

THE GUARDIAN

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876.

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

THE reserve with regard to Mr CAYE's report has produced something like a panic in Egyptians. But as Turks were the case of Egyptians is now almost worst; at least it is more undesirable. In the one case the worst is known and "the bitterness of death is past," but in the other the public is suffering something like that bad quarter of an hour which is worse than the operation itself. Hope told a flattering tale, and as expectations rose the price of stock went up and all went well. Now we are thrown back again into a state of suspense, and as suspicion is the most dangerous state of all for the money-market to be in, the operators for the future have it all their own way. If the Ministry were playing into their hands, they could not have played their game more successfully. To send Mr CAYE out, and to give in this way a sort of left-hand recognition to Egyptian finance, was to lead the public to expect that all was well. For some time a variety of tranquillizing rumours were set afloat; and then to tantalize us by suspending the publication of Mr CAYE's report at the eleventh hour, is to play a dangerous game with the public. This plague of Egyptian darkness has now lasted longer than those three days of plague which broke down the spirit of PHARAOH. During the first plague of material darkness they saw not from any altar, neither rose any from his place; but in the case of this financial darkness there has been necessarily much buying in and out, but always at a loss to those who are compelled to part with their stock. Those who have been unfortunately bearded will remember it against Mr DISRAELI. Had he confined himself to the single operation of buying up the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, he would have been able to rest on his laurels. Unfortunately for himself and his future fame, having thrown sixes, he thought he would repeat the venture. The chorus of approbation with which his bold stroke was received by the press and the public drew him on to repeat the step and even in a sense to double the stakes. Mr CAYE was sent out with a great flourish of trumpets to re-organize Egyptian finance and to set it on a sound basis. He has returned, and the report which has been withheld at the last moment has led to the most painful surmises. A fall of six or seven in the price of Egyptian stock has instantly occurred, and it is feared that it has not touched its lowest point. Rumour, which is always busy in proportion as official lips are sealed, tells us that a loan of twenty millions is imperatively needed to stave off something like a collapse in Egyptian credit. Nor is this all. The discredit of Mr CAYE's mission has dragged the Ministry after it into the same slough of despond, if not of actual insolvency. These are some of the dangers of "a spirited foreign policy" which has been continually cried up by a certain class of writers as the corrective to our selfish commercial policy of keeping to ourselves. One spirited act of intervention tempts us on to another, till we find ourselves landed in engagements which we can neither go on with nor back out of with credit. We cannot too distinctly proclaim the *caveat emptor* principle to all Englishmen who invest in foreign stocks; and our interest in friendly states must not take the shape of a financial any more than of an armed intervention. If the Ministry could have foreseen what discredit they were preparing for themselves, they would not have sent Mr CAYE out in the ostentatious way they did. But as this is the test of statesmanship—to be able to foresee these casualties, we fear that we can only leave them to take the consequences, whatever they may be.

IMPERIALISM.

“*ALL hail MACEIRN; thou shalt be king hereafter!*” Many such salutations no doubt greeted the son and heir of NAPOLEON III. on the attainment of his twentieth birthday. The political prospects of the Bonapartists hardly seem at present to justify any very confident tone of exultation. If ever the republican regime in France gave promise of stability it is at the present moment. The very relics of Imperialism are generally regarded with marked disfavour. The host of municipal officials who received their appointments under the rule of the late Emperor is fast dwindling away; the hold of Bonapartism on the nation is waxing weaker and weaker. In the Legislature nothing could give the Imperialist forces the chance of making any real headway except a course of blundering on the part of their opponents to an extent almost incredible. Yet, in spite of these unpromising appearances we believe that there are still many adherents of the late regime who remain

pire and was quite prepared to salute the young Prince at Chislehurst as Napoleon the Fourth, destined Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the will of the French nation. If report speaks truly, the Prince is, like his father, a firm believer in the Napoleonic star, and does not entertain the slightest doubt of the ultimate restoration of the Imperial dynasty. Certainly, the inevitable faith of the father taken in connection with its astounding realization, would seem to afford a not altogether irrational ground for the most sanguine expectations on the part of the son. The depth of conviction entertained by the late Emperor, under every form of fortune, that he was destined one day to rule over France, is well exemplified in an anecdote which we believe to be authentic. On one occasion, during the period of his exile in England, and when his chance of ascending the French throne must

