smooth rock, and the ship was still found heading for the breakers. This commotion seems to have frightened the passengers, most of whom got up; and the poor young ladies in their cabin were roused by their mother, but after a moment, supposing nothing unusual to be the matter, they lay down again. Meantime the sailors were busy endeavouring to put on sail, but the mainsail only was set, when came the catastrophe—

"——the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks."

The vessel struck with a frightful crash, and ripped open her bows and sides. Miss Evelyn Carmichael, the only survivor of her family, and one of the two lives which out of all survived the wreck, says that following the crash immediately there was a rush of water, and everyone was washed about. It was totally dark; she could see nothing, but heard the screams of the terrified people. Amidst all the horrors of the scene Captain Gibb appears to have maintained his calmness; he ordered the boats out, and meantime had several ladies lashed to spars, with life preservers around them. The last that was seen of him was when, while thus engaged, he kissed Miss Carmichael, and begged of her to tell his wife he had "died like a sailor." The midshipman Pearce, the other survivor, had got into a boat with five of the seamen, but the boat was washed overboard, swamped, and whirled about like a cork. Pearce was stunned for a moment, and on recovering found himself under the boat, which had capsized. He clung to it, and was drifted along the shore to an opening in the rocks. Boxes and timber were floating there, and he was knocked about amongst them, until at length the boat struck a rock and threw him off. He then swam some yards and caught hold of a table, which floated with him to the shore. Here he lay down to recover from the exhaustion, but on feeling better, and looking out to sea, his attention was caught by some one who was struggling with the waves, and crying aloud. He at once swam out to the rescue, and succeeded in saving the life of the girl, who had by this time become insensible. She had been for about two hours in the water. Conduct on his part which it requires no comment to point out as heroic, and honourable to his profession and his country. But much still remained to to be done; there were the cliffs 150 feet in height to be scaled in search of assistance. After a rest, therefore, the midshipman set himself to perform his task, which, with considerable difficulty, he succeeded in accomplishing, and then, having walked a distance of three miles, he fell in with a man, who brought intelligence of the wreck to Mr. Gibson's head station, whence Mr. Gibson and a party of men hastened at once to the aid of the survivors. Miss Carmichael had, meantime, wandered away from the place where Pearce had left her, and it was not until after a considerable search that she was found, very much exhausted and almost in a dying state. Her life was in danger for some time, but she now appears to be improving. The young lady was coming out to Australia with her parents, and the other members of her family; her father, who was a medical man, intending to settle, for the benefit of his health, in Queensland. Midshipman Pearce is the son of Captain Pearce, who was lost some years ago in the Gothenburg off the north-east coast of Australia.

