

# THE GRAPHIC

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THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR OPENING THE REICHSTAG BERLIN



## Topics of the Week

**WILLIAM II. AND THE CZAR.**—It is certainly a striking fact that the Czar is the first Sovereign whom William II. proposes to visit. There is not, however, the slightest reason for supposing that there is any intention on the young Emperor's part to break or weaken the alliances of his country with Austria and Italy. The supreme danger of Germany, as every one sees, is that she may some day be confronted by the combined forces of Russia and France. Against this peril Prince Bismarck has been for seventeen years on his guard; and it is in the highest degree improbable that he or his new master wishes to undo the carefully-planned measures which have been adopted to render any such combination a hopeless undertaking. But it is by no means improbable that the Emperor may have formed the opinion that an interview with the Czar might enable him to prepare the way for the settlement of the difficulties by which peace has for some time been threatened. The circumstances of the moment are not unfavourable for an attempt of this kind. During the short and sad reign of Frederick III. the manifestation of international jealousies was suppressed, and everywhere statesmen seem to be unwilling to say or do anything that would bring back the state of tension which caused so much dread and anxiety several months ago. If the affairs of Bulgaria could be restored to order, Europe might look forward with some confidence to a period of tranquillity; and all that is necessary for the attainment of this most desirable object is that Russia should either recognise Prince Ferdinand, or assent to the nomination of a candidate acceptable to the other Powers. The German Emperor may, perhaps, succeed in inducing the Czar to take one or other of these courses. If he does, he will have a solid claim to the gratitude not only of his own subjects, but of the whole civilised world.

**AGRARIAN CRIME IN IRELAND.**—During the debate which took place on this subject in the House of Lords on Tuesday evening it was contended by the Gladstonian speakers that Lord Camperdown was blameworthy for initiating such a discussion at a moment when a Court of Law was engaged in investigating a branch of the same question. But Lord Salisbury showed conclusively that there was no real connection between the two cases. Chronologically they are quite distinct. The charges of libel preferred by Mr. O'Donnell against the *Times* newspaper refer to occurrences which took place at least six or seven years ago; whereas Lord Camperdown's observations were based on crimes which have been perpetrated within the last few months. At the present time there is a laudable consensus on the part of public writers and public speakers to avoid comment on law cases while they are still in progress, but it would be carrying the virtue of reticence to an absurd extreme if all discussion on matters akin to the question at issue were held to be objectionable. According to the doctrine set forth by Lord Granville, if popular interest were highly excited by the trial of a gang of housebreakers, journalists and others should rigorously abstain during its continuance from alluding to the crime of burglary. The real truth, of course, is that such discussions as that raised by Lord Camperdown are eminently distasteful to those Gladstonians whose consciences are still unhardened by sophistry and party spirit. In their hearts they know well enough that the National League is the parent of Agrarian Crime. It may not in its official capacity order the commission of crime, but its teachings infallibly point in that direction. It is always thus in revolutionary movements. The leaders promulgate lawless and immoral doctrines; the bolder and more unscrupulous among their followers translate them into cruel and ferocious deeds. Lord Spencer admits that he cannot justify the teaching of the League, but he counsels surrender to its demands, because he despairs of making Ireland contented in any other way. Yet this pessimist view is not justified by facts. The Gladstone Cabinet, with a stringent Crimes Act, failed to repress disorder, because the Act was feebly administered; the Salisbury Cabinet, with much milder coercive weapons, have succeeded in re-establishing some sense of security, because, latterly at all events, they have administered the law with salutary vigour.

**THE CLOUD IN ZULULAND.**—For the last year or two there has been an agreeable absence of South African alarms. All the news from that part of the world has borne a distinctly pacific character; diamonds and gold formed the burden of every telegram; and everything seemed to point to a general racial fraternisation. But while the surface was thus fair seeming, troubles were brewing in Zululand which have now come to an ugly head. Whether Usibepu or Dinizulu began the commotion, is a question of no importance whatever; the balance of evidence inclines against the latter, but we are quite prepared to believe that Usibepu, who has always been given to pugnacity, offered provocation. If that was all, however, the difficulty could easily be settled. It is because

Dinizulu has the Boers of the New Republic at his back that the complication excites so much apprehension in Natal and Cape Colony. For, although the New Republic nominally stands on its own feet, all know very well that the Transvaal Boers regard it as their *avant courier* in forcing a way to the east coast. The Orange Free State is also in sympathy with that endeavour, while among the Boers in Cape Colony there are not a few who dream of replacing British supremacy in South Africa by Dutch. Even at Berlin itself there seems to be a growing conviction that the Boers are German subjects, only a little alienated from Fatherland by circumstances. It is not the first or the second time that the Berlin mind has given harbourage to that idea, nor is it anything new for the Teuton to display a covetous regard for Zululand. Not many years have passed since we just forestalled his effort to grab the Zulu littoral, and that unusual display of prevision on our part has angered him ever since. Not that there is the slightest chance of Prince Bismarck risking the life of a single Pomeranian soldier in South Africa. But if the Boers in their ignorance believe that Germany will come to their assistance, this trumpety squabble between a couple of savages may give rise to very serious consequences.

**THE PAN-ANGELICAN CONFERENCE.**—Whether one is a member of the Church of England or not, it is impossible not to be impressed by the great Conference which is now carrying on its labours in Lambeth Palace. It affords at least most striking testimony to the expansive force of the English-speaking race. From all parts of the globe Bishops have come in response to the summons of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it cannot be truly said that any of them are Bishops with merely nominal functions. Each of them is a centre of religious life over a wide district, and some are the leaders of hosts striving to conquer for Christianity realms in which it is as yet hardly known. Wherever Englishment go, they establish their spiritual institutions; and into what part of the world have they failed to penetrate? No doubt the Church of England, like other Churches, has its faults and weaknesses; but when—as at a time like this we are forced to do—we think of its work as a whole, its supporters are surely justified in claiming for it that it fulfils a splendid mission, and exerts a large and most beneficent influence. All Churchmen unite in hoping that the deliberations of the Conference may lead to thoroughly satisfactory results. So far as the laity are concerned, the Bishops may feel sure that the assembly will excite confidence and admiration exactly in proportion as it devotes itself to the consideration of practical, as opposed both to theoretical and to sentimental, questions. Is it possible for the Church to find new and more effective means of contending with evil and misery? And can it not welcome rather more eagerly than it has hitherto done the co-operation of Nonconformist communities? To most Englishmen these seem far more interesting and important matters than the question whether something ought not to be done to bridge the gulf between the English and the Greek Churches.

**INDEPENDENCE DAY.**—Thirty or forty years ago the Fourth of July could scarcely be called a happy day for any patriotic Britisher who chanced to be temporarily located under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes. There were still a few aged men alive who could dimly recall the War of Independence, while there were numerous survivors of the struggle of 1812. The consequence was that at the multitudinous celebrations which were held all over the country the British Lion formed the *pièce de résistance* of the oratorical feasts, and he was hacked and hewed in the most merciless fashion by speakers of the Jefferson Brick type. Turning to present-day celebrations, a wonderful and, it may be added, a welcome, change is noticeable. The American boy, no doubt, still honours the glorious day with a profuse expenditure of gunpowder, but he is as much an object of terror to his own countrymen as to the foreign sojourner. The old spread-eagle school of rhetoricians, however, has become well-nigh extinct. This is partly due to lapse of time. Both 1775 and 1812 have now become ancient history. The States, too, have become so populous and powerful that they can get on without "blowing," as the Australian phrase has it. Besides, the Americans have gradually discovered that the Mother Country is not a bad sort of old girl, after all, when you get to know her. But most potent of all the instruments which have changed the sentiments prevailing on Independence Day is the great Civil War. The memories of that tremendous convulsion have almost hidden the Revolution from view. The Northern Americans then learnt that rebellion is a painful shock to those against whom the revolt is made, and they could even feel some sympathy for poor pig-headed George the Third in a similar predicament. The most pleasing feature, however, of recent celebrations is that the animosities which raged between 1861 and 1865 have now sunk into oblivion. Thousands of men who five-and-twenty years ago fought against each other in Federal blue or Confederate grey met the other day on the field of Gettysburg to fraternise and erect monuments to their honoured dead. Why should not Frenchmen and Germans be equally sensible, and hold a similar friendly gathering at Gravelotte?

**PROGRESS OF PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS.**—The statement made by the leader of the House of Commons on Monday fully warranted the Government in calling for a further curtailment of private members' rights of talk. All parties are agreed that the Local Government Bill is an excellent measure on the whole; they are equally unanimous in protesting that the country is pining for county councils, and all the rest of the new Administrative apparatus. Perhaps the proofs of this burning impatience may not be very palpable to "the man in the street;" we do not remember to have heard of a single demonstration, either for or against the measure. But when all orders and conditions of members declare that it is the case, they must, of course, be right. And in that case, they must have secretly rejoiced when Mr. Smith announced the resolve of the Government to hurry on the Bill, lest it should come to grief before reaching its goal. So far, it has wobbled rather than marched, its rate of progress being about one clause per sitting. At that leisurely pace, it would occupy a couple of months in getting through the committee stage alone, there being nearly 500 amendments still on the paper, and several pages of proposed new clauses. Clearly, some sacrifices had to be made to get his Juggernaut car "forrader," and, there being no other victims at hand, private members' nights were seized and carried to the altar. Pathetic were the shrieks of those whose pet lambs of legislation were thus doomed by the ruthless Mr. Smith. Rachel lamenting for her children was nothing compared to Mr. Dillwyn weeping for the loss of his only chance of raising the question of Welsh Disestablishment. And there were many other mourners at this shocking massacre of the innocents. Let them take comfort. The Local Government Bill will get passed, sooner or later, and perhaps the Government may then be moved by gratitude to appoint an Autumn Session expressly for the exercise of hobby horses and the airing of fads. What a happy precedent that would be!

**A FRENCH VIEW OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.**—Last week we heard all about the Channel Tunnel from the English point of view. Oddly enough, very little has hitherto been said about the other side of the medal; yet it is of some importance to us to know what the French think of the matter. In the current number of the *Revue Scientifique* there is an article, by M. Lapparent, which throws some light on this part of the subject. M. Lapparent entirely declines to believe that the real reasons for the English dislike of the scheme are publicly stated. The secret of our opposition is to be found in part, he thinks, in the facts that we regard the sea as the symbol of our national greatness, and that we instinctively shrink from being brought into close contact with any of our neighbours. Another cause of the resistance offered to the proposal is, it seems, the piety of a powerful class of English society. At first sight it may not be very obvious to Englishmen how this explanation comes in. M. Lapparent, however, goes on to show that, if the Channel Tunnel were completed, a great many persons would run over to Calais from Saturday to Monday to escape the horrors of the English Sunday. This is well known to religious people; so they raise a great outcry against the Tunnel, pretending that it would create military dangers, but, in reality, thinking all the time about the prevention of Sabbath-breaking! M. Lapparent himself holds that theoretically the scheme is excellent, and that some day it is sure to be carried out; but he is confident that the time has not yet come for so perilous an undertaking. The peril which he foresees is exactly the opposite of that about which there has been so much talk in this country. He believes that, if the Tunnel existed, the English would never rest until they had the command of it at both ends. In other words, we should make it an essential aim of our policy to become, as we were in old times, the possessors of Calais. When such arguments are being addressed to the French public, even Sir Edward Watkin may perhaps begin to doubt whether his project has much chance of speedy success.

**A GERMAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—The Germans are decidedly a go-ahead nation. They stand first among the military Powers of Europe; their navy, which not many years ago was practically non-existent, has now attained formidable dimensions; their mercantile marine has been enormously augmented; and, though at present they possess no colonies worthy of the name, their manufacturers push their wares into every port, and their emigrants constitute the most numerous foreign nationality in the United States. They are now, it is declared, about to display their enterprise in another direction by exploring the practically unknown regions which surround the Southern Pole. Patriotic Englishmen may exclaim with a groan: "Why were we not first in the field?" Well, the truth is that our ardour for Polar discoveries has of late years cooled considerably. The explorers in the earlier years of the century were stimulated by the hope of finding a North-West passage to India. That hope has long since proved to be impracticable; and any interest excited by its possible realisation has been effectually quenched by the re-opening of the ancient Mediterranean route and the construction of the Suez Canal. Then the disappearance of Sir John Franklin and his crews, followed by the very moderate success of the Nares Expedition, caused a further revulsion of sentiment, and the public



grew disinclined to spend large sums of money, and still more to risk valuable lives on enterprises which promised no practical result save the satisfaction of the curiosity of geographers. All these arguments apply with still greater force to the Antarctic Pole, which, even now that Australia is fully colonised, is further away from a practicable base of operations than its northern rival. So for more than forty years the South Pole has been let severely alone. A year or two ago the Australians offered 5,000*l.* to start an expedition if the Home Government would contribute a like sum. But 10,000*l.* was a most inadequate amount for such a momentous undertaking, the Home Government was apathetic, and the proposal collapsed. Now the Germans have stepped into the vacant place. We sincerely wish them success, but, if they do succeed, most of us, when too late, will say that England ought to have done it.

**IRISH PUBLIC WORKS.**—One would like to feel hopeful of the results of the great drainage scheme on which the Government are about to embark in Ireland. Unhappily, it is impossible to dismiss from memory the fact that enormous sums have been spent on similar undertakings in the Sister Isle, without producing any good whatever. Mr. Balfour, who delivered an admirable speech on the subject, showed that at one time the one idea was to render Irish rivers navigable. That was a worthy object enough; navigable rivers provide the cheapest possible means of transport, a great desideratum in Ireland. But, while thus attending to navigation, the Government of that day overlooked the possibility of the locks and weirs causing flooding, and thus far more injury was done to the farmers than they were compensated for by cheaper transport. The reverse process is now to be experimented with; navigation will be left to look after itself, while every endeavour is being made to provide against floods. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, whose opinion on matters of this sort is always worth having, affirms that if the scheme be carried out in its entirety very great benefit will accrue to the Irish farmers. Unhappily, the present Government may be out of office before completion is reached, and in that case the not too good-natured prophecy of Mr. Illingworth may be fulfilled. He expressed misgiving that drainage might seem as foolish a specific to Mr. Balfour's successor as navigation does to Mr. Balfour himself, it being the traditional custom of Irish Secretaries to disparage the work of their predecessors. The one feature in the scheme which rubs Englishmen the wrong way is the arrangement by which a considerable portion of the cost will fall on their shoulders. There is weight, no doubt, in Mr. Balfour's statement that England owes a very heavy debt to Ireland for crushing her budding industries. But when Mr. Gladstone's abortive Land Bill was under discussion we do not remember that the Conservative conscience showed itself keenly alive to this historic debt. England has paid a good deal to Ireland, in one way and another, since it was incurred.

**FOREIGN IMMIGRATION INTO FRANCE.**—The French Parliament has been discussing an Employers' Liability Bill, one of the original clauses of which provided that the relatives of a foreign workman killed by an accident should not be entitled to compensation from the employer unless they resided in France. M. Bernard pointed out that this would induce employers to prefer foreigners, and on this ground the clause was rejected. Frenchmen have begun to look narrowly at every legislative proposal that seems likely to add to the foreign element in their country; and their sensitiveness on the subject is not surprising, for there has been during recent years an immense immigration of foreigners into France. To some extent, this is undoubtedly due to the fact that in France, even more than in England, there is a movement of the population from rural districts to great towns. Young French men and women feel bored by the monotony of country life; they long for the stir and excitement of cities. Consequently, an opportunity is provided for the surplus population of other countries, and it is freely taken advantage of. According to M. Bernard, France already contains more than 3 per cent. of foreigners—namely, 1,525,000—and the influx of Belgians, Germans, Swiss, Italians, and Spaniards is increasing. It is not at all certain that this peaceful invasion will in the end prove to be a misfortune. Anthropologists are of opinion that physically the French are not nearly so sound and strong a people as they once were; and, if this is true, the nation may profit largely by an infusion of new blood. It is objected, indeed, that foreigners form no less than 10 per cent. of the criminal population, but this class is confined mainly to Paris and a few other vast centres of life. Foreigners who settle in rural districts are, for the most part, quiet, respectable, and hard-working. Many of them marry French wives, and in the end come to look upon themselves as Frenchmen.

**LONDON CRIES.**—The inhabitants of Brixton have lately been complaining of the discordant bellowings in which sundry itinerant vendors of commodities indulge. The Brixtonians may rest assured that the grievance is not confined to their locality only. The nuisance is greatest in poor neighbourhoods, but as the people who live there do not ventilate their troubles in the newspapers, silence does not in their case prove acquiescence. In every such street

there must be several invalids or nervous old folks, and what can be more distracting to them than the sudden appearance of half-a-dozen strong-lunged fellows with barrows, all shouting, "Mackerel, six a shilling!" at the top of their voices? The English are alleged to have become more musical than they were, but in the matter of street-cries there has been a distinct retrogression. In the earlier decades of the century, sundry peripatetic vendors had distinct cries of their own according to the commodity they dealt in; and, like the Newhaven fishwives (we wonder if their cry is as musical now as in Christie Johnston's time?) they produced the desired effect by intonation rather than by force of lung. If the costermongers would only take the hint, they would find a musical cry both more penetrating and far less exhausting to themselves than the hoarse shouts in which they usually indulge. Here and there one hears street-sellers with a good old-fashioned cry (the milkman is an imperfect survival of this type), but as a rule they are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Why should not artistic street-crying be taught in Board Schools? It is more practical than some of the subjects studied there. Otherwise it is to be feared that, when the phonograph is firmly established, the nuisance will become worse than ever. A body of costermongers will talk to a joint-stock phonograph about fish, fruit, and so forth before starting on their rounds, put a few cylinders on their barrows, and then deafen every neighbourhood they visit without the trouble of opening their mouths.

**REGATTAS BETWEEN BRIDGES.**—The lamentable accident by which three lives were lost at the Doulton Regatta will not be without some compensation if it directs public attention to the inherent dangers of aquatic contests "between bridges." It is perfectly true that such competitions have taken place from a time to which the memory of man reacheth not. But how changed are all the adjuncts and surroundings during the last thirty or forty years! Not only were races then rowed in boats which the veriest novice would now scoff at as "tubs," but neither "Puffing Billies," nor steam-launches, nor steamboats were present to churn up the waterway into the semblance of a mimic sea. There were also far fewer bridges; while the current, not being hemmed in by granite embankments, flowed more smoothly. As matters are at present, races should only be rowed in the sort of boats used for racing on the coast, and even then there would be a considerable element of danger. What occasion can there be for risking human life in such foolhardy fashion? Putney is within easy and cheap access of all parts of London by railway, and at that place there is never the slightest difficulty in hiring water-boats. It would be a right good thing were the Thames Conservancy, or whatever authority has the power, to forbid regattas below Putney Bridge. But a good many more lives will have to be sacrificed, we suppose, before this "interference with the liberty of the subject" is demanded by public opinion. In the mean time, therefore, waterside firms whose employees go in for aquatics might advantageously set their faces against the use of crank outriggers. A race can be rowed just as well in wherries, and considering the very moderate degree of skill which is usual among amateur watermen of this class, there would be nothing derogatory in their using boats which were good enough for the best professionals in the world long since the beginning of the Victorian era.

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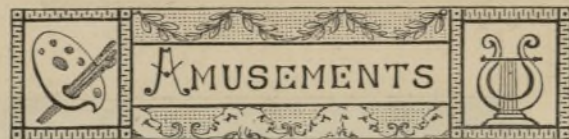
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By Order A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.





"THEY ARE BUT HUMAN AFTER ALL"

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ALLOCUTION AT THE SERVICE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE

Sir Dyce Duckworth

Dr. J. Bristowe

Sir Alfred Baring Garrod

Sir Andrew Clark

Sir James Paget

Dr. Liveing

Mr. W. S. Savory



Sir E. H. Sieveking

Dr. C. Handfield Jones

Dr. Andrew

Mr. John Marshall

CONVERSAZIONE AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, PALL MALL EAST





1. Old Town Walls, Youghal

2. Clock Gate, Youghal

3. Maurice Doyle's House, Showing Breach in the Wall made by the Evicting Party

4. Front of Maurice Doyle's House, Showing Patch on the Roof where the Evicting Force Entered, having failed at the Gable

5. Park House, Inchiquin, Youghal, the Property of Mr. W. Talbot-Ponsonby

SKETCHES ON THE PONSONBY ESTATE, NEAR YOUGHAL, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND  
WHERE THE "PLAN OF CAMPAIGN" WAS INITIATED



A CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY  
MR. KELLY, OF BLACKROCK COLLEGE, WINNING THE HIGH-JUMP CHAMPIONSHIP OF IRELAND



NOTICE—Mr. James Payn's New Story, "The Mystery of Mirbridge," is concluded in this Number. Next week we shall publish the first portion of a New Story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, entitled "That Unfortunate Marriage," illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, to be continued weekly until completion. Next week's number will also contain Frontispiece, Title-page, and Index to Vol. XXXVII.

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### THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AT THE REICHSTAG

THE German Reichstag was opened with great pomp and ceremony on June 25th, in the White Saloon, or Throne Room, of the Old Schloss. Ambassadors of all the Powers were present in full uniform, as well as their wives. There were soldiers on every side, among whom the gigantic Life Guards in white and scarlet tunics made a brave show. Some of the Imperial Deputies wore military uniforms, some (being clergymen) the sober gowns of Geneva, some richly-embroidered Ministerial tabards, and some plain swallow-tailed coats. Prince Bismarck, habited in the full uniform of his Cuirassier Regiment, and wearing his most distinguished orders, stalked in at the head of the Federal Council. The Imperial procession was headed by the Yeomen of the Guard, who were followed by a train of scarlet-coated pages with powdered hair. Then came a crowd of high Household officers, Ministers, and generals; and then appeared the young Emperor himself, helmeted, and wearing the crimson velvet mantle of the Black Eagle. The Emperor took his seat on the dais three steps high, carpeted with purple velvet; on his left was the Federal Council, headed by Prince Bismarck; in front of him the representatives of the German people; on his right a galaxy of all his chief co-Sovereigns and the members of his House; and behind them, but higher still, the Empress, the little blonde-haired Crown Prince, and the various Royal Princesses in deep mourning. Presently the Emperor rose with his helmet on, and bowing to his auditors, read the Speech from the Throne (which we summarised last week) in a firm, emphatic, yet well-regulated voice.

### THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE

THE Conference of 1888 was formally inaugurated on Saturday by the reception of the Bishops of the Anglican Church at Canterbury by the Archbishop. At noon the Bishops, who numbered about a hundred, were received in the quadrangle of St. Augustine's Missionary College by the Warden, Dr. Maclear, and the Fellows of the College. Luncheon was served in the Coleridge Museum and Library, which in old days was the crypt under the refectory of the Abbey of St. Augustine. On the right hand of the Warden sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Visitor of the College, and on the left, the Archbishop of Dublin, while, among those present, were Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P. Some toasts were proposed and acknowledged, after which the company separated to prepare for the ceremony in the cathedral. For this occasion the altar railings had been removed, and seats placed upon the steps mounting from the floor of the choir to the altar, leaving a gangway in the middle, in the centre of which was placed the stone seat known as the Chair of St. Augustine, in which for centuries the Archbishops of Canterbury have been enthroned. Shortly before 3 P.M., the Archbishop's procession entered the choir by the north transept. The scene was an exceedingly striking one. Down the whole magnificent length of the nave, from the choir steps to the point where the Archbishop stood facing the west door, stretched a double line of clergy and choristers, the white of the surplices enhancing the brilliant colours of the hoods, while the scarlet and mazarine gowns of the Corporation added further variety of colour. The *Te Deum* was sung as soon as the Archbishop was seated in St. Augustine's Chair, and then he delivered his Allocution. After the ceremony, a garden party was given by the Dean in the Deanery, at which many of those who had taken part in the service were present.

### SOIRÉE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

A *conversazione* of the Royal College of Physicians was held on the evening of Wednesday, June 27th, at the College, Pall Mall East. There was a large and distinguished company, and the guests were received by the following officers of the College:—Sir Andrew Clark (President), Sir Edward Sieveking, Sir Alfred Garrod, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir Henry Pitman, Dr. Charles Handfield-Jones, and Mr. William Gurner (Acting Secretary). A very interesting collection of literary, artistic, and scientific curiosities, lent by various gentlemen, was on exhibition during the evening. Among these were Harvey's diploma of Doctor of Medicine, from the University of Padua, dated 25th April, 1602; lightning photographs, from the Royal Meteorological Society; experiments with soap-bubbles shown by electric light; microscopic sections of lung made by Sir Andrew Clark, in order to show the character of the lung alveoli and their relations to the terminal air-passages; microscopic specimens and drawings of endothelium of minute cerebral vessels; some interesting physiological and other apparatus; surgical instruments presented by Dr. Francis Prujean, 1653; and new barographs, with observations by them, ashore and afloat. During the evening the string band of the Royal Artillery, conducted by Cavaliere Zavertal, performed a selection of music.

### EVICCTIONS ON THE PONSONBY ESTATE, NEAR YOUGHAL

MAURICE DOYLE is said to have been the first farmer in Ireland who adopted the Plan of Campaign. He held a large farm at a yearly rent of 370*l.*, the Government valuation being 258*l.* On June, 1887, he offered, in common with other tenants on the Ponsonby Estate, to pay his rent minus 35 per cent. reduction. They were offered a reduction of 20 per cent, but this they refused, whereupon they were served with the usual legal notices. Maurice Doyle immediately set to work to barricade his place, which he accomplished so satisfactorily that the evicting forces having first broken a hole in the gable of the house, and finding their progress barred there, had to erect scaling ladders, and effect an entrance through the roof. Doyle was eventually evicted on February 22nd, after being for eight months barricaded. It was only by the most strenuous efforts of the Rev. D. Keller, and others of the Roman Catholic clergymen, that peace was preserved, notwithstanding the presence of a very large force of police, military, and armed bailiffs.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. R. H. Thomas, of Youghal.

### THE JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP OF IRELAND

THIS engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Louis Meldon, of 31, Ailesbury Road, Dublin, and represents the jump by Paddy Kelly, of Blackrock College, which won the Championship of Ireland on the 21st May. Mr. Meldon writes:—"Smyth of Cork was the Champion last year, and Kelly had this year tied with him at 5 feet 11 inches when I took this photo, and the very 'shot' I made happened to be the jump by which Kelly won the championship for this year. The shutter was made by myself, exposure the two-hundredth and tenth part of a second. I am not a professional, only an amateur."

### MR. EDISON'S "PERFECTED" PHONOGRAPH

THE first phonograph, constructed by Mr. Edison many years ago, demonstrated the practicability of preserving records of vocal and other sounds, and of reproducing them at pleasure, but the results then attained were not sufficiently accurate to be of practical utility. As it was necessary to speak into the mouth of a tube, in which the diaphragm was contained, the reproduced voice did not resemble the ordinary voice of the speaker; and, moreover, a given sound could only be reproduced by the instrument which had received it, and only so long as the tinfoil remained undisturbed and uninjured. All these defects appear to be got rid of in the "perfected" phonograph, which Colonel Gouraud, Mr. Edison's agent in this country, received on June 26th. In the new instrument, the tracings of the style are received upon a material which is shaped into cylinders, and these cylinders can be slipped on or off the fixed spindle of the machine. They record and reproduce with great accuracy; they can be multiplied indefinitely; they can be transmitted from place to place, or transferred from one phonograph to another; and they will repeat for an indefinite number of times the words or other sounds which they have received. Thus the words spoken by Mr. Edison 3,000 miles away were transferred to cylinders, and have been heard at Colonel Gouraud's house at Norwood by successive groups of visitors. The machine is portable, being little larger than a Remington type-writer, and arrangements have been made for its manufacture on a large scale. Mr. Edison's belief is that hereafter, instead of writing a letter, an intending correspondent will speak to a phonograph, and send by post the impressed cylinder or phonogram.

### EFFECTS OF THE RECENT THUNDERSTORM

OUR engraving shows six cattle (three large black Welsh bullocks, and two strong Welsh heifers, all in first-rate condition, and one yearling heifer), which were killed by lightning during a thunderstorm at Woodhouse, Shropshire, the residence of Mr. Arthur Mostyn-Owen, on June 25th, at 9.30 A.M. The sketch shows them in the position exactly as they were five minutes after they were struck, not fifty yards from the door of the house. It appears that the lightning came down the tree, a sycamore under which they had gathered, slightly cutting the bark in places, and then ploughed up the ground for about one yard, and disappeared across the carriage drive. It is a strange thing that (as will be seen) all the heads of these beasts are turned from the tree, leading to the supposition that when the lightning hit them it turned them over. One of the beasts was in a sitting position, with his head resting on one leg; the place where the lightning ploughed up the grass and ground is shown.

### THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT

THIS popular display, the ninth of the annual series, drew unprecedentedly large attendances of spectators to the Agricultural Hall during the week ending June 23rd. The entertainments were of the most varied character, comprising the competition of the Turk's head, lemon-cutting, tilting at rings, tent-pegging, sword *v.* sword by auxiliary cavalry, riding and jumping competitions, a musical ride of the Twelfth Lancers, and a "combined display," in which a mimic battle was fought, some two hundred soldiers being engaged, and the hall clouded with the smoke of Hotchkiss and Gardner guns, and of explosive bombs. At first the Hotchkiss quick-firing guns could not be fired on account of their deafening roar. But it was found that by using Morris's tubes with them, blank ammunition could be freely fired without inconvenience and with no loss of rapidity. One of our engravings represents Lieutenant Neill, R.A., who carried off the challenge cup for tent-pegging, and distinguished himself in several other competitions.

### WRECK OF THE "SAN PABLO"

THE American mail steamer *San Pablo*, running between San Francisco and Hong Kong, was wrecked on the Tan Rocks, 450 miles north of Hong Kong, during thick weather, on April 18th. Four days later, a telegram from the U.S. flag ship at Shanghai (to which port the passengers and crew had been conveyed) was received by the British Admiral at Hong Kong, requesting him to despatch a man-of-war to the wreck. The *Constance* corvette was at once ordered to prepare for sea, and in spite of thick weather rapidly reached the Tan Rocks, an average speed of ten knots having been maintained the whole distance. On the approach of the man-of-war the piratical junks, by which the wreck was surrounded, made sail, and promptly cleared off. It was afterwards ascertained that these gentlemen had attacked the shipwrecked crew, forcing them to use fire-arms in self-defence. The wreck was lying on the rocks, with her bows cocked up in the air, everything abaft the funnel being below water. When about half-a-mile from the wreck, the *Constance* let go an anchor, and lowered a cutter, in which the captain and several officers proceeded to the wreck. Nothing was left of the great mail steamer but the iron shell, for after the crew had abandoned her the local mandarin set her on fire to stop the looting. The iron foremast had fallen over her port side, apparently when red-hot.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. P. Drury, Lieutenant R.M., H.M.S. *Constance*.

### AN "OBSTACLE" RACE, NEAR AUCKLAND, N.Z.

THE Maories represented in this engraving (which is from a sketch by Mr. William G. Smedley) are of the "civilised" and somewhat degraded type who prefer to pick up a living about the seaports rather than go hunting and fishing in the interior. They are dressed in cheap light suits bought in Auckland. The boats or canoes are the ordinary light "dug-outs" of these southern latitudes,

rather better in make, as the Maories are much more skilful and intelligent than any of their neighbours. The hurdle is a "rider" (pole), a few inches above the water, and supported by poles, stuck in the mud. The process of getting upon the pole and over it is very simple. Both occupants upon approaching the obstacle retire to the extreme rear of the canoe, and then paddle it as far up upon the "rider" as possible. Next one of them advances cautiously, balances the boat, and allows it to glide off the other side. Sometimes there is an upset, often the boats are filled with water. All parties are wet at the finish, but the Maories are consoled when they send the hat round, English and American spectators contributing liberally. The sport creates quite as much amusement as a tub race.

### WITH THE WEST INDIAN FLEET

DURING the annual cruise of the West Indian Fleet, which is performed in the winter months, as many islands as possible are visited by the Admiral and ships accompanying him. Leaving Bermuda about Christmas time, the fleet does not disperse till about April, each ship then proceeding to its allotted division. This year Her Majesty's ships *Comus*, *Canada*, *Tourmaline*, *Emerald*, *Pylades*, and *Forward* accompanied the flagship. One of our illustrations shows them safely anchored at St. Lucia, awaiting turns for coaling, the *Comus* being alongside one of the newly-finished jetties of this important coaling station. The remaining pictures afford glimpses of Dominica and Trinidad, two of the most lovely islands in the West Indies. H.M.S. *Bellerophon* appears at the end of the lane in the Dominican view. The Botanical Gardens at Port of Spain, Trinidad, are well known for their beauty, and form a popular resort for the inhabitants in the cool of the day.—Our engravings are from photographs taken by Lieutenant H. Lyon, H.M.S. *Tourmaline*.

### CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN NEW SOUTH WALES

THERE were great rejoicings in Sydney last January, when the Mother-Colony of Australasia celebrated her hundredth birthday. A grand reception was given by Lord and Lady Carrington at Government House, and when the guests, after shaking hands with their genial host and hostess, passed out on to the verandah and garden, a scene awaited them that seemed like a realisation of Fairyland. Powerful electric lights illuminated with their pale radiance the castellated front of the old house, the garden, the fountains, the lawns, and the moving crowds of gaily-dressed promenaders. Moreover, the warships lying at their moorings in Farm Cove, just below the Government House grounds, were all illuminated, their outlines being traced in the dotted lines of light of various colours, and at times their masts and yards were shown by blazing Bengal lights. Some of the vessels got their electric apparatus at work, and flung long beams of radiance transversely across the sky. The company comprised most of the distinguished visitors from other colonies, the Viceregal gathering staying at Government House, the officers of the war vessels, and much of the rank and fashion of the colonies at large. The weather was delightful, at once mild and cool, so that ladies could move about in the open air in the lightest of evening dresses without feeling chilly.—Our engraving of this scene is from a sketch by a naval officer; the group of Australasian Governors is from a photograph by Kerry and Jones, 308, George Street, Sydney.

### TYPES OF THE BOMBAY ARMY

See page 11.

### "THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is concluded in this Number.

### PICTURES OF THE YEAR—VII.

MR. PHIL. MORRIS has chosen a characteristic attitude for his portrait of Miss Berry, whom he has depicted in the act of playing that fashionable ladies' instrument, the violin. M. Duran has been taken to task by some of the critics for the colouring of his "Comtesse di Rigo," but it is an undoubtedly powerful piece of portraiture. Mr. T. Faed's old woman resting with her burden on the margin of a river is thoroughly Faed-like. Mr. Herbert Schmalz has secured some good subjects this year. His "Zenobia," though, perhaps, technically a better picture, will interest the public less than his painful group of Christian girls, destined to death by wild beasts. Mr. Pettie's "Traitor" is a remarkably spirited picture. The poor bound wretch looks such a very craven creature, and the sundry attitudes of the bystanders are admirable. Messrs. Kennington and Bramley have each chosen a sorrowful scene of humble life, and have each depicted the selected incident with unconventional pathos.



POLITICAL.—The very keen contest in the Isle of Thanet division of Kent terminated in the return of the Right Hon. James Lowther (C) by a majority of 658 over Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen (G), the numbers being 3,547 to 2,889. This seems a small majority compared with that of 2,088, by which in 1886 the late member, Colonel King-Harman (C), defeated the Rev. Mr. Banks (G), the numbers being 3,399 to 1,311. But Mr. Banks as a cleric could not have taken his seat even if elected, and for this among other reasons he was feebly supported by the Gladstonians. A more valid comparison is that with the election in 1885, when Colonel King-Harman (C) defeated by a majority of 711 the popular candidate Mr. Davies (L). Mr. Lowther's majority is less by 153 than that of Colonel King-Harman in 1885, when the numbers were 3,381 to 2,670, but Mr. Lowther belongs to the extreme right of the Conservative party. Indeed, during the recent election Lord Hartington expressed dissent from his condemnation of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and of land legislation for Ireland generally.—At a garden-party which was also a "political conversazione" at Hampstead, Mr. Gladstone made a long speech almost immediately after the result of the Isle of Thanet election was known, which he took care to contrast, not with that of 1885, but with that of 1886, and was thus enabled to represent it as a virtual Home Rule victory, the prelude in his opinion of many more.—During a conference with London Conservative M.P.'s, Mr. Ritchie intimated the determination of the Government to persevere with the clauses of the Local Government Bill affecting the metropolis.—A private meeting of Liberal Unionist peers was held on Wednesday at Lord Derby's residence in St. James's Square, when, it is understood, Lord Derby, who presided, intimated that the Liberal Unionist leaders had resolved to extend materially the operations of the party in the constituencies, and that for this object a very considerable addition to the funds available for electioneering purposes would be needed. The majority of the peers present, among whom were the Duke of Westminster and Lord Rothschild, pledged themselves, it is stated, to increase their contributions largely.

AT A MEETING OF THE ORGANISING COMMITTEE of the Imperial Institute, the Prince of Wales presiding, it was intimated



that the actual funds now available, exclusive of subscriptions from the Indian Empire, and temporarily invested there, amounted to 310,000*l*.

**NAVAL AND MILITARY.**—A message from the Admiralty is being awaited for the mobilisation at some home port of the first reserve of the Navy, comprising more than forty war-ships, in order to effect a junction, and manœuvre them with the Channel, the Training, and the Coastguard Squadrons.—The partial mobilisation, with manœuvres, of the First Army Corps is also expected to take place very soon, when the regular troops will be joined by about 5,000 volunteers.—A general order has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, directing the immediate formation, under the Home Defence scheme, of about 95,000 volunteers in all parts of the country into nineteen brigades, the composition of each of which is detailed. All the corps selected are infantry, and those not included have already been allotted stations for garrison duty.—14,000*l*, being 10,000*l* more than on any previous similar occasion, will be contributed to the funds of the Cambridge Hospital for Disabled Soldiers, as the surplus proceeds of the recent Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, which the War Office has decided is to be annual and official.

**IRELAND.**—The Irish Roman Catholic prelates, at a recent Conference held at Maynooth, drew up a statement of the grievances of the Irish occupier. The chief of these is, in their opinion, the refusal of Parliament to sanction a judicial reduction of arrears. The Courts are empowered to reduce rents, but the heavy indebtedness of many tenants enable, they allege, a harsh landlord to use the threat of eviction to prevent the tenant from applying to the Courts, while, in other cases, when the Courts are applied to with that object, their inability to reduce the arrears leaves the tenant still liable to eviction.—In consequence of the loss (or theft) of the depositions, during the original proceedings against Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., who was convicted of taking part in an illegal meeting at Loughrea, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, the case has been sent back by the Dublin Court of Exchequer to be re-heard by the magistrates.—Dr. Fitzgerald, of Balham, Mr. Parnell's candidate, has been elected, without opposition, for South Longford.

**THE TOTAL AMOUNT** received by the middle of the week for the Hospital Sunday Fund was 37,375*l*. Last year, at the same time, the total was 37,000*l*.

**OUR OBITUARY** includes the death in her fifty-sixth year, after a long illness, of Lady Alington (eldest daughter of Field-Marshal the Earl of Lucan), who was married in 1853 to Lord Alington, then Mr. Henry Gerard Strutt; in his eighty-fifth year, of the Hon. Frederick J. Tollemache, brother of the late Lionel, Earl of Dysart, and formerly M.P. for Grantham; in his seventieth year, of General John H. Elphinstone Dalrymple, Colonel of the First Battalion Highland Light Infantry, formerly commanding the Scots Guards, who served in the Crimea during the war with Russia, and was wounded at the Battle of the Alma; of Lieutenant Briscoe, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, killed in an engagement with the Usatus, South Africa, a gallant young officer who distinguished himself in the Nile Campaign, and had been promoted from the ranks; in his eighty-second year, of the Ven. Henry Sanders, since 1875 Archdeacon of Exeter; in his seventieth year, of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Liddell, fifth son of the first Lord Ravensworth, from 1851 to 1881 the respected Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; in his forty-second year, of Mr. James Pankhurst, H.M.'s Vice-Consul at Lausanne; in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. William H. Dutton, Senior Paymaster-in-Chief, R.N.; in his sixtieth year, of Mr. William H. Overall, Librarian to the Corporation of London; and in his fifty-eighth year, of Henry A. Watt, chief engineer of the steamer *Cagliari*, through which, manned by some daring Mazzinists, political prisoners of King Bomba escaped in 1857 from the island of Ponza. On its return the *Cagliari* was captured by a Neapolitan war-vessel, when Watt and his second engineer, who were ignorant of the object of its cruise, were among those thrown into prison at Naples. It was only by threatening severe measures of retaliation that the English Government succeeded in procuring the release with substantial compensation of Watt and his comrade. During his long imprisonment his reason was temporarily affected, and he suffered so much in body that he was never able to resume work.



THE sensation of the week outside Parliament has been the great trial in the Court of Queen's Bench before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, in which the *Times*, voluntarily posing in the character of St. George, wrestles with the Dragon of the Irish Land League. On Tuesday night the House of Lords, which, owing to circumstances apparently beyond its control, has of late failed to command public attention, suddenly and unexpectedly came into competition with the other public Court sitting by Temple Bar. Lord Camperdown, in accordance with notice, rose to call attention to the assassination of James Fitzmaurice, who, as the House of Commons knows too well, was murdered while in possession of a farm on which an eviction had taken place, and which he had been ordered to abandon by the local National League. Lord Camperdown has not oratorical gifts which command the Senate, but it was evident from the appearance of the House that something unusual was expected. The leaders on both sides were present, and on the steps of the Throne, within the space reserved for Privy Counsellors, stood Mr. John Morley, with hand to ear, endeavouring to catch the full purport of Lord Camperdown's speech.

The object of Lord Camperdown's address was, to quote his own words, "to show that there was very strong and substantial evidence directly connecting the National League with crime." Earl Spencer, speaking from personal and official knowledge, traversed this statement, but made no reference to the coincidence of the debate and the judicial trial now going forward. It was left for Lord Granville to raise this point, which he did in his gravest and weightiest manner, regretting that the debate should have taken place, increasing as it did the difficulties attendant on the trial in the Court of Justice. This brought up Lord Salisbury in defence of Lord Camperdown, and other friends of the Government speaking from the Opposition benches. Next followed the dramatic climax of the scene in the appearance of the Lord Chief Justice fresh from his labours in the Court of Queen's Bench. In tones of really awful gravity, Lord Coleridge, whilst disclaiming any right to judge of what their lordships "or what any one of your lordships" may think fit to do, deeply regretted that the debate had taken place. "I will only say," he added, "that it will make a task already difficult far more difficult." This was a weighty rebuke from an unexpected quarter, and their lordships separated with the conviction that there had been a serious mistake somewhere.

The opportunities enjoyed by the House of Commons of devoting itself to consideration of the Local Government Bill in Committee have been varied during the week by the exigencies of other branches of public business. On Monday a miscellaneous programme had been prepared, with Report of Supply in the forefront, the rear brought up by the three Drainage Bills with which the Government are desirous of leavening their disciplinary legisla-

tion for Ireland. This order of business had been so far finally settled that when on Saturday morning the votes were circulated, the agenda for Monday's business left the Drainage Bills as the fourth Order of the Day. But further consideration convinced the Cabinet of the fact—from the first plain enough to the ordinary mind—that such an arrangement of business would be altogether fatal. The Irish members will not on any terms hold friendly dealing with Mr. Balfour. *Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, with some confusion of quantity, observed in the House of Commons last Thursday. If Report of Supply had come first, with Mr. Balfour waiting to bring in the blessing of drainage, the Irish members would have pegged away at Supply till midnight, when it would have been too late for Mr. Balfour to introduce his Bills. Accordingly, as one result of the Cabinet meeting on Saturday, it was resolved to transpose the order of business. The Attorney-General's Bills were put first and Supply after, an altered arrangement to which attention was called by a printed slip accompanying the issue of a revised edition of Monday's Orders.

As it was, things did not advance very rapidly at Monday's sitting. Mr. Balfour brought in his Bills, which generously deal with Ireland at the expense of the Imperial Exchequer. Probably if there had been any danger of throwing the Bills out, and so losing the promised grants, the Irish members would have hesitated before adopting obstructive tactics. But the opportunity was dowered with double delight. Not only were they certain of obtaining a considerable grant "for the improvement of the drainage of lands and for the prevention of inundation within the catchment area of Loughreagh, the Lower Bann, the River Barrow, and the River Shannon," but they might for the space of several hours badger Mr. Balfour. Mr. Arthur O'Connor, it is true, welcomed the Bill, and Colonel Nolan went so far as to advise that its principle should be accepted. But Mr. Biggar was not to be won over. Mr. O'Reilly bade Mr. Balfour take his Bills off with him; and Dr. Tanner, rising to unusual heights of eloquence, pictured the Chief Secretary engaged in the criminal effort to "draw off the water from Ireland after the country had been drained of its people." Only in time to avert application of the Closure did discussion cease, and time was just left to bring up Report of Supply. But there was no opportunity for taking further much-needed votes; and accordingly Thursday, which otherwise might have been devoted to the Local Government Bill, was taken for Supply.

The Committee have now reached Clause 21 of the Local Government Bill, which, considering that on Friday in last week they took it up on Clause 15, and taking account of the interruptions, is moderately fair progress. But it has been gained largely by the simple process of omitting disputatious clauses. Thus, on Tuesday night, Clause 19, the last of the group of Licensing Clauses, was dropped; but not till after a considerable discussion raised by the Opposition, whose yearnings towards these clauses have been curiously strengthened since it was made known that the Government intended to withdraw them. Clause 19 was the one which gave the County Council power to levy an increase of twenty per cent. on the Licence Duties in respect of transferable licences. The Liberals, and more particularly the Temperance Party, desired to retain for the County Councils this whip-hand over the publicans. But the Government were not disposed to deal with the Licensing Clauses piecemeal, dropping some and holding on to others. Accordingly, they persisted in the motion for omitting the clause, which, on a division, was carried by 199 votes to 137. A much less encouraging majority was obtained on Clause 18, which proposed to transfer the duties on liquor and game licences to the County Councils. Mr. Caine, temporarily going into Opposition, moved the rejection of the sub-section transferring the liquor duties, urging that the County Councils would be better if they did not touch the unclean thing—to wit, the revenues drawn from the sale of drink. On a division, Mr. Caine's motion was negatived by the narrow majority of 27.

