

# THE GRAPHIC

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"NO. 51" TORPEDO BOAT ON THE WAR PATH



OUR FIRST SIGHT OF THE FOE, JULY 24



H.M.S. "RODNEY'S" FIRST SHOT-AT THE ENEMY  
THE NAVAL MOBILISATION  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B" SQUADRON



## Topics of the Week

**THE CHARGES AND ALLEGATIONS BILL.**—Mr. John Morley said the other day that the Session had been one of which all parties might feel proud. Even at the time the words were uttered this was rather exaggerated praise, for the utmost the House of Commons deserves to have said of it is that it accomplished more work than was done during several preceding exceedingly barren Sessions. But would Mr. Morley venture to repeat now, after the scenes of the last few days, that honourable members of all parties have reason to be proud of their behaviour? If he did, very few of the electors would agree with him. Out of doors the general feeling is one of disgust and contempt at the manner in which the Opposition have treated the proposed Government Commission. We feel, even more strongly than we felt last week, that the Government were unwise to make the offer they did. They had better have left Mr. Parnell and his allies to stew in the hot bath which the *Times* had prepared for them, and let them get out of it the best way they could. But having gone out of their way to accord Mr. Parnell a special court of inquiry—a privilege never before granted to any subject—the Government might at least have been treated with forbearance, if not with generosity. Instead of this, what do we see? We see the Opposition—Mr. Gladstone among them—tittle-tattling, like a parcel of spiteful old women round a tea-table, over Mr. Justice Day's character, and striving to damage his reputation for impartiality. We see Mr. Parnell drawing a red herring across the main scent in the shape of a charge that Mr. Chamberlain had, when in office, traitorously disclosed to himself (Mr. Parnell) and his colleagues sundry Cabinet secrets. Next day Mr. Chamberlain easily disposed of this accusation—Mr. Gladstone being a reluctant witness on his side—and showed that Mr. Parnell's mountain had brought forth a very ridiculous mouse. But what does the public think of all these prolonged and heated discussions? It thinks that there must be something in the charges formulated in the *Times'* pamphlet, or the accused parties would not be so desperately anxious to avoid facing the Commissioners offered by the Government. It is even doubtful whether a Commission of three angels from Heaven (if they could be induced to come down) would satisfy Mr. Parnell and his friends. Yet it is easy to imagine a tribunal which would satisfy them thoroughly, viz., Mr. Gladstone, Sir W. Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley as Commissioners, aided by a jury chosen from the Council of the National League. The only objection to this selection might be that it would scarcely command the confidence of Unionists.

**LIBERAL UNIONISTS.**—It is announced that the Liberal Unionists of the United Kingdom will hold a great Conference at Nottingham in September, and that the principal meeting will be addressed by Mr. Chamberlain and other prominent leaders of the party. The Conference is likely to be a most interesting one, and we do not think that those who may take part in it will have any reason to look back with shame or regret upon the influence they have exercised on recent political movements. Parnellites and Gladstonians profess to think that Liberal Unionism has been an utter failure. In reality its work has been even more important than adherents of the party could have reasonably ventured to anticipate. No one now has a word to say in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Even Mr. Parnell admits that the proposed exclusion of the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament was a mistake, and Mr. Gladstone himself has discovered that that which seemed to him two years ago to pass the wit of man can be accomplished in any one of a variety of ways without serious difficulty. What does this mean but that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, with regard to one matter of vital importance, have come round to the Liberal Unionist way of thinking? If the Irish members are retained at Westminster, the Imperial Parliament will certainly exercise supreme authority over any legislative assembly which may be established in Dublin; and to secure this has been from the beginning one of the principal objects of the Liberal Unionists. It is not in this direction only that their influence has been decisive. A great scheme of local government for England, conceived in a thoroughly enlightened spirit, has passed through the House of Commons; and every one knows that it was chiefly to please the Liberal Unionists that the measure was prepared in accordance with advanced principles. A party with so good a record has no reason to fear that it will ultimately be condemned as a mischievous or useless faction.

**THE MANDEVILLE INQUEST.**—Party passion must be at white heat in the British Isles when it is imported even into *post-mortem* inquiries. That the imprisonment of Mr. Mandeville may have conducted to shorten his life is by no means impossible. But what form of punishment known to the law is there which does not lie open to the same imputation? Even the decision of a County Court judge might produce that effect. In the case of Mr. Mandeville, it was sufficiently proved at the inquest that his treatment in prison was as

humane and considerate as the regulations permitted. He was far more tenderly dealt with than ordinary prisoners, while, if he caught cold, the fault lay with himself for refusing to wear the prison clothing. Nor was a scrap of evidence forthcoming to prove that after his release from gaol his ill-health became noticeable. He seems to have gone about his business without making complaint of suffering, nor was any imputation cast on the prison officials until after his demise. Never was there a weaker case on which to found a claim to martyr's honours. Nor would that absurd pretence have ever been made, but for the temptation to make party capital out of the affair. Mr. Mandeville had been imprisoned; Mr. Mandeville had died; it would be easy to convince an Irish jury that his death was the direct result of his incarceration. Or, even if not to convince them, to induce them to say so, thus giving the Nationalists another flail to lay on Mr. Balfour's back. To the public at large the whole business would wear a purely farcical character were it not for the lamentable distortion of political morality which allows of death being employed for party purposes. The only fortunate thing in the whole matter is that Mr. Mandeville did not die in prison. Even as it is, one Irish member grimly suggested that he might have continued in life but for his being attended for a time by Dr. Barr. Are the Parnellites grown desperate that they resort to such odious tactics?

**THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.**—Cardinal Lavignerie delivered a very eloquent address on this subject at Prince's Hall on Tuesday. It was all the more interesting, perhaps, because of its peculiar Gallic flavour. To those, however, who are conversant with anti-slavery literature, there was little novelty in the Cardinal's statements, except the fact—if it be a fact—that the once teeming population of inner Africa is being rapidly exterminated by the raids of the Arab slave-hunters. The proposed remedy, a resolution in favour of which was carried unanimously, was that those Powers of Europe which have possessions in Africa should combine together for the purpose of putting a stop to these atrocities. Now it is not because we are indifferent to the sufferings of the negroes that we venture to recommend caution before joining in this proposed concerted action. In such a matter England can afford to be cautious, seeing that she has done more for the abolition of slavery than all the civilised nations of the world put together. Nay, she has done this in spite of the opposition, covert or open, of other civilised nations. Without going back to the days of Clarkson and Wilberforce, think of the money we have spent, and the valuable lives we have sacrificed, in endeavouring to blockade the pestilential West Coast of Africa against shipments of slaves to Brazil and the United States. We acted in like manner, though on a lesser scale, on the East Coast of Africa, meeting with scant assistance, and often with downright hostility, from both French and Portuguese. It is not too much to say that if England at the beginning of this century had been blotted out of the map of the world, both slavery and the slave-trade would at this moment be upheld by men of European blood. Therefore we venture to recommend caution. The Cardinal's proposal implies an allied crusade into the interior of Africa, which would be a serious and costly enterprise. Then men's professed motives are not always their ulterior motives. Compassion for Sambo is quite compatible with earth-hunger for tropical possessions, and with the desire of an energetic Church to extend its spiritual dominion. At any rate, we should like to see proofs of the Cardinal's statements. They were true once, but are they true now, when so many of the outside slave-markets have been suppressed? Lastly, as we have previously urged in these columns, the most effectual way to kill the slave-trade is to encourage voluntary emigration under careful supervision. If the Chinese emigrate, why should not the African negroes?

**ALEXANDER POPE.**—This week the two hundredth anniversary of Pope's birth has been celebrated at Twickenham, and the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion has given pleasure to all who interest themselves in the history of English literature. For many years it was the fashion among critics to decry the writings of Pope, and no doubt it must be admitted that he lacked some of the qualities exhibited by all poets of the highest order. He had none of the modern passion for "Nature," or for the free expression of individual opinion and character; and his conception of the world, as expounded in the "Essay on Man," is narrow, confused, and self-contradictory. The society of his day was thoroughly artificial in its modes of thought and action, and he never sought to do more than give expression to its somewhat prosaic sentiment. Within his proper sphere, however, he came as near perfection as any writer whom this country ever produced. To contrast him with the Elizabethan poets, as if he were an artist, and they were not artists, is extremely misleading. In the only true sense of the word artistic, the great Elizabethans were infinitely more artistic than Pope. His aims were wholly different from theirs. His "mission" was to give form to the ideas of the man of common sense, who does not seek to go below the surface of things, but takes life as he finds it, and tries to make the best of it; and this task Pope accomplished with an amount of force and skill that will always suffice to excite admiration for his work, even when it fails to awaken

sympathy. He had an almost matchless power of compressing his thoughts, such as they were, into pointed, epigrammatic phrases; and his best verses, so far as diction and rhythm are concerned, combine in an extraordinary degree strength, delicacy, and grace. A writer of whom this can be justly said deserves even in English literature a high and enduring place. Such is the charm of finished expression that Pope's writings will probably be read with interest when those of some later poets, notwithstanding their deeper insight and feeling, have been practically forgotten.

**DISTRICT SURVEYORS.**—The popular conception of a District Surveyor is that of an official possessing very extensive powers of interference, which he usually exercises to the discomfort of the community. This is, no doubt, an exaggeration, but it cannot be questioned that these functionaries have contrived to render themselves distasteful to almost all classes. The well-to-do complain quite as bitterly as the ill-to-do; while the latter resent an excess of activity almost approaching to meddlesomeness, the former regard the District Surveyor as equally destitute of eyes, nose, and understanding. A good deal of this criticism proceeds from misconception; the much-abused official is often charged, for instance, with supineness in not looking to the drainage of houses in course of construction. As a matter of fact, he has nothing to do with the drainage; that lies, apparently, between the builder and the architect, who carry it out in their own fashion. It is the main business of the Surveyor to see that the superstructure is so built as to give promise of holding together for a reasonable period. He also has power to interfere when wooden beams are placed in dangerous proximity to flues or fireplaces. But whether he usually shows much vigilance in that matter is a question on which very different opinions find expression. There are some who believe that every builder who knows how to go about it need never fear any inconvenient prying. If he places wood where there ought to be iron, or if his mortar bears a very close resemblance to mud, a providential dispensation enables him to conceal all imperfections when the Surveyor pays a visit. This may be merely one of those dull superstitions which have been handed down from the times when all officials were more or less venal. We are quite prepared to believe that District Surveyors do a great deal of work for their not too-liberal stipends. But, admitting that to be the case, it still remains a serious question whether Metropolitan house-building does not require to be more vigilantly watched by official eyes.

**FRANCE AND ITALY.**—"Strained relations," as the phrase goes, between the two countries are indicated, first by the promulgation of the rumour that France was going to seize Tripoli, which Italy regards as her legitimate share of the booty when the Turkish Empire finally breaks up; and, secondly, by the two trenchant Notes issued by Signor Crispi on the subject of Massowah. In these outspoken documents the Italian statesman plainly accuses the French nation of jealousy and unfriendliness. How the French people will receive this message remains to be seen, but they will be none the better pleased when they reflect that its boldness is partly due to the fact that a big fellow in German cuirassier uniform stands behind Signor Crispi's back. Instead of examining the merits of the matter in dispute, let us at present try to discover why France and Italy should be unfriendly. This is all the more important because the lack of sympathy is national rather than Governmental. Italy ought apparently to be very grateful to France. Had not France worsted Austria in 1859, Garibaldi's miraculous campaign of 1860 could scarcely have succeeded. To this Italians reply:—"France never desired Italian unity. She thwarted us in 1849, when we tried to shake off the temporal dominion of the Pope. It was the Emperor, not France, who gave us freedom, and he gave it not so much from love for us, as from fear of the daggers and bombs of the Carbonari. Moreover, he paid himself well by seizing Savoy." Such is the Italian contention. As for the average Frenchman, he approves of Thiers' doctrine that Italy should be kept weak and disunited. When she was only a "geographical expression" she was obliged to be civil to France, who posed as her best friend. Now she flouts France, and flirts with Bismarck. Then the French working man, especially in the South, does not love the Italians. "We are ruined," he says, "by Italian cheap labour," and accordingly he "goes for" the macaroni-man. Nor will this navvies' strike in Paris increase the popularity of the Italians, since most of the strikers are foreigners, and the bulk of them from the Peninsula.

**AUSTRIA AND THE BALKAN STATES.**—English admirers of Russia try hard to make the world believe that the chief danger to peace in South-Eastern Europe springs from the ambition of Austria. There is not even the faintest shadow of foundation for this extravagant notion. If Russia succeeded in annexing Bulgaria and in seizing Constantinople, Austria would no doubt run almost any risk to secure compensation. It would be necessary for her to do so, since the very existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy would then be threatened. But if Russia would leave Bulgaria and Constantinople alone, Austria, we may be sure, would be only too glad to abandon the idea of ever extending her



authority to Salonica. The formation of the Balkan States into a great independent Confederation is the true object of her policy; and it is this end that she has kept steadily in view in all her recent negotiations with the other Powers. It is, however, possible that her efforts may be thwarted; and in that case it may be the destiny of the inhabitants of more than one important district in the Balkan Peninsula to become subjects of the House of Hapsburg. If we may judge from the experience of the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, this result would be by no means an unmixed misfortune for the "nationalities" concerned. Exactly ten years have passed since Austrian troops crossed the Save to occupy these two provinces. At that time, as the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* has been reminding the public, Bosnia and Herzegovina were in a state of anarchy. Now there is in both provinces security for life and property; the inhabitants are materially prosperous, and no fewer than eleven hundred schools have been either founded or reformed. The task undertaken by Austria when she began to rule these distracted lands was in every sense a most difficult one, and she has accomplished it with admirable prudence and energy.

**THE TURKOMAN RISING.**—Sir Henry Wolff will be having an anxious time of it at Teheran just now. The rebellion of the Yomud Turkomans may mean much or little. If the rising be spontaneous, and of purely local origin, the Shah will find little difficulty in suppressing it. But there are certain ominous circumstances which seem to indicate the presence of foreign intrigue. It is noteworthy, to begin with, that the revolt has taken place in the Astrabad Province, a region much coveted by Russia on account of its including a long stretch of the Caspian littoral. The acquisition of the province by Russia would also bring her frontier much closer to Teheran, while at the same time greatly improving her military position in case her ruler decided to add Persia to his overgrown Empire. It will be seen, therefore, that the Czar has abundant temptation to make a snatch at Astrabad, as soon as the pear is ripe. And what could ripen it more quickly than a Turkoman rebellion, fed by alien gold, supplied with alien arms, encouraged by alien counsels, and directed by alien commanders? There is no evidence as yet, we grant, to justify such suspicions, but it would be very easy for foreign agents to keep in the background at first. The quickness with which the revolt has grown to a head, the magnitude it has already assumed, the declaration of the local Governors that they are overmatched, the hemming in of the capital city—these features of the situation seem to tell of design and treachery. Not that Russian doings in Persia matter very much to England. For many years, the Court of Teheran has been worked by wires from St. Petersburg, and, although the Shah has nominally retained his independence, he is practically almost as much a vassal of the Czar as the Emir of Bokhara is. Latterly, since the arrival of Sir Henry Wolff at Teheran, the Shah is rumoured to have shown a rebellious disposition towards his powerful patron. If that be the case, the Yomud rising requires little explanation; it is a gentle hint to the recalcitrant Persian to give up coquetry and stick to business.

**THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL IN THE LORDS.**—If a philosopher from another planet were invited to read Tuesday's debates, and then asked which of the two Chambers he should abolish if it were determined to get rid of one of them, he would answer, "Most decidedly the Commons. Their debate was all passion and personality; whereas the Lords talked with calmness and good sense." The contrast between the two bodies is certainly not in favour of the one which is elected by popular suffrage. To turn to the Local Government Bill: those who have not followed its progress assiduously will find in Lord Balfour's speech an excellent summary of its main features; while Lord Carnarvon stated in pithy form the chief objections which he had to urge against it. These were dismissed by Lord Salisbury with a sort of pessimistic humour. The gist of his speech was that as, for good or evil, we had got democratic institutions everywhere else, we could not withhold them from the inhabitants of the rural districts. But he could not give a satisfactory answer to Lord Carnarvon's most cogent criticism—namely, that, as rural populations are sprinkled over wide areas, it would be difficult to get the most suitable men to attend to the public business. This difficulty already exists in the London Vestries, where, owing to the great size of the parochial areas, power falls into the hands of men of the smaller trading class. It is to be hoped, however, that the rural districts will develop municipal instincts, which are almost non-existent in this brick-and-mortar wilderness, most of whose inhabitants are isolated units. The chief danger to be feared is that the County Councils will presently seek to meddle with contentious politics, instead of attending to more useful but less ambitious matters. If so, there will be less efficiency and more waste of money than under the now moribund system of rural government by a squirearchy.

**SECONDARY EDUCATION.**—A remarkably interesting speech was delivered the other day at the Sorbonne by M. Lockroy, the French Minister of Public Instruction. Prizes had been distributed to the successful students at the great secondary schools of Paris; and M. Lockroy seized the

opportunity to set forth his ideas about the educational needs of the present age. The general tendency of his remarks was in favour of the adoption of a wider variety of methods than have hitherto been used in secondary schools and colleges, and there can be no doubt that in what he said on this subject he expressed the views of almost every one who is devoting serious attention to questions relating to education. It is not disputed that a high kind of intellectual training can be secured through the study of the ancient classics. That is proved by the fact that many of the most illustrious men of modern times have been mentally disciplined in youth mainly by the literatures of Greece and Rome. But there are minds which are far more strongly attracted by modern than by ancient literature, and there is no sound reason why they should not be allowed to attain the supreme ends of education by the means which are most in accordance with their natural inclinations. The study of Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe is certainly not less instructive and stimulating than the study of Homer and Virgil. Again, intellectual life may sometimes be kindled more readily by science than by literature, whether ancient or modern; and in such cases it is simply a waste of time and energy for the teacher to try to force upon his scholars instruction for which they have no real aptitude. Up to a certain point there should, of course, be a common training for all both in literature and in science. Beyond that point every one ought to be allowed to choose for himself the direction in which his studies are to be carried on.

