at the time, though, as I'll tell you, I came by the explanation curiously enough, a long while afterwards.

"It's nearly ten years ago that, when I was one in fifteen for one of the A.J.C. meetings, I made the acquaintance of a Queensland squatter, in whom, despite a long gray beard and a much pommelled face window, I soon recognized the comedian captain of dragoons. He had cut soldiering long before, he told me, and had now a prowling tribe of young Jocyes on his station on Denison way. All his fine gentleman airs had disappeared. He had turned into as jolly an old cock as you could wish, and we had a good long gossip over our early rivalry in love and horsemanship, in the course of which it turned out that his assumption of the black and white on that memorable occasion had been a mere coincidence. He had—like myself—ridden several times before in those very colors, and, of course, as he told me with a shackle, when he found that this happened to be Miss Marchbank's he was all the more determined to win with them."

"But what about the signal? the waving of the handkerchief, eh?"

"Why, that was meant for me—not for him. In her enthusiasm at the splendid race the old mare was making of it, Mary quite forgot her pique, and forgot, too, that the signal was as likely to be appropriated by the one horseman as the other. So you see, you young fellows, how easy it is for a man in love to make himself miserable about nothing."

"I think you had very good grounds for being miserable," said Clayton; "and if it had been my case I think I'd have been inclined to cry off in good earnest."

"Not you! Wait till your turn comes, my boy, and you'll be just as big a fool as I was!"

"Well, we're much obliged to you for your story, at any rate, Mr. Wharton," said another.

"But I think you've made one serious omission in it."

"Indeed! What might that have been?" said Wharton, poising himself on his crutch as he was about to leave the room.

"Why, you've never given us the least inkling of what the lady was like; never told us whether she was tall or short, blonde or brune—a Juno or a Hebe! A very grave omission—I put it to the company—in a love story!"

"Pshaw, no. Well, sir, I won't attempt to describe her as she was then; while, as to what she is now, if you should happen to meet me on the grand stand on Cup day, you'll be able to judge for yourself. Her present name is Mrs. Wharton, and she's got a son as old as you are. I'll be happy to introduce you. Good night!"

AMONGST THE BOOKS.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist, who has recently arrived in England, proposes to spend at least twelve months in Europe.

Mori Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, is engaged on a new novel, the scene of which is laid in the time of the Crusaders.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. will issue in November a stipendy magazine, which will bear the title of their firm.

Messrs. Sampson Low announce for immediate publication a new book by Lady Brassey, entitled "Tahiti."

Messrs. Ticknor, of Boston, U.S., announce the "Private Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, from 1834 to 1872," edited by Mr. C. E. Norton.

The second edition of *Natural Religion* is at press. It will contain a fresh preface, in which the author answers some of the objections of some of his critics.

The Rev. A. Smythe Palmer's work on "Folk Etymology," for which the author has been long collecting materials, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Bell and Sons. There has hitherto been no book in English devoted to this interesting subject of the influence of popular speech upon language.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish immediately, in two volumes, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford, as recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents," by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. We announced this work so far back as April, but its publication has been delayed.

Babu Lok Nath Ghosa, a Calcutta gentleman, has conceived the idea of compiling a "Peerage and Landed Gentry," for India. He proposes to give the genealogy and family history of all the native chiefs, great and small; and also some account of the many native gentlemen upon whom honorific distinctions have been conferred by the British Government.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus's announcements include "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," by Mr. John Ashton, with 100 drawings by the author after old engravings; "Twenty Years of a Publisher's Life," by Mr. Alexander Strahan, with portrait and illustrations; "The Musical History of the Pianoforte," by Mr. Phil. Robinson; and a "Dictionary of the Drama," by Mr. W. Davenport Adams.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who sailed from Liverpool in the Cunard steamer Lucania, arrived at New York on 21st August, accompanied by Mr. Edward Lott, an old friend. Mr. Spencer was met at the wharf by Professor Edward L. Youmans, editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and a personal friend of the English philosopher. Mr. Spencer's visit to America is for the benefit of his health, which has greatly been impaired from overwork together with attacks of insomnia. It was thought that the sea voyage might be of advantage, but we learn that Mr. Spencer was ill nearly the whole of the voyage, and suffered from sleeplessness, which was almost impossible to obtain any rest. It is hoped, in two weeks' time, he will be able to resume his work. Mr. Spencer was to leave New York on 25th August, for a few days of absolute rest and quiet in the country. His future movements will be governed by the length of time he may think he can stay. He thinks he will

far as they are perfected, include a journey to Canada for a visit of some length.