On Wednesday the Oaths Bill came up again in Committee—a fortunate event for Mr. Bradlaugh, as it is clear that not many Wednesdays now remain at the disposal of private members. This week the Government, ever nibbling at the scant possession of private members, have appropriated Tuesdays, having already secured the best part of Fridays. Only Wednesdays now remain in full possession of private members, and Wednesday last was utilised to pass the Oaths Bill through the Committee stage, thus practically securing its addition to the Statute Book. The attitude assumed towards the Bill on Wednesday by the Solicitor-General does not indicate any danger of the measure being thrown out in the House of Lords; opposition, curiously enough, coming from the Liberal and Radical Benches.



THERE is some good writing in Mrs. Coffin's new comic domestic drama, brought out at the Strand Theatre on Saturday with the title of *Run Wild*; but its characters are the too-familiar puppets of the stage, and its story, which tells how a rich, but ill-educated, manufacturer was despised by his wife and family for his illiterateness, till he finally brought his domestic circle to their senses, as folk say, is constructed too obviously on the model which the late Mr. Byron thoroughly exhausted. The half-pathetic character of this hero is not much in the way of Mr. Edouin, who finds it easier, as a rule, to provoke laughter than to draw tears. Miss Alice Atherton, on the other hand, played a hoydenish young lady with an Irish brogue in a very diverting fashion, and some of the less-prominent characters are cleverly portrayed, Mr. Charles Fawcett's young law-student and Mr. Chevalier's "curious impertinent" being especially deserving of praise.

A performance of Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy, *The Wicked World*, was given at the SAVOY on Wednesday afternoon, for the first time since its production at the Haymarket fifteen years ago. The part of Selene was played by Miss Julia Neilson with much grace and distinction, and Mr. Lionel Brough achieved a great success in the comic part of Lutin. Mr. Alexander was the Edeais, Mr. Macklin the Phyllora, Mrs. Macklin the Darine, and Miss Rose Norreys the Layda of the performance, which was organised in aid of the Silver Fête at South Kensington for the Victoria Hospital for Children.

*Ben-my-Chree*, at the PRINCESS'S, will be played for the last time on Saturday next. On the following Monday, a revival of *Shadows of a Great City* will take its place for two weeks only.

THE HAYMARKET season will close on Saturday next. Miss Mary Anderson has purchased the option of producing Mr. Savile Clarke's poetical play entitled *Hypatia*.

The benefit of Miss Ellen Terry at the LYCEUM this (Saturday) evening, when the *Amber Heart* and *Robert Macaire* will be repeated, brings Mr. Irving's season to an end. On Monday, Madame Sarah Bernhardt will make her appearance here in *La Tosca*.

A squad of that popular and well-known corps the Honourable Artillery Company will appear at the AVENUE Theatre *matinée*, Monday, July 16th (Mr. R. D'Albertson's benefit), when they will go through a series of military evolutions—sword and lance exercise, &c.



THE GARDENS OF THE INNER TEMPLE are now open on Sundays, from 4.30 to 8 P.M., for the benefit of the poor children living in the neighbourhood.

LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ARMS AND ARMOUR has been sold in London this week. It is over thirty-eight years since such a quantity of rare armour has been publicly offered for sale in this country.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE finds notoriety somewhat trying during his present holiday in Switzerland. Recently, when on board a Lucerne steamboat, he was so surrounded and watched by inquisitive tourists that he retreated off the vessel.

THE PARIS SALON has proved very lucrative this year, though not equalling the exceptional receipts of last season. The Artists' Society pockets a surplus of 6,400*l* out of the 13,208*l* taken at the doors. Sunday, May 13 was the most crowded day, when 43,100 persons visited the Salon, and 37,800 of these came in the afternoon, thus paying nothing, as Sunday afternoons are always free. Indeed, during the season there were 314,500 free admissions.

MR. EDISON'S "PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH" just sent over to England will be followed in a few weeks by several specimens intended for public exhibition. At present the inventor is trying experiments as to the best form of Phonogram and Phonogram envelope for mailing purposes. Mr. Edison is also planning an airship, which could be used by armies to observe the enemy's movements. This vessel would be connected with the earth like a captive balloon, and would be moved by electricity.

THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY AT WINDSOR.—Royal pictures have lately been notorious failures, it is therefore gratifying to announce a distinct success by the Danish artist, Mr. Laurits Tuxen. The grouping is well arranged, but the figure, of course, which is most important is that of Her Majesty, and this is an admirable likeness. There are in all fifty-five portraits, and it will doubtless be a favourite popular amusement to recognise each in its turn. It is on view for a short time at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY speaks Russian fluently, and is the first Prussian Sovereign who has ever learnt the language—a dangerous proof of his secret inclinations, say the Russophobes. Talking of the German Emperor, the new Imperial coinage will be issued next month, bearing the present Monarch's head. Collectors are eagerly looking up the coinage of Frederick III., which has only been in circulation for a few weeks. Specimens are already scarce, for owing to the precarious condition of the late Emperor a very small quantity of gold and silver coin was brought out.

ENTHUSIASTIC WAGNERIANS have just enjoyed the first hearing of an unknown opera by their departed master. Wagner wrote *The Fairies* when he was only nineteen, and subsequently gave the work to his patron, the late Louis II. of Bavaria. The King's creditors, anxious to raise money by any means, have accordingly brought out the opera at Munich, with mediocre success, neither plot nor music being specially interesting. The libretto indeed is in Wagner's usual romantic style, founded on an Indian fable of the power of love, but the music shows little trace of the composer's peculiar talent, and is often feeble and trivial.

THE NAPOLEONIC GREY COAT AND COCKED HAT, which formed the traditional costume of the great Emperor, are hidden away in a loft at the Paris Louvre, as much forgotten as the bill of their cost, which has just been unearthed by a zealous searcher in the National Archives. Napoleon paid 2*l*. 8*s*. for his hat, and when it was shabby the hat was repeatedly done up for 5*s*. His grey coats cost 6*l*. 10*s*. apiece, and were made with very large armholes, as Napoleon never took off his epaulettes. When in uniform the Emperor wore either the dark blue of the Grenadiers with white facings, which was charged 14*l*., or the Cavalry Chasseurs green uniform with red facings, worth about 13*l*., including the epaulettes.

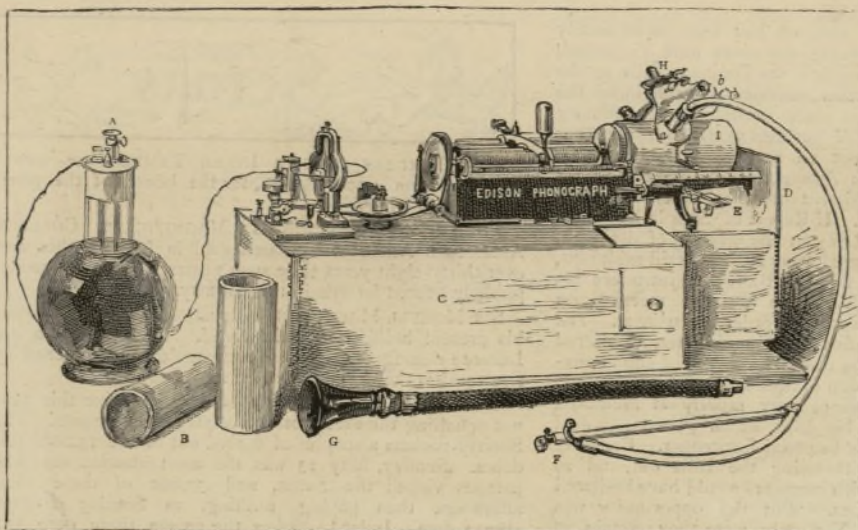
THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO GAMBETTA will be unveiled in Paris by President Carnot next Friday, the eve of the National Fête. It is a handsome stone and bronze structure of pyramid form, and stands in the Place du Carrousel of the Louvre, opposite the small Triumphal Arch. The most effective feature is the group at the base, representing Gambetta organising the National Defence in 1870, the likeness being especially good. Extracts from Gambetta's most telling speeches are inscribed on various sections of the monument, together with allegorical reliefs, and the Republican arms and motto, while at the top stands the figure of a young girl, "Democracy Triumphant"—supported by a winged lion and inscribing on a tablet the "Rights of Man."

A MARINE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY has been opened at Plymouth, for practical research into the life and habits of British fishes. Such stations have done much valuable work on the Continent—notably at Naples—and in America, and now, after four years' efforts to carry out the scheme, English naturalists can prosecute similar studies in a large, convenient building, well situated, between the Citadel and Plymouth Sound. When quite complete, the laboratory will house twenty-four working naturalists. Large sea-water tanks are attached to the building which, besides the main laboratories, has physiological and chemical laboratories, photographic rooms, and a library, in addition to the studies and living apartments. For the present, a steamer must be hired for the sea-investigations, but it is hoped that the laboratory will shortly possess its own boats and launches. Until funds permit, also, the staff consists only of a resident director, Mr. Bourne, and two naturalists.

TWO IMPORTANT JUBILEE MEMORIALS IN LONDON are in a fair way of progress. The Imperial Institute now possesses available funds to the amount of 310,000*l*, besides the subscriptions in India, which have been invested there temporarily. The foundations of the main buildings are finished at a cost of 6,000*l*, and the buildings themselves, exclusive of the towers, are to be erected for 142,000*l*. The money for the towers will have to be provided later, but meanwhile a new road will be made—the Imperial Institute Road—costing 5,825*l*. Turning to the second Memorial, the Queen has appointed a provisional committee, headed by the Duke of Westminster, to carry out her desire of devoting 70,000*l* of the Women's Jubilee Offering to the benefit of the London sick poor. This fund will endow a Training Institute for Nurses at St. Katherine's Hospital, whence the nurses will be supplied free to the poor. Her Majesty will retain the sole control of the Institute.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,238 against 1,190 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 48, although 261 below the average. The death-rate also went up to 15.1 per 1,000. There were 36 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 18), 28 from diphtheria (an increase of 13), 27 from whooping-cough (a decline of 6), 20 from measles (a rise of 2), 19 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 9), 10 from enteric-fever (a fall of 5), 2 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 2), and not one from small-pox, typhus, or an ill-defined form of fever. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 156 from 184, and were 67 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 64 deaths, of which 54 resulted from negligence or accident; 9 cases of suicide occurred. The births were very low, 2,289, being a decrease of 245, and 446 below the usual return



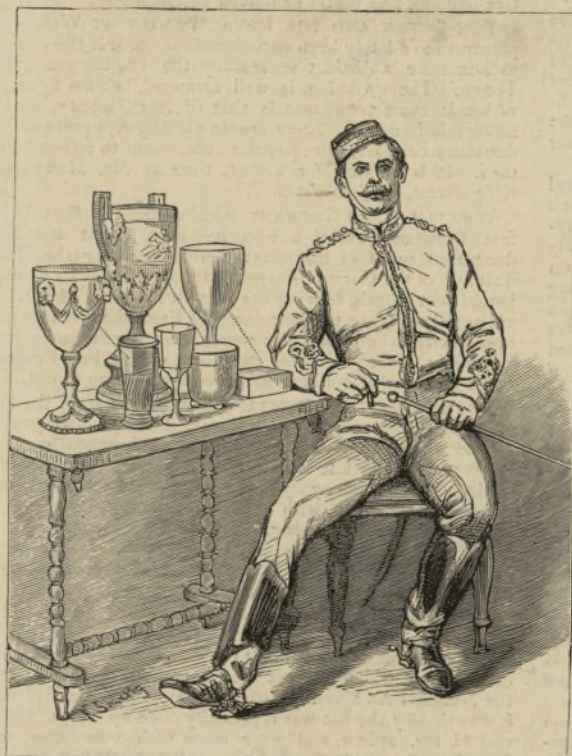


MR. EDISON'S "PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH," JUST RECEIVED IN LONDON FROM NEW YORK

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| <p>A. Electric Battery containing motive power<br/>         B. Wax Phonograms on which the messages are recorded<br/>         C. Motor Box and Regulator<br/>         D. Receptacle Box for wax parings when removing old records<br/>         E. Index to Contents of Phonogram</p> | <p>F. Receiving Tube<br/>         G. Recording Tube<br/>         H. Spectacle Frame carrying recording mouthpiece a, and repeating mouthpiece b<br/>         I. Wax Phonogram in position for receiving or repeating messages</p> |
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EFFECTS OF THE RECENT THUNDERSTORM  
 Six Cattle simultaneously killed by Lightning, at Woodhouse, Shropshire

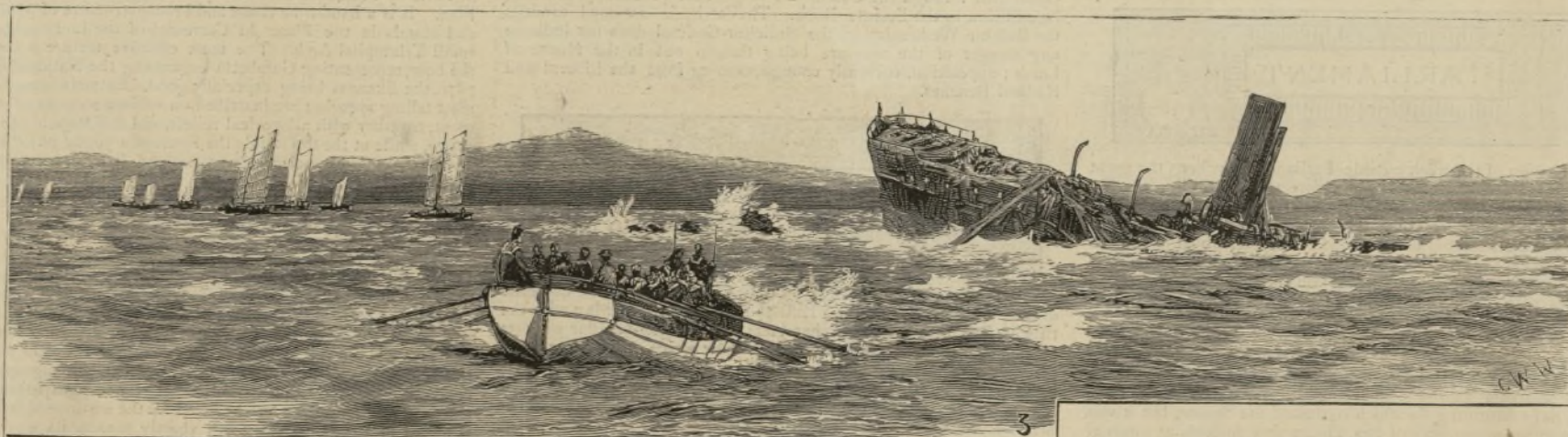


A WINNER OF MANY CUPS  
 Lieutenant and Riding-Master J. Neill, R.A.



TENT-PEGGING

SCENES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL



1. The *San Pablo* on the Rocks after having been Burnt by the local Mandarins

3. Chinese Junks Quitting the Wreck on the Approach of a Boat from H.M.S. *Constance*

2. H.M.S. *Constance* Steaming to the Scene of the Disaster

WRECK OF THE AMERICAN MAIL-STEAMER, "SAN PABLO," ON THE TAN ROCKS, NEAR HONG KONG





AN OBSTACLE RACE IN CANOES, NEAR AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND





THE forthcoming interview between the Emperors of GERMANY and RUSSIA is the dominant theme in European politics. At first regarded with suspicion and jealousy, this Imperial meeting is now construed as a guarantee of peace, proving that Germany will continue her friendly international policy, even under a young and militant ruler. Great results, indeed, are expected from this interview. If Russia and Germany become closely united, the Czar is little likely to attack Germany's firm ally, Austria, while France, in her turn, could not venture to provoke Germany, knowing that she would get no help from Russia. Further, Emperor William may succeed in drawing Austria and Russia nearer together, and so lead to a better settlement of Eastern affairs. Such is the gist of the mass of speculations so freely expressed in political circles and the Continental Press. Moreover, there is a rumour of a marriage between the Czar's daughter and one of the Emperor William's sisters to strengthen the Russo-German bond. As usual wherever the Czar is concerned, the exact date and place of meeting are kept secret to the last moment. But, most probably Emperor William will sail for Russia about the 14th inst. in the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, which has just been put under Prince Henry's command, and the two Monarchs may either meet on board the yacht, perhaps at Peterhof, on the Gulf of Cronstadt, or in St. Petersburg itself. After his Russian journey, the German Emperor proposes to go on to Copenhagen and Stockholm, whilst in the autumn he will visit the Austrian Emperor and the King of Italy. Probably too he will meet the heads of the German States at Munich, thus personally acquainting himself with the views of all his chief brother rulers. Prince Bismarck will not accompany his Sovereign, but takes a much-needed rest of three months, his health having greatly suffered by recent events. The Chancellor is unusually hopeful of European peace, which he thinks unlikely to be disturbed at present, the only danger being France. Speaking to some members of the Prussian Diet, Prince Bismarck highly praised the new Emperor for his tact, temperance, and industry, adding that William II. had given full and decided assurances of maintaining peace as his most important inheritance, so long as it was compatible with the honour, dignity, and interests of the Empire. With all his pacific intentions however, the Emperor looks closely to his defences, and the Navy department is being thoroughly reorganised. The Minister of Marine, General von Caprivi, has resigned, as the department is to be put under a naval officer, and Prince Henry will probably be made Commander-in-Chief. Several large ironclads will also be built. Among official changes, too, Herr Herrfurth has provisionally taken the vacant post of Minister of the Interior. There is one point, however, where there is little sign of change—the harsh measures respecting the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. On the contrary, the *North German Gazette* frankly avows that further steps must be taken to separate Alsace from France. Since the annexation the Alsatians have done nothing to gain German sympathy, so that precautionary measures must be carried out without regard to their effect on the population, especially as the provinces were annexed from mere strategical motives. The official report on the illness of the late Emperor will shortly be published, and meanwhile, the Emperor William has issued an official rescript thanking the nation for the sympathy shown on his recent bereavement. He speaks in most feeling terms of his father's virtues and character. The operation of partial extirpation of the larynx, which the German doctors wished to perform upon the Emperor Frederick, has just been successfully completed by Professor Billroth, the Viennese surgeon. The patient is a man of fifty.

AUSTRIA is decidedly anxious regarding the effect on her Eastern policy of a Russo-German understanding. She is thoroughly on her guard against being persuaded to allow Russia a free hand in Bulgaria in return for permission to act similarly in Serbia, and the national view of the question is fully expressed in an important speech made by Count Albert Apponyi, one of the chief leaders of the Hungarian Opposition. He stoutly denied that the Empire would yield to Russia on the Eastern Question, and declared that the Hungarian nation "cannot and will not allow any infringement, even a hair's breadth, of the rights, the freedom, and the independence guaranteed by Treaties to our neighbours of the Balkan Peninsula." The Dual Government had given most binding promises to this effect, he added, and could only swerve from their policy by betraying the nation. But, on the other side, RUSSIA utters plain hints that she intends shortly to take up the Bulgarian question in real earnest. These suggestions greatly alarm BULGARIA, where Prince Ferdinand and his party have been much injured by the recent Popoff dispute. M. Stambouloff and his following are cold to the Prince, because he supported Major Popoff, while the latter's sympathisers owe Prince Ferdinand a grudge for inflicting any punishment whatever on the Major. The situation has been complicated by a military plot to arrest M. Stambouloff with the Liberal Ministers, and release Major Popoff. The conspiracy was, however, frustrated in time. Financial straits further enhance the political difficulties of the province.

FRANCE has just escaped a Ministerial crisis, which would have been especially awkward on the eve of the holidays. Recently the Cabinet has sustained a series of defeats in the Chamber, and M. Floquet's Ministry, never very stable, threatened to come to grief altogether. Thus the Committee appointed to examine the Budget estimates for 1889 is opposed to the Government, and requests the Finance Minister to reconstruct the estimates. Then the Minister of Justice was roundly censured by the Chamber for virtually countenancing the Mayor of Carcassonne, who had returned bogus votes in a recent election. The latter subject was again brought up on Tuesday by M. Flourens, but M. Floquet boldly faced the enemy, and appealed to the House to choose between a new Cabinet and his own Ministry, who had thoroughly calmed down the country since they took office. This appeal brought M. Floquet a large vote of confidence, so the Ministry are safe for the present, and free to devote their attention to organising the National Fête, which takes place in Paris next Saturday with more than usual ceremony. There will be a grand banquet of four thousand provincial Mayors and Parisian officials on the Eiffel Tower, presided over by President Carnot, in order to celebrate the ninety-ninth anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, besides a military review, and all the usual programme of fireworks, free performances, &c. This year there is little fear of a Boulangist demonstration at the Fête, for the General is distinctly out of favour, and his party is much disorganised. Thus, by insisting on voting for his candidate, M. Déroulede, in the second ballot of the Charente election, the Boulangists secured the return of the Bonapartist, M. des Séguins, instead of the Republican candidate they were told to support. General Boulanger now intends to stump the provinces, and will deliver an important speech at a banquet at Rennes to-morrow. M. de Lesseps is furious at the opposition to his Panama Canal loan, and has sent a letter to the shareholders denouncing the "culpable manoeuvres" which prevented its success. About 800,000 bonds have been taken by small subscribers, while the regular financial friends of the Company and the large subscribers will take up the rest of the issue. Paris is enlivened by the energetic preaching of Cardinal Laviegrie,

the Archbishop of Algiers and Carthage, who has come to Europe to stir up popular sentiment against slavery in Africa.

IN INDIA, the recent signs of peace on the Sikkim frontier do not seem very hopeful. The Tibetans are willing to treat with the Sikkim officials, but will not deal with the Indian Government, and are said to hold a force 8,000 strong, near the Jalapa Pass, ready to advance if the British troops withdraw. However, the British have fortified Gnatong so strongly, that the fort is nearly impregnable, while the main body at Darjeeling is prepared to re-inforce Gnatong on the shortest notice. There have been great festivities at Hyderabad for the instalment of the Prime Minister, Nawab Sir Asman Jah, who is very popular with the people. After the Nizam's State Durbar, the English Resident gave a banquet in the Premier's honour, speaking highly of his services to England. Loyalty towards English rule is not so conspicuous in Indore, where several officials have been assisting the notorious dacoit, Tantia Bheel, whilst ostensibly hunting him down. IN BURMA, much discontent is felt at the arbitrary conduct of the British Commissioner at Tavoy, in Tenasserim. He suddenly imposed a heavy punitive tax on the inhabitants for having omitted to notify the authorities that arms and ammunition were being smuggled through the town to the dacoits.