**UTILISING THE USELESS.**—Lord Meath is the beneficent fairy of London: he waves his magic wand, and the useless becomes the useful, the ugly the beautiful. We know not for how many open spaces the metropolis is indebted to that practical-minded philanthropist: they are to be found everywhere. Happily, too, in his case, appetite grows with eating: there are always new worlds for him to conquer. At present his ambition fixes upon that hideous eyesore, the vacant ground lying west of the Law Courts, and upon the site now occupied by Millbank Prison. He hopes to secure five acres of the latter for a public playground and garden; while, in the case of the Law Courts wilderness, success is practically achieved. A public-spirited citizen has, it appears, come forward with a generous offer to defray the whole cost of clearing and laying-out the ground; and the Government has consented to the work being taken in hand, on condition that the land shall be surrendered whenever required. That is fair enough. It was bought by the nation at a very heavy price to allow room for the possible expansion of the Law Courts at some future date; and it belongs, therefore, to the country at large, and not to London. But the gain will be great in converting the hideous disfigurement into a thing of beauty, if not into a joy for ever; and for that sweet boon the thanks of Cockayne are mainly due to Lord Meath. A still more arduous endeavour is that of inducing the powers that be to surrender five out of the twenty-three acres on which Millbank Gaol now stands. There is, it seems, an undertaking to reserve a large portion of the site for artisans' dwellings, nor can it be disputed that this is rendered all the more necessary by the large displacement of working-class families from the Cadogan estate. But many thousands of artisans could be accommodated on eighteen acres out of the twenty-three, while the health of their multitudinous children would be all the better for five acres of recreation ground. With that pleasant adjunct New Millbank would be quite a model colony.

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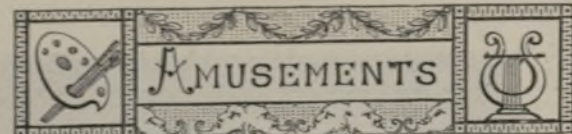
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**THE NEW GALLERY.**—THE SUMMER EXHIBITION  
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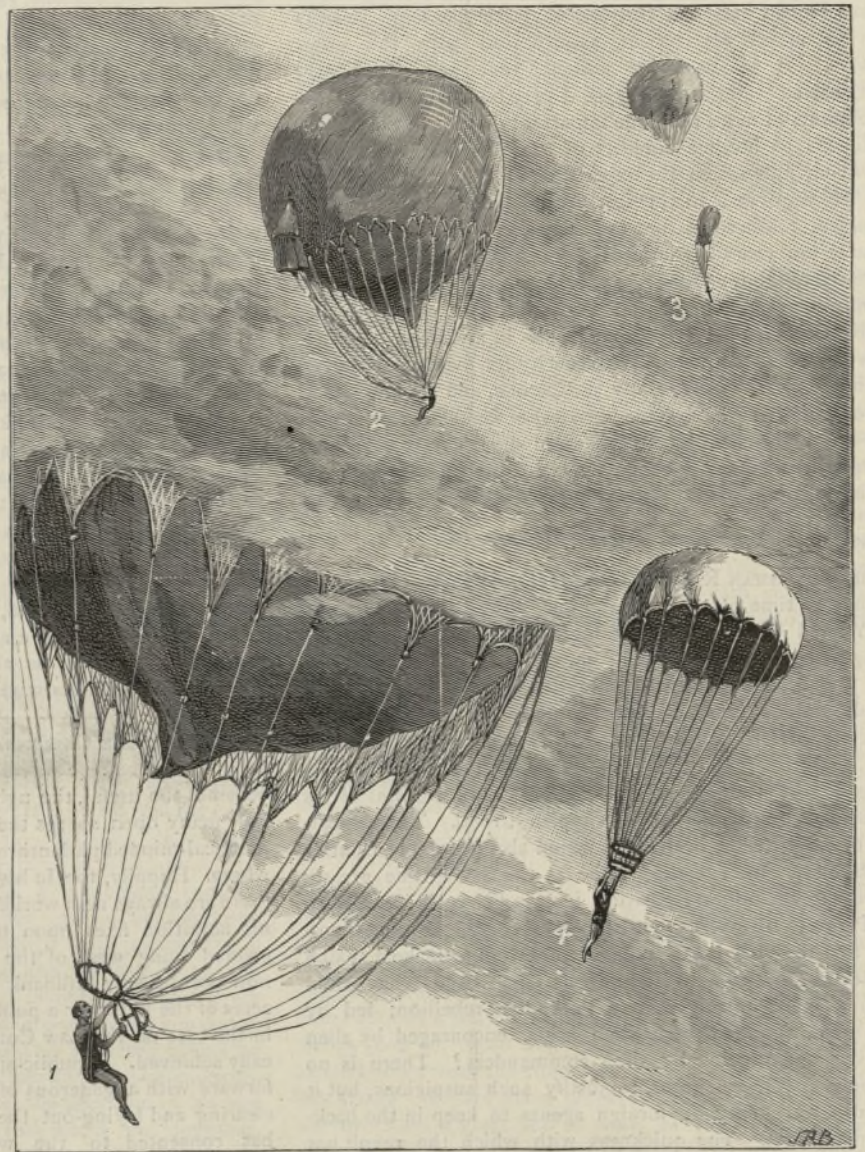
**SUMMER TOURS in SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, and the  
HIGHLANDS.**  
(Royal Route via Crinan and the Caledonian Canals.)  
The Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMBA," with passengers only, sails from  
GLASGOW DAILY at 7 a.m. from GREENOCK at 9 a.m.; in connection with  
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trated, 6d. and 1s. at Railway Bookstalls.  
Time Bills with Map and Fares free from the owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE,  
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**CRUISES TO THE BALTIC and the MEDITERRANEAN.**  
—The Steam Yacht *Victoria*, 1,824 tons register, 1,500 horse power, R. D.  
LUNHAM Commander, will be despatched from Tilbury Docks August 30, for 30 days'  
cruise to the Baltic, and October 15 for six weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. The  
*Victoria* is always on view between her cruises, has the electric light, bells, and all  
modern improvements. Apply MANAGER, S.Y. "VICTORIA" Office, Carlton  
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THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—NIGHT ATTACK ON LOUGH SWILLY: TORPEDO  
BOAT LOOKING FOR THE ENEMY WITH SEARCH LIGHT  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist with the "B" Squadron



1. Professor Baldwin Ascending  
2. Making Ready to Descend  
3. Just Off!—The Parachute Before Its Expansion  
4. Nearing the Earth  
THE DESCENT FROM A BALLOON AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

Sir Herbert Perrott

Duke of Manchester

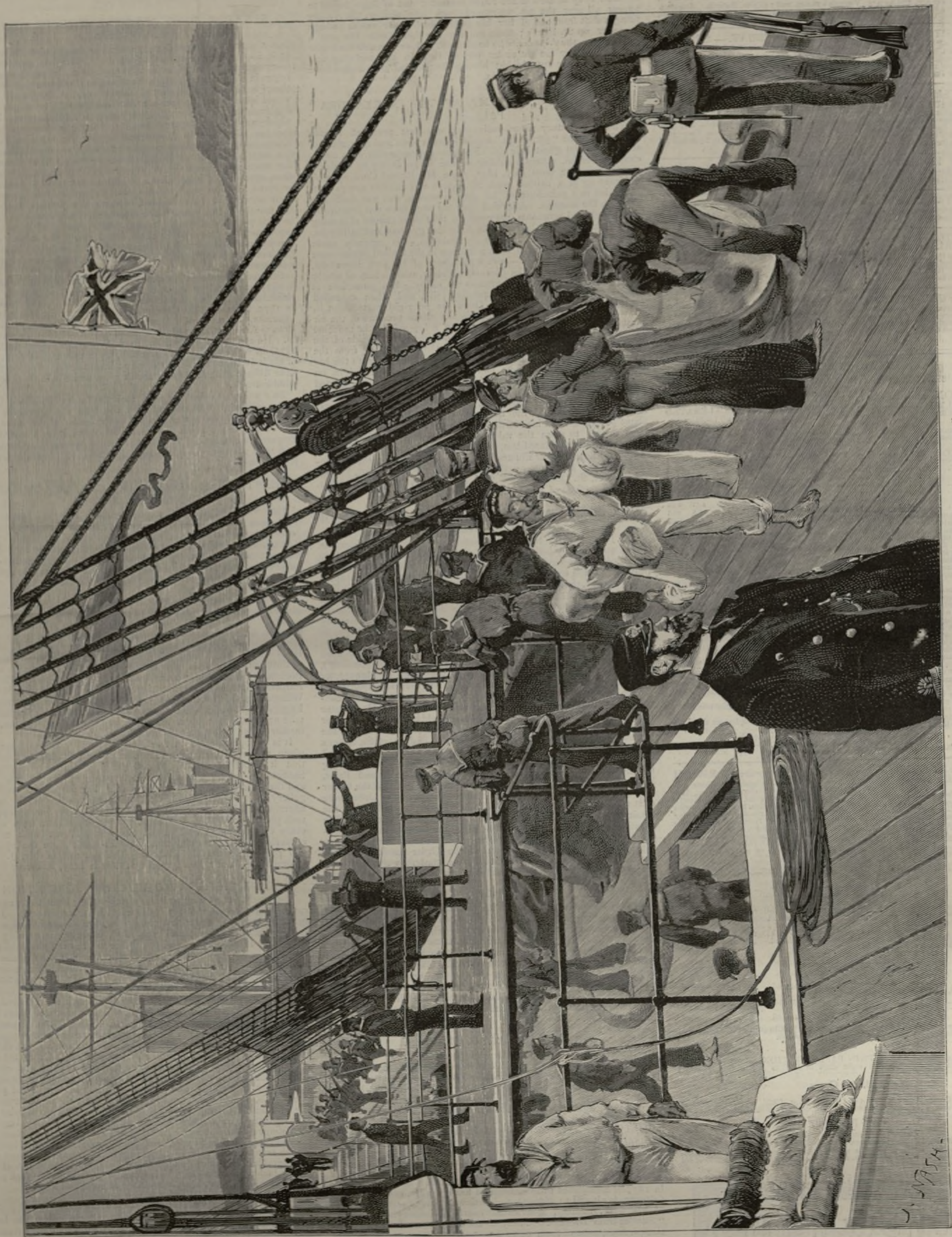
Sir John St. George

Mr. Furley



Bishop of St. Albans Sir Albert Woods Prince Albert Victor Earl of Lathom Duke of Teck The Prince of Wales Sir Charles Warren Viscount Templeton  
INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS GRAND PRIOR OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN  
OF JERUSALEM IN ENGLAND





WAR IS DECLARED, AND WE PUT TO SEA—"WATCH, MAN, AND ARM SHIP"  
**THE NAVAL MOBILISATION**  
 FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B" SQUADRON



## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
Extension of time for Ordinary Return Tickets for distances over ten miles, from Friday, August 3, to Friday, August 10, also the Cheap Saturday to Monday Ticket issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, August 4, till be available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, August 8.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—From London Bridge 9.40 a.m. and 8.0 p.m.; Victoria 9.10 a.m. and 7.50 p.m.; Saturday, August 4. Returning from Paris on any day up to August 17 inclusive. Fares—First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 25s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY to TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, August 4, from Victoria, 8.45 a.m. and 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. and 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge, 8.30 a.m. and 1.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning Tuesday, August 7, by any train after 6.0 p.m. Fare—Third Class, 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY to TUESDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, August 4, from Victoria, 12 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge 1.40 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning the following Tuesday. Portsmouth and Southsea Fare—5s. Through Tickets at Cheap Fares are also issued by these Trains to Ryde and all stations in the Isle of Wight.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUGUST 6.—Cheap Day Excursions from London to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, St. Leonard's, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, Isle of Wight, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Frequent Trains direct to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road) Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, August 7, 8, and 9. LEWES RACES, August 10 and 11. SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from London Bridge and Victoria.—Cheap Day Return Tickets.—From Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate Stations, to Brighton and Lewes Races, also from Portsmouth, Chichester, Horsham, &c., to Brighton Races only. Frequent extra trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, Hays Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's Luggage Office.

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

## SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in operation. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class by all trains:—

Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night
London (Euston)	5.15	7.15	10.0	10.30	7.55	8.0	8.50	10.0	12.0
Arrive									
Edinburgh (Princes St.)	4.5	5.30	6.30	7.55	—	—	6.50	9.45	12.5
Glasgow (Central)	4.10	6.0	7.0	8.0	See	5.35	7.0	9.17	12.15
Greenock	5.38	7.18	8.0	9.5	Note	7.5	8.30	10.43	4.46
Oban	—	—	—	4.45	—	—	12.23	2.0	4.58
Perth	—	—	—	8.45	6.35	6.50	8.15	11.10	2.20
Dundee	—	—	—	9.30	8.20	8.40	9.40	11.55	2.55
Aberdeen	—	—	—	9.5	9.55	9.55	12.0	2.15	6.40
Inverness	—	—	—	8.5	11.30	11.30	2.15	6.5	10.5

The 7.55 p.m. express from Euston to Perth will run from July 26th to August 10th inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The train will take saloons with family parties and sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and beyond, but will not pick up passengers en route. By this means an undisturbed journey will be secured, and the earlier arrival at Perth will give ample time for breakfast, &c., before going forward to the Highlands.

The Highland Railway Company have agreed to run the 7.55 p.m. express through to the district beyond Inverness, in advance of the 8.0 p.m. and postal trains.

The 8.0 p.m. express and the 12.0 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

A—will run every night, but on Sunday mornings its arrival at Dundee will be 9.5 a.m., Inverness 1.30 p.m., and it will have no connection to Oban (Saturday nights from London). B—Will run every night, but will have no connection to the North on Saturday night.

On Saturdays passengers by the 10.30 a.m. Train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Rail.

Carriages with lavatory accommodation are run on the principal express trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved sleeping saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.45 p.m., from 11th July to 10th August, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland.

Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.

For particulars of improved train service from Scotland to London see the Companies' Time Bills.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W.R.

J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

August, 1888.

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY, by the HARWICH ROUTE. Brussels Exhibition, The Ardennes, Holland, the Rhine and the North Sea. Through Carriages from Liverpool Street Station at 8 p.m., Birmingham (New Street) 4 p.m., via Peterborough; Manchester (London Road), 4 p.m., via Lincoln; Doncaster 4.48 p.m., via March, to Harwich, in connection with the G.E.R. Company's steamers, to Antwerp and Rotterdam every week day and Saturdays. The Great Eastern Railway Company's steamers "CAMBRIDGE," "IPSWICH," and "NORWICH," are now running to Antwerp, the "ADELAIDE," "LADY TYLER," and "CLAUDE HAMILTON" to Rotterdam. Time Tables and Information at 61, Regent Street, W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

## NOTICE.

Subscribers to this journal will please to note the following terms on which THE GRAPHIC will be posted to any part of the world, including postage and extra Summer and Christmas Numbers.

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## THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES—WITH THE "B" SQUADRON

"WHEN war was declared on July 24th," writes our artist, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, "we steamed slowly down Lough Swilly in a long line, the *Rodney* first, the *Devastation* next, then the *Black Prince*, and the *Invincible* last. The *Calyso* and the *Amphion* were already outside, looking-out. By-and-by we made out the fighting-tops of

the foe just above the horizon, and the watch was ordered to man and arm ship. We moved slowly out, and were soon seen by the enemy, who got up all steam, and came at us. The *Mersey* and the *Neptune* made a dash at the *Hearty* and the *Amphion*, who had ventured rather far out, and blazed away hard, hoisting a signal to the *Hearty* that she should haul down her flag and give up, but she steamed away as hard as she could, instead; and as ships began to appear all over the sea, we moved back into shelter, the *Rodney* firing a shot from one of her big guns, which made smoke enough to cover up St. Paul's; then, putting her helm over, she sent a broadside to the *Neptune*, who hauled off, and we steamed back into port. Next day we got under way at three in the morning, and showed our nose outside, but having lost one of our anchors, we were all day fishing it up again."

## THE AERONAUT'S JUMP AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

WHEN, a century since, ballooning was first practised it was thought that the "parachute" would afford a swift and easy method of descent from great heights. Numerous experiments were made, some successful, others resulting in the severe injury to, or death of, the aeronaut, until July, 1837, when Mr. Robert Cocking, who had gone up in a balloon with Mr. Green and another companion, descended in a parachute of his own invention, and was dashed to pieces in the attempt. After that time the parachute was practically abandoned, and aeronauts preferred to take their chance of coming down to earth in their balloon. An American gymnast and balloonist, however, "Professor" Thomas S. Baldwin, has recently made several successful descents from a balloon in the United States—one at the height of 4,500 feet—with a parachute of his own invention, and on Saturday last, at the Alexandra Palace, made a leap of nearly 1,000 yards, coming to the ground in safety. His parachute is mushroom-shaped, made of a peculiar silk, and when extended measures 18 feet in diameter. There are no rigid parts about it, while a small hole in the top prevents any undue pressure of the air upon any particular part from rendering it lop-sided—the machine being self-righting. The parachute is attached to the side of the balloon, and Mr. Baldwin sits on a bent rope hanging from the bottom of the balloon (there being no car), and holds on to the bar of his parachute. When he had reached the desired height on Saturday, he leapt from the balloon, and for 100 feet or so darted downwards with frightful rapidity, as the parachute did not open immediately. It soon expanded, however, and the pace was considerably slackened, the aeronaut eventually landing in a field about 500 yards from his starting place with perfect safety. He had been unable to open the valve of his balloon, which sailed away again, and was considered lost, though it was subsequently found at Rainham, Essex.—Our illustrations are from instantaneous photographs taken during a previous ascent, by Chandless, 503, Hampshire Street, St. Quincly, Ill., U.S.A., and will give some idea of Mr. Baldwin's method of proceeding.