The retirement of Professor John Stuart Blackie from the Greek chair of the University of Edinburgh, which he has occupied for 30 years, removes from the public scholastic life of Great Britain one of its most imposing characters. At the age of 73, however, he is seemingly as full of vigor, ambition and intense patriotism as when he gave to the world his translation of Æschylus, and Ballads of Ancient Greece, so that his career in literature may yet by no means be deemed at an end. And his clear, fine features, keen eyes, white locks and never-failing grey plaid may long be familiar sights in Edinburgh and London Society. The veteran Professor has ever been a favorite both in the class room and the drawing-room, owing partly perhaps, to his ability to get a joke into his brain, and evolve one from it, too, without the invidious surgical operation. It is related that once, on the first day of the college year, he passed a notice that "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 5th inst. at the usual hours." A joker among the students erased the "c" in "classes," thus announcing that "the Professor will meet his lasses," &c. As class-time drew near the young men gathered about to "see what Blackie would do." The Professor came, glanced at the card, touched it with a pencil, and passed on to his desk, with a grim smile overspreading his features. And the students followed him into the room, with mingled emotions of jollity and dismay, as they saw that his deft pencil-stroke had imbricated the "l," leaving the announcement that Professor Blackie would "meet his asses" at the usual hour.

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON ON EXODUS.

The Pulpit Commentary, as its title indicates, is intended to assist preachers in the composition of their sermons. When completed, this commentary is likely to be a very large and voluminous work; indeed, it must necessarily be so if each book of Scripture is to be dealt with upon the same extensive scale as appears to have been attempted in the volumes already issued. The only volume of the series we have had an opportunity of examining is that on Exodus, which we have received from Mr. George Robertson; and from it we get a clear idea of the plan and scope of the whole work. The plan adopted by the projectors appears to embrace the engagement of various competent writers, and the supervision of their several contributions by two clergymen who are appointed as joint editors, and whose main duty, we presume, is to secure soundness of doctrine on the part of the writers, and something like uniformity of treatment. The work to be done in connection with any particular book of Scripture appears, from the volume of the series which is now before us, to consist of an introduction, expository notes, homiletic suggestions, and homilies more or less complete both in outline and detail. The introduction to the book of Exodus, constituting the volume just referred to, is written by the Rev. George Rawlinson, Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, author of "Bampton Lectures," "Ancient Monarchies," and more recently of an equally learned work on Ancient Egypt.