Mr. Cleveland's prospects of re-election to the Presidency of the UNITED STATES have decidedly improved through the recent choice of Mr. Harrison as Republican candidate. Mr. Harrison is not a popular man, nor has he the entire support of his party, while the Republican declaration in favour of free whisky turns away many voters to the Democratic side. Such party divisions are far more bitter now than the old hatred between North and South, judging from the unanimous celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania. Survivors of both armies met in perfect amity on the field to unveil the numerous monuments to their dead comrades. Pennsylvania, too, is mildly agitated by the ironworkers' strike. Some ninety mills in the Pittsburgh district are closed because the men will not agree to the reduction of ten per cent. on their wages, proposed by their employers owing to the depression of trade. As this is the dull season, neither masters nor men are much inconvenienced by the dispute at present. General Sheridan has so far recovered from his late dangerous illness that he has gone to the sea for change. Another personal item is the marriage of the Duke of Marlborough to Mrs. Hamersley, a rich young widow. The civil ceremony was performed by the Mayor of New York, but the Duke, as a divorced man, could induce no Episcopal clergyman to officiate at the religious service, and was therefore religiously married in an obscure Baptist chapel.

The troubles in ZULULAND appear more serious than at first expected. All the available troops in Natal are being hurried up to the disturbed district, and native police levies raised in considerable numbers. Lieutenant-General Smyth commands the British forces. It is suspected that the Boers in the New Republic urged Dinizulu to raid on British territory, and are ready to foment agitation in that quarter, so that it is necessary, for the sake of British prestige, to crush the frontier brigandage which has been going on of late. Accordingly, a strong detachment of police, soldiers, and native levies were sent out on Saturday. After six hours' hard struggle our forces totally defeated the Zulus under Ishinguna, and captured 1,000 head of their cattle. Unfortunately, the British side lost Lieutenant Briscoe, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Mr. Trent, leader of the native levy, with a considerable number of natives. There has been another skirmish, too, in the Inkandhla district, where the Usutus who attacked Usiepu last week raided on his fellow-chiefs, Sokotyta, but were eventually defeated.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, an Envoy has been sent by ITALY to Zanzibar, charged to demand full apologies from the Sultan for his late insulting letter. This course is entirely approved by both England and Germany. TURKEY is stated to have drawn up her draft project for a direct understanding with England on Egyptian affairs, and the scheme was handed to Sir William White before his departure on leave. The date of evacuation is of course the great difficulty. Four ironclads of the latest model and four torpedo boats are to be added to the Turkish navy. Public opinion in CHINA is strongly opposed to any agreement with the British Government restricting Chinese emigration to Australia.



THE QUEEN held a Council at Windsor at the end of last week, when Lord Lytton and Sir William White, the British Ambassadors at Paris and Constantinople, were sworn in as members. Her Majesty subsequently received General Mena, the Mexican Envoy, who presented his letters of recall. Next day Princess Louise arrived on a visit, and the Bishop of Ripon dined with the Royal party, while on Sunday morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum. The Bishop of Ripon officiated, and in the evening dined with Her Majesty, together with the Dean of Windsor. On Monday the Prince of Wales came down to dinner, subsequently returning to town, and the Duchess of Albany and her children arrived to stay for a few days. Princess Louise left on Tuesday, when Sir R. and Lady Collins dined at the Castle. The Queen goes to Osborne about the 17th inst., and to Balmoral a month later, stopping at Glasgow on her way. Her Majesty will stay with Sir A. Campbell, at Blythwood, on August 21st, and will visit the Exhibition next day, when the Queen may probably open the new Municipal buildings.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained at luncheon on Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Victoria and Prince Francis. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince presided at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute. Later, he went to Windsor to dine with the Queen. On Tuesday, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Countesses Feodore and Victoria Gleichen lunched at Marlborough House, and on Wednesday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, left town for Sandringham. The Prince and Princess will open the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway Road, on July 17th, the ceremony having been deferred owing to the Court mourning. On July 25th, also, Prince Albert Victor will fulfil his similarly-postponed engagement to unveil the Jubilee Statue of the Queen at Bristol. Previously, on July 10th, he will open the Beaconsfield sea-wall and promenade at Bridlington, Yorkshire.

The Duke of Edinburgh has paid a flying visit to Rome, where he exchanged calls with King Humbert. He has now gone to Naples and Castellamare via the Mediterranean Squadron. The Duchess is at Castle Rosenau, near Coburg, with her children. The King of the Belgians has left London, after a week's stay in strict incognito. The Crown Prince of Italy will be our next Royal visitor. The Empress-Dowager Victoria of Germany is slowly recovering from the strain of her long spell of nursing, and has been

well enough to receive a deputation from the Berlin Municipality, offering an address of sympathy. Her Majesty remains in strict seclusion at Friedrichskron, and goes twice daily with one of her daughters to her husband's tomb in the Friedenskirche.—King Milan of Serbia has applied to the Serbian Synod for a judicial separation from his wife, on the plea of "insuperable aversion" to Queen Nathalie.



THE SEASON MORIBUND.—The musical season is now in its death-throes. On Friday of this week Sir Charles Hallé announced the last of his recitals, and on Monday Beethoven's *Messe Solennelle* will close the Richter season. All other serial concerts have long since come to an end. A few miscellaneous concerts will take place from time to time, but the Opera will close its doors on the 21st inst., and with it will come the final termination of the season. The recess will be short. The Promenade Concerts begin at Covent Garden on August 4th, and it is also not at all improbable that the Russian Opera Company, who at present are playing Rubinstein's *Demon* in Manchester, will next month try some London performances. By the middle of August we shall be plunged in the thick of the rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival, which takes place towards the end of next month.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Except as to a revival, with a strong cast, of that exceedingly feeble opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*, there have been no changes at Covent Garden. We have had repetitions of *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Figaro*, and on Thursday of this week we were promised a revival of *Guillaume Tell*. It seems that Boito's *Mefistofele* and Verdi's *Aida* will follow, as Mr. Harris rightly believes grand opera to be more appreciated than light or hackneyed works. The experience of *Un Ballo* on Tuesday night showed this to be the fact. The cast, which included M. Jean De Reszké as the Duke, M. Lassalle as his Minister, Madame Rolla as the wife, Madame Scaldi as the fortune-teller, and Miss Sigrid Arnoldson as the page, was a powerful one. But, despite these advantages, the audience was small.

Mr. Harris has already arranged for a season at Covent Garden next year, when he proposes to revive, among other things, Wagner's *Meistersinger* and *Tannhäuser*.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.—On Monday, Dr. Richter added another important extract from the *Nibelung's Ring* to his repertory, and, in due time, there is little doubt but that all the gems of Wagner's diffusive tetralogy will have been performed in concert fashion. The present excerpt, which was sung by Mr. Lloyd as Siegfried, and was attempted by Mr. Nicholl as Mime, comprises the scene of the welding of the sword "Nothung." When Siegmund died (before his son Siegfried was born), the broken pieces of the fatal sword were bequeathed to the young hero, who is now old enough to wield and to wield the weapon. The treacherous Mime, although himself a smith, has been unable to re-manufacture the sword which is to destroy the dragon, and release to its conqueror the Nibelung's hoard. Siegfried throws the broken pieces of the sword into the cauldron, moulds, and hammers the thing into shape, singing, meanwhile, the two great songs, which Mr. Lloyd admirably delivered, and finally, fitting the weapon into its hilt, rushes forth amid the sounding motif of the "sword's guardian," to conquer the dragon and eventually to arouse Sleeping Beauty. Those unacquainted with the opera itself could, of course, make little out of the concert version. Nor could they recognise the treachery of Mime who, during the time that the sword is in process of smelting, is brewing a pot of poison, with which he hopes to kill the dragon's destroyer, and to get the Nibelung's hoard for himself. It may, however, fairly be said that, although this fine scene has more than once been declaimed by German tenors, it has never in England been sung until Mr. Lloyd undertook it on Monday. The rest of the programme, which consisted of a couple of overtures, one of Bach's six concertos for wind and strings, and Beethoven's seventh symphony, will be too familiar to need any further comment.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The Handel Festival ended last week. So far as attendance was concerned, it was the second best of all the Handel Festivals, while, from an artistic point of view, it was certainly the most successful of all. The fact is, at any rate, quite beyond question that no more magnificent performance of *Israel in Egypt* has ever been heard at a Handel Festival, and—as before these festivals, or, at any rate, before their founders the old and now disbanded Sacred Harmonic Society, came into existence, *Israel* was never rendered in its integrity at all; its choruses being usually interspersed with popular songs from other oratorios—it may safely be said that the performance last Friday was in every respect the most satisfactory rendering of the greatest of all choral oratorios ever heard. Short details are unnecessary, and fuller particulars would be impracticable, even if they would not take the somewhat monotonous, though amply merited, form of a long array of congratulations. The attendance on Friday was 23,722; and the total at the Festival was 86,337. In all, 918,760 persons have been present at twelve Handel Festivals, so that if the average be preserved, by the end of the Festival of 1891 upwards of a million of people will have listened to fifty-two concerts at thirteen festivals.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season is happily drawing to a close, and between this and last week the difference in the number of concerts given is upwards of fifty per cent. Moreover, very few of the performances actually announced had more than passing interest. On Wednesday, for example, an opera concert was given by Madame Albani and others of the best Covent Garden artists; but the affair was merely of a miscellaneous character.—On Tuesday a scena by Archbishop Trench and Minor Canon Harford upon the subject of a banquet, during which a minstrel reminds Haroun al Raschid that, like his servants, he must die, was performed at Prince's Hall. The music is necessarily amateurish; but it would certainly have been more effective if it had been performed by a better choir and a better-balanced orchestra.—Little Hegner at his farewell played his old pieces; but he promises to return to us in October, if meanwhile he has increased his repertory.—On Wednesday Miss Otta Brönnum, a Danish vocalist, who sang at the opening of the Danish Exhibition, gave a miscellaneous concert, which, at any rate so far as she herself was concerned, was thoroughly successful.—To a harp concert given by Mr. John Thomas, a piano-fore recital given by Miss J. Douste, and to altogether about five-and-twenty performances of interest only to the artists and their immediate friends, we cannot further refer.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Christine Nilsson is about to give up her London house, and to reside permanently at some Continental health-resort.—Mr. Eugène d'Albert is said to be engaged upon an opera, the libretto and music of which are by himself.—A meeting was held last Monday in the hope of founding a "School for the teaching of operatic art." A Committee was appointed, but little more is likely to be done just yet.—A banquet will be given at the Hôtel Métropole to Dr. Stainer, on the 17th inst.—The death is announced of Emil Naumann, author of a well-known "History of Music."—The scheme for the conversion of Her Majesty's Theatre into a concert room is understood to have finally been abandoned.



## TYPES OF THE BOMBAY ARMY

It is not often nowadays that even to the most able and the most willing writer an opportunity comes for the production of a work that might be a classic, and would be surely interesting if at all adequately done. But, while books on the Bengal Army, and even that of "the benighted Presidency," abound, there is positively no work of any authority on the Bombay Army. Yet we have among us at least one officer who has taken part in many of its most glorious achievements, and whose name, beloved and revered as he is by all who know him, would command attention both in military circles and in general society. That officer is General Sir Arnold Kemball. An army which has taken part in work at Ghuzni and Cabul much over forty years ago; Hyderabad; in Central India; in the Punjab, at Mooltan; in Abyssinia; at Kandahar, in 1879-80; and in Persia at Reshire and Khooshab and Bushire—some of whose regiments have twelve "things" on their colours and others nine or seven, ought to have an historian, and no man could write it so well as Sir Arnold, who was up in Afghanistan nearly fifty years ago, and was in touch with India till after the Berlin Treaty of just ten years since. But no such history exists, so far as can be traced, either in the British Museum or in the India Office Library. Only a very slight sketch of this Army is therefore possible in this place.

The English settled, by permission, at Surat in 1613, five years after our first ship landed her cargo there. Bombay Island was ceded as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, to Charles II., in 1661; but it was then deemed "the grave of Europeans," and, in seven years more, Charles gave it to the East India Company for a payment of 10*l.* a-year, equal, perhaps, to 25*l.* of our money. The Army was formed by John Company, but, until our first move in Afghanistan, it had little work in the field. During the Mutiny, it remained for the most part loyal, and, though Bengal has always despised it, one who is very impartial, namely Sir William Hunter, has written of it that it "has done good service in many climes. In Afghanistan and Persia, in Burma and China, in Aden and Abyssinia, the sepoy of Bombay have shown themselves willing to do their duty wheresoever called."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught at present commands this Army, which has, about 27,000 native troops to 13,000 Europeans. There are one regiment of British and nine of native cavalry; one company of English and 540 native Sappers; 17 to 20 batteries of European Artillery and two of native (Mountain) Guns; 9 to 11 battalions of European and 26 of Native Infantry; for, though there are thirty nominally, four have been struck out, as Sir William Hunter has failed to note. The Army is distributed in nine stations in the Poona Division; eleven in the Northern, with Deesa for its head-quarters; Aden; five stations in Bombay Division; and others in Sind, nay, even in Quetta, and other places beyond the Western Presidency proper. Wherever the troops are, the English officers have to do with squadrons or wings; the lead of troops and companies is left to native officers. The uniform of the Cavalry is dark green with gold lace, save always the Governor's body-guard, which is in scarlet; that of the Artillery and Engineers approximates closely to the uniform of those arms in our home service; but they all have a campaigning uniform, as Lord Wolseley recommends for our regulars, and that is khaki, or kharkee, which, since it varies with age, exposure, and washing, may be best described as of "a dun-ducketty-mud-colour." The 4th Infantry, the 27th, or 1st Beloochees, and the 29th and 30th (2nd and 3rd Beloochees) have green uniform with red facings. All the other Infantry are in red—the 1st, 2nd, 7th, 8th with white facings; the 3rd with sky-blue facings; the 5th, 9th, 10th with black facings; the 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 25th, 26th, and 28th with yellow facings; and the 21st (Marine battalion), the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th with emerald-green facings. The Prince of Wales is Hon. Colonel of the 3rd, or Queen's Own, Bombay Cavalry, and of the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers; and the Duke of Connaught is Hon. Colonel of the 2nd Beloochees, or 29th Infantry.

The Bombay Army is mainly recruited from the descendants of the old warlike Maharrattas, but it has always had a sprinkling of Sindians, and men from the North West frontier, as well as even of Pathans. Mr. Lovett, in the plate which accompanies the present number of *The Graphic*, has reproduced not only the typical uniforms, but the types of men. The variants in the turbans speak eloquently to old Indians of the mixture of races; and as for the uniforms, do they not represent the acme of workmanlike perfection? The old Snider, with which the infantry are still armed, is this year to give way to the Martini-Henry rifle, a change which says much for the confidence which during thirty years the native soldiers have earned. But for the rest it may be hoped the turbans of the cavalry and artillery, and the uniforms generally, will not be adapted to the viewiness of somebody who has a craze for uniformity. In an Oriental army *esprit de corps* is even more than it is in Europe, and neither "the mild Hindu" nor the Mussulman of the North West cares about having himself made "just like anybody else." Mr. Lovett's drawings show admirably the proud bearing of those who, whatever their race or creed, wear the Queen's uniform in Bombay Presidency; and they do not exaggerate this feature; for if all the men are not up to the sample here shown, at least these are the pattern men of the various corps represented, and not bad specimens of the Bombay Army at large.

C. W.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY having, as previously mentioned in this column, been asked by the Church Association to cite the Bishop of Lincoln to answer before him on a charge of ritualistic practices, replies that the old precedent of *Lucy v. Bishop Watson*, the only one during more than three hundred years since the Reformation, does not appear to him to admit of substantial application to the case of the Bishop of Lincoln. He declines, therefore, to exercise his jurisdiction as requested without some instruction from a competent Court that it is now applicable.

THE THIRD LAMBETH CONFERENCE, or Pan-Anglican Synod, was formally inaugurated at Canterbury on Saturday, where and when the reception of the Bishops (upwards of 140 were invited) from all parts of the world by the Primate at a function in the Cathedral presented a striking and picturesque spectacle. From the Chair of St. Augustine the Archbishop delivered an impressive and occasionally touching allocution, in the course of which, commenting on a passage in a letter written by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine, the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, he spoke of it as leaving "one true tone with us for comfort and strength"—namely, "liberty for all the holy Churches of God, loyal allegiance to Churchmen to each his own."—On Monday there was a special service in the choir, Westminster Abbey, the Primate preaching a sermon, the keynote of which was struck in his statement that "the Church history of the past is a mere preface to the volume."—On Tuesday the Conference was opened at Lambeth Palace, after a celebration of Communion in the chapel, at which 130 Bishops were present. The Primate officiated, and the Bishop of Minnesota preached on the importance of unity in the Church. At the Conference the

subject for the day was "definite teaching of faith to various classes, and the means thereto." The discussion was conducted in private. On Wednesday the Archbishops and Bishops, now in London, were entertained at dinner by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

THE MEMBERS OF THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL, referred to in this column last week, met on Tuesday, and were hospitably entertained in the grounds of the Campden Hill residence of the Duke of Argyll, in whose unavoidable absence they were received by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. The Rev. Drs. Fraser and Macleod welcomed the foreign delegates, two of whom, a French and a Czech minister, delivered interesting addresses in excellent English.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The two new Bishops Suffragan of Bedford and Leicester will be consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow (Sunday) week.—The Archbishop of York, it is intimated, finding the work of the Diocese too heavy for him, is to have the assistance of a Suffragan, who will take the title of Bishop of Beverley. This, it is hinted, may be a first step towards the further division of the Diocese and the creation of a new See, with Beverley as its centre.—The sum of 30,000*l.* towards the endowment of the Bristol Bishopric which was to be raised by the 30th of June in order to obtain an anonymous gift of 10,000*l.* having been secured, the Bishopric Society have now 40,000*l.* towards the 65,000*l.* required.—The Archdeaconry of Exeter, vacant through the death of Dr. Sanders, has been conferred by the Bishop of the Diocese on Prebendary Sandford, whose name was with that of Prebendary Billing submitted to the Queen when nominating a new Bishop Suffragan of Bedford.—The Rev. H. R. Heywood, Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Lancashire, and Rector of Swinton, has been appointed to the vacant Canonry in Manchester Cathedral.



THE ACTION FOR LIBEL brought by Wood the jockey against the proprietor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* terminated last week in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, which gives the plaintiff his costs unless the Judge certifies for good cause to deprive him of them. Lord Coleridge intimated that, if left to himself, he would not give Wood his costs, but that the Court of Appeal, having overruled a similar decision of his in a similar case, he declined to make any order, and left the parties to go to that Court. On Tuesday, however, being pressed by counsel to give a decision, without which there would be nothing to appeal against, Lord Coleridge refused the plaintiff his costs, and it will probably be left to the House of Lords to adjudicate finally on the matter.

THE TRIAL OF THE ACTION FOR LIBEL, which has been looked forward to with considerable interest, brought by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, formerly M.P. for Galway and Dungarvan successively, against *The Times*, began on Monday, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a Special Jury. The plaintiff was represented by a solitary and little-known counsel, Mr. Ruegg, and the *Times* by the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, Mr. Lumley Smith, Q.C., and Mr. Gwynne James. The alleged libels were for the most part articles in the *Times* accusing the Home Rule leaders of being the virtual accomplices of the planners of the Phoenix Park murders and other atrocities, and Mr. O'Donnell, contending that he was directly and indirectly included by the *Times* among those leaders, claimed 50,000*l.* damages. *The Times*, on the other hand, maintained that Mr. O'Donnell was not pointed at in the charges which it brought against the Parnellite leaders, and that in fact he was not one of them. Further, that whether Mr. O'Donnell is to be included among them or not, the charges brought against them are true. In his opening speech Mr. Ruegg endeavoured to prove, by some extracts from the *Times*, that it had expressly classed Mr. O'Donnell as, during one period, an ally of Mr. Parnell, and among the leaders of his party. To establish the existence among persons qualified to judge of a belief that Mr. O'Donnell had been generally considered to be one of those leaders, and was to be considered implicated in the charges brought against them by the *Times*, he called as witnesses Mr. Lucy, of the *Daily News*, Mr. Joseph Cowen, and Mr. Burt, M.P., and one other, whose evidence was on the whole to the effect that they considered Mr. O'Donnell to have been one of the leaders of the Home Rule party, and as such amenable to the charges brought against those leaders. In his opening speech for the defence the Attorney-General, who complimented Mr. Ruegg on the "great ability" which he had displayed, argued that Mr. O'Donnell never was a member of the Land League; and that its organisation, under which outrages were incited and committed, was not one with which he was associated. In support of this statement he read, among other documents, a letter written by Mr. O'Donnell to the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police in November, 1881, a few weeks after the League had been proclaimed, in which he spoke of himself as "not a member either of the Irish Land League or the British one." But the *Times* maintained that the alleged libellous statements, though not intended to apply to Mr. O'Donnell were true. The Attorney-General proceeded on Wednesday to support this contention in an elaborate narrative intended to establish an intimate connection and correspondence between Mr. Parnell and other Home Rule leaders with the planners of the Phoenix Park murders and other outrages. He read letters which he said were written by Mr. Parnell and others, and of the genuineness of which it would be for the jury after hearing evidence to judge; but whatever might be the consequences to his clients, the *Times* absolutely refused to name the persons from whom it had received those letters, knowing what would be their fate after such a disclosure. Among them was the celebrated one said to be signed by Mr. Parnell on the Phoenix Park murders. Another was read alleged to be signed by Mr. Parnell, purporting to be written from Kilmainham prison, and sent to Egan in Paris, in which he is represented as saying: "Our best men are in prison, and nothing has been done. Let there be an end to this hesitancy. Prompt action is called for. You undertook to make it hot for old Forster and Co. Let us have some evidence of your power to do so." The sensation of the day, however, was the reading of a letter purporting to be from Mr. Frank Byrne, against whom a warrant was issued for complicity in the Phoenix Park murders, and he was described as saying in it, "I received the promised cheque for 100*l.* from Mr. Parnell on the day that I left London." This money, the *Times* had asserted, enabled Byrne to escape first to France and then to America. Sir R. Webster did not conclude his address when the Court rose on Wednesday. The case was proceeding when we went to press.

A FINAL STAGE has been reached in the important action brought by the Huts, father and son, against the Governors and two masters of Haileybury College, reported in this column at the time of trial. By agreement there is to be a verdict for the father for 100*l.* against the Governors, without costs; and another for the masters against the son, also without costs. Mr. Justice Field pronounced this arrangement highly satisfactory. Young Hutt's character, he said, was thoroughly cleared; and Mr. Hutt, senior, was shown to be abundantly justified in bringing his action. On the other hand, the two masters had been held by the jury to have acted in the *bona fide* though mistaken belief that they were justified in acting as they did.

THE TRIAL of the action for libel brought by Mr. Hugh Watt, M.P., against Dr. Cameron, M.P., as proprietor of the *North British Daily Mail*, for publishing in it a statement imputing plagiarism to the plaintiff in a lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, terminated on Wednesday with a verdict for the defendant.