## THE ORDER OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

ON July 18th, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the Prince of Wales was formally installed as Grand Prior of this Order, to which the Queen has recently granted a Royal Charter of Incorporation, thus placing the fraternity on exactly the same footing as it occupied at the time of the Dissolution of the Order by Henry VIII. The Order has of late years become widely known to the public from the extensive operations of its ambulance department, better known as the St. John Ambulance Association. Indeed, the fraternity endeavours to carry on the Hospitalier work of the Middle Ages in accordance with modern requirements.

A distinguished company, among whom were General Sir John St. George (Chancellor), Sir Edmund Lechmere (Secretary-General), Mr. Tyssen-Amherst (Genealogist), and the Duke of Manchester (ex-Prior) had assembled to meet H.R.H., who was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Teck. The Prince was conducted to the Chapter Room, where the Duke of Manchester (Presiding Knight) asked him if he would govern the Order according to the statutes declared in the Charter. To this the Grand Prior answered "I will." Then the Bishop of St. Albans (Chaplain-General) having recited some selected psalms and prayers, Lord Leigh (the Bailiff of Egle) handed to the presiding knight the sheathed sword of the Order, and the Grand Prior, having received the sword, unsheathed it, in token that the Order were next successively presented to H.R.H., who was then placed in the Chair of State (the Duke of Manchester sitting on his right). The sword was returned to the Bailiff of Egle, the Grand Prior was proclaimed by the Genealogist, and the homage-roll of the Order was signed, after which the members of the Order made a solemn declaration of obedience. Various other matters were transacted before the Chapter was closed in usual form.

## "WAITING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE QUEEN"

THIS is a scene which may not unfrequently be witnessed in Hyde Park during the height of the season, when the Court is staying at Buckingham Palace. A whisper is circulated (originating frequently from the police—"from information they have received," to use a hackneyed phrase) that at a certain hour the Queen will make her appearance. The rumour spreads, everybody, on foot, on horseback, or in carriage, is on the *qui vive*, and then perhaps, a movement at the edge of the crowd, which may after all prove a delusive signal, causes all heads to be turned in that direction. This, we take it, is the "psychological moment" selected by Mr. Charlton for his drawing.

## THE LATE W. G. BAXTER

WILLIAM GILES BAXTER, the caricature-artist, who died June 2nd, aged thirty-two, from rapid consumption, was born of English parents, in the South of Ireland, where his father had unsuccessfully endeavoured to establish a factory for the making of starch from potatoes. Later on, the family removed to America, but soon returned to England, where the father died. His son, the subject of this memoir, was apprenticed to a Manchester architect, and the training he thus received accounted for the large amount of detail and correct draughtsmanship which his subsequent drawings displayed. At the end of his indentures, he decided to abandon architecture for a bolder and freer style of drawing, and devoting himself industriously to study, he published, at the age of twenty-one, a series of lithographed pictures, entitled "Buxton Sketches." Early in 1879 he established in Manchester a local weekly, entitled *Comus* (afterwards altered to *Momus*), and in this appeared some of the best of his work, notably, a series of nearly life-sized heads, called "Studies from Dickens." Many of the numbers contain five full-size pictures, most of them cartoon portraits. *Momus*, however, was not a success financially, and Baxter removed to London, where, with an old friend and brother artist, he produced a series of political and humorous Christmas cards. It was in the cartoons of *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* that he at last found a proper outlet for his wildly humorous powers. The phenomenal success of this journal dates from the time when he first took in hand the eccentric "Ally." Latterly, he seceded from this journal, and in conjunction with the original creator of "Sloper," Mr. Charles H. Ross, he started "Choodle," a venture which had but a short life, owing to the break-down of the artist's health. Mr. Baxter was a man of varied talents, and by no means a bad amateur actor. The two

specimens of his drawing "A Game of Nap," which we engrave this week, show, that if health and life had been spared, he might have gained a reputation not much inferior to that of the late Randolph Caldecott.—We have borrowed most of the foregoing particulars from a paragraph which appeared in the *Star*. Our portrait is engraved from an unnamed photograph.

## SENATOR JOAO ALFREDO, THE BRAZILIAN PREMIER

A RECENT mail from Brazil brought us details of the Law of May 13th, abolishing slavery in that country. The law simply contains four printed lines, and completes the movement for emancipation which began in 1871, when, through the Viscount Rio Branco, all children of slaves born thenceforth were declared free. A few months ago it would have seemed impossible that Brazil would be at this moment free from the great blot upon her name, as a Ministry was in power which was entirely against touching the *status quo* established by the law of 1855. In November Senator Prado, who had withdrawn from that Ministry, proposed that his province of São Paulo, the most advanced in Brazil, should liberate all her slaves within the maximum period of three years, the planters, in the mean time, agreeing to give salary to the slaves. The proposal was accepted, and in four months about 70,000 slaves were freed, their services to be continued, however, for periods varying from six months to two years. The movement soon spread to the aristocratic province of Rio de Janeiro, and as the Ministry proved antagonistic, the Imperial Princess found easily the means of overthrowing it and of calling Senator João Alfredo to form a new Cabinet last March, and, under his auspices, the law of abolition was passed.

Senator João Alfredo Correa de Oliveira was born in Pernambuco, in 1835, and took the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, in 1858. He was elected a member of the Imperial Legislature in 1861 and 1868. In 1870, he entered the Cabinet presided over by the Marquis of St. Vincente, and retained his post at the next Cabinet, the glorious Rio Branco Administration which decreed the law of 1871, above alluded to. He served as a Minister from September, 1870, until June, 1875, in various departments, which, up to this day, show the result of his indefatigable energy and many-sided talents. Indeed, Senator João Alfredo has made for himself a great name in his country as an administrator.

As a politician, also, he soon took the leadership of the Conservative party of North Brazil, and when he was appointed to the Imperial Senate he was recognised as the leader of the more liberal side of the party. He is also a member of the Privy Council of the Emperor, and has been President of several provinces.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Pacheco and Son, 102, Rua do Ouvidor, Rio de Janeiro.

## THE "TURNER HOUSE" ART GALLERY, PENARTH, NEAR CARDIFF

THE "Turner House," an art gallery, built by Mr. J. Pyke Thompson, was opened formally to the public on Wednesday, June 27th, by the Rev. C. J. Thompson, Vicar of St. John's, Cardiff. The building, which is attractive, was designed by Mr. Edwin Seward; and the interior decorations and arrangements of the gallery are due to Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who has also compiled an instructive catalogue of the contents. The result is an elegant bijou gallery.

The collection of works of art comprises a series of water-colours, illustrating the rise and present state of the art of water-colour painting in England, from Sandby, Girtin, Varley, Dewint, Cotman, &c., to David Cox and Turner. A number of recent water-colours show the present methods; and here we see, among others, H. Moore, W. Small, and Miss Montalba. A group of oil-paintings of different schools is also exhibited, among which are a fine Poolemborg and the "Fair Rosamund" of Dante G. Rossetti. Further, a well-selected series of etchings from Rembrandt, Meryon, Whistler, and Haden give an interesting view of that art. Engravings in various rare states from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" take up some space upon the walls, and the style of the master is further shown by a series of engravings from his works.

It is an open secret that this fine collection was to have been given to the Art Gallery and Museum of Cardiff, with the condition that it should be open to the public on Sunday afternoons. Sabbatarian feeling prevented the acceptance of the generous offer, and the collection was lost to the town. For purposes of study the gallery is, practically, open at all times, and to the public on the afternoons of Wednesdays and Sundays. The first Sunday opening took place on July 1st, and some 500 persons, drawn from almost every class, entered and viewed the works of art with evident appreciation. On Sunday last, the fifth week since the opening, 300 persons visited the Gallery. The portrait of Mr. J. Pyke Thompson is from a photograph by Norman May, Malvern.

## SHAM FIGHT AT THE IRISH EXHIBITION

THE world has seen a good many Exhibitions since 1851, and has consequently become rather satiated with such spectacles. It has gradually become evident that collections of raw materials, manufactured objects, pictures, and sculpture, however interesting and instructive in themselves, will not suffice to draw the public in sufficient numbers to be profitable, at all events in this jaded metropolis of ours. So other attractions have to be discovered. The successive Shows—Fisheries, Healthies, Inventories, and Colinderies held at South Kensington, owed much of their *clat* to the gardens and the bands of music, and they were favoured also with a succession of fine summers. The American Exhibition last year would not have prospered as well as it did, but for Buffalo Bill's side-show; and this year the Italian Exhibition owes a large percentage of its visitors to the Roman games in the Coliseum, the Marionettes, and the switch-back railway. Not to be behind their rivals at Earl's Court, the conductors of the Irish Exhibition have prepared several new attractions, including a show of Kerry cattle, and leaping competitions for hunters over single and double fences and five-barred gates, stone walls, double ditch, bank, and water-jump, the whole terminating with an elaborately organised sham fight. This spectacular display represents an engagement during the Indian Mutiny, between the Sepoy rebels and several Irish regiments. A castle and fortifications are held by the Sepoys, and these are attacked by a body of British troops, who, after a hot engagement and the discharge of a considerable amount of gunpowder, force an entrance, and hoist the Union Jack from the walls. This is just the entertainment for a party of schoolboys, as there is an abundance of noise and smoke.

## THE VANDELEUR EVICTIONS

IN former days Irish evictions were terrible realities. The landlords were not necessarily merciless, but they were often driven to extremities by their own creditors, and they had no other means of getting rid of a tenant who clung to the land, and yet was unable to pay his rent. Then the occupier was often cast out on the roadside with no other resource than beggary. In those days evictions were not reported in the newspapers, and though they were constantly in progress, the people of Great Britain knew but little about them except in a generic way. But they left behind them memories of exceeding bitterness, and it is owing to the bitterness thus engendered that respectable Irishmen and Irishwomen connive at, or, at all events, condone, dynamite outrages, mutilations, and assassinations, on the plea that all these acts of violence hasten the dawn of Irish independence. But the evictions of recent date do not belong to



the same category as those of old time. They are essentially artificial and theatrical. Take, for example, the evictions now being carried out on the Vandeleur estate, near Kilsesh, County Clare. The tenants are no poverty-stricken wretches, huddled together with swine in mud-cabins. They are well-to-do farmers, dwelling in comfortable houses, and with well-dressed daughters. That they were in arrears with their rent cannot be denied, but the landlord offered them a liberal abatement which there is scarcely a doubt they would all have accepted, but that they felt constrained to obey the teaching of the Plan of Campaign. Consequently, they have been turned out of their homes, and have sacrificed thereby the sale of their tenancies, often amounting to a large sum. The resistance offered on the Vandeleur estate has also been hollow and unreal. If the tenants yielded quietly, they would incur the displeasure of the National League, and so boiling water is thrown on the emergency men, and doors barricaded in order to ensure the use of the Government. battering-ram. All this business constitutes so much political capital, especially as these scenes are enacted in the presence of a host of sympathisers, British as well as Irish.—The scenes depicted in our views (which are from photographs by T. O'Connor, 20, George Street, Limerick), have been fully described in the daily newspapers.

#### THE ENGLISH LAKES, II. See pp. 125 et seqq.

#### "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 133.

#### PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VI.—MR. JOHN PETTIE, R.A. See page 137.

NOTE.—The portrait which we published last week of Lieutenant Barrett, winner of the Grand Aggregate Prize at Wimbledon, was from a photograph by James Russell and Sons, Hill Road, Wimbledon.—The photographs in Mr. Emerson's "East Anglia," recently reviewed by us, were chiefly executed and all printed by the Typographic Etching Company, 23, Farringdon Street, E.C.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.—Only a month ago in our "Series of Painters in their Studios," with our sketch of Frank Holl, we said, "With the exception of Sir John Millais, Mr. Holl is the most robust of all the Academicians." And now, alas! we have to record his death, at the early age of forty-three. Every one (not only in England, but all the world over) is familiar with his portraits. They will become historical, but comparatively few know the combination of genius with modest simplicity so characteristic of the man. He was intimately connected with the success of *The Graphic*, and many subjects for his pictures were first drawn for our pages. Among his drawings executed for *The Graphic* may be mentioned "Called to Active Service," "The Deserter," "Found," "Discipline and Dissipation," "Alone," "Third Class," the portraits of Her Majesty published in our Thanksgiving Number, and of General Roberts, and the illustrations to a story of the late Anthony Trollope, "Phineas Redux."—We shall next week publish a portrait and biography of Mr. Holl.



POLITICAL.—Since our last issue the political situation has been surveyed in speeches by Mr. Chamberlain at his residence near Birmingham, and by Lord Rosebery at Bolton. Referring to Mr. Gladstone's supposed readiness to retain the Irish Members at Westminster, Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that this could not harmonise with the establishment of an Irish Parliament possessing an authority co-ordinate with that of the Parliament at Westminster. It would be absurd to give the Irishmen complete and independent control over their own affairs, and at the same to allow them, whenever they pleased, to "come and bother us at Westminster." Lord Rosebery, while sanguine as to the proposals of the Opposition, spoke as if he were prepared for the worst, as the issue of the Parnellism and Crime Enquiry. He went the length of saying that if the present Parliamentary Leaders of the Irish Party were convicted of every crime the only result would be the substitution of other Leaders, while the triumph of Home Rule would be none the less certain.

IRELAND.—Several evictions on the Vandeleur estate were effected on Monday, for the most part without resistance, the occupiers having removed their furniture. In some cases they expressed satisfaction at being evicted, apparently in prospect of being supported in idleness out of the League Fund. In all cases generous offers were made to the tenants by the agent, but were refused, occasionally with the reply that they were powerless to accept.—During the later proceedings at the Coroner's inquiry into the death of Mr. Mandeville, evidence was given by an eminent Dublin physician, Dr. John W. Moore, Examiner in Public Health to the University of Dublin, physician to the Meath Hospital and the County Dublin Infirmary, and editor of the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, to the effect that the prison discipline to which the deceased was subjected could not possibly have had any connection with the complaint from which he died. Nevertheless, the jury, in a diffuse and discursive verdict, found that Mr. Mandeville died of throat disease "brought about by the brutal and unjustifiable treatment he received in Tullamore Gaol."—At the inquest on the death of Dr. F. Ridley, the prison surgeon at Tullamore, who recently committed suicide, evidence was given by his father, his cousin, and others to the effect that he had been greatly depressed by the comments of the Nationalist Press on the prison treatment of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville, and by the consequently unfriendly demeanour towards him of the people of Tullamore, with whom he had been previously popular. He had received a letter threatening him with death if a pair of Mr. O'Brien's head was injured. The inquiry was adjourned.—Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., claimed 5,000*l.* damages in an action for libel against the *Cork Constitution* for an article commenting on a speech of his at Youghal in March last, imputing to him, he alleged, complicity with murder and a desire to provoke bloodshed. A Cork jury has given him a verdict and 100*l.* damages.—Mr. M'Hugh Mayo, editor of the *Sligo Champion*, having been convicted under the Crimes Act of publishing articles in that journal denouncing land-grabbers and inciting to intimidation, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, but without hard labour. Notice of appeal was given.—Two agrarian murders are reported. In the one case the victim, James Ruane, had worked for an unpopular farmer in a district of County Cork bordering on Kerry, and was shot fatally while at work by a ruffian who had disguised his face. The other murder was perpetrated in Kerry on a farmer sixty years of age, John Foran, who was driving home from Tralee with his son, a boy, and three servants whom he had been hiring. A man rushed into the road, and shot him dead with a revolver. The servants

ran away, and have since been arrested. Foran's crime was that he occupied a farm from which a previous tenant was evicted four years ago. For this he was formally branded by the local branch of the League as a grabber, and so severely boycotted that he was refused a coffin for his dead wife.

THE OPENING, by Sir Mountstewart Grant Duff, of the Pope Loan Museum at Twickenham, in celebration of the bi-centenary of the poet's birth, took place on Tuesday. The general character of its contents has already been described in our columns. Professor Henry Morley delivered an interesting address on Pope as a Poet. In the King's Library of the British Museum there is now to be seen a smaller, but attractive, collection of Pope, and it includes with first editions of several of his poems, a number of autographs, among them the first pages of the MSS. of the translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, with several erasures and corrections. An autograph sonnet to Martha Blount on her birthday is distinguished by its evidently careful calligraphy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The memorial to Mr. W. E. Forster in Westminster Abbey has been unveiled by Lord Knutsford, and that to Sir Herbert Stewart in St. Paul's Cathedral by Lord Wolsley.—The amount collected this year for the Hospital Sunday Fund is the largest ever received. The sum of 39,321*l.* available for distribution has been allotted to 108 hospitals, and fifty dispensaries, the largest award, 3,333*l.*, being that made to the London Hospital, Whitechapel.—A fire-rescue Exhibition, the first of the kind ever held, was opened this week by the Lord Mayor, at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street. The exhibits comprise the most recent inventions for preventing and extinguishing fires, but the majority of them are fire-escapes, some of which are extremely simple and economical, while promising to be effective.—The remains of Mrs. Ritchie, wife of Mr. Ritchie, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, have, in accordance with her express desire, been cremated at the Crematorium Society's building at Woking. She was the first (joint) secretary of the Oxford Women's Liberal Association.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Marchioness of Ailsa; in his fifty-seventh year of Rear-Admiral William Codrington, who filled several offices connected with the Navy, the last of them that of Admiral-Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, 1886-7; in his seventieth year, of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Need, Lieutenant of Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard; in his fifty-ninth year, of Sir William C. Sargeant, from 1862 to 1887 one of the Crown Agents of the Colonies, and until last year honorary treasurer of the Royal Colonial Institute; in his sixty-eighth year, of the Rev. John Rigaud, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, for many years keenly interested in all beneficent schemes affecting either the town or the University, in which, half-a-century ago, his father was Radcliffe Observer; and in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. Lorenz Herkomer, father of Professor Hubert Herkomer, and a skilful artist.