Biblical students very properly attach great importance to the introductory matter provided for a Biblical commentary, being well aware that there are nice questions of date, authorship, and such-like, to be determined before we can be in anything like a proper position for interpreting the book, or educing the lessons it is fitted to teach; and all who look for this sort of information in the Pulpit Commentary will be satisfied to know that the introductory matter provided for the volume on Exodus is from the pen of the Oxford Professor, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that clearness and sobriety of judgment, as well as amplitude of learning, have been brought to the task. His great work on the "Ancient Monarchies" shows Professor Rawlinson to be so thoroughly versant in all matters relating to the history, religion, legislation, literature and arts of the nations of antiquity, that he may be placed in the front rank of those fully qualified to furnish the peculiar kind of information which is essential as a preliminary to the right understanding of the Old Testament in general, and of the Pentateuch in particular; while in regard to the second book of the Pentateuch he may be looked upon as still more of a specialist, since his researches in the department of Egyptian history and chronology, as exhibited in his more recent historical work, are a proof of special qualification for the discussion of those intricate questions which we all know to be involved in the historical connection between ancient Egypt and the Israelites at the time of the exodus from the land of bondage. But while rating so highly the Professor's qualifications for writing an introduction to the book of Exodus, we must at the same time admit that his production is after all somewhat disappointing. Amongst the questions he has to treat in his introduction the main ones are those relating to date and authorship. In discussing these questions Professor Rawlinson is thoroughly orthodox. We expected him to be so, and it is therefore not in that respect that we are disappointed. Our disappointment is due to the fact that he has omitted to take any notice of the theory which has been started by Kennan, Wellhausen, Robertson Smith and other Biblical critics to account for the historical and apparently authentic references in the Levitical legislation which abound in Exodus, as well as in the later books of the Pentateuch. According to the new critical school the history of Israel must be reconstructed. The national life was not developed at once, they assert, but slowly, in the course of centuries. It was the same with the religious thought, ritual and law. The complex and elaborate ritual which we find in the Pentateuch could not have come into existence at the date and in the manner there represented. Religion and ritual must have been progressive like the national life; the simpler forms, of course, preceding the more complex and elaborate. According to this principle of evolution, then, a large part of the ritual legislation must be derived from the Mosaic era to a later date, and our ideas as to the record of the ritual development in the books of the Pentateuch must also to that extent be modified. Such, in brief, is the theory of the modern critical school, and being what it is, and bearing, as it does, on the main question Professor Rawlinson had to deal with, we had clearly a right to expect that he would have adverted to it in some way or other. We could hardly expect him to agree with the theory, but whether agreeing with it or not, why not have made some direct reference to it? Why not have favored his readers with such a simple statement of the theory as would enable them to understand its nature and bearing? What really disappoints us, thus, is the almost absolute silence which Professor Rawlinson maintains in regard to the subject. We say "almost absolute silence," because, after all, Professor Rawlinson may think he has made reference to the theory, if not in the direct manner expected of him, yet in an indirect way. It is very probable he may regard the new theory as still *sub judice*, and considering the keenness of the controversy which it is exciting at the present moment, he may think that he has exercised sound discretion in making no direct mention of it, and that his safest course was to express neither agreement nor dissent; but to leave his readers to draw their own conclusion as to any such theory as that in question from what he says respecting the Mosaic authorship of Exodus, taken in connection with his remarks on the unity of the book. The new criticism distinguishes, of course, between the historical portion of the book and the legislative, assigning the former to Moses and the latter to the hand of some editor, compiler or supplementalist of a later date. Mr. Rawlinson so far leans to that view as to admit the possibility of some doubt or hesitation on the question; for he notes "the markedly sectional character of the work—its division into a number of distinctly separate portions, not very skilfully or artistically joined together." But any doubt or hesitation he may have felt for a moment disappears in view of the unity of aim, the unity of style and the harmony of spirit which pervades the book, and so he is forced to the conclusion that the book as a whole had but one author.

In that case we see no reason for disturbing the universal tradition which assigns the authorship to Moses. In answer to those who assert that Moses could not have been the author of a single book of the Pentateuch, as alphabetic writing was not invented till after his time, he replies "that alphabetic writing is a much earlier discovery than has sometimes been supposed, and that there's every reason to believe that its use was widely spread over the world in ages long anterior to Moses, and he is able to show from the Assyrian inscriptions upon bricks and gems, and from Egyptian authorities, that the art was known in the greater part of Western Asia from a date preceding not only Moses, but Abraham." In reply to those who assert that the Pentateuch is altogether beyond the literary capabilities of the Mosaic age, the professor's intimate acquaintance with ancient Egyptian literature enables him to make a good point. "Moreover," he says, "recent research has shown that in Egypt, long prior to the time at which Moses wrote, literature had become a profession, and was cultivated in a variety of branches with assiduous and considerable success. Morality, history, epistolary correspondence, poetry, medical science, novel-writing were known as separate studies, and taken for their special subjects by numerous writers from a date anterior to Abraham. In the times of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, under one or other of which the Exodus almost certainly took place, Egyptian literature reached its acme; lengthy works were composed, such as that contained in the "great Harris Papyrus," which is 133 feet long by nearly 17 inches broad; writers enjoyed a high status and reputation; their compositions were engraved upon temple walls; and it passed into a proverb that literature was the first and best of all employments. Moses, educated at the court under one or other of those dynasties, and intended doubtless for official life, would necessarily receive a literary training, and would be perfectly competent to produce an extensive literary work, the exact merit of which would of course depend on his ability and genius."