THE TURF.—The only important event on the second day of the Stockbridge Meeting, last week, was the Hurstbourne Stakes, in which Donovan, who has altogether won more than 10,000*l.* for the Duke of Portland, added another win to his credit.

At Sandown, on Friday, Hazlethatch was made favourite for the Electric Stakes. Backers were disappointed, however, for the race fell to an outsider in Bullion. Bismarck won the Robert de Wittville Handicap, and Giesshubler the Corinthian Plate. Next day, Satiety scored another victory for Lord Calthorpe in the Wellington Plate, and the veteran Laceman bore his twelve years nobly to the fore in the Cobham Plate; but the chief event was the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes, in which backers were rewarded by the success of the favourite, Mr. Douglas Baird's El Dorado.

The Newmarket July Meeting, pleasantest of all the fixtures at head-quarters, began on Tuesday. Fullerton walked over for the Bunbury Plate, Cardinal Mai won a Trial Plate, and Satiety was once more successful, this time in the Bottisham Plate, while Donovan obtained a clever victory in the July Stakes from his solitary opponent, Gold. Sea Song won the Soham Plate. Next day, Fullerton beat his only antagonist Van Dieman's Land in the July Cup, Sheen won the Zetland Plate, and Palmleaf the Beaufort Stakes. At Carlisle, Queen's Counsel won the Cumberland Plate, and Edlington the Devonshire Plate.

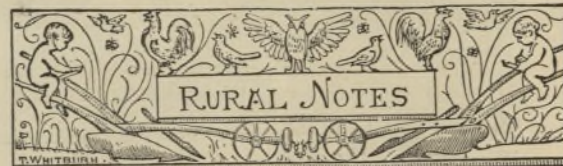
CRICKET.—The Oxford and Cambridge match of 1888 will be remembered by future historians of the game for the fact that, owing to continuous wet, there was no play on the first day. The second and third days also were very rainy, and, consequently, play had to be extended to a fourth day. The result was not known at the time of our going to press. The match was left in a very interesting condition on Wednesday night. The Oxford bowlers, suited by the slow wicket, got Cambridge out for 171, no bad score, considering all things. Mr. Butler with 37, and Mr. Thomas with 36 were the highest scorers for Cambridge, while Mr. Cochrane was very destructive for the Dark Blues. The Oxford first innings amounted to 124, Mr. Woods getting six wickets for 48. Lord George Scott 32, and Mr. Gresson 30 were the highest scorers. In their second innings the Light Blues made 170.

The two days' match between Oxford and the M.C.C. ended in a victory for the club; Surrey easily defeated Hants; and the Australians, for the first time on record, defeated the North of England. Mr. McDonnell did an extraordinary performance in the Colonists' second innings. Going in on a difficult wicket, he forced the game to such purpose that he made 82 out of 86 scored while he was in. This recalls some of Mr. Massie's feats in 1882. The Match between the Australians and Liverpool and District ended in another victory for the colonists. Kent drew with Yorkshire. Mr. C. J. M. Fox, a well-known cricketer, who is, however, new to the hop-county Eleven, made 93. The match between Eton and Winchester was drawn in favour of the latter. Some dissatisfaction was expressed at the Etonians not playing the match out, as their opponents did last year under similar circumstances. In spite of the wet, there has been some tall scoring. Surrey Club and Ground made 538 (Mr. M. P. Bowden 284, Abel 111) for nine wickets against Northamptonshire; at Llandovery, the Town made 334 for three wickets against the School, two of the former Eleven making over 150 each; and at Trent, Mr. H. G. Owen made 205 (not out) of the 325 for four wickets, scored by the College against the Derbyshire Friars.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.—M. Journu, who has been carrying all before him, and who last week defeated Captain Brewer, the crack American shot, met his match on Tuesday in the person of Mr. Merwyn Watts, who beat him by one bird in a match at sixty each.—Captain Brewer has obtained the so-called Championship of England Cup by winning it three times in succession.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—The weather was against good performances at the Amateur Championship Meeting at Crewe on Saturday. The only new "record" made was in the Hammer, which J. S. Mitchell, Tipperary, threw 124 feet 8 inches. The Half-mile went to Le Maitre, and the Quarter to Tindall, while Joyce (C.U.A.C.) won the Hurdles in 16 secs., equal to "record." The Americans, so-called (half of them only reckon their Transatlantic stay by months), got their share of the events.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The evergreen Mr. E. G. Meers retained the Kent Lawn Tennis Championship, Mr. C. G. Eames being the runner-up.—The two bicycling Woods have met again, this time at ten miles, when victory again remained with F. Wood of Leicester.



MEETINGS AT NOTTINGHAM.—The following is a complete list of the meetings of Societies which will take place in the Nottingham Show Yard. Monday, 9th July; Poultry Club, 1 P.M.; Sussex Herdbook Society, 2 P.M.; Hunters' Improvement Society, 3 P.M.; Shorthorn Society, 3.30 P.M.; and English Jersey Cattle Society, 4.30 P.M. Tuesday, 10th July, Shropshire Sheep Breeders' Association, 11 A.M.; Hackney Horse Society, 11.30 A.M.; Royal Agricultural Society, 12.30 P.M.; Nottinghamshire Agricultural Society, 2.30 P.M.; National Pig Breeders' Association, 3.0 P.M.; Berkshire Society (Pigs), 3.30 P.M.; and the Shire Horse Society, 4 P.M. On Wednesday, 11th July, the Enslage Society have their annual meeting at 11 A.M. Special Councils of the Royal Agricultural Society will be held daily in the Show Yard at 1 P.M., from 9th July to 13th July.

THE WOBURN EXPERIMENTS were duly visited last week by a number of leading agriculturists, but the policy of these expensive trials on a not very suitable farm, and in the same region that Sir John Lawes has investigated with unrivalled continuance of precise and detailed observation, seems at least open to question. Some pleasant experiences were interchanged by farmers at the Show, who for once do not always seem to have done badly even with wheat growing. From what we heard on that occasion, it would seem that, with generous manuring, land under wheat should still yield a total crop of corn and straw which will enable the farmer to make a fair profit, and pay a fair rent. But to the important considerations involved on this point we must return on another occasion.

THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW has just been held at Bourne-mouth, and has been visited by close upon 29,000 people, being an even greater attendance than when the Show was held in the great



SIR R. G. C. HAMILTON  
TasmaniaSIR C. E. H. MITCHELL  
Fiji IslandsLORD CARRINGTON  
New South WalesLIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. F. DRUMMOND JERVOIS  
New ZealandSIR ANTHONY MUSGRAVE  
QueenslandSIR HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH  
VictoriaSIR F. NAPIER BROOME  
Western AustraliaSIR W. C. F. ROBINSON  
South Australia

## THE AUSTRALASIAN GOVERNORS

PHOTOGRAPHED AT SYDNEY ON THE OCCASION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOUR OF ST. LUCIA, WINDWARD ISLANDS  
Our New Coaling-Station

A ROAD IN DOMINICA



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD



PORT CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA—H.M.S. "COMUS" ALONGSIDE, COALING



THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD



THE RESERVOIR, TRINIDAD

THE ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE WEST INDIAN FLEET





THE CENTENARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES  
EVENING RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—A DISPLAY OF ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHTS BY THE FLEET



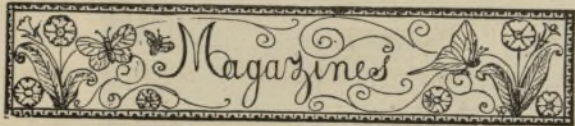
town of Portsmouth. The collection of stock was very fine, and the 1,141 entries made the display one of the biggest of the year. Sheep were a wonderfully strong and fine show, there being eighty-two entries of Hampshire Downs, most of them of very high merit, together with seventy-nine entries of Southdowns, and thirty entries of all other breeds. We were rather surprised to see the Oxfordshire Downs very poorly represented. The Somersetshire sheep were also disappointing. Evidently the managers concentrate their efforts on the Hampshire and Southdown breed, and, seeing the splendid results obtained in those classes, we do not feel that they are blame-worthy. The show of agricultural horses was smaller than anticipated, only thirty-nine stalls being filled. The Jersey cattle were a good show, the yearling bulls, and also the cows, being especially excellent. The Sussex cattle proved one of the most attractive features of the Show Yard, the even merit and high quality of the stock being widely remarked. Devons, Herefords, and Shorthorns, however, were all disappointing, and below the average of an ordinary county Show.

A POPULAR DUTY should indeed be a blessing to the badgered Chancellor of the Exchequer. Here, however, is a well-known agriculturist writing as follows:—"If a licence-duty on stallions becomes law, it will, I feel sure, tend to improve the horses bred. At present mares that are partially useless from unsoundness of some kind are put to any horse whose fee is a low one, no regard being paid to his soundness, and should a foal be the result, it seldom pays the expense of rearing. The proposed tax would get rid of all but sound serviceable stallions, whose fee would probably be 30s. to 50s., and owners of mares could not waste their money, as at present, but would breed from sound useful mares whose progeny would pay for rearing and also be a credit to the breeders. As an owner of stallions for nearly the past twenty years, and a breeder of horses many years longer, I feel very strongly the necessity of some stringent means to get rid of those unsound stallions that are a bane to the country."

THE ESSEX SHOW was somewhat spoilt by heavy local rains, but the attendance was fair, and some very excellent stock were exhibited, the Jerseys being an especially fine display. The cart-horses were a small show of high quality. The sheep contained a really good collection of Southdowns, and also of black-faced Suffolks. The Show this year was held at Ilford on heavy land, and we regret to say that the yard was in a filthy condition, almost recalling the "Royal" Shows of Kilburn and Carlisle.

MR. RANDELL.—This well-known Worcestershire landowner, farmer, and sheep-breeder has just been lost to the agricultural world, wherein he played no inconsiderable part. He had been a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society since 1861, and although this does not seem so very long ago, yet it is a fact that at the time of his death he had served a longer period than any ordinary member now on that body. Mr. Randell's farm was a model to neighbours and visitors, and his success as a breeder of sheep was conspicuous. He was present at last month's Council Meeting of the "Royal," when, despite the burden of seventy-seven years, few indeed thought that that would be the last occasion of their meeting their old colleague and friend.

HORSES.—A meeting of the Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding was held last Friday, when the following resolution was passed:—"That the Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding suggest to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons the desirability of a conference of members of the veterinary profession being convened by them for the purpose of considering, and if possible defining, what defects in a horse for breeding purposes shall be regarded as constituting hereditary disease." A schedule of questions was also drawn up to be sent to the members of the various district committees who have been superintending the arrangements in connection with the stallions which gained Queen's Premiums during the past seasons.



## II.

THE first article in the *Nineteenth Century* is that by Mr. W. E. Gladstone on "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion." It is a paper of ecclesiastical rather than of general interest.—Warm if discriminating praise of "Our Missionaries" is given by Sir William Wilson Hunter. He thinks that the time has come for missionaries themselves, and those who have watched the simple and noble spirit in which they labour, to protest against every form of exaggeration or insincerity in popular expositions of their work. "I am convinced," he observes, "that, if Englishmen at home knew the missionaries as they are, there would be less doubt as to the merit of their claims, and as to the genuine character of their work." Sir William Hunter further declares that he knows of no class of Englishmen who have done so much to render the name of England, apart from the power of England, respected in India as the missionaries.—Lord Armstrong advances some weighty reflections concerning "The Vague Cry for Technical Education." He disputes the theory that genius is kept down by want of knowledge. "Genius," he observes, "is irrepressible, and revels in overcoming difficulties; except in what are called the learned professions, few men who have risen to distinction have owed their success to book-knowledge thrust upon them in early life."—The Bishop of Colombo contributes an instructive article on "Buddhism."

A very striking paper on "The Future of Religion," by M. Emile de Laveleye, opens the *Contemporary*. If civilisation is not destined to perish, he holds that religion, in one or other form, will continue to supply moral rules of conduct, and the necessary incentive for the accomplishment of duty. The form of religion will be an emanation of Christianity, and it will need formula, organisation, and public worship. "The philosopher," remarks M. de Laveleye, "may plunge deeper and deeper in search of truth; but men in general, and children more especially, require clear and absolute affirmations."—The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers writes on "Mr. Chamberlain and the Liberal Party," but his argument leads nowhere; and Professor Seeley reprints a suggestive and wise lecture delivered by him at Cardiff two years ago.—The Rev. Sir George Cox gives reason for a revision of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."—One of the best papers in the Review, however, is that by Miss Frances Power Cobbe on "The Scientific Spirit of the Age." The causes of the anti-religious tendency of modern science may be found, Miss Cobbe believes, in the closing up of that "Gate called Beautiful," through which many souls have been wont to enter the Temple; in the diametric opposition of its method to the method of spiritual inquiry; and to the hardness of character frequently produced by scientific pursuits.

The *Fortnightly* opens with "Our True Foreign Policy," an appeal from an anonymous military writer to the people of this country to wake up to the dangers which beset them. Only the expenditure of a fraction of Mr. Goschen's savings is necessary, he argues, "to bring about that increase in our naval strength, all the particulars of which are now known to us, and to institute those reforms in our army organisation, which have been again and again demanded."—M. Henri Rochefort defends the hero of "The Boulangist Movement." He lauds the General as a War Minister. M. Clemenceau observed to M. Rochefort one day, "Boulangier will yet put you in Mazas,"

and he replied, "So much the better. I shall be content if he will but give back to France Alsace and Lorraine." M. Rochefort confesses to "a wild hope and a profound belief that if within our time the French flag shall float again over Strasbourg and Metz, it will be planted there by a patriotic officer who was turned out of the active army by politicians who can do nothing but talk."—Mr. Andrew Lang writes on "Lucian," Professor Dowden on "Goethe in Italy," Colonel F. Maurice on "Critics and Campaigns," and Mr. Herbert Spencer on "The Ethics of Kant."

"Maritime Dangers and Defence," by Sir Samuel Baker, occupies the first place in the *National Review*. He is of opinion that as England has given a quarter-of-a-million men enrolled as a volunteer army, in the same manner she would supply a volunteer navy for the defence of the British coasts, provided our authorities would accept the offer with appreciation, instead of throwing a wet blanket over every spark of sentiment. Such a fleet should consist, according to Sir Samuel Baker, of light cruisers of extreme speed, equalling twenty-two knots, as they would never require a larger coal-supply than sufficient for four days.—Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., writes in the same review on "The Rise, Progress, and Decline of Nonconformity in Wales," and the Countess of Jersey on "The Romance of a Mine."

There is a capital critique on the great theological novel of the year in *Blackwood*, entitled "Robert Elsmere and Modern Oxford." It is a cogent argument against the doctrine of Mrs. Ward. "The book," observes the writer, "is an expression of the homage which agnosticism pays to the Christian faith—a recoil from negation, an attempt at compromise." He further remarks that "to abandon the services of the Church of England, with its language and ritual, formed by the piety and hallowed by the reverence of successive generations, for the ghastly performances of Elgood Street would scarcely be consistent with sanity." Mr. Coutts Trotter again gives some fruit of his shrewd observation and large travel experience in "Impressions of Australia; with an account of the Fish River Caves."

Mr. Lewis Morris contributes to *Murray* a spirited ballad on "The Invincible Armada, 1588," describing the running fight up Channel from Plymouth, and the final demolition of the enemy's fleet by war and storm. Here is a verse from the poet's picture of the first night's pursuit of the Spaniards:—

And behind them close, like hunters swift, with hounds that snarl and bite,  
The English squadrons followed through the breezy summer night  
They could see the Don's high lanterns in a brilliant crescent flare,  
They could catch the black friars' moaning chant upon the midnight air.

"In a Conning Tower; or, How I Took H.M.S. *Majestic* into Action," is an exceedingly realistic description of a naval duel between two first-class fighting ships of the present day. It is but rarely that the story of an actual conflict has been so forcibly told as is the tale of this sea fight of the imagination.

In *Macmillan* we find a posthumous ballad from the pen of the late Sir Francis Doyle, "Lord Rodney's Bantam Cock." Rodney's favourite bantam cock stood perched upon the poop of the *Formidable* through the whole of the great West Indian battle in which De Grasse was defeated, its shrill voice crowing through the thunder of the broadsides. The verses are supposed to be written later on by a contemporary, when Nelson was in the ascendant:—

But yet, through years which have grown dim  
That bird lives on. Though youths may mock,  
Still white-haired sailors talk of him.  
Lord Rodney's bantam cock.

—Colonel Hozier holds that "England's Real Peril" lies in this, that wherever we look we see indications of wealth passing away from the Englishmen into the hands of those who are now their competitors, and may some day be their enemies.—The Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., has a good descriptive paper dealing with the Yosemite Valley, and entitled "The Valley of Waterfalls."—A fictional sketch full of humour is "A Lost Match."

*Temple Bar* contains two characteristic historical articles, one on "Benyowsky," the other on "The House of Percy."—A Chapter of Proposals is an uncommonly bright and entertaining piece of fictional work.

The romance of mechanical science is capably treated by Mr. John Bogart in *Scribner* with "Feats of Railway Engineering."—Mr. Charles A. Young takes us pleasantly round the chief observatories of Europe in "An Astronomer's Summer Trip."—Mr. Robert L. Stevenson's essay is more light and amusing this month, and is concerned with "Popular Authors."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Miss L. B. C. Wyman is suggestive and thoughtful with "Studies of Factory Life: The Village System;" and Miss Harriet Waters Preston succeeds admirably in recalling the days of Cicero by her paper entitled "The Changing Order."

Still another magazine is added to the long list. Mr. W. Mawer published for July the first number of *Life-Lore*, a monthly magazine of natural history. It should be especially useful to young people with a love for nature, and who desire to understand it.

The *Gentleman's* contains much interesting reading. Mr. C. J. Waters treats of "William Barnes, the Dorset Poet;" while Mr. Frank Banfield writes on "The Scillonians."—There is also an intelligent essay on "Charles Lamb's Letters," by Mr. William Summers, M.P.

*Forbes's Sporting Notes* for the current quarter is as racy and readable as ever, and has eight tinted full-page illustrations by Finch Mason, R. M. Alexander, Cuthbert Bradley, and others.

All the *Year Round* and the *Argosy* maintain their high level of merit, which leaves no room for any but favourable comment.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a humorous monastic group fishing by the trout stream of their foundation. It is a capital etching, by Mr. Fred. Slocombe, from Mr. Dendy Sadler's picture, "Thursday."—M. Villars and M. Myrbach give us their impressions of Liverpool as this month's addition to the series of "A Foreign Artist and Author in England."—We can also praise "The Palates of the late King of Bavaria," by R. Phené Spiers.—This periodical publishes a Special Number at one-and-sixpence, descriptive of "The Glasgow Exhibition," which is a handsome and useful memento of the great industrial festival now being held on the banks of the Clyde.

AN EXHIBITION OF PASTELS opens at the Grosvenor Gallery on October 20th.

THE CHINESE ANTIDOTE TO HYDROPHOBIA is soup made from the heart of a mad dog, which should be drunk as speedily as possible after the bite.

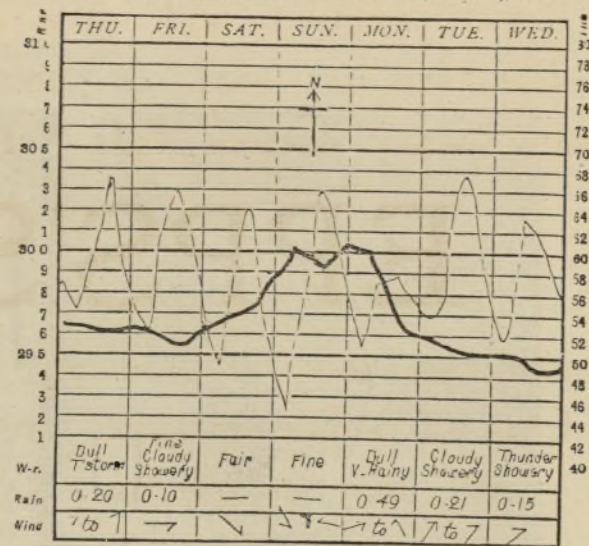
A LADIES' YACHT CLUB is being formed in New York. Transatlantic belles are studying navigation with much energy, while several young married women are the real owners of smart racing craft, entered under their husbands' names.

CREMATION IN ITALY is now formally authorised by the Government as a valuable hygienic measure. Thus when a crematory temple was opened in Turin, the head official of the Public Health department was despatched to represent the Government, and express their approval of cremation.

THE BRITISH SPARROW IN THE UNITED STATES is accused of a fresh offence. Six familiar species of American birds have become extinct within the last ten years, and ornithologists affirm that the pugnacious sparrow has fought and starved out the poor natives till they gradually disappeared altogether.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (4th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been changeable and cool throughout, with heavy local rains and thunderstorms in the East of England. These continued unseasonable conditions have been occasioned by various depressions which have passed Eastwards across different parts of our Islands. Thus, in the course of the first half of the time a large disturbance moved Eastwards from the borders of England and Scotland, while in its rear the mercurial column kept very unsteady, owing to several small and shallow local depressions, which showed themselves in many places. The winds over our Islands were, however, chiefly under the influence of the main depression, which had reached Denmark, and consequently blew from the Northwards, while dull, showery weather prevailed pretty generally. During Sunday (1st inst.) the barometer fell briskly in the West, and by the following morning (2nd inst.) a depression had appeared off the South-West of Ireland; in the course of the remainder of this period this travelled away in an East-North-Easterly direction. The winds consequently drew into the South and West very generally, and occasionally blew with some strength in many parts of the country, while copious falls of rain continued locally, with but brief spells of sunshine in places. At the close of the week little or no improvement in the weather was indicated. Temperature, which has been low generally, has shown no extremes anywhere, while rainfall has been more than the normal in all parts of the country.

The barometer was highest (30.5 inches) on Sunday (1st inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Wednesday (4th inst.); range 0.56 inch.

The temperature was highest (68°) on Tuesday (3rd inst.); lowest (45°) on Sunday (1st inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 1.15 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.49 inch on Monday (2nd inst.)

A NEW TELEGRAPHIC AGREEMENT between England and France comes into force on January 1st next. The tariff will be reduced to 2d. per word, and a direct line will be established between Havre and Liverpool.

A FRESH AFRICAN PEAK has been conquered—Mount Kenia, to the north of Kilimanjaro. Count Teleki, a Hungarian explorer, and an Austrian lieutenant have been travelling in Eastern Africa for some months, and after many difficulties managed to scale the mountain, which they state to be higher than Kilimanjaro.