RACING.—Sandown's Second Summer Meeting was as successful as it could be when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was absent. Its racing was singularly exciting, as a rule, and in one contest, the Surbiton Handicap, Deuce of Clubs and Sea Song thrice passed the judge before he could give a definite verdict on behalf of either. The winner, at the third time of asking, was Deuce of Clubs. Friday's chief attraction was the Eclipse Stakes, in which the Duke of Westminster's Orbit (the favourite) and his Ossory (quite an outsider) made a close finish. Ossory would have won in all probability if he had not been sacrificed by being ridden to make running for Orbit, who had beaten him at Kingsclere in a trial.—Goodwood opened under anything but cheerful conditions. Royalty was conspicuous by its absence, there was no house-party at Goodwood House, the weather was miserable after two or three races had been decided, and the public attendance was poor. Donovan won the Ham Stakes, and Bismarck had nearly won the Stewards' Cup when he showed temper, and allowed Tib to beat him. Satiety, who started favourite for this race, was badly beaten by Estafette in the Gratwicke Stakes, to the dismay of the gentlemen who laid 10 to 1 on him. Wednesday's weather was a great improvement on the opening day. Beadroll who, alone opposed Love-in-Idleness for the Bognor Plate, had no chance whatever with her. Castlenock won the Drayton Handicap, owing to Binfield's refusing to try. A fearful blow was given the gentlemen in the Sussex Stakes, for which Arrandale ran a good race with Zanzibar, a despised outsider, who won, with Sea Breeze quite beaten off. The two favourites, Candemoras and Lisbon, were first and second in the Chesterfield Cup. El Dorado was just beaten by Crinière in the Lavant Stakes.

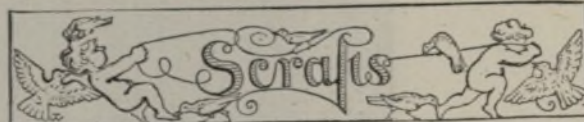
AQUATICS.—Gaudaur, Teemer, and O'Connor the Canadian, have, so it is said, agreed to enter a sweepstakes of 500*l.* each for the sculling championship of America.—The Teemer and Hamm v. Gaudaur and McKay double-sculling match will be decided at Saratoga.—Aquarius too freely patronised Barnes Regatta, where the Thames Rowing Club carried off the major events. This lucky association also took honours at Kingston Regatta, where the weather was wretched in the extreme. It may interest rowing men to know that Mr. Property, the Cambridge-Thames oarsman, was the officiating clergyman at the marriage of the Dowager-Duchess of Montrose to Mr. Milner, brother of Lady Durham and Lady Gerard.

LAWN TENNIS.—Rain interfered sadly with the Chiswick Lawn Tennis Tournament, concluded on Saturday, when E. W. Lewis, holder of the Championship of Middlesex, successfully defended his title from E. G. Meers. Mrs. Hillyard defeated Miss D. Patterson (holder), and won the Ladies' Championship. The Championship for Essex County could not be commenced as arranged, and was postponed through stress of weather.

CRICKET.—After having considerable advantage in the draw made against Cambridge Past and Present at Leyton, the Australians looked like getting beaten by Yorkshire at Huddersfield in the game abandoned on Saturday. Yorkshire scored 107 and 49 to the Colonials' 48. Peel's bowling was remarkably successful. In this and the Nottingham match he took twenty wickets for 52 runs only. Surrey, who went in to make 119 in their second innings, beat Sussex by ten wickets, thanks to Mr. J. Shuter, who made 76 not out, and Abel, not out, 41. Lancashire beat Gloucestershire by 116 runs at Liverpool. The county of the Graces is having a bad season. Nottinghamshire and Kent drew their match at Maidstone, as did the Parsees their engagement against M.C.C.'s weak Eleven. Surrey and the Australians could not do much; the showers only permitted play on Monday, while the county made 92 for six wickets. This total was increased to 135 on Tuesday, and the Australians put out for 52. In their follow-on, the Colonials made 33 for two wickets, but the game was left drawn on Wednesday in consequence of the rain during Tuesday night. At Halifax, Yorkshire beat Gloucestershire by three wickets.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Ralph Temple of Chicago, one of "Senator" Morgan's team, beat Fred Wood, ex-Champion cyclist, in two matches at Leicester—first at a quarter-of-a-mile, and next at half-a-mile. Temple and the remainder of the American troupe are

about to leave for home, after a very successful European tour.—J. M. Barry recently threw the 16 lb. hammer 122 ft. 6½ in. at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds, and broke the record.—Our football team in Australia continue to have their matches under Victorian rules, except when they meet very weak clubs.—A proposition is afloat to hold an American Athletic Association's meeting in England next season. The scheme is mooted by the Manhattan A.C., and to a certain extent has been approved by the National Athletic Association and the Amateur Athletic Union. In case it is carried out, the meeting, which will be held in May, will be the greatest affair of its kind ever held in this country.—Jem Smith, the pugilist, was somewhat seriously injured on Saturday through being pitched out of a dog-cart.—Peter Cannon of Stirling, Cummings the champion, and W. G. George, were to have run two miles at Glasgow on Saturday, Cummings did not start, being lame, and Cannon beat George by two hundred yards in 9 min. 12½ sec., a second under record time.



MR. EDISON has not sold his phonograph rights, as we erroneously mentioned last week. He has merely parted with a small portion, and reserves the exclusive right of manufacture. Mr. Edison is particularly anxious to contradict the reports which have assumed his defeat by jealous rival inventors.

PARISIAN THEATRES complain bitterly of the fall in their receipts. During the year just ended by the summer season, the twenty-six theatres in the French capital made altogether 71,200*l.* less than in the preceding twelve months, their takings amounting to 698,187*l.* The Opera and the Théâtre Français especially suffered, while the Variétés made nearly as much as the classical theatres—a proof of Parisian taste for the lighter side of the drama.

AN OLD CITIZEN OF WINCHESTER has just met his death—a famous monster trout which had haunted the river Itchen for years past. Many anglers had tried their luck with the trout, but had only broken their rods and lost their fishing tackle, till last week a labourer managed to land the fish after two hours hard work from the time it was hooked. The trout weighed 16 lbs. 2 ozs., was 32 inches long, and 21 inches in circumference. He is being stuffed.

THE MELBOURNE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION was opened with great ceremony on Wednesday. Most of the Governors of the neighbouring Colonies were present, visitors poured into the city, and the Australian squadron and a French war ship arrived to do honour to the occasion. The Exhibition buildings alone cover thirty-two acres, exclusive of the extensive grounds, which are beautifully laid out with terraces, lakes and shrubs. Art galleries, concert rooms, and an aquarium are amongst the interior attractions, while the various sections are fairly complete, especially the German. There was much fear that the British Court would not be ready in time, and it was even proposed to postpone the opening, but the Victorian Commission helped the British over their difficulties.

THE MOUNTAINEERING SEASON IN SWITZERLAND this year has so far been unusually devoid of accident. Not so in Austria—where, moreover, the several disasters recorded have not occurred in the most perilous spots. Thus, the Dachstein, near Gmunden, where two Austrians perished last week, is greatly frequented, yet no catastrophe has occurred for thirty years. The two last victims had successfully ascended the peak—9,830 feet high—and were crossing an ice-slope, when one slipped, fell on his neighbour, and carried him over a precipice. They were not roped. One of the climbers was killed on the spot, the other survived long enough to be rescued and carried into the Austrian Club hut for his last hours. Now, also, the body of a young man has been found at the foot of the Fastenberg, in the Salzkammergut, having fallen over a precipice whilst searching for edelweiss.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION of Constable's sketches has been presented to the South Kensington Museum by the artist's daughter, Miss Isabel Constable. There are about fifty studies in watercolour, oil, pencil, and Indian ink, some being mere hasty outlines for memoranda, others half-finished oil sketches, but all are most interesting to the student of landscape art. Constable's early Essex home is shown repeatedly—cornfields, windmills, watermills, and shipping from every point of view—together with scenes from the Lake District and Derbyshire, picturesque bits from his Hampstead home of later years, and numerous studies of Salisbury. These fresh Constables hang on screens among the historical collection of British water-colours in the Kensington Galleries. Miss Constable intends also to present several more of her father's works in oil to the National Gallery. Speaking of South Kensington, the annual National Competition Exhibition of works from Art Schools throughout Great Britain is now open, being quartered this year among the Enamels collection. Owing to new regulations, the number of works shown has been much reduced, the less advanced studies being excluded. The quality, however, has distinctly improved.

A SEARCH EXPEDITION FOR MR. STANLEY was about to start from the Yambuya camp, according to the latest news from the Congo. Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson were going off soon after April 15th, with Tippoo Tib and 900 men. Meanwhile, anxiety respecting Mr. Stanley's safety increases amongst those best acquainted with the neighbourhood, although, on the other hand, it is suggested that the explorer and Emin have joined forces, and are advancing on the Mahdi. This theory would account for the large force said to be accompanying the "White Pasha" in the Bahr-el-Gazel, and would agree with the latest reports that Emin had been summoned by the Mahdi to surrender, but intended himself to advance on the enemy. Provisions were short, and discouragement prevailed among Emin's followers. To make matters worse, alarming rumours of Mr. Stanley's condition had reached Emin, declaring that the explorer had been repeatedly attacked by hostile tribes. The news of the miserable European prisoners in Khartoum is worse than ever. Slatin Bey now sits all day at the Mahdi's door, exposed to insult and ill-treatment, and forbidden to speak to any other European. The missionaries and Greeks live by trading in secret, and by dyeing grey cotton stuff, while, when a proposal was lately made to exchange the prisoners for some important dervishes, the Mahdi threatened the former with death if they dared to express a wish for freedom. On their side, the Germans busily scheme to relieve Emin Pasha by pushing on their stations in East Africa to the east bank of the Victoria Nyanza and thence opening communication with the Albert Nyanza. There is some suspicion, however, that this philanthropic plan is an excuse to definitively extend the Teutonic influence and stations in this district.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase. The deaths last week numbered 1,308 against 1,297 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 11, and 573 below the average, while the death-rate went up to 15·9 per 1,000. There were 89 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 27), 40 from measles (a rise of 15), 30 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 3), 23 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 9), 21 from diphtheria (a rise of 6) 15 from enteric-fever (an increase of 7), 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 2), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 160 from 166, and were 28 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 63 deaths, of which 49 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,353 births registered, a decrease of 32 on the previous return.





WAITING FOR A GLIMPSE OF HER MAJESTY, HYDE PARK  
FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN CHARLTON





THE Emperor of GERMANY has successfully completed his first round of visits to his brother Sovereigns. His reception in SWEDEN was most hearty. The Swedish Royal Family showed every sign of affection, all classes made holiday to greet their guest, and general satisfaction was expressed at the maintenance of the traditional friendship between the German and Scandinavian peoples. During his two days' stay at Stockholm, Emperor William was entertained with the usual routine of receptions, gala banquets, and visits to the sights of the capital, and he further received the news of the birth of a fifth son, to whom King Oscar will accordingly stand sponsor. This is the first time for eighty years that a son has been born to a reigning King of Prussia. The visit to DENMARK, which followed on Monday, was not so uniformly cordial, for a slight popular demonstration against Emperor William on his landing at Copenhagen showed that the Danes have not forgotten Slesvig-Holstein. Still, King Christian welcomed his visitor most warmly, and the Emperor was subsequently well received on inspecting the Scandinavian Exhibition. Emperor William only remained the day, however, and, crossing to Kiel, returned to German soil on Tuesday, to stay the night with Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh. Certainly the Imperial tour has so far produced a most satisfactory impression, particularly by the Emperor's attention to the minor European Courts as well as to the greater Powers. The flood of talk continues on the rapprochement between Russia and Germany, and a vast amount of rumours prevail, including the suggestion to place Prince Waldemar of Denmark on the Bulgarian Throne. This idea, however, finds no more favour than before, and there is a general disposition to believe that European peace will not be disturbed yet awhile for the sake of Bulgaria. But from St. Petersburg comes a semi-official hint that the Peterhof meeting merely paved the way for settling political questions, which must be conclusively arranged when Emperor William meets the Emperor of AUSTRIA. This coming interview should thus result in a better understanding between Russia and Austria. Before this important meeting, however, Emperor William takes a short holiday to attend the Wagner performances at Bayreuth, and to visit Baden Baden, where it is now said that he will see the King of the Belgians and, perhaps, Queen Victoria. He is due in Vienna about the end of September, and thence will go on to Rome. There he will solve the problem of pleasing both Church and State by driving straight from the station to see the Pope before taking up his quarters with King Humbert at the Quirinal. The Pope has declared he would never receive a visitor from the Quirinal, so this plan would evade the difficulty. To turn to German home affairs, the anniversaries of the births and deaths of the Emperors William I. and Frederick III. are in future to be kept throughout the Empire as memorable days in German history. Another Royal anniversary has just been celebrated at Munich—the centenary of Louis I. of Bavaria. Elaborate festivities were held, attended by a Greek delegation in memory of the monarch's services to the Hellenes, and a prominent feature was the historical procession on Tuesday, marred however by a stampede of the elephants in the pageant, which trampled down many of the spectators. The Alsatian frontier troubles are again beginning, a German tax-collector having been roughly used by the French authorities. Accordingly the *North German Gazette* warns people against travelling in such a "savage country."

Like many of her neighbours, FRANCE is now seriously confronted by the labour question. The strike of Parisian navvies which commenced last week has spread widely till it now includes some 10,000 men, whose violent attitude causes serious disturbances. The original strikers have forced workmen wholesale into their ranks, ill-treating those who refused to join and blockading the employers. They claim 5d. an hour for a day's work of nine hours—instead of the present rate of 4½d.—9d. if they work for twelve hours, and 1s. for night work. This scale was fixed by the Municipal Council, but the sweating system intervenes, and the contractors pay their workmen at a lower rate. Accordingly the Municipal Council was asked to interfere but gave no support, even refusing a grant of money for the relief of the strikers. So the malcontents have held noisy meetings and parades with the result of coming to grief with police, who in several cases had the worse of the conflict. Soldiers have been called in, but the strikers are not yet crushed, and make descents on the suburban labour yards, where the men are obliged to work under protection. Of course the Socialists abet the strikers. This disturbance excites Paris just at the time when politicians are taking holiday. Thus M. Carnot has gone to Fontainebleau, M. Floquet has struck against provincial tours and speeches for the present, and even General Boulanger is quiet, preparing for his next electoral attempt. There is much discussion over the Bonapartist support of the General, which many construe as a blind to advance Prince Napoleon's claims. The French at large, however, are less concerned with these matters than with the miserable state of agriculture, owing to the late violent storms. PARIS is amused at the idea of M. Zola coming forward as a candidate for the Académie, and has much applauded M. Lockroy's educational views at the prize-distribution in the Sorbonne. The Minister declared that to keep abreast of the times the French must learn modern languages, and abridge classical studies. M. de Lesseps gave a hopeful account of the Panama Canal Works at the general meeting, declaring that the lottery receipts would cover all expenses.

The relations between FRANCE and ITALY will certainly not be improved by the censure of French proceedings which Signor Crispi freely expresses in his Circular to the Powers notifying the Italian occupation of Massowah. For some time past there has been much friction in Massowah, owing to the refusal of French subjects to pay taxes. This refusal was echoed by the Greeks, who put themselves under French protection, but ultimately yielded. France remaining obdurate, however, Signor Crispi bitterly complains that she "appears to regard the pacific progress of Italy as tending to diminish her own power, as if the African continent did not afford ample scope for the legitimate activity and civilising ambition of all the Powers." This sharp criticism has been taken very quietly in France, although M. Goblet intends to answer the accusations in a special Note. The French simply disclaim all rumoured intentions to seize Tripoli, declaring that such designs really belong to Italy herself. But the feeling between the two countries is much strained, and the commercial negotiations are again likely to fail.

Most of the news from BULGARIA exalts Prince Ferdinand's popularity, and his excellent understanding with M. Stambouloff. The main trouble is still the dispute with the Porte over the Vakarel Bellova railway, and the danger of the unlucky officials taken by the brigands. An Italian *attaché* has now gone to obtain the captives' release, but the Bulgarian Government were more inclined to employ harsh measures.—King Milan of SERBIA has publicly given his view of the quarrel with Queen Natalie. He declares that he was mistaken in the Queen, who had been led astray by the enemies of the State. He never really wanted a divorce, but utilised it as a threat to alarm the Queen into submission. Now he has applied to the Synod for a simple separation.—

In contrast to the troubles of these Eastern provinces may be set the condition of BOSNIA and HERZEGOVINA after the ten years of Austrian rule just completed. From perfect anarchy, the provinces have improved to general prosperity, thanks chiefly to the tact and zeal of M. de Kallay, the Austrian Minister, who has headed the administration since the annexation. The revenue has nearly doubled, education and industry have spread on all sides, and brigandage and religious dissensions have ceased.

In INDIA, the Sikkim-Tibet campaign lingers on in wearisome fashion. While the Tibetans are mustering in force all round, the British garrison remains passive at Gnatong, simply strengthening their position. This inaction dispirits our troops, who have only been enlivened by a skirmish in the Kapu Valley, where a party of the Sherwood Regiment soon worsted the enemy. However, judging from the stir in the Jalapa and Pemberingo Passes, the Tibetans seem likely to resume hostilities speedily, and have about 8,000 men at hand. On the British side Colonel Graham intends to attack on the arrival of reinforcements. In BURMA, the troublesome dacoit Boh Shway has at last been killed. This chief has been one of the most notorious and obstinate disturbers ever since the British occupation, and his gang lately killed Lieutenant Williamson and Mr. O'Dowds. But Lieutenant Minogue, and a detachment of the Munster Fusiliers, attacked Boh Shway near Tsagain, and the dacoit and many of his followers fell. Among the booty was Lieutenant Williamson's sword. Nevertheless, dacoity continues active on all sides, while at Myinmu the Chief Commissioner publicly condemned the inhabitants for supporting rebellion, and threatened them with dire punishment unless they mended their ways. Indeed, more military police are needed, instead of the force being reduced, as the Indian Government have requested. Mandalay is again threatened with floods, owing to the dangerous condition of the embankment. INDIA proper is chiefly occupied with sanitary reform. The unhealthy condition of many towns has led to the proposal of a sanitary board in each province, so that experts might control all such work in both urban and rural districts. Important meetings both for and against the National Congress are being held in the North-West Provinces, and an influential native majority applaud British rule in opposition to the Nationalist movement.