have appeared to impartial onlookers to be absolutely *nil*, PRINCE LOUIS NAROLEWSKI was entertaining a party of his friends, when champagne and conversation having stirred the imaginations of the guests, an English nobleman called upon them to fill their glasses and drink to the *Europan* of the French. The sudden coldness of LOUIS NAROLEWSKI, his grave and apparently disapproving countenance, threw a damp over the fervour of the ceremony. There was an awkward pause; the host seemed to be lost in thought; and, as if conscious that he was not making himself agreeable, he said,—"as if to account for his mood and to respond to the toast,"—"Ah! gentlemen, it will come," or words to that effect. His hour did come.

In the crisis of his opportunity he requested

The French people to hand over themselves and their territory into his individual keeping; the gift was according to him without condition or reservation; the result has been a catastrophe that the world will not easily forget. Might the event have been otherwise? Could NAPOLEON III, who had founded in France a durable Empire to which his heirs might have regularly succeeded? Such an event seems to us to have been quite within the limits of possibility. If, instead of inciting the Revolution in himself and his dynasty, he had stood before the French nation as the living representative of modern ideas, had he been true to the principles of liberal government, whilst discerning and avowing that a full-length period would be necessary for their gradual development in France; had he aimed by his words and actions to convince the nation that it was indispensable to confide in these great principles to a single family, whose education, tradition, and interest had bound up with his mission; had he, breaking away entirely from old-world traditions, of Monarchy, acted in the spirit of one who was conscious that he derived his power from the people only; had these conditions been realized, then he would in all probability have succeeded in founding an organization that would not easily have been dissolved,—his efforts for several generations might have had a tolerably secure tenure of the Imperial throne of France.

Will that throne ever revert to the House of Bonaparte? We can hardly believe in the possibility of such an event. France, we imagine, has had enough of Bonapartes. And, what ever may happen in the remote future, the chances of the living heir of the late EMPEROR appear to us to be small indeed; and we rejoice that they are so. No greater calamity could befall the French nation than the restoration of the Empire in the person of a youth of unformed or half-formed ideas, who is deeply under the influence of his mother,—that meddling and tyrannical devotee of Liberty, and of those extreme aversions to Liberty, ideas of every kind is a well-known matter of fact. An Empire established under such conditions would never be endured in France, and could only be the precursor of a fresh period of that state of convulsion out of which, as we trust, the nation is now at last beginning to find its way.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The closing debate in the Commons' on the Royal Titles' Bill had one result: it brought into notice a new speech-maker who had never hitherto excited any particular remark. To use a phrase of the *Daily News*, Mr. Cowen, the member for Newcastle, "raised the House." It was a speech like that of "one speech Hamilton," and leads the world to ask who Mr. Cowen is. He is an advanced Liberal and a Home-Ruler it is said, and is not to be confounded with Mr. James Cowan, the member for Edinburgh. The late John Foster used to say that he was the only man in the House who would raise his hand with a r to his name. In the same way Mr. Cowen and Cowden are easily confounded, but the member for Edinburgh, though a Liberal, is not likely to raise his House as the member for Newcastle succeeded in doing.

Easter is approaching and with it the vista of a brief holiday to our over-worked schoolboy, the modern member of Parliament. The whips have been so many, and the defaulters so scored and scarred by the lashes of the party leader, that it is not to be wondered at if members are looking a little tired and waiting to snatch a holiday.

As I am on the subject of holidays, I may remark that the Queen's absence on the continent during the Sessions has raised a Constitutional question as to the mode in which the Great Seal may be placed

Justices be empowered to exercise the Royal powers and the Great Seal be placed for a time in Commission.

The Queen's visit to Germany is so timed that on meeting the German Kaiser (the Press stupidly persists in calling him Emperor of Germany) she will be able to meet him on equal terms. This was probably the reason for the Bill being passed through the Lower House. It was well understood that the opportunity in the Lords' will be the mere meeting of two potentates and purposes the Queen is an Empress and can meet an Emperor on equal terms. It is all nonsense to say in reply, as Mr. Disraeli does, that she is only an Empress in India but a Queen in Great Britain. The German Emperor in the same way is only King in Prussia, but the fact is that the Imperial title cannot be localized. The German Kaiser is Kaiser everywhere, and in the same way the Indian Empress is an Empress on her Continental travels. Mr. Disraeli has made these delicate strokes of wit and humour, so that the Queen's visit will be a mark of dignity to Baden Baden. If so, it was a stroke of cleverness worthy of that political Archimedes who now holds the helm of state.