THE OLD FAMILIAR PLEA OF A DAY IN THE COUNTRY for poor London children is urged by many schools and charitable societies. The Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, wants to take eight hundred children and aged people into the fields for a few hours, and to send some of his ailing parishioners for a fortnight at the seaside. Contributions to the Rev. G. Davenport, St. Mark's Vicarage, Whitechapel, E. The same petition comes from the Fox Court Ragged Schools, Holborn, donations to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. T. Fagg, 136, Pentonville Road, N.; from the Gee Street Christian Mission, Goswell Road, St. Luke's, E.C., contributions to the Hon. Superintendent, Mr. H. Rudgley, at the Office, 29, Falcon Square, Wood Street, Cheapside; from the Schools of St. Jude's, Southwark, on behalf of their children and mothers, donations to the Vicar, St. Jude's Vicarage, 110, St. George's Road, E.C.; and from St. Giles's Christian Mission, 4, Ampton Street, Regent Square, W.C., where fifteen hundred of the poorest children are looking for the day's holiday, contributions to the Superintendent, Mr. George Hatton, at the above address. The Mission also would like to send a few sickly children for a fortnight to the Holiday Homes of the Ragged School Union, who also appeal on their own behalf for this branch of their work. The Union sends children into the country or to the sea for a fortnight, and now asks for subscriptions, offers of "homes" and clothing for the children to be sent to the Secretary, Mr. J. Kirk, 13, Exeter Hall, W.C. This fortnight of fresh air for little ailing Londoners is the object of the Children's Country Holidays' Fund, which last year despatched over fourteen thousand children. Donations to the Secretary, Miss Neuman, 10, Buckingham Street, Strand.

NO AUTHENTIC NEWS OF MR. STANLEY has yet come to hand, but competent authorities are strongly inclined to believe that he really is the "White Pasha" reported to be on the way to Khartoum. According to the latest despatches from the Congo, reconnoitring parties had found quantities of human bones along Stanley's route, proving that the natives had shown fight. Major Barttelot thought that the expedition could not be above 500 miles beyond the Aruwimi camp, and he proposed pushing on after Mr. Stanley. He was hampered, however, by lack of supplies, as Tippoo Tib had failed to arrive with the promised provisions, while the unhealthiness of the district caused further distress. Meanwhile, in Paris the French members of the African International Association are going to send out a relief expedition to Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, headed by the explorer, Charles Sollier, who is well experienced in African travel. The question whether Mr. Stanley is actually approaching Khartoum is rendered additionally important by the melancholy tale sent to Cairo by the European prisoners of the Mahdi. Letters from Slatin Bey, the Austrian, and two fellow-prisoners, relate that the captives are most cruelly treated, except the Missionaries and Sisters, who are left free to earn their living by selling fried beans in the street. Slatin Bey is obliged to act running footman to the Mahdi, holding his stirrup when he mounts, and being constantly insulted by the Prophet as a Christian dog. Lupton Bey has performed the most menial work in the Arsenal, and has been kept without clothes, but he is now occupied in coining money, and is thus a little better off. The German Neufeld is in chains, and has been twice hung and cut down again—an experiment which proved fatal to his companion, Corporal Klotz. Similar treatment is meted out to the Greeks and Egyptians. It is declared that the inhabitants of Khartoum themselves are in great want, and that owing to the dissensions among the Mahdi's followers, many of the rebels would be ready enough to turn against their chief, and assist an Egyptian or Turkish force. On the other hand, some of the fanatic Mahdists might murder the captives on the first sign of a relieving expedition against Khartoum.



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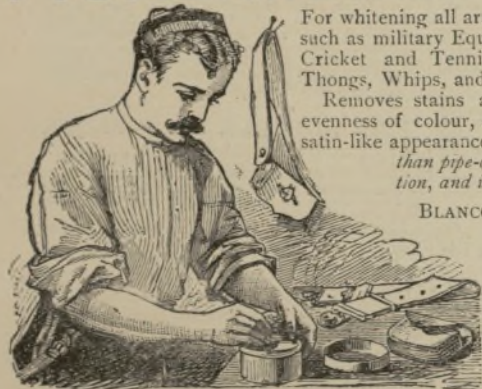
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## THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

### CHAPTER L.

#### MOTHER-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

DEEP as was the apprehension with which Lady Trevor looked forward to the coming of Mr. Spencer, it was scarcely less terrible to her than the interval passed in the meanwhile in her daughter-in-law's society. Not a word fell from Clara's lips, either of indignation or reproach. Except for such necessary conversation as companionship demanded, she maintained a sort of frozen silence, from which her hostess could gather nothing. To others there was nothing noticeable in this: she only seemed to partake of the general gloom, for it was now well understood that the master of the house was dying; but, as her hostess was well aware, she was not one to be tongue-tied by mere melancholy.

Lady Trevor tried, but tried in vain, to persuade herself that this silence arose from consideration for her own position. She knew that Clara's brow was dark, not with sorrow, but with anger, and that that anger was no longer concentrated on Hugh, but had extended to herself. To ask her for an explanation was beyond her courage; nay, she dared not even speculate upon the cause. Sir Richard grew worse and worse; his intervals of consciousness grew rarer and more brief; the words that his lips yet whispered were always the same words: "When will Spencer come?"

Late on the second day the Canon arrived, and was received by Lady Trevor in her boudoir. She recognised him at once, though his brown hair had become white as snow, and the "envious crow" had trodden about his eyes. The last time she had seen

him he had placed his hand with professional benevolence upon her shapely head, and expressed a hope that my lady's favour was not turning it. She had been his pattern-pupil in the village school.

He was a divine of the old school, and—whatever else might be wanting in him—a kind and courtly gentleman. As he pressed her fingers with tender sympathy with one hand, with the other he waved away her thanks for the promptness with which he had obeyed her summons.

"Though I make your first acquaintance to-day, Lady Trevor—unhappily, under such sad circumstances—I am one of your husband's oldest friends. If I had had to come twice as far I should have been equally willing. I am thankful indeed that I have arrived in time, and deeply touched by his wishing to bid me farewell."

She led him to her husband's bedroom, and signed to him to enter it alone; but before she had reached her own apartment the visitor came out again and called to her in a hushed voice. His face was solemn and full of sympathy: "Alas!" he murmured, "I am too late!" Then, taking her hand with a father's tenderness, he led her into the chamber of death, and left her.

How sad and strange it is that the full debt of human love is so often left unpaid until too late; that we delay to express how we have prized the jewel till nothing but the casket remains to us. What a waste seems that outpouring of passionate affection upon the inanimate body of our dear departed, which if bestowed upon him in life would have lightened and brightened it! Lady Trevor

herself never knew how she had loved her husband—and how much less, therefore, could *he* have known it—till she saw him dead before her. What had been amiss with him was all forgotten; she beheld the lover of her youth, but not the betrayer; the tender and indulgent husband; the faithful companion of her life, without whom it no longer seemed worth living. If a thought of the worthless rival who had robbed some of the affection that was *his* rightful due intruded on her now, it must have been a remorseful one indeed; for but for him her Richard might have been still alive. But her mind dwelt upon the dead man's relations with herself alone; as her husband, not as the father of her children. Her reflections were personal, and yet unselfish; she had no thought of self save in connection with him; they were not two, but one; and she would fain have died with him, as she had lived with him, and much more gladly.

On returning to her own room, however, the Present shut out the Past; she could not be said to be herself again—for each minute she had passed beside that lost one had added a year to her age, and she knew she was old and broken—but the needs of her new position began to make themselves felt. She had been deprived of all that seemed dear to her on earth; but her calamity might have been even still more complete; she had at least preserved her secret, and whether Sir Richard had died before Mr. Spencer had entered the room, or if, as seemed more probable—for she had not left it five minutes, when he certainly was still alive—emotion at the sight of him had put out the faint spark of life—he had died without sign. She could feel thankful that she had done her best to carry out his



last wishes, and at the same time thankful that no harm had come of them. The exposure of her shame had been spared her. Some self-congratulation, even in that hour of wretchedness, no doubt made itself apparent in her expressive face.

She was standing, lost in thought, by the window, when the door opened without noise, and the first notice she received of another's was given her in these pregnant words,

"So I see that you are safe, Lady Trevor."

Stern, and cold, and beautiful as a jealous Juno, her daughter-in-law stood confronting her. For the moment the wretched woman failed to perceive the full significance of the other's speech; she only vaguely felt there was menace in it, and with an unconscious effort at self-defence, rather than with any designed idea of making appeal to her feelings, she exclaimed, "My husband is dead, Clara," and burst into tears.

A touch of pity, just the merest shade, but still a touch, crept into those threatening eyes; but there was no grain of it in the tone of Clara's voice as she replied,

"I know it; still, Lady Trevor, you are safe; sit down."

The permission, or command, was not superfluous; and, trembling in every limb, the widow sank upon a couch while Clara stood, with hand outstretched, like some avenging angel, and addressed her sternly,

"You think me brutal, doubtless, in such an hour as this, to come to you on any errand, save one of pity; it may be you are right; for I have suffered enough to make me brutal. Do not therefore blame me for it, madam, but *that hound*, your son."

Here her eyes literally blazed with fury, from the compulsion of alluding to one so hateful to her, and she paused a few moments as if to recover her self-control.

"Nothing, I admit, however, should excuse my intrusion on your privacy at such a time save the most urgent reason, or the most grievous wrong; and there is no need to tell you, madam, by which of these two motives I am actuated. In this very room, four months ago, you treacherously deceived me in the matter of your son's relations with Jenny Beeton. To gain your own ends you represented them as still existing, though your own hand had broken them off; and would fain have persuaded me to give him up for ever. Would to Heaven you had succeeded, for instead of blaming the falseness of your tongue, I should now be blessing it, for having saved my life from blight and ruin. A few hours afterwards, in this very room, when I had discovered who you were, and, as I thought, all about you, you deceived me again, and with a cruelty with which woman has surely never before treated woman. To gain your own ends, which were then the exact opposite of what they had been before, you encouraged me, under the guise of frankness and of friendship, to wreck my future. On the pretence of giving me your whole confidence, when in truth you gave me none, you made me your ally, and for a reward you permitted me to marry your bastard son. If you had thought that I loved him, there might have been some shadow of excuse for you; but in your heart you did not even give me credit for that regard which, incredible and monstrous as its existence now appears to me, I did at one time really entertain for his worthless self. I was about to marry him, as you concluded, solely for the prospects and position which you knew he had no more legal right to bestow than the poor poacher—your own brother—whom his mean malice has consigned to gaol. Doubtless you thought that even if the worst came to the worst—as it *has* come—if I should ever learn your shameful secret, that self-interest would seal my lips, and that I should bear the hateful yoke which your treachery had imposed upon me with meek endurance. You little knew me, Lady Trevor."

She knew her now, at all events; no one could look upon that noble form, drawn up to its full height in wrath and scorn, that arm still outstretched as though it were made of iron, those eyes from which vengeance flashed like flaming fire, and believe she could be bent by any force to such a yoke. She continued, with bitter irony,

"You are curious, perhaps, to know how I found out your falsehood and your shame? It was your own son who revealed it to me!"

"My son!" with a sharp cry of agony and pain, Lady Trevor started from her seat. "Is it possible, then, that Hugh knows all?"

"Not yet," was the cold reply; "that news must be reserved for my own telling; it is the one hour of joy which life has to give me, and no one, be sure, shall baulk me of it. No, he does not know it, though it was from him I learnt it. He told me that his father had some hold upon him, and that until what has just occurred he was compelled to be upon his best behaviour, that when he was gone, however, there would be no one, as he termed it, 'to put the screw on him,' and that you yourself—of whom he spoke with the contempt you merit—had told him so. When I knew that you had told me only half your secret, and guessed, too late, the other half. I was not sure, however, and, as you will bear witness, I gave you the benefit of the doubt. When we came home I watched you narrowly, not without some hope that I might have been mistaken, but your every action, nay, your every word, now I had once the key that fitted them, convinced me of your guilt. When I bade you compel your son to spare his uncle, I knew that you could stop him if you pleased. But you spared yourself, and suffered him to complete his wrong. He shall wrong no one more, be sure; nor will I spare either you or him. Yes, upon the whole I am glad that the revelation, to make which I knew your dying husband had sent for Mr. Spencer, was never made to him. I read that in your face as I came in here—despite its widowed looks, there was a complacent satisfaction in it, misplaced, as you shall find. You thought your peril was past—your hateful son for ever free to trample upon all about him, and, above all, on me; from that idle dream I see I have awakened you."

Lady Trevor had answered nothing to either threat or taunt. Her spirit was crushed within her. She wore the despairing look of some poor creature of the fields caught in a trap, "who sees the trapper coming through the wood;" but, as the stream of her daughter-in-law's passionate reproaches seemed here to have ceased to flow, she inquired humbly, "What is it you mean to do, Clara?"

"With you? Nothing," was the cold response. "To do you justice, you have a conscience that will sting you more than any lash from my whip. I am quite content—now that you know what I think of you—to leave you to it. But for that hound, your son, never did he treat dog as I will treat him."

"Then how will he treat *me*?" groaned the wretched woman. "Oh, Clara! think, oh, think what a scorpion's sting it must be to a mother to be reproached by her own offspring for his undoing!"

"I have thought of it, Lady Trevor, and it shall not be done," was the unexpected rejoinder.

"What! Is it possible that you will not tell him? Oh, generous girl!" She threw herself upon her knees, and would have snatched and kissed the other's hands, but that with a quick movement she withdrew them out of reach.

"No, madam, you misunderstand me. I do pity you a little—more than I thought it possible a while ago; but, be assured, there is no shadow of weakness in my purpose. Your son must be told your story. Without that, where would be his punishment? How else could he be made to do justice, to make reparation, to act aright, despite his brutal impulses and the promptings of his wicked heart? Above all, where would be my revenge? Of course, he must be told; nor would I suffer my lips to be robbed of that precious morsel—the telling of it—for thrice his rent-roll. On the other hand, he shall never reproach his mother for her sin: first, for your own sake, for I am a woman still, and cannot, despite my wrongs, harden my heart against you, as you, who had no wrongs,

did against me; secondly, because I know it would gratify his vile and revengeful nature to taunt and curse you for his illegitimacy; and, with my will, he shall have no pleasures, good or bad."

It was terrible and yet sublime to see her passion; the swan, says the poet, is "born to be the only graceful shape of scorn," but if he could have seen Clara Trevor as she stood clothed in contemptuous fury, he would have admitted that there was another exception.

Yet of her two tyrants, Lady Trevor was compelled to own to herself that the yoke of this woman—who had at least some compassion in her—would be preferable to the iron harrow of her pitiless son. The degradation of accepting her daughter-in-law's protection was, of course, unspeakable, but she had brought herself to that pass when even degradation, if it only promised safety, seemed almost welcome; and in Clara's hands she felt sure that, somehow, her secret would yet be safe. Of course, all depended upon Hugh's willingness to accept the terms, hard and bitter as they were sure to be, that his wife would offer to him; but what alternative had he, but to accept them? His position, his birth, his wealth were his *raison d'être*, and made him all he was; without them he was as unsubstantial as a bubble. How could he withstand the demands, however imperious, of one who, though herself open to such material considerations by nature, had become it was evident, through her wrong, absolutely indifferent to them, and who could with a word fling him down from his pedestal, and leave him landless, penniless, friendless, exposed to the jeers of a mocking world!

## CHAPTER LI.

### SUBMISSION

SINCE it has been decided by the dramatic authorities that a lady should not be permitted to cut to pieces her children upon the stage, the same rule should, I suppose, apply when she performs the same operation upon her husband. The gentleness of woman and the sensitiveness of the married man alike shrink from the spectacle. Otherwise, I confess there is a great temptation to lift the curtain, and disclose that shameful scene wherein Hugh Trevor was made to bite the dust, and, prostrate at the feet of the wife he had taught to hate him, took his punishment like the cur he was. To "lick him into shape" was, as we know, impossible, and there was abundant excuse for licking him out of it. He was punished, indeed, to borrow the language of the police court, "beyond recognition." Not one feature of his insolence and pride remained to him, nor was ever beheld in his evil face again. Never was lash laid on by tongue of judge on trembling felon with such bitter emphasis, nor sentence pronounced with more unflinching severity. Of course, there was risk in it. Hugh might have said, "Do your worst; but remember you are still my wife, and revenge at least is left to me."

If such an alternative did cross his mind, there was certainly murder in it, and for once he resisted a desire—for behind it he saw the shadow of the gallows-tree. At all events, his submission was abject, immediate, and complete. So far as he himself was concerned, there was no difficulty in satisfying the claims of justice, and even of poetical justice. But as regarded his future position in relation to others, there were difficulties, indeed; in the court of Honour (though that did not trouble him—he was out of its jurisdiction) they were prodigious, and in the eye of the Law insurmountable.

It could not be denied that Clara was making herself an accessory after the fact to her mother-in-law's fraud. The very title, in fact, which had now become her own, she had gained by fraud, though for the present she was robbing no one of it. So far, indeed, from its possession—to which her ambition had once looked forward with such eagerness—giving her any pleasure, she loathed it; it scarred her brows like "Luke's iron crown;" but she was nevertheless compelled to wear it. This, however, was a small matter. Where Clara's dilemma lay was in the distribution of her husband's (supposed) fortune in such a manner as should meet the justice of the case as far as possible, without disclosing the secret of his birth. What it was her duty to do, upon the principle of *Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum* there was no doubt; but it must be remembered that she was well convinced that the only person whom she was wronging, namely Charles Trevor, would, had he been acquainted with the circumstances, have very much preferred to be wronged than to have permitted that confession of his mother's shame which must have resulted from his getting his rights. It was indeed, as Clara persuaded herself, "a charity" to keep him in ignorance of them. Fortunately for herself, she was a woman, and swayed by feeling much more than by principle; but even, as it was, she suffered torture from the pangs of conscience. If it had been possible, she would have resigned any material advantage that had accrued to her from her marriage, and returned to her father's roof as penniless as she had left it. But the nature of her guilt admitted of no such easy sacrifice. There were two circumstances that smoothed for her the immense difficulties that beset her; first, the craven submission of her husband to every thing demanded of him; and secondly, the easy-going and unbusiness-like disposition of his younger brother. In the latter case, indeed, the danger lay in bestowing upon him so much of the all that was his due without arousing his suspicions. How was it possible to make him believe in the liberality of a brother with whose selfish and grasping nature he was well acquainted, and from whom on his father's death, he had, with only too much reason, looked for nothing, unless it were a notice to quit the parental roof?

What Clara's straits must have been, may be concluded from the fact that the explanation of Hugh's conduct was found in the disclosure of a matter that every instinct of wifely pride would have urged her to conceal, namely, his hushed-up proposal to Jenny Beeton. It was not probable, indeed, that the discovery of any act of his past life, however shameful, should have placed such a husband as he at the mercy of his wife, or even made him willing to compensate her for his ill-doing, by any wholesale compliance with her wishes, but it was possible; and when we find ourselves suddenly overwhelmed by unexpected benefits, we are never very curious about the motives which have actuated the giver. That Clara was, however indirectly, the giver, and not Hugh, Charley was well convinced, and if he could not be said to have received his good fortune like a bride, without "amazement," his surprise did not prevent his acceptance of it. Even his thanks to her—for, as to his brother, as will be seen, he never had the opportunity of thanking him—were necessarily of the briefest, since it was impossible to allude to the cause which was supposed to have rendered her good intentions practicable.

Another circumstance that assisted the Ladies Trevor (for there were now two of them) was the Dowager having Mr. Morris so completely under her thumb. It would have been difficult, indeed, to have made clear to the lawyer land-agent why his client the new baronet did not "stick to" what had become his own by heirship, but made over so much of it to his brother Charles. It was necessary to make him to some extent their *confidante*, in order that certain legal arrangements should be duly executed, and just as under certain circumstances a forged bill is better security than a genuine one, he proved himself better adapted for their purpose (that is, more reticent and less inquiring) than an honest man.

But after all was done to hoodwink the world at large, and give the appearance of naturalness to what was so contrary to general expectation, enough still remained unexplained, or insufficiently explained, to arouse astonishment. More than one Prince Hal has given up his evil ways on succeeding to his father's throne, and made a very tolerable king; but there was nothing, as everybody agreed, of the Prince Hal about Sir Hugh; no generous instinct, no hearty

ways, no kindness, no sense of right; and how it ever came about that his rule was so mild, and just, and liberal, was that Mystery of Mirbridge from which our story takes its name. A partial explanation of his good landlordism was, however, reasonably found in the fact that Sir Hugh was an absentee, a circumstance which, at its inception, at least, no one was surprised at, on account of the ill terms on which, as every one knew, he was with his wife.

Immediately after his father's funeral he left England, ostensibly to make arrangements about some property which belonged to him near his old home in France, and in that country, under one pretext or another, he continued indefinitely to remain. Clara kept her promise that he should never be permitted to reproach his mother. Until her husband was buried, the widow kept close in her own apartments, where, with intense relief, she received the news from Clara that Hugh had gone. Her illusions with respect to him were at an end, at last, but enough of tenderness remained for him to make her daughter-in-law as reticent to her about him as, for other reasons, she was to others. Never, probably, was the head of a family in his lifetime so completely ignored under his own roof as Sir Hugh Trevor. News came of him indirectly from time to time, generally in connection with a taste he had always had, but which had become greatly developed, for French brandy; but it excited very little interest, though perhaps in one breast a secret hope. Considering the state of mind in which it may be conjectured he was, so full of rage and despair, and baffled expectation of evil-doing, it was probable enough the news was true; the one ground for congratulation for mankind that is associated with the curse of drink is that so many worthless people take to it, and rid us of their presence, in consequence, the sooner. By all but three persons in the world Hugh Trevor might be said to be forgotten; and by all but two, his wife and his Uncle John, forgiven. It is possible, if he had come back, so vehement was the hate the old poacher entertained for him, that he would have shot him, which would have been a terrible *dénouement* of the family secret, indeed. That catastrophe at least his unhappy mother was spared; but I venture to think she was punished enough for the sin of her youth, and the wrong-doing consequent upon its concealment. How complete had been the failure of all her fraud and falsehood! How worthless that idol proved at whose shrine she had sacrificed in vain her self-respect! Not even now was she at peace, for who could be sure that in some fit of drunkenness Hugh might not blurt out his story, or even, mad with drink and rage, return home to tell it?

Still, as time went on, life became more endurable to her than it had been. The tendrils of maternal love, so rudely torn away from their first hold, gradually attached themselves to a more worthy object, her second son; while in Lucy, whom she had always regarded with tenderness, she found, even before the girl became Charley's bride, a loving daughter. With Clara, too, her relations, though at first a little strained, were not unpleasant. The two women had too many faults, or rather flaws, of character in common, not to thoroughly understand one another; and Clara, generous by nature, showed herself kind, as well as conciliatory. It may be said that the practical character of the young lady had something to do with this; that it was only to be expected that she would make the best of a bad job, and not cry over spilt milk. But as a matter of fact, her misfortune was too great to admit of any considerations of that nature. Strange as it may seem, she felt the humiliation of her position even more than did the elder woman; and that it was not known to others was her sole consolation. She grew in time to like her mother-in-law for her own sake, but the possession of their common secret was, of course, the bond that drew her most closely to her. What an end—if indeed the worst had yet happened to her—had come of her scheme of life, and its low ambitions? How useless was now the beauty, with which she had held men in thrall, and thought to win her way with!