Serious revelations on pauper immigration are being made in the UNITED STATES. It appears that the majority of the Italian immigrants lately flooding the country are brought over by swindling contractors, in direct violation of legal conditions, and are most shamefully treated. The contractors advance the passage-money, then force the Italians to work out their debt with heavy interest, and finally turn them adrift destitute. Thus most of the unfortunate immigrants endure bitter privation. Moreover, if they succeed in getting work they overcrowd the market with their cheap labour so as to arouse dangerous enmity from American workmen. Nor is German immigration blameless. Indeed, some Teutonic societies habitually frank undesirable citizens to the States. Whilst the Lower House considers these unpleasant facts the Senate is busy with the Fisheries Treaty, and intends to appoint a Committee to investigate the commercial and business relations between the United States and the British North American possessions, in order to ascertain whether the British have observed the requirements of international law. Speedy legislation in the Fisheries Question is all the more imperative as there has been another fishery fray in Behring Sea. An American vessel seized four British schooners, and brought them into Port Townsend, where they are to be sold by auction. Nevertheless the Republicans are bent on defeating the Fisheries Treaty, having made it a political platform like the Mills Tariff Bill. Mr. Blaine is to have a monster welcome home next Wednesday, and he will then stump the country.

Important news comes from ZULULAND, where the rebel chief Somkeli has submitted unconditionally, promising to give up the murderers of Mr. Ashby, whom he has been protecting. This submission frees General Smyth's column to march directly against Dinizulu. His forces number 2,000 Europeans and seventy-five officers, besides natives. When notifying Sir A. Havelock of the union between the New Republic and the Transvaal, the latter Government promised to act neutrally in Zululand. On her side Great Britain has notified her protectorate over a large further portion of Bechuanaland, reaching to the Zambesi. This announcement was hastened by a Boer raid under Commander Grobelaar on the territory of the chief Khama. Cape Colony is much concerned with Walfisch Bay. The German Protectorate there merely proves a name, so that the English are obliged to help the German colonists at the risk of involving themselves in border-quarrels.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Kieff Church Festival in RUSSIA has proved rather a failure from a political point of view. The Pan Slavists intended to take the opportunity for an imposing demonstration, but they were not well supported, and scarcely any celebrities attended. The Czar was present instead at the St. Petersburg commemoration. The Archbishop of Canterbury sent a congratulatory address, remarking, so it is stated, that the British and Russian Churches must support each other against their common enemy—the Pope of Rome. During the celebration the Military Governor, General Drenteln, fell dead from his horse. He was well-known as a stern suppressor of Nihilism. The Czar is said to intend meeting the Shah of PERSIA in the Caucasus in September.—VICTORIA rejoices in a Budget surplus of 800,000l., which she will devote to abolishing taxes, and founding colleges, institutions, libraries, and other public works.—Another serious volcanic outbreak has occurred in JAPAN, in the Bandaisan region, fifty leagues north of Yokohama. A thousand lives were lost.



THE QUEEN has been receiving visitors at Osborne, as the Court mourning for the late German Emperor has now ceased. Sir E. and Lady Esmyntrude Malet and Lord Knutsford stayed at Osborne House, while on Saturday Her Majesty gave a dinner-party, the guests including the ex-Empress Eugénie, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marquis de Bassano, and Mr. Ritchie. Next morning the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Prothero officiated, and on Monday Her Majesty's visitors left. In the afternoon the Duchess of Buccleuch, on behalf of the Women of England, presented the Queen with a pearl and diamond necklace and earrings, as the purely personal gift of the Women's Jubilee Offering. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne also visited Her Majesty, and next day Princess Alix and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse arrived on a visit. It is reported that the Queen will visit Baden-Baden in the Autumn.

The Prince and Princess of Wales also are now in the Isle of Wight, having hitherto delayed their departure from town, owing to the sudden illness of Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The Duchess, who is now convalescent, stayed at Marlborough House, where she was nursed by the Princess of Wales. Before leaving, the Prince and Princess and their daughters went to Wormwood Scrubs on Saturday to witness the review of the Household Cavalry.

On Sunday they attended Divine Service, and on Monday evening went down to Portsmouth to join the *Osborne*. After staying the night in harbour the Royal yacht crossed on Tuesday to Cowes, where the Prince and Princess will spend a fortnight. They called on the Queen immediately after their arrival. When abroad the Prince may possibly join the Austrian Crown Prince for hunting in the Gorgény district during September.

The Duke of Edinburgh has reached Cyprus from Suda Bay with the Mediterranean Squadron.—The Berlin mausoleum for the Emperor Frederick will be copied from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Innichen, near the Ampezzo Valley, in the Tyrol, which the late Sovereign visited last autumn.



THE CHESTER FESTIVAL.—We last week noticed the opening performance of the Chester Festival, which came to an end on Friday, the 27th ult. On the Thursday morning, in the cathedral, the proceedings began with three movements from Mr. Oliver King's symphony in F, entitled "Night," the third of the four sections being, for some reason, omitted. Mr. King wrote this work in his more youthful days; and while he was in Canada in the capacity of pianist to the Princess Louise, the whole of the symphony was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This was in 1880, and the conductor, we believe, was Mr. Henschel. It is almost a pity so juvenile a composition was revived, although the final movement is a far more satisfactory specimen of musical workmanship than the rest. Mr. King had originally written two Psalms for this Festival, but one was considered sufficient, and the symphony was given instead. The other Psalm, a setting of "By the Waters of Babylon" is of curiously unequal merit. The opening chorus is especially feeble, and Mr. King has been advised by well-wishers to re-write it. The final number, "Remember the Children of Edom, O Lord," is the best in the work, which also contains a couple of soprano solos, sung by Miss Anna Williams. The programme likewise included Spohr's motet, "How Lovely are Thy Dwellings Fair," Beethoven's C minor symphony, and Verdi's *Requiem*, the last for the first time at a provincial Festival, to which, however, it is hardly well-suited. On the Thursday evening there was a mixed programme, which included Raff's symphony *Leonore*, Dr. "Westminster" Bridge's overture *Morte d'Arthur*, which was produced in London last spring, and was then fully described, two orchestral pieces from Berlioz's *Faust*, the *Walkürenritt*, and other things. On the Friday morning in the Cathedral a mixed programme comprised Schubert's beautiful unfinished symphony in B minor, whereof a very fair performance was given under Dr. "Chester" Bridge. Parenthetically we may state that the brothers Bridge are both Cathedral organists—Dr. J. F. Bridge being head of the music at Westminster Abbey, and Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist at Chester Cathedral. Titles, christian, and surnames being so very much alike, they have for purposes of convenience—at first playfully, but the name has since adhered to them—been re-christened respectively Drs. "Chester" and "Westminster" Bridge.—Friday's programme included Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Beethoven's *Engedi*, the latter now retaining its nonsensical text of "David in the Wilderness," which might usefully now be dispensed with; and the chief artists being Madame Nordica, Messrs. Lloyd and Grice. The Festival concluded on Friday evening with M. Gounod's *Redemption*, Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Messrs. Nicholl, Myatt, Brereton, and Santley being chief artists. The audience was a large one, probably because for this final performance the high prices charged for side seats in the Cathedral were greatly reduced.

Taking the Festival as a whole, it cannot be said that it was altogether worthy its title or the occasion. With clerical differences we have of course nothing to do; beyond pointing out that, with a Bishop who avowedly cares nothing for such things, and who accordingly left the city altogether, and with a Dean and some of the higher clergy who from conscientious reasons are openly hostile, the Precentor and organist had to overcome many difficulties. A more serious objection lies in the fact that, whatever the affair may have been, it certainly was not a "Chester" Festival. The orchestra was borrowed from Manchester, and the principal vocalists, as usual, from the uttermost ends of the earth. The chorus at these functions is generally strictly local; but we find that out of the 200 chorussingers no fewer than 130 came from Bradford, Manchester, and elsewhere, and only the extras were Chester singers. The city on the Dee is really in the centre of an essentially musical district; and it is hoped that, if another Festival take place in 1891, the bulk of the choir will be taken from the locality.

THE HALLE-NÉRUDE MARRIAGE.—It has been no secret from their friends that Sir Charles Hallé and Madame Norman-Néruda have for some time been betrothed, and a couple of years or so ago premature reports of their marriage were circulated in the Continental papers. The wedding, however, took place at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Thursday last week, only a very few relatives and friends being present. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé have been warmly congratulated by a large number of admirers and friends, from the Princess of Wales (an intimate acquaintance of the bride) downwards. These congratulations are the more sincere, since it has become known that the marriage will not interfere with the professional avocations of the greatest of all lady violinists.

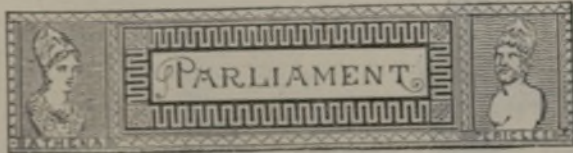
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.—The music of the new opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan is writing to a libretto by Mr. W. S. Gilbert is now in so forward a state that the work will be placed regularly in rehearsal at the Savoy on Monday next. No date is yet fixed for the production, which, however, is expected about the second or third week of next month. The plot, of course, is as usual a close secret, but Mr. Gilbert has himself said that the scene of the first act is laid in the Tower of London in the reign of Henry VIII.—Directly the Savoy opera is disposed of, Sir Arthur Sullivan will set hard at work upon the incidental music which he has undertaken to compose for the revival of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum. By Mr. Irving's desire, the music attributed to Matthew Locke will be abandoned, and the whole—including an overture, *entr'actes*, the Witches' Scene, and the incidental music—will be from the pen of Sir Arthur himself. The same composer, as will be recollected, has already contributed incidental music to *The Tempest* (1862), *The Merchant of Venice* (1873), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (still in MS.), and *Henry VIII.* (1879).

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Music-lovers will regret to hear that certain changes just made in the programmes of this Festival have resulted in the withdrawal of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's setting of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." It seems that Dr. Hubert Parry's oratorio *Judith*; or, *The Regeneration of Manasseh*, is longer than was expected, and that it will take up nearly the whole morning's programme on the 29th. It has, therefore, been found necessary to transfer *The Golden Legend* to the evening of that day, and Dr. Mackenzie's new choral work unfortunately is shelved.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti will sail for England from Rio next Saturday, the 11th. While in South America the great prima donna has added M. Delibes' *Lakmé* to her repertory.—Mr.



Carl Rosa has engaged the Prince of Wales' Theatre after Christmas, for the London production of Planquette and Farnie's *Paul Jones* by the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company.—It is now officially stated that the recently-formed company, "Her Majesty's Theatre, Limited," propose to convert the old opera house into a variety hall.—At the meeting of the Court of Common Council last week the salary of Mr. Weist Hill, the popular Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, was increased to 1,000*l.* a year, dating from Christmas last.—The Royal Academy students recently gave a private performance (not for criticism) of the second act of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*.



AT an early hour of Saturday morning, the Twelve o'clock Rule having been suspended, the Local Government Bill passed the Report Stage in the House of Commons, and was, by consent, read a third time, amid a chorus of congratulation for Mr. Ritchie. Meanwhile the House of Lords, which can do anything with its Standing Orders, had suspended its sitting awaiting the signal for re-assembling in order to read the Bill a first time. This is a little ceremony necessarily precedent to printing a measure, and, as even the Lords could not read a second time a Bill they had never seen, the first reading must be taken before the adjournment over Sunday, so that the second-reading stage might be discussed on Tuesday. In the House of Commons forty members are necessary to form a quorum, and make possible the progress of business. But, on the principle that saccharin is three hundred times as sweet as ordinary sugar, three Peers are equal to forty commoners. At a stretch, the noble lord presiding, and two gentlemen, sitting in the waste places about the House are sufficient to constitute the Upper Chamber. In dealing, even at the initial stage, with such an important measure as the Local Government Bill, it was, however, felt desirable not to run the quorum too fine. Accordingly, in the earliest hour of the newly-born day, four Peers, one on the Woolsack, and three on the benches, solemnly constituted themselves a sitting of the House of Lords, and gravely read the Local Government Bill a first time. On Tuesday the second reading was agreed to, practically without opposition, after a few hours' speech-making, and there is every reason to believe that the proceedings in Committee will be carried on with equal expedition.

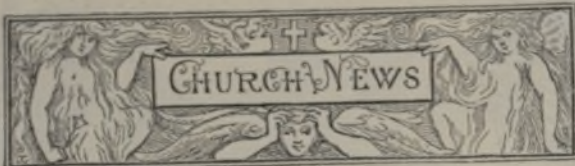
The interest attaching to these ultimate stages of the great measure of the Session has been entirely eclipsed by the dramatic and moving events that have marked the slow progress through the Commons of the Parnell Commission Bill. On Monday the House early got into Committee, and on the very threshold progress was arrested by a difficulty as to the *personnel* of the judges forming the Commission. The Government proposed Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith. The first and last were accepted without controversy. But the proposal to include the name of Mr. Justice Day led to a prolonged and acrimonious debate. Mr. Labouchere, who has been in his element in the stirring incidents of the week, objected to the nomination of Mr. Justice Day, on the ground that he was notoriously prejudiced against everything that was Irish. He recalled the fact that, some four years ago, the learned Judge, presiding at the Liverpool Assizes in a case where three Irishmen were charged with assaulting a man on the highway, observed on sentencing them that "such a dastardly, brutal, and cowardly crime would not be found in England if it were not committed by men who, unfortunately, were imported into this country."

Intensity was added to the slumbering fire by the incursion into the debate of Mr. John Morley with a letter from Mr. Adams, Mr. Justice Day's colleague in the Belfast Riots Commission. This candid friend picturesquely described his old associate as "a Catholic like Torquemada, a Tory of the old high-flyer and Non-juror type," who nightly railed against Mr. Parnell and his friends, regarding them as infidels and rebels who had led astray a Catholic nation. Before taking part in the debate, Mr. John Morley had passed over to the Treasury Bench the letter containing this accusation, and the curiosity of the crowded House had been piqued by the little by-play that had followed. Something resembling a Cabinet Council was hastily assembled. Mr. Goschen, Mr. Balfour, and the Home Secretary, leaning over the Leader of the House, who sat anxious and perturbed with the letter between his hands, eagerly discussed the matter. When at length Mr. Morley read the letter he declined to give the name of the writer, stating that he had communicated it to the Government. Hon. members were not going to be put off in that way. Shouts of "Name! name!" filled the House, and finally Mr. Morley made full confession.

It was towards midnight that the gathering storm burst in a torrent of fury, fairly maintained till the Bill left Committee. Just before twelve o'clock, Mr. Chamberlain, stung by references made by Sir George Trevelyan to his speech on the second reading, and his inactivity in Committee, rose, and defended the course he had adopted. He brought the proceedings up to five minutes to twelve. In another five minutes the Debate must necessarily be adjourned, and the conclusion of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was looked to as furnishing the natural termination of the sitting. The House was surprised to find Mr. Parnell on his feet, surprise deepening into startled amazement as, in a terribly quiet manner, without raising his voice above conversation pitch, he proceeded to level against Mr. Chamberlain one of the most damaging indictments it is possible to bring against a public man. In a few words, which did not occupy more than four minutes, Mr. Parnell, speaking very slowly, charged Mr. Chamberlain with systematic treachery, at one time secretly inciting the Irish members to obstruct public business carried on by a Conservative Government, and later, when himself a Minister, betraying for his own purposes the secrets of his colleagues. "Judas Chamberlain! Judas Chamberlain!" the Irish members shouted, epitomising in the phrase the charges of their chief.

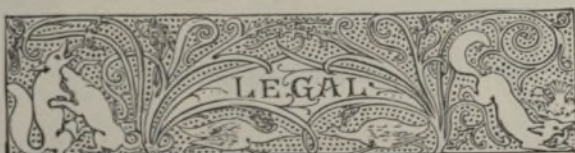
It was clear that this painful incident could not end where it was abruptly left by the striking of midnight on Monday. Mr. Chamberlain was early in his place on Tuesday, evidently prepared to recur to it. But Mr. Parnell was beforehand with him, and taking up at four o'clock in the afternoon the story he had been telling when interrupted at midnight, added some particulars, and declared his readiness, when the Commission met, to prove his charges out of the mouth, and by the handwriting, of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain followed, the centre of an excited House crowded from floor to galleries. He admitted that he had, between 1880 and 1885, held several communications with Mr. Parnell. But he protested, with Mr. Gladstone's carefully-guarded and only partially covering assent, that all these communications had been immediately made known to his colleagues in the Cabinet. With respect to communications as to the National Councils, Mr. Gladstone was in accordance with Mr. Chamberlain's statement. But as to what might have passed between Mr. Chamberlain and the Parnellites whilst Mr. Parnell was in Kilmainham Prison, Mr. Gladstone was bound to say that, before he could undertake either in any degree to confirm, or in any degree to question, the recollection of his right hon. friend, it would be necessary for him to know, and know with some exactness, what those communications were.

Later in the evening Sir William Harcourt made himself the mouthpiece of the gossip which records a meeting between Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*, and Mr. Smith, precedent to the determination of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission. Mr. Smith, severely heckled, admitted that Mr. Walter had called upon him, but insisted, amid jeers and other evidences of incredulity from the Opposition, that the call had been a matter of social courtesy, and had nothing to do with "Parnellism and Crime." As soon as the House met, Mr. Smith had taken the precaution of moving the suspension of the Standing Order which provides for the adjournment of debate at midnight. Consequently the House sat on till half-past three in the morning, but secured no additional progress beyond that actually acquired at the customary closing hour of twelve o'clock. At noon on Wednesday the House again went into Committee on the Bill, the whole of the afternoon being spent in disposing of a single amendment in which, under a new form, Mr. Reid attempted to limit the application of the inquiry to members of the House. At the meeting of the House on Thursday a motion was moved from the Treasury Bench providing, in accordance with the New Rules, that at one o'clock in the morning any amendments still remaining on the paper should be forthwith put from the Chair, and divided upon without debate. Thus the long-deferred end was brought about, and the Committee stage of the Commission Bill was passed. On Friday the House began what was practically the business of the week, namely, Committee of Supply.



**THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.**—Just before the close of the Lambeth Conference, the Bishop of Sydney proposed, as a rule of the Anglican Church, that it should in suitable cases "recognise the Ministerial character of persons ordained in non-episcopal Communions," with a view ultimately to provide "for the acceptance of such ministers as fellow-workers with us." Dr. Vaughan, preaching in the Temple Church, on Sunday, referred to this proposal as "a step—a stride, in the direction of speech and action larger and more generous than that which has for the most part characterised hitherto the Anglican Communion."—At the closing service of the Conference held in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archbishop of York preached an impressive sermon on the conflict between agnosticism and belief, and the growing contrast between the luxury of the richest and the destitution of the poorest. He called upon his hearers on the one hand to reprobate thoughtless marriages, intemperance, and want of thrift, and, on the other, to speak of avarice as a deadly sin, to explain the sinfulness of luxury, and to charge wealth with its proper trusts, its Christian claims.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Rev. B. Baring Gould, Vicar of St. Michael's, Blackheath, has been appointed Central Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in succession to the Rev. H. Sutton.—The *Record* understands that the Rev. W. J. Smith, Vicar of St. John's, Kilburn, has been offered and has declined the Rectory of Spitalfields, the patron of which is Mr. Fowell W. Buxton.—The Bishop of London has presented to the important living of St. Michael's, Highgate, the Rev. John Marshall Andrews, who has been for the last twenty-five years the Vicar of St. Jude's, Gray's Inn Road.—At a drawing-room meeting of the Free and Open Church Association, held on Tuesday at the town residence of Lord Meath, who presided, Canon Trench, Vicar of All Saints, Notting Hill, read a paper on "How to Free a Pew-rented Church," in which he said, that since his own church had been made entirely free and open, it was in a more prosperous condition than had ever been the case before.—The Wesleyan Conference have decided on appointing twelve ministers of Connexional eminence to conduct morning service on Sundays, during the year, in the historic chapel in the City Road, the foundation-stone of which was laid by John Wesley on April 1st, 1777, and in which he was buried.—A memorial window to the late Sir R. J. Phillimore, Dean of Arches, has been placed in Shiplake Church.



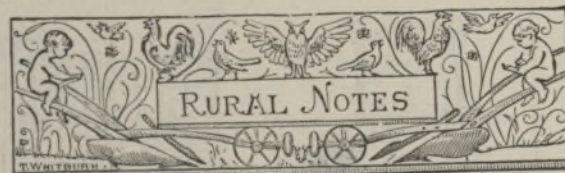
**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY**, having been asked to cite the Bishop of Lincoln before him on charges of alleged Ritualistic practices, replied, as already stated in our columns, that he declined to do so without some instruction from a superior Court that his jurisdiction is applicable in the matter. To procure such an instruction to be issued was virtually the object in the proceedings taken this week before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council by the Bishop's accusers, represented by Sir Horace Davey. The acts complained of were alleged to have been committed by the Bishop chiefly when he was celebrating the Holy Communion. Sir Horace Davey quoted precedents in support of his contention that the Archbishop had jurisdiction over a Bishop, without which, as Bishops were excluded from the operations of the Church Discipline Act and the Public Worship Regulation Act, they might, he put it, commit unpunished an offence against Ecclesiastical Law which were punishable in the case of ordinary clerics. Before he had finished his argument the Lord Chancellor, after a consultation with his colleagues, said that the Court was not properly constituted to hear ecclesiastical matters without ecclesiastical assessors, and accordingly he adjourned the hearing for several days.

AN APPLICATION of a somewhat singular kind was made to the Chancery Division by Mr. Willing, the advertising agent, who asked, among other things, that the Metropolitan District Railway, in which he is a shareholder, should virtually dismiss their manager, Mr. Powell, and their chairman, Mr. Forbes, and also cease to employ Messrs. Partington as advertising agents. He charged Mr. Powell and Mr. Forbes with being bribed by Messrs. Partington to allow the latter to defraud the company in his capacity of advertising agent. Mr. Forbes in an affidavit emphatically denied that he had been bribed by Messrs. Partington. Being an Art-collector, he had occasionally received small presents of works of Art from them; but these were of trifling value, and had never influenced him in his business dealings with them. No affidavit was put in by Mr. Powell—an omission for which his counsel accepted the responsibility, adding that his client was quite ready to answer the charges brought against him—a statement repeated by the Messrs. Partington's counsel as regarded them. Mr. Justice North, without going into the truth or falsehood of the allegations, pointed out that, even assuming them for a moment to be true, this was not a matter which, at the instance of a solitary shareholder, a Court could be expected to deal with as requested. Mr. Willing had made no application for an inquiry to the Board of Directors. It had been said, indeed, that such an application would be useless in consequence of Mr. Forbes's influence with the Board. But, even if that were the case, Mr. Willing could appeal to a general meeting

of the shareholders under the clause of the statute which provided that a shareholder may require an extraordinary general meeting to be called. There was no evidence, however, that he had taken any step to procure the calling of a general meeting. For these, and other reasons, Mr. Justice North held that Mr. Willing's motion must fail. The Attorney-General led for Mr. Willing, and Sir Horace Davey for the company.

**THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA** was faithfully served for twenty years by a Mr. Parkes, who, while on a business-tour in connection with it, was killed in a railway accident on his way to Melbourne. He was the Company's chief officer in Australasia, with a salary of 3,500*l.* a year, a man of considerable property, insured to a considerable amount, and his family received compensation in respect of his death. Of his twelve children, six were placed in the world, the other six were under age. At an annual general meeting of the Company the directors were authorised to grant for five years a pension of 1,500*l.* to be divided among his children as they might think fit. One of the shareholders, who objected to this arrangement, brought the matter before the Chancery Division, mainly on the ground that a majority of proprietors were not legally empowered to enforce such a decision on a dissentient minority, which in this case, he alleged, numbered at least 1,000. Mr. Justice North, after careful consideration, decided in favour of the Company. He would not go into the question of the amount or the propriety of the payments, but he was satisfied, from the evidence adduced by the defendants, that it was the practice of banks to make similar payments, and that it would be detrimental to the interest of the defendant bank to have the name of illiberality in such matters. In this case a beneficial effect would probably be produced by the attraction of the best men into the service of the bank, and the stimulus likely to be given to their exertions. If a majority of the shareholders were of the same opinion as the plaintiff they had a remedy of their own without coming to this Court.

**MR. ALLISON**, the editor of the *St. Stephen's Review*, and six others concerned in its management and production, have been tried this week before the Recorder, on a charge of libelling Mr. Doughty, the delegate who was sent to Ireland by the London Anti-Coercion League, and who suffered imprisonment there under the Crimes Act. The *St. Stephen's Review* seems to have classed him among the agitators who live in idleness on the subscriptions of working men, and do not account for the money they receive. The jury found the defendants guilty with the one exception, that of the secretary of the company by which the *Review* is printed. Sentence, however, was deferred, and they were released on their own recognizances of 20*l.* each, pending the decision on points of law raised by counsel.



**THE SEASON.**—A wet July, following a dripping June, has caused agricultural anxiety to deepen into a general depression. From Lincolnshire, where the promise at Midsummer was fair, we now hear that prospects are very disappointing. Vast tracts of land are under water, and the hay crop in many places is completely spoilt. The corn-fields are in a serious condition. From Kent, we hear that the damage done to the corn crop has no precedent since 1879, wheat, barley, and oats, in many places, being so knocked down as to present the appearance of having been rolled. Reports received from Leicester inform us that throughout the Midlands enormous damage has been done to the hay crop, and, although the greatest efforts have been made, the bulk of the cut is still out. In Norfolk there is an extraordinary quantity of hay still out, and all the consolation farmers can find is in the fact that owing to the low temperature it is not spoiling very fast. In South Yorkshire, owing to continuous rains and the absence of sun, the pea crops, after promising very well, are almost a failure. In Sussex, wheat is disappointing, but barley and oats have improved, and beans and peas are expected to be over-average crops. This is almost the best report yet received. In Dorsetshire, the hay is still to a great extent uncarried, and the oats and rye have been laid flat by the rains. Wheat and barley stand up better, but are not ripening for want of sunshine. From Derbyshire it is announced that farmers whose grain is their mainstay are in despair, the bulk of the crop being completely spoilt.

**FROM IRELAND**, we hear that during the whole of Friday and the morning of Saturday last the rain never ceased, as much as two inches falling in thirty-six hours. The hay has been carried away along the river banks, and the turf in the bogs rendered useless. The corn crops promise a lush growth of straw, but little grain, and even the straw will be much depreciated by being twisted and beaten down by the flooding rains.

**THE HORSE TAX** proposed by Mr. Goschen finds few defenders, though there is something in the view that when a tax is imposed only the more valuable class of horses is likely to be bred. Speaking at Malton Horse Show last week, Mr. Burdett Coutts said that if they could not upset the horse tax altogether, which they hoped they could, he trusted to be able to carry the proposal that no horses should be taxed up to the age of five years, for the reason that to tax horses before they reached that age was distinctly to put a tax upon the production of the raw material, a measure which it was perfectly fatuous for any Government to think of undertaking. The horse tax was a tax upon the produce of the land, and therefore a bad tax. He proposed to fix a five-year-old limit, because he did not think that until a horse had reached that age he had really entered upon his work for life, and that he could be legitimately regarded, if any horse could be so regarded, as an object of taxation.

**THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT GLASGOW** has been of very unequal merit. The Shorthorns were a small number of entries partly compensated for by the general high quality of the animals shown. The Ayrshires were most disappointing, there being only fifty-eight entries. The cows shown, however, were of very high and level claims, and required much discretion in the judging. The Polled Aberdeen Angus cattle came out strongly, and attracted much notice. The Galloway herd seems to be steadily improving, both in excellence and repute. There was a fine show of Clydesdale horses, the three-year olds, indeed, being very good, while the classes for two-year-old colts were held by many to be the best in the Show. The light horses were poor in numbers, but some very nice hackneys were exhibited, and the stallion ponies were good. The display of sheep was large, fine, and representative, especially of the Black-faced, the Border, Leicester, and the Shropshire herds.

**THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARMERS** have held their Annual Show this year at a place whose very name suggests remoteness, Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The attendance was, naturally, rather small. Of cattle, there was a good Show, the Shorthorns and Channel Islands' cattle being especially excellent, and quite effacing in interest the Herefords, which ought to have been a far larger and more representative Show. The Sussex and Oxfordshire Down sheep were centres of attraction, while a few good Shropshires were also shown, and a ram from Brittany, the property of Sir J. H. Amory, received a good deal of notice. The Berkshire pigs were good. The horses





W. G. BAXTER  
Artist  
Died June 2, 1888. Aged 35



SENATOR JOÃO ALFREDO CORREA DE OLIVEIRA  
Prime Minister of Brazil  
To whose exertions the recent Abolition of Slavery in Brazil is greatly due



"I THINK I HAVE THEM NOW!"



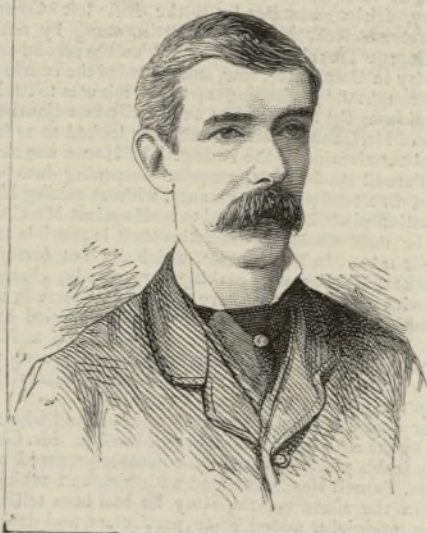
"SOLD, BY JOVE!"

"A QUIET GAME OF NAP'—BY THE LATE W. G. BAXTER



THE "TURNER HOUSE" ART GALLERY, PENARTH, NEAR CARDIFF  
BUILT FOR MR. J. PYKE THOMPSON'S COLLECTION, AND RECENTLY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC

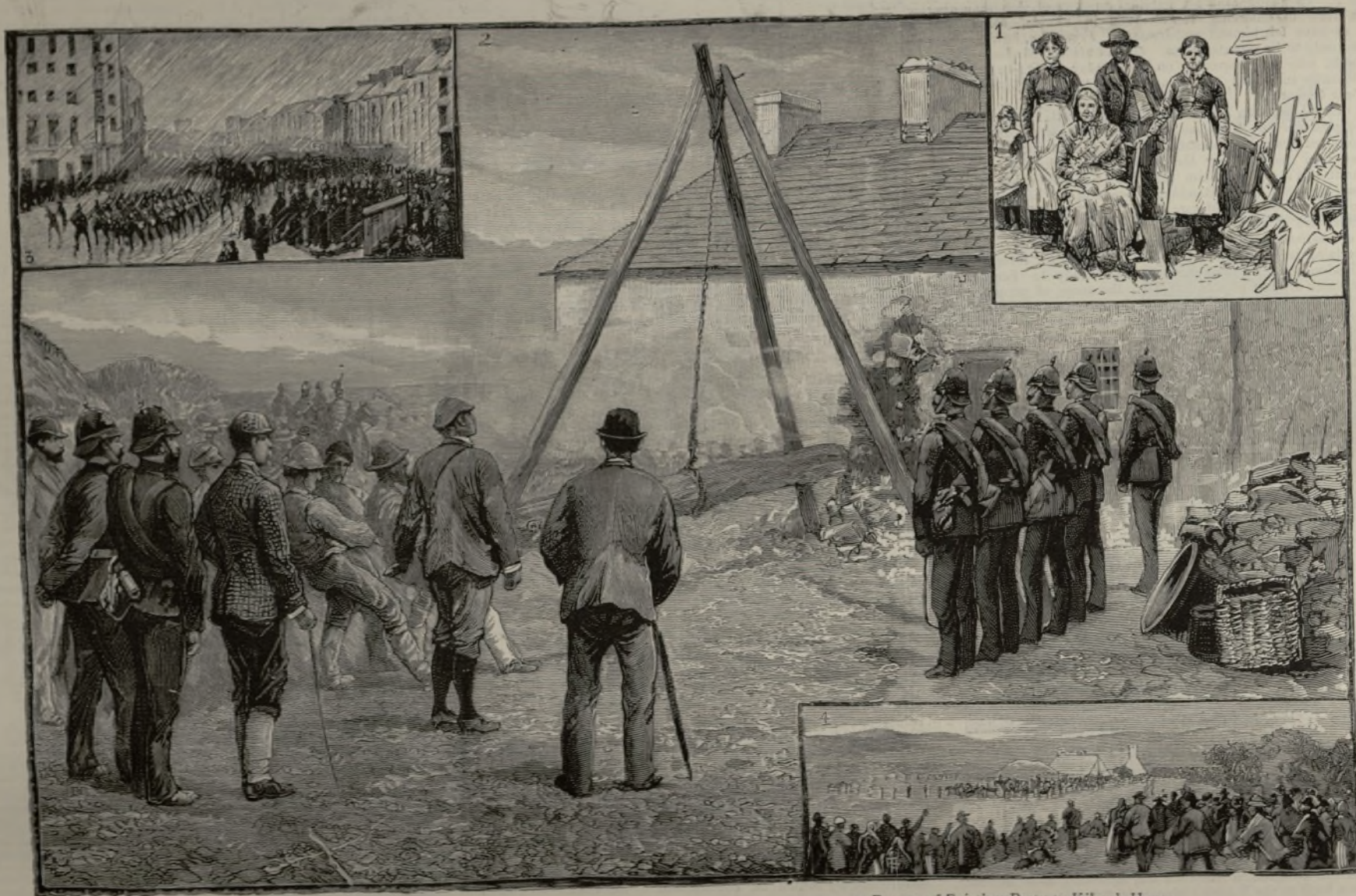
James Pyke Thompson, Esq., J.P.







AT THE IRISH EXHIBITION



UNDER THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN—ON THE VANDELEUR ESTATE



were an unusually strong show, and witnessed to the way horse-breeding is developing among farmers. We were very glad to see that the three classes limited to tenant farmers were well filled. The weather was showery, but brighter than in London.

THE LEICESTERSHIRE SHOW has just been held, but can hardly be pronounced a success. Mr. J. H. Stokes carried off a number of prizes in Light Weight Horses' Classes, while the Hack Class was a very strong one, owing mainly to the entries made by Mr. Cogswell, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Waterhouse. The Shire Horses were fair, the Earl of Ellesmere and Earl of Dysart sending some excellent animals. The Shorthorn cattle were good but not numerous, and no other class of cattle was seriously represented. Leicester sheep were outnumbered on their own grounds by the Shropshire breed, and Lincolnshire Long Wools were also well shown.

MR. WILLIAM CORBET suggests that farmers should try his method of making ensilage for cattle. He converted the bay of a barn into a silo, and into this he put undried grass, which is well trodden down, layer after layer, and afterwards weighted with boards and bricks to the extent of 1½ cwt. per square foot. Mr. Corbet puts his grass into the silo quite green, but he says the better the material the better the ensilage. He bought several miles of rough grass on the railway banks, and put this into the silos. It made fair ensilage, but not like that produced from his own good grass. It is said that ensilage as a process is rapidly extending in the Western counties, and that in Worcester alone there will be ten times as many ensilage stacks as there were last year. If the grass went in green many farmers would find that cows prefer that ensilage to anything but the best hay, and give more milk as the result of being fed upon it.