M. G. VALBERT in his article *(les Soucis de l'Allemagne)* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which we have already given a sketch, having shown what cause Germany has for anxiety with respect to the internal policy of Prince Bismarck continues to explain her reasons for doubt, as to the line taken by the chancellor with respect to exterior affairs. She has, besides, says M. Valbert, other reasons for anxiety, she cares but little about the Russians, and to-day she very much desires peace. Therefore she did not see without inquietude the dark cloud, from which the storm was about to burst upon the East, gather upon the mountains of Herzegovina. She quickly recognised that this cloud was an artificial cloud, and she divined the great house in which it had been manufactured,—for there are manufacturers of clouds. She allayed her anxiety by saying:—After all, a cannon shot cannot be fired in Europe without my permission; if M. de Bismarck opposes his *veto* there will be no war in the East. Meantime she saw with astonishment that the journals in the confidence of the Chancellor, instead of dissuading Russia from her designs, encouraged her, opened by anticipation the gates of Byzantium to her, and announced that the moment had come wherein to settle the Eastern Question,—that half measures would satisfy no one. The fact is that M. Bismarck, in opening the Reichstag in December '76, did not hold the same language as the official Press; nevertheless he did not pronounce the decisive word, the *veto* Germany looked for. He declared that, the Empire having no serious interest in the question, his policy would consist in preserving those friendly relations which were of value, that he would also apply himself, without assuming a threatening attitude, to preserve peace between the European powers and to localise the war. He added: "If I do not succeed, then a new situation will arise concerning which I by no means wish to make conjectures or to furnish particulars which you do not demand of me." Four days previously he had said, at a Parliamentary dinner, that mediation is a delicate task, if it is difficult to sit between two chairs, it is impossible to sit between three; if war was inevitable Russia and Turkey would grow weary of it, and that then would come the moment for Germany to give them peaceful counsels. It would do harm instead of good to advance these prematurely. In spite of the hopes expressed by M. Bismarck war broke out. Germany followed its fortunes with anxious curiosity, most desirous of knowing what the Chancellor had to say concerning it. But the Chancellor was at Varzin, and for a year kept a strict silence. Formerly M. Bismarck spoke freely on all subjects alike: latterly he has become almost taciturn. This change of manner has disconcerted the Germans. So long as the army of the Grand-Duke Nicholas was held in check by a fortified village and the heroism of a true soldier, they thought: the hermit of Varzin has prophesied truly, the campaign promises to be bloody and laborious; the belligerents will willingly be reconciled. But when Plevna fell the appearance of things became changed. All then lay in the power of the Russians. Then Germany was greatly moved; she asked herself, has this Empire only been founded to deliver over the world to the greed of the Czars? Shall we permit this inconvenient neighbour that already impedes our commerce to seize upon the mouths of the Danube, and shut the only road that remains open for us to the East? Shall we permit his conquests to threaten the existence of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to which friendship and interest unite us? M. de Bismarck had once said that if ever he sold himself to a devil, it would be to a Teutonic devil; had he broken his word? Had he sold himself to a Muscovite devil instead? Or must it be believed that the wondrous success of the conquerors of Plevna had falsified all his previsions; and that he had been taken by surprise like Napoleon III. by the victory of Sadowa? Germany may reassure herself: M. Bismarck was not deceived; he is ready, and never was he better prepared. The Russians have no doubts concerning this, they only need a word from Berlin to arrest their course, but they also know that word will not be spoken. The Germans waited with feverish impatience for M. Bismarck to emerge from his cloud. The demand for intervention in the affairs of the East was signed by representatives of almost every party, and M. Bennigsen was entrusted with carrying it through. The remarkable discourse pronounced by him on February 19th appears to have been a true expression of the opinion of Germany:—"If we consent without complaining to support the increasing charges of a military system which oppresses us, it is not because we dream of future conquests; what war, undertaken by us with or without allies, could procure for us an augmentation of power or an increase of territory which would be to us rather a gain than a burden? If we have the army which we have; if we do not care to lessen it, it is not only that we desire to be in a position to defend ourselves against attack, but that we also feel the responsibility attaching to our greatness, and wish to assure peace to Europe." Although he carefully avoided contradicting M. Bennigsen, M. Bismarck gave utterance to different language. His discourse of February 19th is the masterpiece of his new manner—his sibylline method. Some one has justly compared this discourse to those portraits which seem to look at all those who are looking at them. To whom did the Chancellor address such a veiled allusion,—such a warning? To Prince Gortschakoff, to Count Andrassy, or to Lord Beaconsfield?

Devine, si tu peux, et choisis, si tu l'oses.

On the 19th February, in short, M. Bismarck declared that if Russia did not wish to make sacrifices for the sake of peace, if she refused to moderate her pretensions, he should not know what to do in the matter, and he cried: *Beati possidentes!* This declaration must have been grateful to St. Petersburg. But, on the other hand, he also declared that if the discontented wished to run the chances of a general war he would not be at the pains of hindering them, and that he would grant to all, even to Austria, the right of fighting; and this second declaration caused less pleasure than the first at St. Petersburg. Why was it not the Chancellor who pronounced the speech of M. Bennigsen? If it had been so Europe and Germany would have been more tranquil. They would have gained the certainty that the Congress will be a work of peace, and that the sword will remain in its scabbard.

THE London *Times* in a leading article on the Centennary of Voltaire, then approaching, takes occasion to reflect unfavourably on the treatment received by the Huguenots under King Louis XIV. The spirit in which the *Times* writes, it is needless to say, is that of partisanship, of extreme prejudice against all that is Catholic. A kindred spirit to that, in short, which inspired the fiction that passes with some for history under the name of Merle d'Aubigné, which induced Mosheim to garble one passage at least taken from the