If happiness was not to be her own, however, she at least found solace in promoting the happiness of others. What Lucy had been to the poor folks at Mirbridge, Clara became—though, of course, with a difference. She had not Lucy's winning smile and gracious ways. A sort of tender melancholy took the place of her old haughtiness, though a smile—the last relic of her old cynicism—would sometimes cross her lips at the reflection that she was learning the true lesson of life from the sister whose ignorance she had despised.

## CHAPTER LII.

### POSTSCRIPT

THERE was now no reason, as regarded any deficiency of means, why Charles and Lucy should not become man and wife; while the absence of his brother made his remaining at Mirbridge almost a necessity for the transaction of affairs in connection with the estate. Lucy, always a home-lover, was well-pleased at the prospect of being at the Court, and had none of the usual misgivings about getting on with her mother-in-law; and, a few months after Sir Richard's death, they were married.

Mrs. Westrop was very indignant with Charles Trevor for despising her heiress, and reproached that young lady for having played her cards so badly; while Lady Joddrell was still more angry with Lucy for having played them so well. No one could ever persuade her that that young lady had not been cognisant all along of the real nature of her husband's expectations; though at the same time, with some lack of logic, she attributed to Clara's astuteness the ample manner in which her sister had been provided for. If she had known the actual facts of the case, and had been permitted to tell them, it would probably have given her a greater pleasure than she had ever experienced in her life; but this bliss was denied her.

Sir Hugh was not at the wedding, which was almost as quiet a one as his own; and I am afraid he even forgot to send the young couple a marriage present. From a material point of view, this was, however, of the less consequence, since it was made up to them by a *cadeau* from Miss Munchance, equal in value to a gross of ordinary gifts. As Charles observed to his bride, when the diamonds first flashed upon her astonished gaze, "Why, my dear, if we had had nothing else, we might have married on *that*." Moreover, they had the satisfaction of knowing that, unlike the usual procedure in such cases, the present would have been just as costly if they had been as poor as Job, and stood in the same need of it. Mr. Gurdon's gift was of a much humbler kind, but caused even a greater excitement. It was a picture as large as the famous (or infamous) Romney, painted by his own hand, of Miss Munchance herself, which, as a memorial of so warm a friend, he ventured to express a hope would not be unacceptable. The recipients exchanged very significant glances over it, and one of them winked.

"She must have sat a good many times to him," observed Lucy, "to have produced so complete a likeness."

"Yes; and it is probable he will have many opportunities of taking her again," was Charley's dry rejoinder; whereupon they both burst into a shout of laughter. Young people in their happy position do so upon very slight provocation, but to judge from what happened subsequently, to the amazement of all who enjoyed Mr. Gurdon's acquaintance, there was really some ground for mirth in their case. Confirmed bachelors—at all events when they are under thirty—do not always marry their cooks. What Mrs. Westrop said about *that*, I leave to the imagination of the reader; her friends at Mirbridge, it cannot be denied, gave her a great deal to talk about, and she ought to have been grateful to them.

When Charles and Lucy went to live at the Court, Clara returned to her old home, and dwelt with her parents.

"I can never make up to you," she said to them very gently, and



in what Mr. Gurdon used professionally to describe as her "later manner," "for the daughter you have lost, but at all events I can promise that you will find me of more service than I used to be," and she kept her word. She was never Lucy, but she proved herself much more adapted for home consumption than the Clara of old—a more wholesome, dutiful, loving daughter, though always with a tinge of melancholy, it would have been difficult to find.

"I really can't understand," observed Mrs. Westrop to Charles Trevor, "what has come over that grass widow of yours"—by which of course she meant his brother's.

Even when, after a few years, French brandy accomplished its beneficent work, and she became a real widow, her enfranchisement effected little change in her. She certainly grew more cheerful—as well she might with that weight of apprehension removed from her shoulders—but her behaviour still continued to be what the neighbourhood called "peculiar." With respect to one of her "fancies" they even used a harsher term, and indeed—without reference to the ambition that had characterised her of old—it was a thing inexplicable to them. For what woman having once acquired a handle—by hook or by crook—to her name has ever been known to part with it? Yet this is what the second Lady Trevor did upon her sister's succeeding to the title. That there should be three Lady Trevors in Mirbridge (like the three Kings of Brentford) she denounced as an absurdity, as well as leading to endless misunderstandings and mistakes; and from henceforth declined to be addressed by that name. To the world at large this appeared at best an eccentricity; at worst, the pride that apes humility; but there was one person who recognised and appreciated her motive. It was the stripping off (she knew) of the last falsehood that clung to her. Clara was, it is true, still in receipt of a small jointure, but almost the whole of this she saved to be in the end returned to its rightful owners. If Mrs. Hugh Trevor still had her detractors, it was in those who accused her of a vice so foreign to her old character, that its existence formed an item of itself in the Mystery of Mirbridge—that of being a little over careful in money matters. With that insignificant exception, the page of Clara's wrong doing was closed.

To Lady Trevor the elder, too, though her crime had been far more grave, it was permitted—now that no further catastrophes were to be feared—to feel lightened of her burthen. It seems strange enough, and yet perhaps only illustrates the invariable futility of evil doing, that the death of him for the love of whom she had sacrificed her peace of mind brought her safety at last; nor will it be grudged her, that for the first time for a quarter of a century she was able to breathe freely.

THE END



THE death of the late German Emperor brought the London season to a premature close. Although mourning is no longer compulsory, it will be much worn during this month by those about the Court and beyond its precincts; black, white, and many shades of grey, from the darkest steel to the palest silver.

Until very recently, crape was so stiff and heavy that to wear much of it in summer was scarcely to be endured. A new and very soft make of crape has now been introduced; it is a veritable boon to all who are in deep mourning. Widows' bonnets are now made on light foundations, with long veils arranged in a point at the back, and but a narrow white border under the close-fitting brim. "The Empress Victoria" widow's cap is of a novel but very simple shape, suitable both for middle-aged and young people, which is not often the case; it is made of *lisse* and has a long pointed veil, arranged at the back in pleats, which fall in graceful folds over the shoulders. We have seen some very stylish hats, one of which was of very fine black straw, with a high pointed crown; the brim, which was wide across the brow, was turned up at each side with a sharp curve, lined with black velvet; in the front was an ornament of a *fleur-de-lis* design, on the left side and the back were large black satin bows, on the right side was a tall bunch of black berries. This design was repeated in grey. A very attractive bonnet was made in an Oriental material of gold embroidery on silver gauze, on black tulle, velvet bows, and white cornflowers, with narrow velvet strings.

Another very pretty bonnet was of black tulle embroidered in jet; very high bouquet of black cornflowers, narrow velvet strings. By the way, cornflowers are very much worn this season in their natural colour as well as in black, white, and grey.

Very effective and likely to be much worn by young people with a good supply of hair was a crownless bonnet, made with a wreath of black berries on a tulle foundation; high butterfly bow in the front.

A dainty little bonnet was made of black *lisse*, arranged in tiny tucks, with lace bows, dull jet lilies-of-the-valley and sparkling jet grass; this design may be made in grey, cream, white, or mauve.

We have noticed some remarkably handsome summer mantles. One was of French lace arranged in fine pleats; a deep flounce of lace reached almost to the hem of the dress; a pointed deep cape of sparkling jet was tied in front with a large bow and ends of *moiré* ribbon. This mantle looks remarkably well over silver-grey satin, or any colour, as the beauty of the lace is then seen to advantage. A Directoire pelisse of a modified form was remarkably becoming to a tall and slender figure; it was made of rich pale grey *faille*, loose-fitting, fastened at the waist with thick, flat girder; collar, and cuffs of steel velvet, with a handsome trimming of *passementerie*.

A mantle of black guipure braid, one of the novelties of the season, was made short at the back, with simulated sleeves, long square ends, trimmed with fringe. A summer mantlet was of rich black silk, with a deep lace flounce; instead of sleeves was a very original trimming of strands of jet, round the armholes, falling to the waist under the arms; in front was a fold of lace, "V"-shape, from the shoulder to the waist, finished off with a bow of black watered-silk ribbon. A stylish mantle was entirely composed of guipure embroidery of the richest description, with square scarf ends, and bows of watered ribbon.

Cuirass-bodices are again to the fore. Most becoming they are to a good figure. One we saw was entirely of sparkling black jet, another was of bright steel beads on black net, and a third was of pearls, in a raised pattern of ivy-leaves; on the shoulders were seven chains of pearl beads, tassels falling from each scallop.

From a host of stylish tea-gowns may be selected a few of the handsomest. One was of rich black silk, trimmed with black lace and silver lace; open sleeves, lined with white silk. Another, which was highly effective, was of black *moiré* stripes alternating with basket-striped silk; the sleeves were of a novel design, made perfectly plain, reaching to the hem of the gown, lined with white silk, tied with ribbons, tight vest of grey poplinette, folds of the same from either side to waist, gracefully arranged in soft cross-way drapery.

Gown of black *crêpe de Chine*, Spanish lace flounces to the waist on the right side; the front drapery of *crêpe de Chine* made full, and gathered up on the left shoulder. Another gown was of silver-grey satin; on the plain skirt was a shawl drapery of exquisite French lace, the back and corsage was of stripes of grey satin and *moiré*, open sleeves, with a lace drapery to match the front.

Specially worthy of notice was a costume of grey satin brocaded in white, skirt of pearl-grey satin embroidered in pearls and grey

silk, bodice trimmed with *passementerie* and small clusters of drop-pearl beads; Medici collar, open in a small "V" at the throat, filled in with tulle folds.

For a young girl was a very pretty costume of steel-coloured narrow satin and silk stripes; panels in the front and at each side of white muslin, arranged in deep puffs; a wide sash of steel-coloured ribbon was tied on the left side in large bows and ends; elbow-sleeves of the silk, with deep muslin cuffs. This dress was somewhat after the Directoire style, but avoiding its unbecoming points.

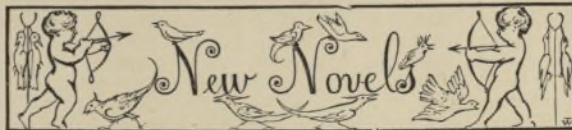
A very handsome black costume was of rich veloutine, embroidered panels of grey silk in front and at each side. The drapery at the back was most original—it formed a large butterfly-bow with long ends; petticoat of grey and black embroidery; the bodice was most gracefully draped.

A quiet but elegant costume was a plain skirt of black *poul de soie*, with a *redingote* to match, jet waistcoat and cuffs; sash negligently tied at the left side. Black and white wide-striped *faille* costume, richly trimmed with lace; front elaborately embroidered net over white satin, a thick shell ruche on the hem, loops and ends of black velvet.

Some very pretty ball dresses were made of non-crushing black silk net, with pointed pleated draping back and front, watered silk ribbon bows, and jet ornaments. The secret of the success with these costumes was the graceful style in which they were draped, both skirts and bodices. A tailor-made dress was in two tones of grey-faced cloth, draped at the back, and open at the side to show pleatings of light grey; the openings were embroidered; a novelty was that the drapery in front, which was almost to the hem, was handsomely braided, whilst the skirt was quite plain. Another tailor-made dress was of black-faced cloth, with white cloth slashings artistically arranged, but impossible to describe; a vest, collar, and cuffs of black embroidery on white.

Many of our readers will put aside mourning when starting for their summer holidays, and will therefore expect to hear something of what is durable as well as fashionable. Once again serge is in high favour, and will continue to be so for the next few months, especially at the seaside. From Paris, came recently a neat but stylish costume for a young girl; it may be used as a model for a variety of materials. The petticoat, which was quite plain and at least an inch off the ground, was of cream serge, with inch-wide stripes of bright dark blue, which went round the figure; the upper dress was of dark blue serge, open to the waist on the left side and prettily draped; waistcoat, cuffs, and deep sailor-collar of the striped material. This costume looks well in red, plain and striped, on a cream foundation, or in cream, piped and bound at the hem, with a colour. For slender figures, the blouse bodice is much worn at the seaside, fastened with a broad silk sash which reaches almost to the arm-pits, or a natty little band and buckle.

For the promenade and afternoon toilettes, shot silks, foulards, plain or with floral designs, batiste, cambric or Indian muslin, embroidered with which are worn silk casaques or polonaises of some soft and pretty shade, for example: pale green, pink or heliotrope, or blue. White chip hats with fan bows of silk gauze or *lisse*, and flowers nestling among them, always look cool and pretty. Tulle bonnets, covered with flowers, are much worn for garden parties; on straw hats and bonnets, numerous bows of ribbon, stiffened with wire, are to be seen; wide-brimmed Leghorn hats are much worn, turned up at the back and sides in a careless fashion, and fastened here and there with flowers or velvet bows; the brims are almost invariably lined with velvet; although the crowns, both of hats and bonnets, are still made and trimmed high, they are not so exaggerated as of late. But one of the results of bonnets without strings, and with scarcely any back, which are so unbecoming to long necks, is the revival of Medici and Elizabethan ruffs, and even high padded epaulettes on the sleeves, which are slashed.



SELF-IMITATION, at least when conscious and deliberate, seldom means the repetition of a success. The rule certainly holds good of Mr. William Black's "The Strange Adventures of a House Boat" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), as compared with its model, those adventures of a phaeton. The inferiority is so obvious that, very possibly, one is hindered from doing the justice due to its merits as they would appear to a reader who had not those of its precursor fresh in the memory. To those who have, the book is irritating rather than agreeable. Queen Tita reappears under the new sobriquet of "Mrs. Threepenny Bit"—a title which Mr. Black appears to think so facetious that it cannot be repeated too often. And Queen Tita does not improve on further acquaintance. Then for that really fine fellow, the young German officer of the phaeton, we have an absolutely dull and colourless Scotch colonel, who has just one good point—the knowledge of just one Scotch ballad, so fine as almost to justify his existence, even though it would have been perfectly easy for Mr. Black to have given us the ballad without the colonel. Jack Duncombe is a pleasant lad enough, and Miss Peggy a pleasant lass, but not a patch upon "Our Bell." Of course descriptions of scenery and of weather are admirable, and it is something for an author to have got at nearly as much of the secret of the Severn, or rather of a scrap of it, as of the Western Highlands. We wish that the need of taking the Gloucester and Berkeley canal had not left invisible to him the fascinations within reach of an easy walk, and that it had been possible for a House Boat to reach the Holms. And we also wish that his element of human interest had been considerably stronger.

Miss Braddon's power of turning out novel after novel without much, if any, diminution of interest, is one of the most notable phenomena of contemporary fiction. "The Fatal Three" (3 vols.: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) cannot, for many sufficient reasons, be regarded as among her best works, but it is, in the matter of interest at any rate, quite up to her average. Of course "The Fatal Three" are our old friends Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, and the hero is their exceptionally ill-used victim. With the best intentions as a landlord, with advanced ideas on sanitation, a mere accident devastates his estate with typhoid, which kills his only child; with the best intentions as a husband, he has to undergo a trial as his wife's murderer; and so on; and in no instance do his misfortunes come from any discoverable fault of his own. The demerits of the novel are by no means what we should have expected to find. Strange to say, it contains some of the very worst constructive faults, among which the false start is certainly to be reckoned, so that the main interest does not really and fairly begin till a long course of preliminary interest has been wasted. Then the gloom of the story is badly in want of balance, and there is the further mistake of an unnecessarily melancholy close. No doubt the plan of the novel suggests the idea of tragedy in the Greek sense; that is to say, the sense in which the inexorable omnipotence of fate is contrasted with the vanity of every sort of human strength. But the idea, though suggested, is by no means borne out, and the plot never rises high enough to entitle the authoress herself to play the part of Atropos. On the whole, however, in spite of faults which would be more appropriate to a first novel than to a fifty-first or second, none of Miss Braddon's innumerable readers will see any signs of falling off in respect of her characteristic qualities.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in his latest story, "A Dream and a For-

getting" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), has taken a very short but refreshing holiday from the detective department of fiction, to which he has of late been devoting himself, and has made a study of the literary temperament under instructive influences and conditions. The story of Fairfax Boardwine, under the opposing influences of Mary Gault and Mrs. Cartaux, as respectively the good and evil angels of his life and genius, is doubtless an allegory, but it contains a sufficient measure of human interest to keep the moral from being too obtrusive, and the characters from being too merely abstract and typical. We trust that Mr. Hawthorne has no esoteric reason for locating the author's evil genius, who nearly ruins him mentally as well as morally, in the household of a publisher. There is a good deal of the author's special form of humour about Fairfax, as well as of his other idiosyncracies of thought and style. "A Dream and a Forgetting" will not be found to everybody's taste; but it cannot be either liked or disliked half-heartedly.

Such a title as "A Cloud On St. Angelo" suggests something romantic and exciting. Cyril Bennett, however, in the story which he has written under that title (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), has applied it to an account of how a young man first fell in love with one young woman, and then with another, and was set free by the exceedingly convenient and well-timed death of the first to make himself happy with the second. The two girls are both nice enough in their different ways, and either of them would have been thrown away upon the young man. We should judge, from internal evidence, that the tale is its author's first contribution to fiction; and, while it has few signs or promises of strength, there seems no reason why he, or she, should not prove a novelist of the average calibre.

Continuing examination by internal evidence, "Uncle Pierce," by Charles Blatherwick (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), should also be by a new author. Internal evidence, however, is broken down by the title-page, which shows it to be the work of the author of "Miss Nancy Stocker," which was really a clever production. "Uncle Pierce" is anything but clever; and beyond this it is difficult to say what it is, unless it be deliberately intended for a study of lunacy. It does not contain a consistent character or a comprehensible motive, and yet there can be little question of its being intended to be taken seriously. Of course we do not deny its cleverness only because it is nonsense, because nonsense is very often as clever as sense, and sometimes more so. Its most original point is an autobiographical hero who resembles the fat boy in "Pickwick" in dropping off to sleep in and out of season. Nothing comes of the foible; and, if he meant to amuse the reader, the humour of it is as carefully concealed as the aim and purport of the novel generally.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A very bright and melodious cantata for female voices is "The Gleaner's Harvest," the poetry by Jetty Vogel, music by Charles Harford Lloyd. Being of a semi-religious character it is well suited for a school festival, or even for a harvest festival, where the female element preponderates in the choir, as is so often the case in the country. We commend this pleasing cantata to the heads of colleges and high schools.—Of a lighter and more secular character, therefore better adapted for a breaking-up party at school, is "The Fairies' Isle," a cantata for female voices, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Battison Haynes. The libretto is founded on the legend of a small rocky island near Sicily, supposed to be inhabited by the sea fairies, who possess the power of influencing for good or evil the fortunes of the fisher folks. Once a year the peasant maidens make a pilgrimage to the island and offer wild flowers to the invisible inhabitants; before quitting the island each maiden secures a stone from the beach, and carries it home; it is supposed to act as a charm against shipwreck and other disasters for the coming year. But three principal singers and a chorus are required for the execution of this cantata.—There is much originality and beauty in "Twenty-Four Gipsy Songs," in two volumes, by Karel Bendl; the German words are well translated into English by F. Corder.—"Novello's Tonic Sol-Fa Series" still continues to flourish; it has reached to No. 583, and contains many works of interest, sacred and secular, ancient and modern.—Novello's "Octavo Anthems" are making steady progress. "O Ye that Love the Lord," for four voices, words from the ninety-seventh Psalm, music by John Naylor (No. 325), will be found useful, and not difficult for ordinary choirs of mixed voices. "This is the Day" (No. 327) is a cleverly-written anthem for Eastertide, composed by the Rev. E. V. Hall, M.A. "Let the Words of My Mouth," music by Arnold D. Culley, F.C.O., is a brief and very pleasing composition with a soprano solo and chorus; it will surely find favour in a church choir of mixed voices (No. 328).—Novello's "Collection of Trios, Quartets, &c., for Female Voices," has lost none of its popularity. Nos. 207 and 208 are "In Grotto Cool" and "In Dell and Dingle," two dainty little trios written and composed by E. Oxenford and George G. Bennett. No. 209 is "To Stay at Home is Best," words by Longfellow, music by Berthold Tours.—"Vocal Exercises," by Frederic Penna, contain some novel and very useful hints for singers; some remarks deserve special attention: "In striking a note, be careful to attack it, not something near it;" "The vowels are to be sung upon, the consonants to be spoken."—Two of Longfellow's best known and most admired poems, "The Reaper and the Flowers" and "Twilight," have been successfully set to music, for voices of medium compass, by James Fitzgerald, F.S.Sc.—"Laughter for Kings Make I, Ha! Ha!" (The Jester), is a quaint and merry song written and composed by Williams Williams and the above-named composer.—No. 9 of Novello's "Albums for Violoncello and Pianoforte" contains six *morceaux de salon*, by Joachim Raff; No. 10 consists of "Six Characteristic Pieces for Two Violins and Pianoforte," by Siegfried Jacoby. Both these clever works will prove of great use and interest to players on these instruments.—"Duo Concertante, for Pianoforte and Violin" (or clarinet or viola), composed by C. H. Lloyd, is a musicianly composition.—Excellent study will be found in "Trois Morceaux pour Pianoforte," by Frederic H. Cowen, and "Suite" for pianoforte, by Francesco Berger. They are well worthy the attention of advanced students.

THE RUINOUSLY EXPENSIVE DINNERS AND ENTERTAINMENTS now the fashion in Transatlantic society have disgusted moderate Americans, and one sensible lady in a Texan city determined to set her face against the prevailing love of display. Among her neighbours, all the hostesses vied in presenting the finest china or glass, so she, in her turn, sent out invitations for a dinner which, said rumour, was to surpass anything yet attempted. When the guests entered the dining-room, they found the table covered with a torn cloth, common wooden platters, with newspaper pictures pasted on to imitate hand-painted china, a rough wooden bowl, for soup-tureen, with a common tin ladle, and all the rest of the table appointments to match in character. But the dinner itself was exquisite, as a hint that the quality of the viands, not the china, plate, nor glass was the first element of success. Mrs. A.'s "wooden dinner" quite crushed the craze for elaborate dinner-appointments in that town.