CORN AVERAGES.—The Committee of the House of Commons which is dealing with this subject is receiving some valuable evidence. Many witnesses consider the official returns as entirely inaccurate, and the appropriateness of the tithe being fixed by one branch of agricultural produce is severely contested. The opinion of many farmers appears to be that in a good year it pays to sell the cereal produce off the farm almost to the last sack, and then to make up any wants as they arise, by purchases of foreign corn. This tends to make the good years appear better and the bad years worse than they actually are. Most farmers hitherto examined have stated that the averages are too high. A material cause of this is to be found in the inclusion of resales at a profit to the first purchaser from the actual grower.



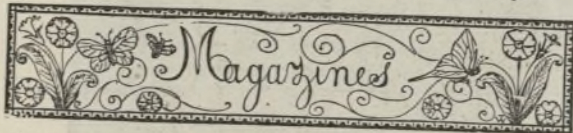
MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT's impersonation of the heroine of M. Alexandre Dumas's *Francillon*, originally played at the Théâtre Français by Mlle. Bartet, did not afford any great satisfaction to the audience at the LYCEUM on Monday evening. After the grand play of passion in *La Tosca*—for much as M. Sardou's melodrama has been decried, it unquestionably afforded great scope for acting of the most powerful kind—the minor sorrows of Francine de Riverolles, with their tame conclusion, moved but little, and the general lack of interest in the play and its personages told heavily against it. In abandoning his habitual practice of shaping a play with a view to enforcing some thesis in morals, M. Dumas seems to have felt himself embarrassed. *Francillon*, however, was destined only to be repeated once. On Thursday, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who had appeared on Wednesday in *Fedora*, brought her brilliantly successful season at the Lyceum to a close with *La Dame aux Camélias*.

The quarrel between Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Bandmann *apropos* of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has reached the acute stage of threatened legal proceedings. Mr. Mansfield has Mr. Stevenson's sanction, and has even been paying Mr. Stevenson royalties in America. Mr. Bandmann's friends claim that Mr. Stevenson has at least expressed approval of Mr. Bandmann's version. "To these enter," as the old play-books say, Messrs. Longmans, who say that they are the proprietors of the copyright of the story, and that Mr. Mansfield's dramatisation alone has their sanction. Finally, the Lord Chamberlain, in a semi-official way, declines to forbid either dramatisation, and declares himself even ready to license any number which are not objectionable on the score of propriety—at least, until some judge interferes, as in the recent case of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The comic part of the business is that Mr. Bandmann defies copyright law and the judges, on the ground that he has achieved the extraordinary feat of turning Mr. Stevenson's weird novelette into a play without taking a line of Mr. Stevenson's dialogue. The result is that Mr. Mansfield appears in the dual character to-night at the LYCEUM, and Mr. Bandmann, as at present advised, follows suit at the OPERA COMIQUE on Monday.

Mr. Bartley Campbell, the American dramatist, whose death is announced, had achieved no great success in this country; but in the United States his melodramas appear to have brought him money which, however, was lost in theatrical speculations. A well-known drama of his, entitled *The Virginians*, brought out in London some years ago, was an unacknowledged adaptation of Bouchard's *Jeune le Cocher*.

This evening Miss Sophie Eyre commences a season at the Gaiety with another version of Mr. Barnes of New York. The title is *Marina*, the adaptor Mr. John Coleman.

It is said that Mrs. Bernard-Beere will appear in a version of *La Tosca* at the new GARRICK Theatre, under the management of Mr. Hare. Probably Mr. Hare may play the villain Scarpia.



A MOST suggestive article is contributed by Mr. Goldwin Smith to the *National Review*, entitled "The Invitation to Celebrate the French Revolution." His argument is that revolution is always an evil, one from which the genuine and intelligent Radical shrinks, no less than the Conservative. Even the seventeenth century convulsions are to be deplored, for, after the grandeurs and the overstrained aspirations of the revolutionary era, there came, by a natural revulsion, the scepticism, the scoundrelism, and the sensuality of the Restoration. As to the beneficent consequences, he observes that the British Colonies in Australia are, according to all accounts, on as high a level as the British Colonies in America, and they have reached it without revolution. "But," he says, "of all the calamities that ever befel the human race that French Revolution, which the world is now invited to glorify, was the greatest." And Mr. Goldwin Smith supports his statement with many convincing reasons. He also points out that there are many ominous symptoms in England of the existence of a state of mind not dissimilar to what France showed just before '93. Though, in some respects, we are worse off than our neighbours a hundred years ago, "France was, at all events, patriotic. Of the English people, large masses appear to be

morally denationalised, and to have lost much of their patriotic feeling."—Mr. W. J. Courthope gives us a poetic essay, in archaic style and language, "The Chancellor's Garden," supposed to be a fragment of Spenser's Third Canto of "Mutabilitie." Of a certain "island sett in western wave," he sings:—

There freedom dwelt, with reverend Order grave,  
And holie Church, with hallowed State agreed,  
And Mutabilitie did long outbrave.  
While yet of Statesmen sprang a valiant breede,  
Who, in their Sovereign's eare, delivered honest rede.

The Rev. Dr. Jessopp opens the *Nineteenth Century* with "Who Owns the Churches?" a protest against the Vandalism of much of the church restoration which has gone on in our midst. "Let us pause," he writes, "before we set ourselves to restore, let us be thankful if we are permitted to preserve." He would make unlicensed meddling with our churches penal, and would like an exhaustive report to be drawn up of all the ancient ecclesiastical buildings in this country which, up to this moment, have escaped the prevailing epidemic.—Dr. A. Conan Doyle has studied "The Geographical Distribution of British Intellect," and supplies statistics on the subject. Taking the appearance of a man's name in *Men of the Time*, or a dictionary of biography, as a test of merit, he finds that the proportion of celebrities to population is in Scotland, 1 in 22,000; in England, 1 in 30,000; in Ireland, 1 in 49,000; in Wales, 1 in 58,000. A good deal here depends, we should imagine, on the quality of the celebrity. Of 824 names on what Dr. Doyle calls the English Roll of Honour, 235 are men of London birth; a proportion flattering to the metropolis, and to be accounted for by the fact, perhaps, that men who are practically Londoners have much to do with drawing up "the Roll of Honour." Of artists, the London-born number 39; Northerners, 14; and Southerners, 13. But if our readers are curious for further figures of this sort we must refer them to the Review.—Mr. W. S. Lilly writes a powerful philosophical argument in answer to his question, "What is Left of Christianity?" and Madame Blaise de Bury is interesting on "The Real Madame de Pompadour."

The Pan-Presbyterian Conference has not unnaturally moved Dr. E. de Pressensé to thankful enthusiasm for which he finds expression in the *Contemporary Review*, with "The Progress of Presbyterianism." He is of opinion that this last Council has given convincing proof that Presbyterianism, by the elasticity of its forms, lends itself, perhaps better than any other ecclesiastical organisation, to the satisfaction of that double need of liberty and authority, spiritual independence and good order, which is the aspiration of all Churches.—Mr. Justin McCarthy has his say about "Mr. Forster," his paper being, of course, suggested by Mr. Wemyss Reid's work. To this writer Mr. Forster seems "in many ways the ideal of a benevolent despot." Altogether, allowing for the party bias of Mr. McCarthy, his criticism is fair in tone, and is noteworthy as coming from the colleague and friend of the man who belaboured Mr. Forster, when in office, with abuse of unscrupulous virulence.—Englishmen, generally, may be recommended to read Colonel Maurice's "The True Policy of National Defence," in which the grounds of our value as an ally to the Central Powers are clearly stated.—General Sir John Adye deals with "Chaos in the War Office" in this number of the *Contemporary*.

The Earl of Rosslyn publishes in *Blackwood*, and by command of the Queen, two sonnets, "At Rest. Frederick III.: Emperor and King, June 15, 1888." The first has for its opening line:—

At Rest! Thou noblest, sweetest-natured Man,

and ends:—

The Hand  
That smote thee down to thy too early grave—  
Alas! in thee, for evermore laid low  
The truest friend of thy loved Fatherland.

There is a useful article on "The British Museum and the People who go There," and the reader is pleasantly ciceroned "In a Garden of John Evelyn's," which, after the lapse of two hundred years, "with its delicious shade, its retirement, and its picturesque incidents, seems so perfectly to fulfil our ideas of what a garden ought to be."

In *Temple Bar* Mr. J. R. Mozley has an interesting biographical notice of "Professor Bonamy Price." The subject of this paper had a wonderful capacity of taking interest in every person he met. "Never," observes the writer, "did he regard any one as beneath him; and to his friends he was the most loyal of men, quick to discern every good quality." A good piece of work, too, of the "Battle of Dorking" type, is "The Second Armada; or, How we were Saved by a Fluke," the narrative of John Hopkins, A.D. 1918.

Dr. B. W. Richardson prints in *Longman* a recent lecture of his on "The Storage of Life as a Sanitary Study." Long life seems most likely to be attained by regularity and moderation in all things. The heart must be spared, and its necessities studied. It will die out soon enough simply by its own work, but stimulation of various kinds hastens the end. As to stimulation, the Doctor says:—"Our good friend the postman feels it from the excess of his work on foot; the doctor or nurse feels it, when obliged to forfeit the natural time of sleep; the man in the market feels it, when obliged to forfeit the natural time of sleep; the man in the money-market feels it when, for that which is not bread, he lets his excitement of sale or purchase carry his heart away into wild hope or wilder despair; the man of unbridled passion, who grows red with rage, feels it up to the extremest tension, and is almost invariably cut short in his career long before it is at its natural fulfilment, by this fact of cardiac wear alone."

The *Gentleman* opens with a vigorous short story "The Hundredth Victim," by Mr. Luke Lovatt.—Well informed, and replete with the results of wide and varied reading, is Mr. W. H. D. Adams' "Great Men: Their Tastes and Habits."—Mr. Edward Salmon tells us agreeably of his impressions in "A Devon and Cornwall Holiday Trip."

In *Murray*, Rear-Admiral Colomb writes, in much detail, of "Naval Volunteer Defence," which, adequately developed, is, in his view, calculated to curb any desire on the part of the enemy to employ his light and temporarily armed vessels against our home commerce, or against our exposed coast property. It will drive him further afield, and tend to confine him to a larger and more powerful class of ships for his attacks upon our commerce.—Very interesting, too, are "My Turkish Concession: How I Got it," by a "Concessionaire," and "Hunger and Thirst in Australia," by Mr. Morley Roberts.—This month, Mr. Acworth treats of "The South Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways."

A charming geological paper, by Mr. N. S. Shaler, on "Rivers and Valleys," opens *Scribner*. It is adorned with beautifully-executed wood-engravings of striking mountain-scenery in various parts of the world.—"American Locomotives and Cars" is treated historically by Mr. M. N. Forney, and is illustrated with pictures of the public conveyances of the present and of a recent past.

Under the title "A Home of the Silent Brotherhood," Mr. James Lane Allen describes in the *Century* the Abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky. The vow of life-long silence taken by the Trappist must, of course, not be construed literally; but there are only two occasions during which it is completely set aside—when confessing his sins, and when singing the Offices of the Church. In this Kentucky monastery, which is known as the Abbey of Gethsemane, men are found who hail from various countries of the Old World, but, curiously enough, there are no Americans. The paper will well

repay perusal, and has quite the usual supply of admirable woodcuts.—Mr. George Kennan's Siberian reminiscences are headed this month "My Meeting with the Political Exiles."

It seems very probable that Mr. Lafcadio Hearn will be responsible for sending some folk to the shores of the Caribbean Sea. His paper, "A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," a second instalment of which appears in *Harper*, must inspire its readers with a lively desire to see for themselves the natural beauties of Martinique; nor should it be easy to exaggerate the loveliness of the surroundings of St. Pierre.

"Straining the Silken Thread" is the title chosen by Mr. Goldwin Smith for an article in *Macmillan*, in which he points out the objections to Imperial Federation. His paper should be read in connection with the recent one on the same subject contributed to this periodical by the late Attorney-General of New South Wales. Federationists may be consoled by learning that Mr. Smith most earnestly desires the moral unity of our race, and its partnership in achievement and grandeur. "But," he observes, "an attempt at formal Federation, such as is now proposed, would, in the first place, exclude the people of the United States, who form the largest portion of the English-speaking race, and, in the second place, it would split us all to pieces."—Mr. Rennell Rodd has an effective "Ballad of The Spanish Armada." There are also good papers on "Gibraltar," and "Sir Francis Doyle's Poetry."

*Cornhill* opens with "Who Wrote Dickens' Novels?" in which the writer, the Hon. Ignorantius O'Reilly, of Nebraska, gives his reasons for thinking that Mr. Gladstone wrote "Pickwick." The parody is amusing and clever. He observes on the famous passage:—

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UMPSHI  
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ARK

"We are carefully told how Mr. William [Stumps] prepared this cryptogram. Note also, that we are told how Glad Mr. Pickwick was when he found this stone." The author is most ingenious, and it is a pity that his paper was not published when his great forerunner was more before the world.—This magazine also contains an interesting description of an ascent of The Peak of Teneriffe.—"Baldwin's Mistake" is an amusing story with a singularly pathetic dénouement.

The *English Illustrated* has for frontispiece a fine engraving by Mr. R. Taylor, from the picture of "The Parish Clerk," by Gainsborough, in the National Gallery.—A pleasant account of the rural scenery to be found in the neighbourhood of a famous English school is "A Rugby Ramble," by Mr. H. A. Newton.—Useful information is given in "Post Office Parcels and Telegraphs," while Mr. S. T. Weyman works his way skilfully to a clever dramatic surprise in "Family Portraits," a short story.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching from Mr. Gustave Courtois' powerful painting, "A Sword shall Pierce through Thy Own Soul also." This picture was held to be in many respects the finest in last year's Salon.—Noticeable are also Mr. Bradbury's paper on "Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Sheffield," and Walt Whitman's poem, "Twenty Years."

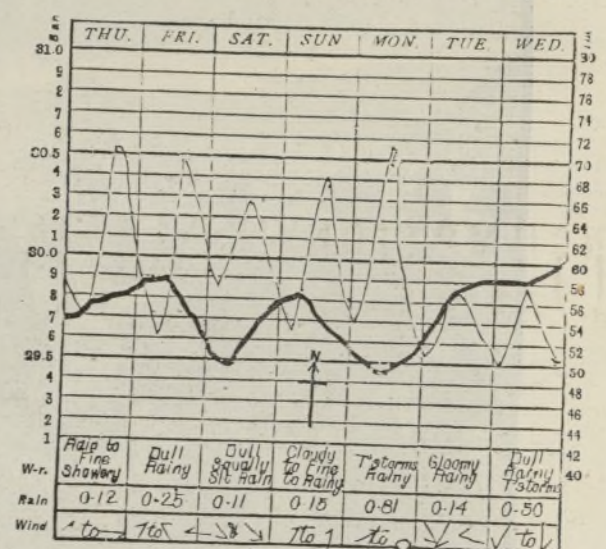
The *Woman's World* has for frontispiece an engraving of the picture in the Gallery of Versailles of "The Empress Josephine," about whom Miss Mabel F. Robinson writes in her best manner. The magazine contains many other good illustrated articles and stories.

Mr. J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., contributes to the *Art Journal* its frontispiece, "Stirling Castle," which he has both drawn and etched.—Agreeable reading will be found in Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "Christ's Hospital," and in Miss Sophia Beale's "Holiday Haunts Sixty Years Ago."

We have before us the *Salon*, a new periodical, which professes to be "A High Class Monthly Review of Art, Fashion, Music, and the Drama." The letterpress is scarcely up to the level of the engravings, which are given in the supplement, and are particularly good. We may especially mention "A Russian Wedding," which makes a handsome picture well suited for framing.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (1st 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 remained in a very changeable and rainy condition, with local thunderstorms. Areas of low pressure have been very prevalent over our Southern Counties, and have travelled have but rarely attained any strength, the sky has frequently been densely overcast, with cool weather and heavy local rains. Broadly speaking, the winds blew from between South and West at first, but subsequently, after falling very light, they drew into the Northward in most places. Temperature ruled but little above 60° during the daytime as a whole, the highest individual values only slightly exceeding 70° in a few favoured stations, while the lowest readings (by night) were about normal. The rainfall, if we except Scotland (North and East), was very largely in excess of the ordinary amount. Individual values, especially where they were accompanied by thunderstorms, commonly ranged from between three-quarters of an inch to over two inches in various places. Over the Metropolitan area about two inches (or almost the average for the whole month of July) were recorded during the week.

The barometer was highest (30.03 inches) on Wednesday (1st inst.); lowest (29.44 inches) on Saturday and Monday (28th and 30th ult.); range 0.59 inch. The temperature was highest (71°) on Monday (30th ult.); lowest (51°) on Tuesday and Wednesday (31st ult. and 1st inst.); range 20°.

Rain fell on every day of this period. Total amount 2.08 inches. Greatest fall on any one day 0.81 inch on Monday (30th ult.)