With regard to the question of the time when the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt took place, Professor Rawlinson, after a very clear bird's-eye view of Egyptian history and chronology, expresses his opinion as follows:—

"It is agreed on all hands that the period within which the exodus must have taken place is the long interval which lies between the beginning of the eighteenth dynasty, when Egypt, after its final expulsion of the Shepherds, began to rise from the depression in which it had lain during the preceding period, and the end of the nineteenth dynasty, when Egypt, after a long period of decline, underwent a second expulsion of a different character, and was overrun by the Libyans and the Israelites and the twentieth inclusively. Abraham's visit to Egypt is generally assigned to the period called above that of "the Old Empire," Joseph's residence to the "Middle Empire," the oppression of the Israelites and their Exodus to the "New Empire." The chief controversy raised in this respect by the Exodus, which some assign to the nineteenth, some to the eighteenth, some to a period anterior to the eighteenth dynasty. The materials at present existing seem insufficient to determine this controversy; and perhaps the unlearned reader will do best to follow the balance of authority, which certainly at present points to the eighteenth as the dynasty, and to Menephthah, son of Rameses II., as the king, under whom the "going forth" of the Israelites took place.

In discussing the geography of Goshen, he refers at some length to the views lately propounded by the distinguished Egyptologist, Dr. Heinrich Brugsch. The route whereby the Israelites passed from the land of Goshen was, by Brugsch believed, the southern road from Egypt to Palestine, near the shores of the Mediterranean; and it was a great wave from the Mediterranean which overwhelmed the Egyptian host in the Serbonian bog; the Israelites having passed through the lagoon, without waiting for a miracle, by marching along the tongue of land which stretches eight miles. Professor Rawlinson adheres to the traditional view, which makes the upper end of the Red Sea the scene of the disaster. He identifies the locality as being near the present site of Suez. Assuming that the Rameses, from which the Israelites started, was Zoan—Ramases, the capital city of Rameses II. and Menephthah, now marked by the extensive ruins at Sanel-Hagar, he indicates the modern Ismailia as the point at which they turned southward, and suggests that they marched along the present line of the Suez Canal till they reached the Red Sea.

Professor Rawlinson's other contributions to this volume of Pulpit Commentary consist of expository notes and homilies. These are generally excellent, being brief, suggestive, and to the point. The homilies of his coadjutors in this department of the work are not so good. Their so-called homilies are merely sermons, and these are, for the most part, of a mediocre character. They differ greatly in value, of course, being the productions of five different clergymen, who belong to different denominations. They are all too long, their interminable length swelling the volumes to an unwieldy bulk without adding much to its usefulness. What I wanted in a work of this kind is a different sort of thing from what has been supplied in these prolix discourses. To be of real service to preachers the homilies should have been outlines, containing seeds of thought which might germinate and fructify in the thoughtful mind. That is what was really wanted, and not full-fledged sermons, which, as they are presented here, are just so many temptations inviting the indolent to wholesale plagiarism. Another thing: these sermons are not only over long for the purpose intended, but they are preposterously filled up with familiar platitudes. The writers appear to have spent their strength on trivial details and matters of comparatively minor importance, instead of making it their great aim to elucidate the main drift and the real significance of a book which, as Prof. Rawlinson says, "is one of extraordinary and diversified interest," and which Dr. Kalisch no mean authority, regards as "forming the centre of Divine revelation," and as being consequently "the most important volume which the human race possesses."

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

A CRUISE IN A QUEENSLAND SLAVER.