The special royal train by which her Majesty and her youngest daughter will be conveyed from Windsor to Portsmouth has had a satisfactory trial trip, so anxious are our railway authorities that the arrangements should be perfect. Some improvements have been effected which may be of interest to the public beyond the royal journey. To the locomotive has been added a special tender to show the number of miles travelled on the journey, and to carry a powerful steam brake. We are all anxious that the Queen should travel in safety, but it may be remembered that, in a celebrated letter which she addressed to railway directors generally, she expressed the hope that the same precautions which are taken to secure safety when she travels might be employed for the public generally. Perhaps our railway directors will be inclined to think that the Queen's train is *Victoria and Albert*, whilst the Royal yacht the *Victoria and Albert*, which is to accompany Her Majesty on the Channel, has just been fitted up and decorated at the expense of £5,000.

Fugene Tshint (an odd Flemish surname with a French pronunciation) has been committed for trial in Belgium, under the Extradition Act, for forgery and larceny to the extent of upward of seven millions of francs. He is a Jew, however, and, as such, is not the hard and fast line drawn in this Act. He is detained in this country for fourteen days, after that, according to him, he will come to appeal, if he thinks necessary. But he does not think necessary, and very naturally wished to be sent at once to Belgium to undergo his trial. He is a Jew, and, as such, is not the man in which this case must cause great annoyance to the Belgian prosecutors, legal gentlemen, and witnesses, should be carried out to the letter—except, indeed, that it is the law—it is not easy to see. The law should be modified so as to give Sir John Lubbock, the British Consul-General in the metropolis, police-courts, hears all the extradition cases) liberty to accede to a prisoner's request that he may be remitted to his own country in as soon as he is committed for trial there. In all other respects the Extradition Act works admirably, and it is the only pity that we have not extradition trials with a few more cases.

The Easter Monday volunteer review is so admirable an institution, and is maintained with such great difficulty, that the thanks of our citizen soldiers are doubly due to Earl Browder—now placing his park at their disposal this year. In this park and on adjacent land there is ample space for the evolution of our volunteers, and as the locality—at Tring, Hertfordshire—is but a little over thirty miles from the metropolis and on the line of the London and Great Northern railway, it is easily accessible. The volunteers generally, should be in the best of spirits at this result, and arrangements are now being enthusiastically made so that the Easter Volunteer Review this year shall be a great success.

As Captain Webb's unparalleled exploit of swimming across the Channel drew out a good deal of latent talent on the surface of the water, so Mr. Weston's equally unparalleled feat of walking 40 miles in 24 hours has called forth a competition of pedestrianism which will surely furnish a durable record.

man which will not improbably develop into a public work. Mr. Spencer's walk at the Agricultural Hall is the first of these imitations. He started off on Thursday evening to walk 110 miles in 24 consecutive hours, and he completed 55 miles in 14 hours, and a few seconds. Having taken considerably more than half the time to perform the first half of the journey, he was not likely to do, the other half in the remaining time, and from this period he simply exhibited a painful failure till the final collapse arrived. I confess I am rather glad of *its-pour decourager les autres.*

An ingenious Yankee has invented a pavement which will save the police all trouble in making the public move on. The invention is a sort of endless roller, driven and propelled by stationary engines. You, down on the pavement, are a lever, and are whirled on to your destination at a rate of twenty miles an hour. Arrangements are made that passers-by shall not "rub noses" in the New Zealand fashion, the effects of which, at that rate of propulsion, would damage the frontispiece. In the case of collisions, the inventor has provided that the parties will be as frequent as on one of our busy New York railways, and happen, that is, not often, than once a week. It is a pity while he was about it the enterprising inventor did not show our trains and 'buses all in hand—or, rather, should say, in tow. It is worth a try. Will Phillips be so kind to give this new notion its notice. It is a pity, however, to let me add that, the motive power, in his scheme

Madame Adeline Patry, charming vocalist who is so loved much of her popularity to the enthusiastic grasp of correspondents of some of the daily papers and the readiness with which that grasp is admitted. For example, the *Vineta* correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "I have been very much interested in 'La Traviata' at the Imperial Opera House." "From the beginning to the end of the performance," she was literally "smothered in flowers." How the prima donna could manage to sing under such circumstances – or, rather, under these conditions – I cannot say. But I have seen some correspondents add that Madame Patry's singing was "more than enough to smother the flowers." "The *Herald* writes with even greater success: "The success upon this occasion she was more than 'smothered in flowers.'" Such extravagant adulation is somewhat nauseating.