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*Marching Order*

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SOWAR (Trooper)  
*Field Service Order*

7TH BOMBAY INFANTRY  
DRUM-MAJOR  
*Review Order*

BOMBAY SAPPERS AND  
MINERS  
SUBADAR-MAJOR  
*Review Order*

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN  
BELOOCH REGIMENT  
NAIK (Corporal)  
*Marching Order*









T. B. KENNINGTON

"WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS"

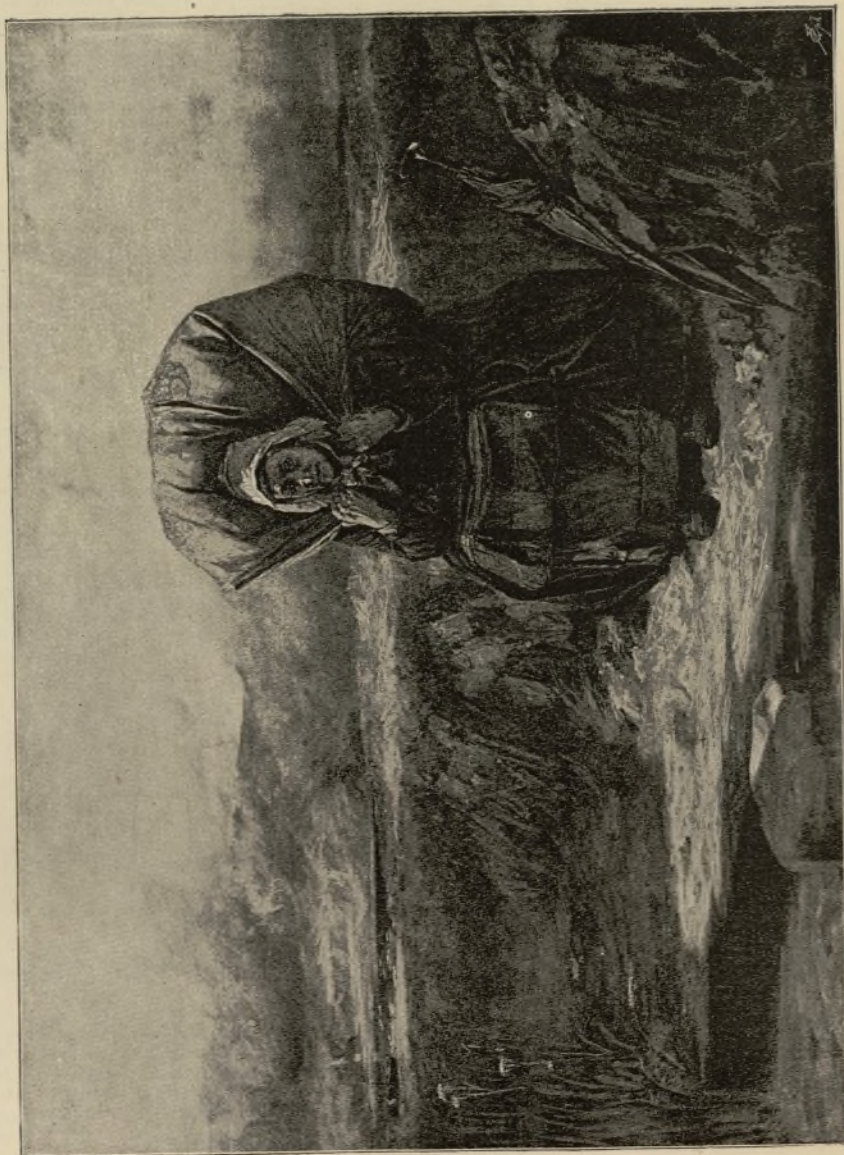
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JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

"THE TRAITOR"

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THOMAS FAED, R.A.

"AND WITH THE BURDEN OF MANY YEARS"

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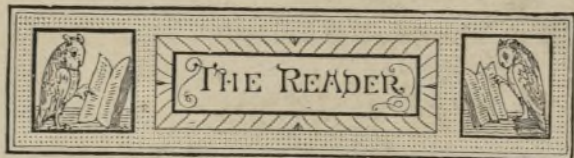
F. BRAILLEY

"A HOPELESS DAWN"

Royal Academy

PICTURES OF THE YEAR—VII.  
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"THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY TAYLOR" (Longmans) is what we might expect from an able man who, by a happy accident, was put into just the hole that he was fitted for, was valued and trusted by thirteen successive Secretaries of State, discussed politics on a footing of perfect equality with men like Lord Grey, was the oracle of the Colonial Office—happily he had too much conscience to feel his work the "daily drudgery" which Sir J. Stephen is weak enough to call it, or to act on Mr. Aubrey de Vere's bad advice, and "do as little as possible for the office" (p. 154)—and who was at the same time the pet of noble ladies, welcomed in society whenever it pleased him to mix with it. Nay, the book is much more: for, thanks to Mr. E. Dowden's happy thought of mixing with the letters from Sir H. Taylor several addressed to him, we have a good deal of poetical criticism from Wordsworth (who is characteristically unfair to Byron for "beating out unmercifully" Raymond's "Voilà un Enfer d'Eau" into the two well-known stanzas); from Southey (though this is mostly political, about Catholic Emancipation—Taylor was for endowing the Irish Catholic Church); from Mr. A. de Vere; and from Mr. Swinburne (on the "burning question" of Shelley). We have, too—best, perhaps, of all—a few letters from Sir James Stephen, in which (to use Taylor's words to another correspondent) he "lets his mind run about naked"; and such a mind is worth studying in *puris naturalibus*. The interest, for instance, of such a passage as that on p. 49: "My opinion, not lightly taken up, is that the religion of Jesus Christ affords the only plausible solution of the great mystery of human life, and the only solid foundation for any lofty or consolatory thoughts," outweighs all the somewhat half-hearted scorn of public opinion with which Mr. Aubrey de Vere and Taylor console one another for the small popularity of their poems, as well as all the reciprocal criticisms, such as Lord Macaulay's on "Edwin the Fair" and Taylor's on the "Lays," and even such anecdotes as that about Wordsworth's thirteen coats "of various degrees of merit, not one of which was suitable for a certain January day without being supplemented by a cape of my daughter's." Sir Henry's political ideas will not win the universal acceptance which will be accorded to his gracefully-expressed views of life and conduct. To the last he held to his opinion about Roman Catholic endowment—he believed it would secure priests of the Bishop O'Dwyer type; he also enunciates the startling heresy that our possessions in North America are a danger and a snare; and, while of Lord Beaconsfield his estimate is exactly the reverse of that of the Primrose Leaguers ("the country may profit in some ways by his cleverness and sagacity, but it cannot escape a certain amount of dishonour in being represented by a man whose personal character all the world knows to be of a low type"), his admiration of Mr. Gladstone and respect for his conscientiousness are unbounded. The book is one of which it is hard to speak adequately in a brief notice. Mr. Dowden has well done his work of selection; and yet one can hardly help regretting that he did not give us two volumes instead of one.

Vol. XIV. of "The Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith and Elder) takes us from Damon to D'Eyncourt. Among the multitude of Daniels, Davidsons, Davies, Davises, and such-like, there is comparatively little interest, though the Normanising of the Lowlands under King David I. is well told by Dr. Æ. Mackay, and Professor Tout shows that Giraldus's evident misrepresentations in favour of his uncle, Bishop David II., should make us chary of admitting his evidence in other matters. The *pièces de résistance* are Defoe's and De Quincey's lives, by the editor, and Charles Darwin's, by his son, Francis. The latter brings out clearly the gradual abandonment of "the language of theologic-natural history." In 1836 ("Voyage of the *Beagle*," first edition) Darwin wrote, as if he had been writing a "Bridgewater Treatise," "Would any two workmen ever have hit on so beautiful, so simple, and yet so artificial a contrivance? One Hand has surely worked throughout the universe." Two years later he read Malthus, and the passage just quoted was struck out of the second edition. Mr. L. Stephen is not too severe in his estimate of De Quincey. "He is often intolerably long-winded and discursive, and delights too much in logical wire-drawing, and his reason is too often the slave of effeminate prejudices." Everybody will be glad to know something more than what the readers of Mrs. Trollope may perhaps remember about Frances Darusmont, *née* Wright, whose anti-slavery lectures in America in 1829 (she was the first lady lecturer) led to the formation of the "Fanny Wright Societies." Unfortunately for abolitionism, she took up with the Shakers, and "though there was much miscalculation in her plans, but no fanaticism," Dr. Garnett is right in saying that "her general crusade against established institutions and beliefs damaged her cause." We do not think the notice of Sophia Daw, Baronne de Feuchères, particularly edifying. She was a Lady Hamilton of a sort, and for a time became a personage at the Courts of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

We have not seen the French original of which "Down with England" (Chapman and Hall) professes to be a translation. If it exists, it must be an elaborate joke, played off on John Bull's well-known susceptibility to scares by some Frenchman who had got hold of "The Battle of Dorking." Very elaborate it is; beginning as it does with a fit of "Mervousness" which prevents our noticing the hint in the German newspapers that France means to fight somebody, and that it is not at all her interest to fight the Fatherland. A gross and gratuitous insult to the French flag in Egypt leads to a declaration of war; and while we are bombarding Cherbourg, the victory of Abercrombie, won chiefly with torpedo-boats and new cruisers of the type recommended by Admiral Hornby, "avenges Trafalgar." Under a shower of melenite shell the French army is landed at Hastings, and the battle of Tunbridge, the occupation of London, and the new Treaty of Paris follow in rapid succession. Germany gets the lion's share of our colonies, in return for Alsace-Lorraine; and France only mulcts us in twelve milliards, which we pay off in three years; but she holds Dover, uniting it to Calais by a tunnel paid for with our money. As the curtain falls our Indian Empire is tumbling to pieces, but the break-up of Austria is even more hopeless. Indeed, this bitterness against Austria is a strong argument that the book is not (as some have thought) altogether English, manufactured to intensify that war-scare from which we are happily recovering. One point deserves notice—the difficulty of virtualising London, in case of even a slight dislocation of our railway-system.

We don't think "Bee Bee" has made the best of "Some Oxford Customs" (Sonnenschein). There was surely enough in the place itself to fill up a hundred pages without going to Rome to talk about Ristori. However, a good many people will like to know exactly what the Prince of Wales did in 1883, when, as Grand Master of the Masons, with golden trowel and water-pot, &c., he laid the first stone of the Indian Institute. As for "Oxford on Jubilee Day," it gets treated rather scurvily; the author leaves it the evening before, spends the day on the Grand Stand at Westminster, and only returns in time to see the beacon on Magdalen Tower. The book is dedicated to two Fellows of Worcester; from its style we should think it was meant for the small children of these possibly married Fellows.

Of one Oxford custom—which, though new, is already well

established—we are reminded in "The Fight for the Drama at Oxford" (Oxford, Blackwell; London, Simpkin and Marshall), in which the Hon. and Rev. J. Adderley tells with great *verve* how the grand change came about, and how whereas in 1836 Oxford undergrads were liable to be whipped if they looked at Punch and Judy, fifty years later Mr. Irving lectured on Acting in the presence of, and by special request of, the Vice-Chancellor himself. The crisis came about when Dr. Evans, of Pembroke, was Vice-Chancellor; and no one can read without fits of laughter the dilemma in which he was placed by his kindheartedness on the one hand, and his conviction that he "should have to send somebody down" on the other. However, all's well that ends well: no one was sent down, the O.U.D.S. scored, and the change from Dr. Evans to Mr. Jowett removed all anxiety as to the future. The Church and Stage Guild have done wisely in urging the publication of this pamphlet. As Mr. W. L. Courtney remarks in his preface, the real drama must be better than "the Vic" with Vance and Jolly Nash, and such like, "which (as if to show the futility of such restrictions) was only respectable during the vacation, when the University veto was removed."

Mr. S. Kydd does not at all hold that *vox populi* is *vox Dei*, citing the remarkable instance of Liverpool which, in 1800, presented the Duke of Clarence with the freedom of the town in gratitude for his exertions in favour of the slave trade. Nevertheless, he has to accept the fact that our constitution being now democratic, "public opinion governs the State," and therefore "A Sketch of the Growth of Public Opinion" (Elliot Stock) is timely. Mr. Kydd reminds us in a pleasant way of many changes, from the influence of Wicliff's Bible to the effect of education (Mr. Cobden prophesied that America was too highly educated to suffer from strikes; events have strangely belied him). Is he right about the Irish Catholic Bishops having always been nominated by the Pretender so long as there was a Pretender? Some of his remarks on machinery in relation to labour deserve serious thought.

"The Encyclopædic Dictionary" (Cassell) is almost complete. Vol. VII., Part I., takes us to *urbicolous*, a word which we would fain believe is not, and never will be, English, the only authority for it being "*Eccl. Rev. in Annandale*." May it never cross the Border. We are glad that authorities are given in almost all cases; no dictionary without them can pretend to completeness. Whether the earliest authority has always been chosen we know not. For instance, one would fancy *trenchantly* was in use before the *Morning Post* two years ago applied it to Mr. Gladstone. *Timbrophyly*, along with which the *Athenæum* suggests the still more abominable *philately* as an alternative, will, we trust, disappear in the same limbo as *urbicolous*. The number of words like *Unukalkay* is explained by the effort to combine a technical and scientific with a purely literary dictionary. The work is in every branch most conscientiously done, as much pains being taken to discuss "trepane" as to compress into a few telling lines the history of the papal tiara.

Dr. Bayley having been a great light among the "New Church," or Swedenborgians, it was natural that some of his sermons should be republished in a "Memorial Edition." Nearly all of "The Divine Word Opened" (Speirs) might be preached in any Anglican church, and would be vastly more interesting than the average Anglican sermon. "The doctrine of correspondences" is not confined to the "New Church," though outside that Communion it has seldom of late been handled with skill and thoroughness. Sermons like Adoni-bezek and Samson's riddle show what an adept Dr. Bayley was at this mode of interpretation. The book abounds in passages of chastened eloquence.

Mr. A. Cole in his "Renaissance of the Irish Art of Lace-Making" (Chapman and Hall) says, "much Irish crochet goes abroad. The better classes of it are not known in England at all. In Paris it is called *Point d'Irlande*. Unless fashion favours the adoption in England of *Point d'Irlande* as something new from Paris," he fears it will continue to be almost unknown here. We trust he is wrong. The efforts made not long ago at the Mansion House, and now the Exhibition at Olympia, ought to do something not for Irish crochet alone, but for the finer kinds—the various Limericks, the Carrickmacross, the beautiful "old French" made by the Kenmare nuns, &c., of which Mr. Cole gives photographs. Irish lace-making is not an extinct art; but "Nottingham" makes the need of judicious nursing just now more than usually pressing.

Mr. Harcourt Bath's "Young Collector's Handbook of British Birds" (Sonnenschein), is an admirable little work, thoroughly popular and yet sufficiently technical, to which Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's chapter on preserving birds is a useful addition. The list of birds seems very complete; but in a new edition *Junco* (the Wrenneck) must be altered to *Yunx*, and we do hope the Hedge Accentor's misleading but still common name Hedge Sparrow will be given as an *alias*. It is so much more home-like.

"Thirty Years of Paris," by Alphonse Daudet (G. Routledge and Sons). M. Daudet's recollections of his literary career, which have achieved a wide popularity in France, are here presented in an English dress by Laura Ensor. The translation is well done, but the work can scarcely be expected to attain a similar vogue in England, because so many of the personages referred to in the memoirs are scarcely known even by name to the average Briton. It is otherwise, of course, with such celebrities as Villemessant, Rochefort, Flaubert, Zola, and Tourgenieff— anecdotes of such persons as these will find ready acceptance. To our thinking, however, the most attractive portions of M. Daudet's volume are those in which he describes the inception of his books; of "Tartarin de Tarascon," for instance, of "Jack," and of "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné." Dickens himself never went about more conscientiously in search of actualities whereon to found his fiction than did or does M. Daudet. The story of the consumptive young workman, who was befriended by the author, and who unconsciously sat for his portrait in "Jack," is very touching. Another pathetic episode appears in the history of the Bohemians who followed in the wake of Henri Murger; while the tale of the Provençal drummer, who essayed to take Paris by storm with his instrument, is a genuine bit of tragedy-comedy. We must add that M. Daudet, unlike many of his countrymen, is a true lover of Nature; and whether in the upper reaches of the Seine, or in his beloved Languedoc, or amid the sub-tropical scenery of Algeria, he wields the pen of a genuine enthusiast. The book is illustrated by a number of cleverly-executed drawings, but the "process" by which they are reproduced has rendered some of them somewhat hazy and indistinct.

#### A PEEP AT THE MOORS AND FORESTS

NOT many even of our keenest sportsmen see the moors and forests in their wintry aspects, either when they are covered with a heavy snowfall, or are being deluged by the fierce rain storms of a severe season, or when a "bone-chilling north-easter" raves across the scene. In those weeks of autumn that follow "The Twelfth," all is *coulour de rose*. The period devoted to sport, as one may say, bears, for the time it lasts, the character of a prolonged picnic party. The noble mansions in the deer forests are then filled with choice company, and, on the moors, good fellowship prevails in the shooting-lodges, the sport of the day being followed by the well-earned dinner, and the nightly hand at whist, or game of pool; but when October is drawing to a close, the moors and forests are speedily deserted by their temporary tenants, and left to those who have no alternative except to remain on the wintry scene. Lessees of deer forests and grouse-shooting areas find other work to do in the days of chill November than bringing down the moorcock. If

they still hunger after sport, they can find an arena for the display of their skill in the well-protected coverts of lowland shootings, where they may fire away at partridge and pheasant with the certainty of making a presentable bag. Nor even in the height of springtime do many sportsmen visit the heather: some ardent disciples of "old Isaac" rush for a week or ten days to a favoured locality in search of silvery salmon or speckled trout; but few of them set foot on the moors. They may hold a hurried conversation with their keeper, perchance, in order to ask how "the birds" have wintered, or to ascertain how the heather-burning has succeeded, and if the dogs are well; then off they go once more to the south to perform their legislative or other duties. And yet there is no finer time to see the moors and forests than when old Mother Nature is dressing them for the season, and the birds and beasts of the chase are awakening to the joys and sorrows of the year, in the course of which many of them will certainly swell the bills of animal mortality.

This year the spring was what may be called a slow one, which greatly retarded the nesting season; a fortunate circumstance in some respects, as the eggs escaped, in many places, one or two severe attacks of frost. At the end of last shooting season, which, on the whole, despite early-roused fears to the contrary, proved a good one, birds having been as plentiful as in some of the best seasons, a large stock of breeders was left on the heather, and, the winter being of a milder type than usual, they remained throughout in excellent condition to begin their work of nesting. But the early spring-time being cold and raw, with occasional heavy falls of rain or snow, breeding began at a later date than is usual, and, in consequence, some of the tender chicks were, of sad necessity, exposed to the mercies of the snow-storms which marked the close of May and the opening days of June—"leafy June." What amount of mortality may have been caused by these untoward events cannot at present be estimated, but in some districts it must have proved considerable. The birds, however, are somewhat cunning in their choice of nesting-places, and although, to persons unaccustomed to the scene, nests may appear to be chosen at haphazard, that is not really the case, as, in many cases, when the effects of the storm have passed away, the nests are seen to have been chosen in a place well sheltered from the more furious effects of the storm. The snow-fall of June was a heavy one, but I am in hopes that it will not have proved to be so fraught with mortality as has been indicated in some quarters; and, happily, in many places traces of second broods have already been found, not an uncommon circumstance in such years as the present. A well-informed gillie has just told me that he can remember just such another time, and that the birds, notwithstanding, were as plentiful as ever they had been in any preceding season.

It is passing strange that the economy of a grouse moor is not better understood than it is at present the case. There is almost no point in connection with the natural history of the grouse upon which difference of opinion does not prevail. As to how many birds a given area of heather will breed and feed, a variety of opinions are held, so that on many of the Scottish moors it is by chance that a sufficient stock of parent birds are left to multiply and replenish the heather; on other stretches of heather, however, sportsmen may shoot and kill from day to day with all their might, the cry being, "still they come." It will almost seem, on some of the Scottish moors, the more birds that are shot, the more there are to shoot, and yet grouse are not nearly so prolific as partridges or pheasants, nor can the eggs of the moorfowl be dealt with in the same way as the eggs of the bird of the *battue*, namely, be hatched by barn-door fowls. A hen grouse, striking a fair average, will lay in any one season nine eggs, and if eight of the lot be hatched, taking the heather all over, it is about as many as can be expected. But the great mortality which attends the progress of all wild animals forbids us to expect that more than six of the number will be left to stand the death-dealing rattle of the shooting season, and to say that the blood of three of the number will, in the course of the season, stain the heather will not violate the doctrines of chance.

It is, of course, too soon to prophesy as to what the year may bring forth for the ardent sportsman. That grouse may prove fairly abundant is well on the cards, and for the reason stated, namely, that there can be second broods, although these of necessity will be late; indeed, under the best circumstances that can happen, the birds, unless the weather should greatly improve, cannot on many of the more-exposed Scottish moors be ready for the gun at the allotted time—"The Twelfth." "The thing that brings them forward, sir, is the young heather; and the birds and the buds, sir, need to come on together to make a good shooting year." So said a keeper with whom I was lately conversing, and who told me with respect to the fine grouse-moors of Perthshire—so productive in game of all kinds—that no signs of any disease had this season been observed among the moor-fowl. "Nor is there likely to be any," he continued, in reply to a question I asked him; "the young heather has become more abundant than it has ever yet been; so many different patches of it are now burned every year, that the favourite food of the birds is usually plentiful." It is gratifying to know this, because the "fell disease," which in some years attacked the birds with such dreadful severity was undoubtedly the result of bad food; and now that the food-supplies have been improved, and generally the food question much better understood than formerly, "the disease," I am happy to think, is likely to be less heard of in future years.

In the deer forests, I regret to say, the breeding season has not this year proved so favourable as sportsmen at one time expected, except on stretches of ground where these noble animals enjoyed a greater degree of protection than has been the case in the majority of the forests. But there is nothing more serious to deplore than a little backwardness, and a genial summer will put all that is wrong right again. "As the grass is now coming away in grand style," said the other day a right trusty Argyllshire forester, "the beasts will soon begin to show improvement, but I do not think there will be many clean heads before the beginning of September." Stags, when allowed to grow, now attain a heavy weight in Scotland, and there can be no doubt the breed of deer in several of the Scottish forests has of late years been much improved by the infusion of new blood, so liberally provided by some of the Highland proprietors. And the plan of crossing is also coming into vogue on the grouse moors, an interchange of birds having in many instances taken place, greatly to the benefit of the stretches of heather selected for the experiments.

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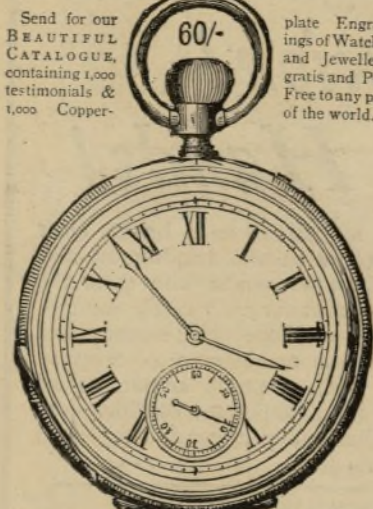
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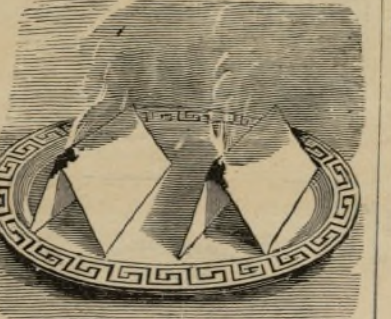
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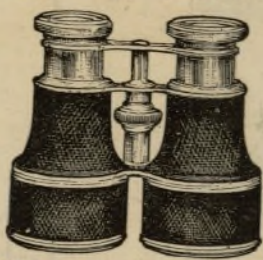
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