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promises amply to reward the explorer. His notices of the battles which he witnessed are told with a reserve which we must confess is far incomparable when we reflect that he must hold in reserve a most condemnable budget of follies and failures. Take this for instance: —

"It was another case of too late; everything seems to be too late with regard to the Soudan. It was too late to prevent Hicks Pasha leaving with his army from Khartoum; too late to make the Sukiin and Berber Railway when it was decided on; too late for Salehman Pasha to try pacific means with the fellahin; too late to relieve Tokar; too late to relieve Singat, and too late to think of getting together a force to drive Osman Digna after the English troops had beaten the tribemen." (L. 173).

But he lets out bravely when he treats of "our bureaucracy": —

"Being often in the Intelligence Department, and often asked my opinion, I could see what was going on, and I must say I do not blame the local authorities, but I can say that had General Graham been left to do what he considered was the best, there can be no doubt that he would have let General Stewart go right on to direct; but, being tied to London by the wretched telegraphic wire, the policy, if any, and all instructions were issued from there, and any decision that Admiral Hart or General Graham might have come to had to be confirmed before they could take action." (L. 175).

Here, too, is valuable testimony: —

"I have been to places where no Egyptian official has ever been, and have been treated with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, and everything that every soldier and every official requires seems to be—leave us alone, don't try and re-tax us!" (ii. 286).

And we end with: —

"In God's name let us have a settlement of the question and try to make some reparation for the amount of blood-guiltiness that rests on our heads, and by our future behaviour strive to wash away the stain that disgraces the name of England in her dealings with the Soudan during the last few years." (ii. 296).

This policy of meddle and meddle, this inexpert interference with local administration for party purposes, is sappling the very foundation of our prosperity. And I may repeat my assertion that if India in 1750-1800 had been connected with England by steamers and telegraph-wires we should now probably be holding, as in China, a triad of treaty-townes, say Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. A great empire must (or, in our case, should) have an imperial policy; and it would be well if we followed that of our prosperous rivals, the Russians, for the Czar, under the General Lord Tumbodiy and Mr. Scoundums of the "offices" to insist upon capable subordinates becoming mere channels for the conveyance of orders is a policy so premature that, like the grand sham termed "Free Trade," it is cutting its own throat; and if our Friend, the fowl, is now living upon the capital of impression won by her sons in times gone by.

Mr. Wyke, whose experience of the Red Sea region antecedes what we have seen, that of all his rivals, has his nostrum for medi-
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Old-Fashioned Roses. By James Whitcomb Riley. (Longmans.)

The rose book is published and printed in London, and not to the "not long in discovering that..." (see note, p. 130) is related to "not long in discovering that..."

Annie's "tale of "the gobbles' un's 'at git's you, Ef you Don't Watch Out!"'

"An little Orphan Annie says, when the blast is..."

An' the lamp'skright sputters, an' the wind goes wooing..."

An' den ye hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray..."

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squelched away..."

You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers, fond an' dear..."

An' churled them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's tear..."

An' he'p the poor an' needy ones 'at clutters all about..."

Er the gobbles'un's g'l git you..."

If you Don't Watch Out!"

The section of Hoosier poems at the end of the volume, from which these quotations are made, attract the most, but I think it only be from personal preference; for the qualities discovered therein are no less manifest in the earlier pages. "An Old Sweet-heart of Mine" is a delightful russe, for the old sweethearts of whom the poet muses in ten verses, in the eleventh, to be none other than his wife, whose "living presence" he greets as the poem closes. It is, unfortunately, too long to quote—"a quality in the present case nothing but grateful to the reader, though tantalising to the reviewer. The choice of "the favoutites" in any pleasant volume is always tiresome, and it seems especially so here. It might be a longer one if space permitted, but one cannot do wrong in quoting "A Life-Lesson":

"There little girl; don't cry..."

"They have broken your doll, I know..."

And your play-house, too..."

But things of the long ago..."

And your house, too..."

"They have broken your slate, I know..."

And the glue..."

Of your school-girl days..."

"They have broken your heart, I know..."

And the rainbow gleams..."

Of your youthful dreams..."

But things of the long ago..."

"The Little White Horse"..."

"The Little White Horse"..."

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