There is very little news stirring in the literary and journalistic world. The *Humboldt* would like

old *Star* printing-offices were entered upon.—People still apply to the *Weekly Independent* a remark it is customary to apply to the fly in amber. The influence of this odd journal does not appear to wane, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of its dramatic critic to be considered an authority.—The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*—which has quadrupled in circulation during the past twelve months,—will shortly enter upon new and commanding premises in the Strand.—It is alleged of another of the *Illustrated* that under the present management the *basses* have been reduced to £20 per week; and of another that the proprietors are about to indict an eminent firm of newsvendors for refusing to sell the paper!

On Tuesday, at the Tynemouth Petty Session

Irish labourers named John Coneyn, John M'Laughland, and Michael M'Me, employed at Wallsend-on-Tyne, were committed for trial for cutting and wounding James Gallagher, foreman at the Wallsend Chemical Works, whom they waylaid and attacked with bricks, and so seriously injured that he was confined to bed for a fortnight, being dangerously cut about the head.

A SENTENCE ANTICIPATED.

At the Compton Sessions on Monday, a boy named Frederick Bolom, aged twelve, was charged with stealing a cheque. He was sent by his employer, Mr. Drew, paper manufacturer, Bradninch, with a letter to the railway station. On the way he opened it, and seeing that it contained a cheque for £30, went to the station and got it cashed. He was caught, and, after, however, communicated with the boy's father, and he was subsequently arrested. On Sunday he wrote the following on the prison slate:—"Well, boy, you are charged with stealing a cheque: are you guilty or not guilty? Guilty.—Why did you take it? I didn't know what I was about: please to forgive me." He was again sent to the station, with a letter to go to jail for fourteen days, had fourteen stripes, and was sent to a reformatory for five years. Hope you will be a better boy. Thank you, sir." This was the actual sentence passed, saving the stripes.

DEATH OF A LADY UNDER CHLOROFORM

An inquest was held in Liverpool, on Tuesday, on the body of Mrs. Rowellson, a lady who died of cholera, on the 10th inst. The jury, who were sworn and empanelled by Mr. Dr. Eran Abraham Morgan, a dental surgeon, Dr. Morgan explained that he was a duly qualified physician and surgeon, and had had very extensive experience in the treatment of cholera. The deceased, accompanied by a young lady, came to his surgery on Saturday, and, at her request, he administered to her a quantity of medicine, and gave her some of some stamps. He examined her pulse and took her a full sputum for the operation: but while he was removing the teeth a sudden change came over her face, and she fell back, and he found her dead. Mrs. Banks and Caton expressed their opinion that Dr. Morgan had adopted every reasonable precaution, and that the death was the result of a case of death was fatty degeneration of the heart and arrest of the action, accelerated by the chloroform.

The jury returned a verdict of death from misadventure, and absolved Dr. Morgan from all blame.

OUTRAGE BY A DRUNKEN POLICEMAN.

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A FRENCH VIEW OF THE IMPERIAL TITLE QUESTION.

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THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Trochæa." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by all respectable chemists in this country at the rate of 100 per box. People troubled with a "sacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, can act by them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Trochæa" are prominently displayed on the wrapper around each box.—Manufactured by J. M. L. BROWN, New York.

THE TURKISH LOANS.

The *Times* Odessa correspondent telegraphs that three hundred thousand lire are still wanting to complete the payment of the coupon due in January. The Ottoman Bank refuses to pay, having already advanced too much. Discontent is great.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

According to the latest arrangements the Empress of Austria and suite leave Easton-Neston Park for Vienna on Sunday next, the day after the steeplechases. The ex-King and Queen of Naples remain at Park View till the end of the hunting season.

