

see to be found in India at this moment is precisely the same plight. At many places, notably at Tenasserim, are to be found numbers of princes and smaller personages who, for one reason or another—because, for instance, they were intriguing or likely to intrigue in some province of our own or in some Native State the peace of which is of importance to us, are kept under surveillance, and are not allowed to pass beyond certain narrowly prescribed limits. Mr. Fowler ought certainly to look into the case of those political prisoners. Take Yakoob Khan, for instance, who is detained in a charming Himalayan retreat. Many people believe him to be as ill-used a man as Cetwewy; and if it be right to set the Zulu free to disturb the rule of John Dunn and his brother chiefs, why not release Yakoob Khan to try conclusions with Abdur Rahman?

It is announced this morning that the Speaker is to visit the Channel Tunnel works to-day. We are afraid it is too much to hope that he will find any opportunity for applying the *allow* to them, or to the bore itself, if and when it shall be completed. But there can be no question where the *allow* is most needed, and where its application would be regarded with most favour.

There has been a good deal of rumour concerning the "enormous sum" drawn by foreign employés of the Egyptian Government. It may be worth while, therefore, to examine the figures of the recent return on the subject somewhat closely. In all about £50,000 is paid every month to 1,325 persons. But among these are included natives who have accepted the protection of foreign Powers—the "protégés Anglais"—number ninety-four—while comparatively few of them draw salaries that can be called high. There are, for instance, barely over a hundred who receive more than £600 a year. Many of the Europeans are mere policemen; and considering how strong the resident European element is in the large commercial towns, it would only be reasonable to expect that a large proportion of the functionaries should be European. That their services cost the country less than the services of corrupt, unscrupulous natives hardly needs proof.

The news from Teheran of Ayoub Khan's arrival there dispels all the rumours that he is likely to give further trouble at Herat. He may ingratiate himself still; but there is good reason to believe that his party is broken up. All the other news has suddenly become favourable to the Ameer. His Governor at Herat—if he has remained in his loyalty—has repented, and is doing his best to make matters up. At Candahar, too, there is more of comfort and content, the Ameer having so far abandoned the coercive policy as to dismiss his spies and letter-writers and raise a reglement of light troops. Even the Khan of Lashkar, whom far from refused to proceed to Cabul, was assassinated a few weeks ago, and seemed to bode ill for the Ameer's prospects of holding the line of the Khyber, is now said to have been kindly received at Cabul by Abdur Rahman. How soon the aspect of affairs—or rather the complexion of rumours—may change again experience may warn us. But at least the Indian Government, in sending Mr. Easby, poised with the instructions he has just received at Simla, His first business, of course, will be to forward veraciously his request for money, of which he is reported to be grievously in need.

The importation of tortoises into this country is carried out under circumstances of great cruelty; and a few months ago much indignation was excited by the discovery at the docks of some cases of tortoises lying unshaded, many of the unfortunate creatures being dead and in a painful condition. Attention is called to the subject by Count Payson, in his commercial report on Mysore for the past year, which has just been issued. Speaking of the exports from that port, he observes that the entire item of tortoises shows a slight increase over the shipments of 1880. There were exported from Mysore in 1881 thirteen barrels, containing about 3,000 tortoises; total value £16. These wretched animals, says Count Payson, are closely packed in barrels, and then sent without any food, on a voyage of about three weeks' duration. As might be expected, many of them frequently die on the voyage; and should a barrel become offensive, its contents are thrown overboard at the shipper's risk and expense. It is, he adds, a very unprofitable trade; being small, incapable of large development, involving an immense amount of cruelty to numbers of helpless and harmless animals, and yielding no substantial profit. Under these circumstances, the sooner the traffic comes to an end the better. Tortoises are really not required in London. Some persons buy them under the impression that they will eat the black beetles that infest London kitchens; but it is very doubtful whether a tortoise who eats one black beetle will ever swallow another.

A case heard at the Wapping-street Police Court yesterday illustrates the need of improved arrangements for the issue of railway tickets. A man was charged with having obtained a railway ticket, value one penny, with intent to defraud, and also with assaulting a servant of the Great Eastern Railway Company. The prisoner asked a booking clerk at the Stoke Newington Station for a ticket for the Seven Sisters Station. The ticket being given to him, a dispute arose between him and the clerk as to whether he had paid for it; the clerk declaring that he had not received the money, while the prisoner asserted that he put down the penny

before he asked for the ticket, and that the coin rolled from the ledge of the window down among some other money. The altercation resulted in the clerk emerging from the booking office and engaging in a personal encounter with the prisoner to regain possession of the ticket—hence the alleged assault for which the prisoner was given into custody. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, expressed his opinion that "the prisoner was not the kind of person to attempt such a mean and petty fraud," and acquitted him of that part of the charge, but fined him one shilling for the assault. The rush for tickets at many of the metropolitan stations is quite sufficient to account for mistakes, altercations, and personal encounters, and the wonder is that they are not of more frequent occurrence.

