation, and the inundation begins. They come—horses, grooms, jockeys, lords and ladies, bookmakers, backers, touts, welters, card-sharps, pickpockets, gaily-dressed women, and as long as the races last, those of the inhabitants that stay at home sit at their windows twice a-day to watch the incessant stream of four-horse drags, omnibuses, carriages, cabs and carts, pass and repass their windows. When the races are over, the motley throng is swept away to another meeting; the bookmaker counts his gains, the backer tries to forget and underestimate his losses; the weary landlord wipes his forehead and ejaculates a thanksgiving that the races are over, and the little town gathers itself together again under the shadow of the cathedral.

And if we visit the racecourse and take our place on the stand while the horses are going to the post, what a scene is exhibited below! That roaring mob of ring-men, making the face of the summer day hideous, screaming like vultures flocking to the prey, what a truly noble institution is this! The less custom the bookmaker has, the more frantically he screams the odds; the respectable men, with whom our *magnanimi juvenes* gamble away their patrimony, these are comparatively silent; so are vultures when their beaks are in their prey. These are the high-hearted men who cheered the Marquis of Hastings when he had stripped himself of an ancestral estate to pay the hundred thousand pounds which he had lost on Hermit's Derby; the men who hooted the broken-hearted young nobleman into his grave when he could pay no longer. The ring is no doubt an English institution, but we have lost many English institutions of late years, and we could spare the betting-ring better than any of those which we have lost; though how to replace it we confess we know not, unless by some such contrivance as the Australian totalisator.

Such is the Turf of England—not all evil in itself, nor necessary evil at all, but owing to pernicious license the cause of misery to many thousands. Although it is true that the turf is one great system of national demoralization, as Lord Beaconsfield called it, it is not all evil; it springs from one of the best and most distinctive features of the English character—the love of out-door sports. It was originally essentially manly, honest and good. Nothing can be more natural than for an owner of a good horse to match him and ride him against another. Nor can the lover of the beautiful find fault with racing. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a horse-race. The poetry of racing was felt in its perfection when Wells mounted the handsome Rosicrucian, or Parry bestrode that good-tempered giant Prince Charlie, or when Wood brought St. Simon to the front with long sweeping stride at the distance. Add the effect of the soft summer air and the pure breezes that are wafted over the wide heath or moor; add the legitimate interest caused by a small bet, and the excitement of a close struggle between two famous horses, well ridden. For betting on a racecourse is legitimate, and *secundum naturum*, ever since that offer of a tripod or kettle, in Homer. But it is only on the racecourse that betting is legitimate, and only legitimate there in very small sums. But now clerks in Aberdeen and railway porters in Cornwall will have their wager on a horse they never expect to see; and many a well-dressed Iru visits the course at noon with the confident hope of leaving it a Cæsus at five. They win sometimes of course; but their winnings remind us painfully of the highwayman's spoil: "a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing—Lay by—and spent with crying—Bring in—now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by-and-by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows."—*Quarterly Review*.

LONDON AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

THAT poetry should have found its chief expression in the drama is not surprising. The age was, in itself, pre-eminently an age of activity. It had no tendency to introspective brooding; it troubled itself, as a rule, very little about the ideal; it was no worshipper of nature. Its central figure was man in action; its distinguishing characteristic was the sympathy with humanity. Thus human life, its failures and its triumphs; thus human kind, their passions and peculiarities, became objects of paramount interest. Nor was this all. London was already the centre of the social and intellectual life of the kingdom, and was attracting each year from the provinces and the universities all who hoped to turn wit and genius to account. The refuge of literary adventurers, in our day, is the periodical, and daily press. In those days there were no journals and no periodicals, and daily press. In those days there were no journals and no periodicals, and daily press. In those days there were no journals and no periodicals, and daily press. But among the changes introduced by the dissolution of the old system was the appearance and rapidly increas-

ing importance of a class which corresponds to that on which our popular press relies for support. Since the accession of the Tudors a great change had passed over London. Peace and a settled government had transformed the rude and martial nobility of the Plantagenets into courtiers and men of mode. Their hotels swarmed with dependents who would, a generation back, have found occupation in the camp, but who were now, like their masters, devoted to gaiety and pleasure. Contemporary with the revolution in the upper sections of society was the rise of a great commercial aristocracy. Each decade found London more prosperous, more luxurious, more thickly-peopled. By the middle of Elizabeth's reign she presented all the features peculiar to great capitals and great seaports. A large industrial population, branching out into all the infinite ramifications of mercantile communities, mingled its multitudes with the crowd of men of rank and fashion who affected the neighbourhood of the Court, and the swarms of adventurers and sycophants who hung loose on the town or subsisted on the charity of noble houses. The Inns of Court, thronged with students, often as accomplished as they were idle and dissolute, had already assumed that half-fashionable, half-literary character which, for upwards of two centuries, continued to distinguish them. But no quarter of London stirred with fuller life than that which was then known as the Bankside. It was here that the lawless and strippling population which came in and passed out by the river found its temporary home. In the taverns and lodging-houses which crowded those teeming alleys were huddled together men of all nations, of all grades, of all callings. Huguenot refugees, awaiting the turn which would restore them to their country; Switzers and Germans who, induced partly by curiosity and partly by the restlessness which a life of adventure engenders, flocked over every year from the Low Countries; half-Anglicised Italians and half-Italianised Englishmen; *fibustiers* from the Spanish Main and broken squatters from the Portuguese settlements; soldiers of fortune who had fought and plundered under half the leaders in Europe; desperadoes who had survived the perils of unknown oceans and lands where no white man had ever before penetrated; seamen from the crews of Hawkins and Drake and Cavendish and Frobisher; and among this motley rabble were to be found men in whose veins ran the blood of the noblest families of England—Strangways and Carews, Tremaynes and Throgmortons, Cobhams and Kelligrews. Such was the London of Elizabeth. It was natural that the cry of these people should be for amusement. Too intelligent to be satisfied with the stupid and brutal pastimes then in vogue with the vulgar, and too restless and illiterate to find pleasure in books, it was equally natural that they should look to the stage to supply their want. And the stage responded to the call.—*Quarterly Review*.

POWER OF WILL OVER THREATENED DISEASE.

AN event in the life of Andrew Crosse, the electrician, illustrates, in a striking manner, the power of the Will over threatened disease, the symptoms in his case being those of hydrophobia. If "an act of the Will frequently excites such changes in the brain as to arrest an incipient paroxysm of angina pectoris or epilepsy" (Laycock), there seems no reason why it should not exert the same influence over the symptoms present in this case. Mr. Crosse was severely bitten by a cat, which died the same day hydrophobic. He appears to have thought little of the circumstance, and was certainly not nervous or imaginative in regard to it. Three months, however, after he had received the wound he felt one morning great pain in his arm, accompanied by extreme thirst. He called for a glass of water. The sequel will be best told in his own words:—"At the instant that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, either I shall die or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate to that which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind. Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting, at every step I went, a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered that I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."

THERE is something so painful in the present condition of the Conservative party that one feels inclined to pity rather than to rebuke. The engineer who was hoist with his own petard was luxuriously catered for by Fate in comparison with the doom reserved for the poor Tories. "Respect abroad"—that was a great Tory cry. "We come into office, and behold