DEATH OF THE TOWN CLERK OF
PONTEFRACT.

On Monday evening Mr. H. J. Coleman, senior member of the firm of Coleman and Sengster, solicitors, Pontefract, died somewhat suddenly, although he had been unable to attend his professional duties for some time past. The deceased held the office of town clerk for the long space of forty-seven years, succeeding to the post on the death of his father. He was in his seventy-third year, and was generally respected in his professional and public life. He held several important offices in the town of Pontefract.

CÆSAR'S WIFE.

The *New York Sun* says that Assistant Quartermaster General Ingalls—now Quartermaster General—presented Mrs. Grant with a gold watch of unique design worth \$4800. The *Sun* prints a fac-simile of the memorandum which accompanied the gift, describing the watch and indicating the giver, and adds that it has a copy of the memorandum printed on white satin, which is at the service of the House of Representatives if that body wants to investigate the matter. The *Sun* holds that the President's connivance at Mrs. Grant's acceptance of the great night might be made ground for a impeachment of his Excellency.

WITHDRAWAL OF GROCERS' LICENCES.

An enthusiastic meeting, under the presidency of the Mayor of Warrington (Mr. S. M. Webster), was held at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, the 10th inst., for the purpose of electing members to the Church of England Temperance Association. Mr. Clarke Appleton and the Rev. J. W. Burdette attended as a deputation from Liverpool. The mayor was well supported by the clergy, and the meeting was a most successful one. The Rev. Mr. Burdette said, in the course of his speech, that he was glad to state on good authority that grocers' licences were about to be withdrawn. Thereafter, a resolution of the Home Secretary was received, authorizing the issue of a circular, in which it was stated that he might have fairly before him the principles of Sir H. Johnson's bill, which was to limit the number of public-houses to a certain number of the population. The Rev. Mr. Burdette then read a resolution of the Temperance Society, as now constituted, presenting a basis upon which all Churchmen, whether total abstinents or non-abstinents, can unite with a view to the spread of temperance principles and the salvation of sinners. The meeting terminated in a hearty vote of thanks to the speakers.

THE STRATHMORE SURVIVORS

RANGOON, March 24.—Thirty survivors from the Strathmore have arrived here by the Childers, which received them from the American whaler Young Phoenix. Most of them are progressing favourably. Jackson, one of the sailors, is frost-bitten, and John Nickolls consumptive. Mr. Charles Wordsworth and Mrs. Wordsworth are well.

the ship's captain, had received a disturbing message from Point de Galle, containing full particulars of the wreck of this vessel on Crozet Islands. For five days the ship had been at sea, and the weather was so dense that prevailed, and it was found impossible to take the ship's reckoning. The vessel lying to, the crew were kept busy with the lifeboats, and the watch of the chief mate, and when nearly all passengers and most of the crew were in bed, the noise of the night and the fury of the storm breaking on the rock-bound coast. There was hardly time to get the lifeboats ready for use, and the ship was found to be on board got off safely, but had to row a considerable distance before an opening could be got among the rocks. The ship was then found to be in a position ready for launching, and several persons, including Mr. Wordsworth, the only woman saved, had got into her when a tremendous wave broke over her side. Mr. Wordsworth's escape is described as miraculous. This was carried off Captain Masdonald, who was the only one of the crew who survived the boiling surf. The survivors were in a pitiable plight on landing, as they had few clothes, and there was nothing in the way of food, but they were able to afford shelter during the severe winter's captivity. Several vessels passed the island, but did not appear to notice the signals of the poor estate, whose feelings were so much affected by the sight of the wreck of their already distressed position. At last the American whaler *Young Phosphor* came in sight, and, although the weather was so dense that it was impossible to take all the survivors on board, trusting to chance of some falling in with a passing ship. It will be seen that thirty of the crew were landed at Point de Galle, and the rest of the crew were taken on board. They had been transferred to her by the *Young Phosphor*. Mr. Bruce's escape is in terms of highest praise of the ship's captain and crew of the American whaler.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Truthful Experience.

endeavours were not in vain, and trusted that they would grow up bright and useful ornaments in society. He was happy to say that he left the school in a prosperous condition, and hoped that it would continue so. Mr. Moses closed his remarks by thanking