A correspondent writes to us—You mention a case of husband-beating in which the wife was charged with assaulting the husband. A curious case of the same kind is recorded in a Catholic tract of the early Reformation time, "The pretended Difference between Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon," published a few years ago by the Camden Society. The author, being in great indignation at the marriage of priests, described the results as follows:—"It would now pity a man at the best to hear of the naughty and dissolute life of these yoked priests, led with other silly brutes than pretended wives, wherein the women were nothing behind for their parts, and to hear of the stiles, convulsions, and debacles that were amongst them; among others there was one in Kent, which all to best her yokelike with a washhouse or bathhouse, upon whom he complained grievously with a washhouse or bathhouse, and, the more to exasperate his injury, showed them apes the and bathhouses." Mrs. Ellen Dabbs, upon whom her husband complained the other day at the Wandsworth Police Court, appears to have been armed only with a nondescript "piece of wood."

The telegraphic summary of Major Baring's Indian Budget announced an estimated surplus for the year 1881-82 of £255,000; but the figures themselves which have been recited show that this imperial surplus will be attained at the cost of provincial deficits amounting to £1,090,000. The estimated surplus, taking the imperial and financial accounts together, is thus turned into a deficit of £1,705,000. The accounts of 1880-81 show that, apart from the war expenditure, the imperial and provincial surpluses amounted together to £6,018,000; so that comparing 1880-81 with 1881-82 the financial position has apparently deteriorated by £5,313,000; or, deducting £223,000 to be spent on frontier railways, the last remnant of the war charges, by £5,100,000. This is accounted for by a decrease of revenue amounting to £7,303,000, due to the amount of £3,386,000 having been remitted, the application of £750,000 to the reduction of debt, and an increased expenditure of £4,547,000. Of this last sum, £1,405,500 comes under the head of public works, of which the following are the details:—£129,000 protective works, against famine; £390,000 railways and irrigation works not claimed as productive; £1,058,000 other unproductive works, chiefly buildings and communications; and £362,500 interest and working charges on account of productive public works. The remaining million is the net increased expenditure under numerous other heads, although it is expected that there will be a reduction of £530,000 in the army charges. In these figures we see no signs of the greater economy of the Liberal Government, which Mr. Powell last November led us to expect.

MR. CHARLES DARWIN,

In Mr. Darwin we have lost something more than an eminent man of science. Of good scientific workers, men capable of enlarging the bounds of knowledge by faithful service in their own departments, we have indeed none too many; but we have them in such number that the place of those who fall may be filled up, though not without due regret and remembrance of them. We have those, again, who bring to their chosen field not only the strong hands of diligence but the light of genius; who give new life to the old knowledge, and open untried ways to fresh conquests for those who come after them. Such were Clerk Maxwell in physics, and Clifford in pure mathematics; eminently such, in a generation a step farther back, was Faraday. These men are rare, and their power is of the things that come not by observation; and when once is taken from us, the successor (though he were a man of the like stamp himself) can never fill at all points the breach that is made. But there is an excellence yet rarer, begotten of such combination of genius and opportunity as comes once in many generations: this is the height attained by those rare men who not only make discoveries or establish principles or invent methods in a particular science, but give to the world in its full strength one of those great ideas which pervades and vivifies the whole sphere of scientific thought. The name of such men belongs to all human knowledge, and is not bound to that especial region where their work was cast; and it may be said of those more truly than of ourselves and statesmen that the whole earth is their monument. Charles Darwin's renown will be, or rather it already is, of this highest and most rare kind.

Fortunate in many things, Mr. Darwin was clearly fortunate in this: that he lived to see his achievements worthily paid and bearing worthy fruit. Not that he much valued fame for its own sake. No man is impatient

for it could have so worked and waited as he did. But he had a better reward than praise—better even than the praise and reverence of honoured men. He saw his ideas and his method inspiring younger generations to eager research and guiding them to victory. His own novelties subsided, and strengths that had been deemed impregnable by leaders who had learned in his school. This is a happiness which induced few men have deserved and fewer attained : to see the labour of one's hands fruitful and blessed abundantly in a kind of present posterity. Yet there are those who would lose that, or such little share of it as might come to them, in their own despite, seeking in a strange jealousy to pull at the labours of those accomplished venturers in their own hands. Mr. Darwin was of no such temper ; he was ever generous and open with fellow-workers, and ready to help and encourage those who sought counsel from him. It was his nature to be no man's enemy ; if any one were his, it was by wilful perversity.