By a Medical Student.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Our voyage across to the islands was a very protracted one. We were for days beating down the Queensland coast, and thus early learnt that our vessel could do nothing with a strong head wind. We had a lot of heavy weather and rain, and as I had no oilskins and not too many clothes, keeping watch, especially in the darkness of the night, was not without its hardships. Light work was given to me till I recovered the free use of my legs, indeed honor was thrown to me. One morning I was called aft to the captain. "They tell me," he said, "you were for two years a Melbourne University medical student; why did you give it up?" I replied, in terms of anguish, with heaving chest and glistening eye, "the best of reasons, sir; I was kick-kick-kicked out, sir." "At any rate, though, you will know more about medicine than any of us aft, so go down and look through the medicine chest, and see if you can't doctor up some of the sick boys. I give you complete medical control over them." I thanked the captain, and with alacrity set to my work. "See if you can't do something fark," he added, "for that woman," pointing to a sickly Aoba woman who was moving seven the deck on her hands and left foot, the right leg being carried straight forward like a bowsprit. She was suffering from a diseased foot, more than half the sole having rotted away. The woman was in a shocking state of filth and disease, yet she had been landed in Queensland only two months before healthy and native, which does not argue well for the treatment she had received there. I made her wash herself, and then dressed the sore with Blanet poultices. Every day she had to bathe her foot, after which I applied to it a strong blistering lotion, which made her utter like a shot on occasions. I suppose her way of expressing gratitude, as she couldn't speak a word of English. The woman got much better.

Next to an Aoba boy, a man had who was ill with violent dysentery. I gave him a stiff dose of castor oil and chlorodyne. Two days later I repeated the dose, adding orientalically, as the captain was stealing by, a little sulphate of zinc, to show him that my knowledge of *materia medica* was practically unlimited. "The value of this prescription," I remarked to the captain, "is all-wished. The chlorodyne seeks to bind him up internally, the castor oil wrestles with the chlorodyne, when the sulphate steps in, but not on dislodging them both. The dysentery, disgusted with this angry combination, makes haste to quit." It turned out as I expected partly. The dysentery took its departure, but, worse luck, so did the boy.

One day the third was a man with his head bound up. Made a diagnosis, and found him suffering from a bungelaup squintor—to use the proper medical phraseology. Prescribed water externally. Internally I brought all my professional skill to bear, and I decided that as we had more castor oil than any other remedy, a dose of that, cunningly flavored with a little spermaceti, might exert a beneficial effect as a counter irritant. "Followed up," said I to the captain, "with two ounces and a half of strong salts, which exert a marvellous relative influence over the mucous membranes of the whole internal economy, sweeping through the system beautifully, you have the finest remedy in the world for an ophthalmic ordeal." (The reader must excuse me, but, so fresh from the University, I am saturated with medical phrases.) "Yes," said the captain, grimly, "I should think treatment like that would open any man's eyes to the powers of medicine." The day following, the eye, in working order, stood at me with a look, I take it, of unutterable gratitude.

My fame spread. One fine-lish-looking brute came to where I was reading one day, turned round best forward, and, without saying a word, raised his shirt and showed a hell of unusual ugliness. I smiled cheerfully to inspire him with hope, as every doctor should do. "Oh plenty quick I make that fellow right," I said. I kept my word. I slapped on a mustard plaster that took him from the bowsprit to the poop like a comet, both hands well back, a smile like a refrain rising from his lips. That was the last I saw of him. He never came back for a second application. Was there ever a faster cure?

The Aibino Kanaka with the lucifer skin disease next engaged my attention. With malicious intent I often approached him with a pannikin in one hand and my *Materia Medica*, the castor oil bottle, in the other. But there was a noisome stench about him that, to again quote poetry—for what is more suggestive of poetry than castor oil?—"settled his hash," so far as regards the hope of his being cured by me. I have read that if you give a live fish small lie scales will fly off. I thought of preparing for smarty an inhalation of burnt pepper, hopeful that it might relieve him of the unusual exertion of scratching himself every minute of the twenty-hours hours by depriving him of his epidermis whole.