This was but part of a character so closely akin to the man's intellectual essence that they can hardly be separated. Mr. Darwin was not only the first of our men of science ; he showed us in all his conduct the paroxysm of what a man of science ought to be. With a powerful and luminous mind he had unceasing patience, unperturbed serenity, perfect evenness and candour, and perfect freedom from envy and selfish desire. He lived in an unswerving search for truth, and repaid a great and just reward. Another felicity is to be reckoned to him, though domestic, is yet of common knowledge and common right, and fit to be publicly recorded. It is that in which the ancients, perhaps judging not amiss, placed the chief point of human happiness. Mr. Darwin, coming blessed of a stock already marked by performances above the common, has left a continuance of it such that in his lifetime he could already know of more than promise that his name would be worthily maintained.

We shall take occasion to speak again and more in particular of Mr. Darwin and his work. Let it suffice for the day, however, to have said this much, summing up by way of first impression, of him whom our children, unless we greatly err, will be taught to honour as the greatest Englishman since Newton.

THE CABIN BOY.

Ten people of Hull find that a survivor from a barbaric age dwells among them ; and they are indignant, as becomes modern men. The master of a rascak is accused of having starved an apprentice ; so the mob makes desperate attempts to lynch the master every time he is brought before the magistrates. They have heard that the boy who is dead used to be beaten with rope-ends, kicked, dragged along the dock, drenched with cold water, and subjected to other inglorious modes of discipline, and the people of Hull are horrified. Yet only a few years ago no surprise or indignation greeted a skipper who habitually ill-used his cabin-boy. If scuffles were heard coming from a cabin in the Pool, the men in neighbouring tenement houses took the trouble to turn round. They knew that some unhappy boy was being corrected ; and they believed in stripes and floggings as necessary agencies in nautical education. When a weakly lad chanced to die he was dropped overboard, and these were an end of the matter ; the strong lads who lived through these hostilities grew into fat milers.

Times are altered. The old-fashioned sailor is an evicted creature, and modern conditions have developed a totally new variety. The old-fashioned sailor was brought up in an atmosphere of rough-and-ready, the new-fashioned sailor will submit to no tyranny whatever. The old-fashioned skipper was very like the Hull culprit in habits and custom ; the new-fashioned skipper is overbearing and often conceited, but surely brutal.

They formed a strange society, did those East Coast sailors of past days. A boy grew up in one of the brick little ports that lie between Whitstable and Spital. The notion of inland life had no place in his mind, for his thoughts in early years inflicted a sea change. He played on the quay, and heard the growling talk of the lounging, bearded sailors ; so that he soon became critical in the matter of ships and seamanship. He could tell you the name of every black and apple-bowed vessel that once cut across the bar on the flood tide ; and he would pass the superiority of the *Malvern* over the *Mary Rose*, with many clutching allusions to aged authorities. If the black fleet went out with a northerly breeze blowing, he could name the ship that would be first clear of the rock ; if the wind went off the land, he knew which ship would be safest by having the houses on the beach. Long before he ever saw the outside of the bar he had learned of every point on the coast. The possibility of becoming anything but a sailor never entered his head. He tried to copy the fan-folded rolling walk of the seamen, and he longed for the time when he might wear a brained cap and smoke a pipe. While yet little more than a child he went on his first voyage, and had his first experience of sea-sickness. Then he was bound apprentice for five years, his wages beginning at £3 per year, and increasing yearly by £1, until the end of his term. His troubles began after his indentures were signed. The average skipper had no thought of cruelty and yet was very cruel. The poor lad had a very scanty allowance of water for washing ; yet if he appeared at breakfast-time with face and hands unclean he was sent sprawling up to the gallery with a few smart whacks ringing upon him. All sorts of projectiles were launched at him merely to emphasize orders. The cane, the able seaman or "fall-sarrow" (the ordinary names for "half-marrow") never dreamed of signifying their pleasure to him save with a kick or an open-handed blow. His only time of peace came when it was his watch below, and he

could lay his poor little unkempt head easily in his hammock. In bad weather he took his chance with the rats. The big rats raised through the rigging ; the cold spray moistened him and foamed on him ; green seas came over and forced him to hold on whereveronver he might. Sometimes the chosen old hulg would drown everybody out of the forecastle, and the little sailor had to cut up in his cabin on the streaming floor of the after-deck. Sometimes the ship would have to "turn" every yard of the way from Thames to Tyne, or from Tyne to Blyth. Then the cabin-boy had to stamp and shiver with the rest until the vessel came round on each new tack, and then perhaps he would be forced to stand on a rope where the ice was breaking. It might be that on one bad night when the fog lay low on the water and the white light blazed beforeward, the skipper would make a mistake. The look-out men would hear the thunder of boisterous waves under the bows, and then, after a brief agony of惶惑 and effort, the vessel beat herself to bits on the remorseless stones. In that case the little cabin-boy's troubles were soon over. The country people found him in the morning stretched on the beach with his eyes sealed with the soft sand. But in most instances he made his trips from port to port safely enough. His chief danger came when he lay in the London river or in the Tyne. An aoso as a collier was moored in the Pool or in the Blackwall Reach, the skipper made it a point of honour to go ashore, and the boy had to soul the ship's boat to the landing. From the top of Greenwich Fair to the head of the river a fleet of tiny boats might be seen bobbing at their painted every evening. The skippers were ashore in the red-painted public-houses. The roar of popular experiences descended through the cloud of tobacco-smoke and steam, and the drinking was steady and determined. On up the river the shadows fell on the sailing tide ; the weird lights flickered in the brown depths of the water ; and the swishing eddies grappled darkly and flung the boats higher and higher. In the stern of each boat was a crouching figure ; for the little cabin-boy had to wait in the cold until the pleasure of men and conversation had palled upon his master. Sometimes the boy fell asleep ; there came a lurch, he fell into the swift tide, and was borne away into the dark. Over and over again did little boys lose their lives in this way while their thoughtless masters kept them waiting until midnight or later.

Through hunger and crutchy and snow and sleet, the lucky cabin-boy grew in health and courage until his time was out. When he went home he wore a thick blue coat, wide blue trousers, and a flat cap with tufty braid ; and on the gay he workflow with his peers in great merriment. They children admired his earnings and his clothes and his complicated language. Then in due time came the blessed day when he called himself ordinary seaman, and when the more energetic of water-folk did not think him (unless, indeed, the mate happened to be weak) the stronger man, in which case professional eloquence was apt to be disregarded ; his pay rose to £2 a month, he felt justified in walking regularly with a maiden of his choice ; and his known face showed signs of sociability and broad. Thus he became A.B., then mate, and last of all he reached the glories of mastership and £3 a month. By that time he had become a resolute, skilful man, with coarse tastes and blunt feelings. Danger never cast him a thought. He would swim fearfully about trifling annoyances ; but in instant peril, when his ship was rolling yard-and-under, or straining off the gauntling cliffs of a lee-shore, he was quiet and cool and resigned. He took the risk of his life as part of his day's work and made no fuss about it. He was hopelessly ignorant and wildy conservative ; he believed in England, and reviled foreigners as a vicious species. His dismal familiarity ran to ludicrous maxification sometimes. An old cootier was once beating up for his own harbour and trying to save the tide. A little Danish boat got a shant of wind and nattered in over the bar, while the cootier had to stand off for six hours. The captain was greatly indignant at this indecision, and, sighing, said, "Ah ! God cares no more for them foreigners than He does for His own countrymen."

As he grew in years his temper became worse, and his girl greater. The wilder exertion of his earlier days was exchanged for the ease of a man who did nothing to do but stand about, eat, sleep, and throw things at cabin-boys. He had all the pugnacious disposition of an Eastern tycoon ; and the notion of being called to account for any one of his doings would have thrown him into apoplectic surprise. So he lived out his days, working his old tub up and down the coast with marvellous skill, beating his boy, soaring songs when his vessel lay in the Pool, and lamenting the good times gone by. When at last his joints grew stiff, and other ills of age came upon him, he settled alone in a small cottage and devoted himself to quiet meditation of a pessimistic kind. Every morning he rolled down to the quay and criticized with cruel acuteness the habits of the younger generation of mariners ; every evening he took his place in the tavern parlour and instructed the assembled skippers. At last the time came for him to go ; then the men whom he had scared with open-end rods in his day were the first to mourn him and to speak with admiration of his educational methods.

The skipper of the new school is a soft backslacker. He would think it undignified to beat a boy ; he wears a black frock coat, keeps novels in his cabin, wears a finger-ring, and tries to look like a ship-breaker. He mixes his mid-country accent with a swag learned in the West-end theatres, and he never goes ashore without a tall hat and an umbrella. His walk is a grievous trouble to his mind. The ideal ship-breaker has a straight and stony gait, but no captain who ever tried to imitate the ship-breaker could quite do away with a certain nautical roll. The new-fashioned captain is not content with that simple old political creed of *free navigation*, which began and ended with the assertion that one Englishman could beat any six foreigners. This is crude in his eyes. He knows all about Gladstone and the Land Bill ; he is ashamed of his age in knowledge of the Eastern Question ; and he claims kindred with a Party. His self-confidence is phenomenal, but not often offensive. In short, he is a sort of naval bigamist, with all the faults and all the baseness-like virtues of his kind.