Even the sailors were forced into admiration of my masterly treatment, and many were the successes I gained over their ailments. Some pills which I had had given to me in Melbourne were in the greatest demand. All my shipmates were brought under their influence, Frank being the last. Now, Frank was eaten up with an idea of his great strength. I told him that a dose for me was two pills; he with his usual profanity thought that he could take three times as much. I could only spare him five. As each contained one grain of calomel and various other powerful ingredients, we may perhaps account for the difficulty Frank had in keeping to his work for some days after, and for the respectful way he spoke of those pills during the remainder of the voyage. The only Dutchman on board was an opposite aversion of mine. I long waited to get him into my clutches. The opportunity came. He consulted me one day about a bad pain he had in one of his ears, the result of unskillfulness which no doubt a little warm water and soap would have removed. But fancy a medical man prescribing soap and water. I couldn't depart so far from the etiquette of a profession which some day I hope to grace. Then was it that a remembrance of the several scientific language of our precise lecturer served me in good stead. "Sir," said I "your ache is caused by contraction of the cutaneous arterioles of the tympanum, and consequent deficiency of natural cerumen secretion; the remedy is simple." I plugged up the ear with a piece of lint soaked in olive oil, and I made up a dose of mellotoe to be taken internally, two tablespoonfuls of castor oil and one of antimonial wine in a wine glass of vinegar well stirred up. The vinum antimonialis I discovered by good fortune. I wished to get some remedy which might not be therapeutically antagonistic to the castor oil. I thought of tartar of tartar, when suddenly my eye fell upon the antimonial wine, and a recollection of tartar emetic at once told me that I had in my hand the proper drug. Knowing the strange conditions the Dutchman had in some liver-sticking pills which he had brought out from Stockholm, I told him that if I were he I should take next day one every hour or two till relief was obtained. The two he made place he swallowed my mixture about my gravity to the tune. He turned to as usual, and the second made relieved him of the ache for the space of three days.

One of the Tanna men vented some sighing

meal by having a fit in the middle of the night. It was my watch below, and I was awakened by his heavy breathing as he lay on the bunk close to my bunk. One of his companions was holding up his head, and he was making an extraordinary noise, like a horse snoring. I was too lazy to get up, but I made a mental note that his internal machinery was noisy and out of order, and went to sleep. Next morning the poor fellow came to me, begging for some medicine, as he felt as if his stomach was on fire, so I *internalized* him well internally with castor oil, and I had the satisfaction of learning that his pain was relieved.

But I should worry the reader were I to detail all the cases which came under my treatment. The only one of my patients who was altogether unsusceptible to the action of my medicines was that cranky Tanna man who came on board with his ankles fettered. He had an enormous appetite. He used to wander round the bunks looking for scraps of food which perhaps had been set aside out of abundance, and any his eye fell upon were transferred to his mouth.

Our voyage was but devoid of an occasional flame of excitement. On 12th June the ship John Boy (whom I had been attending since we came on board sick with the dysentery, died. It was my forenoon watch, and about eleven o'clock it was reported to the mate that he was dead. As a mark was made fast round his neck and another round his ankles, and he was hauled out of the hold. The mate was greatly troubled, and told Jim to sew him up at once and throw him over. But I suggested that it might be more humane to first wait till the guy was dead. I observed a slight heaving of the chest, and on uncovering his face he slowly opened his eyes, showing the death film upon them. The rope round the neck nearly strangled him. Thanks to tell, that boy was roughly laid by the weather scuttle, and there, in sight of all on board, he gasped in his death throes for four hours. I was below when he was thrown overboard, so can merely say that the opinion was freely expressed in the forecastle that the man was not dead even then. The seventeen-k day out we came within sight of land at midday, the lofty mountains of Santo appearing above a distant wall of mist. We got so nearer, the wind fell dead light, and when a breeze did spring up it was only to blow us from the land. We cleared up the Hebrides—Sandwich and three Mandatory repeating rifles, four old cutlasses were given to the upper forecastle; and Bill, who is no mere change of the morning boat, was given a revolver.

I often try to tell if the boys have any idea of a Supreme being. "Tommy," I say to my first watchmate, "you carry what fellow in the sun, make him island, make him sun, sky, altogether?" How boy he come?" Tommy replies: "Me no savvy, me think big fellow, big fellow, live along o' top," pointing to the sky, "make him altogether." Plenty fellow," in continuing, "stay along o' top, plenty, no plenty." "Who, Tommy?" "Missionary, missionary along o' Norman tell me." Later on that same evening that I had this conversation, his shipmates called me to the rail, and pointing to Mele, hundered me this information. "Look yonder, sir, yonder, sir, yonder, sir,