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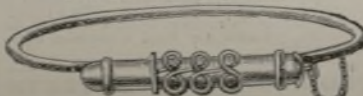
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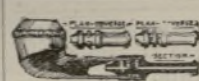
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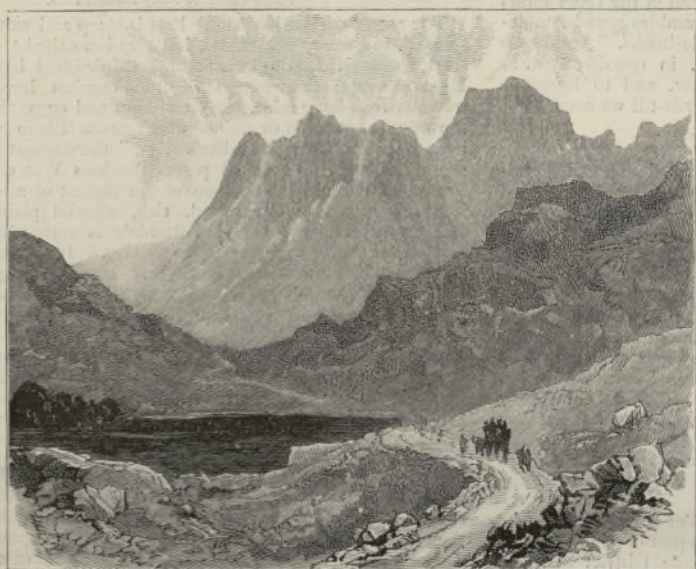
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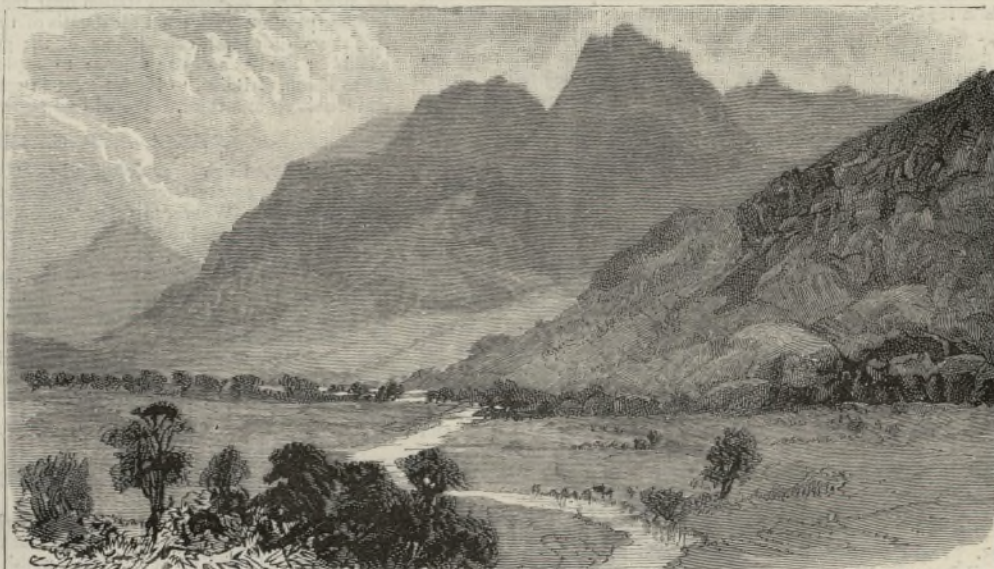
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A VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE DUDDON



## The English Lake District

### II.

#### WINDERMERE (continued)

OF ALL THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF WINDERMERE, those which cluster around Elleray, the home of "Christopher North," are the most numerous and the most characteristic. His old house, standing under the shade of a gigantic sycamore, has been pulled down, and a newer and larger house has been built upon its site. Wilson we may look upon as the tutelary genius of Windermere. No man has so enthusiastically sung its praises; no one is so completely identified with the place. He is to Windermere what Wordsworth was to Rydal and Grasmere, and more than Southey ever was to Derwentwater. His old gardener, James Newby, was at work there till 1869. Wilson's sycamore was the subject of many an enthusiastic outburst:—

"Never in the well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another tree. It would be easier to imagine two Shakespeares. Yet I have heard people say that it is far from being a large tree. A small one it cannot be, with a house in its shadow—an unawakened house, that looks as if it were dreaming. True, 'tis but a cottage—a Westmoreland cottage—but then it has several roofs shelving away there in the lustre of the loveliest lichens; each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons preening their pinions in the morning pleasure. O, sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee beyond all other trees."

Harriet Martineau, whose Lake home was at Ambleside, only five miles away, has left on record an admirable portrait of Wilson: "It is probable," says Harriet Martineau, "that no one sees Storrs Pier without thinking of Professor Wilson; and, indeed, there is no spot in the neighbourhood with which his memory and the gratitude of his readers is not associated. Anywhere such a presence is rarely seen; and it was especially impressive in the places he best loved to haunt. More than one person has said that Wilson reminded them of the first man, Adam; so full was his large frame of vitality, force, and sentience. His tread seemed to shake the ground, and his glance to pierce through stone walls; and as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. In his hours of emotion he swept away all hearts whithersoever he would. Not less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as he was seen when steering the packet-boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside, before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the tiller, in the presence of journeymen and market women, his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing, and his mouth closed above his beard, as if he meant never to speak again; he was quite as impassive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his Moral Philosophy class or the comrades of his jovial hours. He was known, and with reverence and affection, beside the trout stream, and the mountain tarn, and amidst the deep gloom of Elleray, where he could not bring himself to let a sprig be lopped that his wife had loved. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He made others happy by being intensely happy himself when his brighter moods were on him, and when he was mournful no one desired to be gay. He has gone with his joy and his grief; and the region is so much darker in a thousand eyes."

Perhaps the most famous event in the history of Windermere was the regatta held on the occasion of the visit of Sir Walter Scott in 1825. There were gathered together at Storrs Hall, the house of Mr. Bolton, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, George Canning, and Wilson. "There was high discourse," says Lockhart, "intermingled with as gay feasts of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed, and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy transient pleasures in which the fancy of poets, however grave and wise, delights to run riot. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight, and the last day the 'Admiral of the Lakes' (as Canning called him) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere."

Bowness, always called "the port of Windermere," is now a considerable village. Here "the Poet Close" sells his books, and here the pleasure-boats and yachts crowd the small harbour. "John Close, Poet," was the style and title under which Lord Palmerston, urged by some members of the Lowther family, placed Mr. Close's name on the Pension List, and "The Poet Close Selling His Own Books" is the legend to be read over a book-stall on the road between Windermere and Bowness, where an elderly, white-haired gentleman was until lately to be seen actively engaged trading in his own effusions. Close is, indeed, the only poet in the neighbourhood, now that Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, and the rest have departed. The village of Windermere, a mile-and-a-half away, owes its existence mainly to the railway. Bowness is an ancient town. Its church (dedicated to St. Martin) and rectory are worth looking at. The church has been restored, but it contains in the east window some remains of painted glass, which are said to have come from Furness Abbey. In the churchyard is buried the good and learned Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, who died at Calgarth House, on the margin of the Lake, in 1816. The worthy Bishop was one of the sturdiest opponents of Tom Paine, and wrote "The Apology for the Bible." He was a thorough Westmoreland man, his father having kept a school at Haversham for forty years.

#### AMBLESIDE

AMBLESIDE lies close to the head of Windermere. It is well within the threshold of the district, and we are now in the realm of that poet who was the genius of the Lakes, and after whom Mr. J. R. Lowell has christened the country-side "Wordsworthshire." In itself, Ambleside is a not uninteresting town, and associations cluster richly about it. Its church-steeple is miserably ugly, and Harriet Martineau has left on record her protest against its ill-taste. The old mill has probably been sketched by wandering artists more often than any other mill in the country. The town, too, has actually a waterfall in its back garden, Stock Ghyll Force, one of the highest falls of the district, being but a stone's-throw behind the Salutation Hotel. Of late years, sad to say, Ambleside has been infinitely vulgarised. The project for carrying a railway to it from Windermere has happily been crushed, at any rate, for the present, by the energetic action of the Lake District Defence Society. The railway would have completed the vulgarisation of Ambleside; as it is, it is bad enough. It is the point of debarkation for the "trippers" from the Potteries and the Black Country, and it is the centre for numberless excursions of *char-à-bancs*, and other nameless and unsightly vehicles. Touts infest the streets; wandering trumpet-players, and other miserable musicians, make the place hideous with noise. In the smoking-room of one of the best hotels, the present writer heard a tourist ask angrily, "Why don't they build a 'ut on 'Elvellyn?—they 'ave one on Snowdon." Of course, it is only in the brief summer season that Ambleside is thus plagued; for nine months out of the twelve it is one of the quietest and pleasantest of towns.

In Mr. Lowell's happy phrase "Wordsworthshire" we have the key to all this part of the Lake District. The poets have for ever made it magical ground, and we look at it through their eyes, and

read it as it is interpreted by them. And what a band of poets and writers they were—Wordsworth, De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, Harriet Martineau, Felicia Hemans, Arthur Clough, Hartley Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold. "The Knoll," Miss Martineau's house, is hidden behind a Wesleyan Chapel. It is an ivy-covered villa, with a bright garden, where Harriet Martineau in her declining years would sit and talk of philosophy with Mr. Atkinson and her other friends. Close by is Fox How, for long the residence of Dr. Arnold. Here he wrote his "History of Rome," and here, too, these two ardent young thinkers Arthur Clough and Matthew Arnold walked and talked, read and discussed. From Clough's letters we have a glimpse of the mode of life at Fox How in those years now long gone by.

In 1845 he writes:—"First of all, you will be glad to learn that Matt Arnold is elected Fellow of Oriel. This was done on Friday last, March 28, just thirty years after his father's election. Mrs. Arnold is of course very pleased, as also the venerable poet at Rydal, who has taken M. under his special protection. The beauties of Parson's Pleasure, where we went to bathe early in the morning, have been diminished by the unsightly erection, by filthy-lucres-loving speculators, of a bathing-house, and I have therefore deserted it." Clough, it is said, was the best swimmer of them all.

Ambleside we have recommended as one of the best centres for a month's stay in the Lake District, and Mr. Baddeley's "Guide," or Mr. Jenkinson's, contains minute directions for finding all the beautiful walks in the neighbourhood. Stock Ghyll Force, every one, of course, will visit. It is not one of the most beautiful falls, but it is worth looking at after rain. It has a broken fall of 100 feet, and the stream has its rise in the barren heart of Red Screes, far up above the stony Kirkstone Pass. Wansfell may be ascended after leaving the Force. It is an insignificant height (1,580 feet); but it offers one of the most perfect views in Lakeland. Windermere with its isles is visible from end to end; beyond is the sea and the Duddon sands. Scalfell is the most distant mountain in one direction; the High Street Range in another. It is from this point that Mr. Tucker took the sketch which we have engraved on page 97. The Roman station near the head of the Lake forms another pleasant walk; but for details of the rambles round Ambleside the visitor must consult one of the guide-books. Ambleside should be used as a centre whence to explore, in one direction, as far as Dunmail Raise, to High Street in another, and to Langdale and Conistone in a third. We will go northwards till we come to

#### RYDAL AND GRASMERE

GRASMERE, which Gray described as "one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate," has wonderfully changed of recent years. Where, in 1769, "not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, broke in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise," villas, hotels, and lodging-houses now abound. It is one of the busiest tourist-centres of the Lake District, and it remains one of the most exquisite vales designed by the hand of prodigal Nature. Nothing sweeter or more peaceful is to be found in the British Islands than the view of Grasmere from Loughrigg Terrace. The vale is closed on every hand by mountains, save in one direction, where the saddle-like depression of Dunmail Raise, with its ribbon-like road winding up it, shows where the highway runs out of this secluded hollow. Helm Crag, with its fantastic crown of rocks, is a noteworthy feature of the place. From every point of view the rocks take a new shape; now they are like a lion and a lamb, then like a mortar, and again like a woman playing the piano.

Here we get into the very heart of Wordsworth's country. There is no companion half so suitable for this part of the country as Professor William Knight's "The English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth." It is an admirable book, displaying very great research, and showing a knowledge of the poems which is only equalled by the knowledge of the district itself. From this work the stranger will learn all that can now be learned as to the localities of Wordsworth's poems.

It is said that when Nathaniel Hawthorne was at the Lakes he mistook another house for Wordsworth's, and the next day was mortified to find that he had been expending all his enthusiasm upon the neighbouring dwelling of a respectable Quaker. Hawthorne, in his modesty, probably asked no question, and sought out the house for himself. Yet having once read a description of it, it would scarcely be possible to mistake another house for it. Ascend a slight acclivity a few yards beyond the church at the village of Rydal, and the house is seen on the left, almost concealed by trees and creepers. Here Wordsworth lived for thirty-seven years, and here he died in his eightieth year, on April 23rd, 1850. The house is in no way noteworthy; but its associations have transformed it into a shrine, at which worship thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Great Britain, and thousands more from America and Australia. The bower where Wordsworth sat composing and meditating commands a view of Rydal Water and its islets, and the hills beyond. There is nothing in the house itself to recall the poet; the furniture is not that which belonged to him. Of Wordsworth's poetry and its influence upon his age this is not the place to speak; but we may recall an anecdote of him, which is possibly well-known, but which is so characteristic that it is worth repeating. There was some discussion, after the publication of the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," as to the meaning of the words

But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised.

Some one questioned Wordsworth as to what he meant by the passage. His reply was remarkable. He grasped the rail of a gate with both hands, and replied, "I have again and again in my life been driven to grasp the nearest object like this, in order to convince myself that the world is not an illusion. It has seemed falling away, vanishing, leaving me, as it were, in a world not realised."

The personality of Wordsworth is stamped on the English Lake District in a manner in which even the genius of Scott failed to link itself with the Highlands of Scotland. An exceedingly interesting excursion from Ambleside is that to Hawkshead, one of the most ancient villages in Westmoreland. Its Baptist Chapel is said to be one of the very oldest in England, and there is a farm-house in which the monks of Furness resided, and where the Abbots held their manor courts. But the curious little village is chiefly famous to-day because it contains the ancient school-house, where Wordsworth and his brother had their early education. It was founded in 1585 by Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, who was himself born at Hawkshead. The school has still its ancient Charter and metal-bound "Bible." We give an engraving of the school-room, and on the desk in front can be seen the place where Wordsworth cut his name; an autograph which, it need scarcely be said, is reverently protected. The cottage, too, in which Wordsworth boarded, still stands exactly as it did. It is an ancient whitewashed building. The whole neighbourhood of Hawkshead and Esthwaite Water is described in many passages of "The Prelude;" but for the identification of the different points of the scenery we must again refer the reader to Professor Knight's book, mentioned above.

#### PATTERDALE AND ULLSWATER

FROM Ambleside, in accordance with the plan laid down in an earlier section, the excursion should be made to Patterdale and

Ullswater. It is a romantic drive over the Kirkstone Pass, a desolate and stony place, which in some measure prepares us for the yet wilder scenery which is to be met with at Wastdale Head. The journey may be taken by way of Troutbeck, which makes it longer. But Troutbeck is so curious and interesting a valley that it should not be missed. "The cottages," said Professor Wilson, "stand for the most part in clusters of twos and threes, with here and there what in Scotland is called a clachan—many a sma' town within the ae lang town; but where in all broad Scotland is a wide, long, scattered congregation of rural dwellings all dropped down where the painter and poet would have wished to plant them—on knolls and in dells, on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks—and all bound together in picturesque confusion, by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit orchards, rich as those of the Hesperides?"

Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") scarcely exaggerates the picturesqueness of this quaint village of Troutbeck, which, for the rest, is rich in anecdote and legend. Here lived the Troutbeck giant, who "flourished" in the time of Edward VI. He was taken to London to amuse the King by his feats of strength, and when the King asked him what he lived upon, he replied, "Thick pottage and milk, that a man might walk upon dry-shod, for breakfast, and the sunny side of a wedder (wether) to dinner when he could get it." The graves of the giant and his mother are said to be still traceable. A more important association of Troutbeck is that which connects it with Hogarth. The great artist's uncle lived there, and was famous for his songs, which were satirical and humorous, and which "took off" the peculiarities of his neighbours. The house of Hogarth's father still stands in the village. He was educated at St. Bees, and went up to London, where his son William was born. "The Mortal Man" is one of the quaintest inn-fats in the district. Its old sign, which represented two men, one fat and the other lean, is lost or destroyed. Beneath the figures was the quotation:—

Thou Mortal Man ih u lives on bread  
What's it that makes thy nose so red?  
Thou silly ass that looks so pale,  
'Tis by drinking Sally Birkett's ale.

The ascent of the Kirkstone Pass is steep and wearisome. At its summit, in a stony wilderness, is a tiny inn called "The Traveller's Rest," which is said to be the highest inhabited house in England. Here the steaming horses of the coaches have a rest, and travellers can have milk, beer, and ham and eggs, the one thing in the way of luncheon or dinner which never fails in a Lake-country inn. From "The Traveller's Rest" the descent to Patterdale is steep and long. The road passes Brothers Water (called Leathes Water in the old maps), one of the duldest of all the Lakes, and presently runs into the broad, rich, alluvial plain at the head of Ullswater. The scenery of Patterdale is curiously unlike that of any other vale in the Lake-country. It suggests something tropical. The air is usually moist. The shrubs grow to a great height, and the foliage is everywhere most luxuriant. Ullswater itself ranks with Derwentwater and Windermere as one of the most beautiful of the lakes, and it is frequently compared with Lucerne. It has three long reaches, the lowest washing the shores of the rich low land towards Pooley Bridge. Around the head of the upper reach is a noble group of mountains, Helvellyn dominating them. The one element of ugliness in the scene is the turbid stream from the Greenside lead mines which runs through the Glenridding Valley, and pours into the lake near the Ullswater Hotel. This stream is of a dingy green, being befouled by the washings from the lead mines. Its course can be traced far out into the lake, and already it has pushed out into the water a tongue of land formed of lead deposits. So vile a desecration of beautiful scenery occurs nowhere else within the district; and in its effect upon the landscape it can only be compared to the roofless mining works, the disused tramways, and the dams which form such a hideous intrusion on the shores of Glaslyn, in the bosom of Snowdon. Elsewhere, in the Lake District, the spirit of commerce has been at war with the spirit of beauty with disastrous effects, especially at Honister Crag and at some of the Borrowdale slate quarries; but nowhere is the damage so obtrusively thrust upon the attention as it is here. Let us hope that some day, before the Lakes are ruined for ever, a Bill may be passed by Parliament which will render for ever impossible any other such sacrileges as this.

The walks round Patterdale are far too many to be even enumerated here. Again we must refer the visitor to those excellent companions, Mr. M. J. B. Baddeley and Mr. H. I. Jenkinson, who have explored the regions of the Lakes with unfailing diligence, and have set down in their respective Guides all that is to be seen and done. Every one will walk first to Aira Force, avoiding, if possible, the touting guides, who dart from a hiding-place somewhere in the sham Lyluph's Tower. If no "trippers" have lately visited the Force, and if there be therefore no litter of empty bottles, orange-peel, and greasy sandwich-papers, the place may be greatly enjoyed. The water falls eighty feet into a circular basin. The spot is gloomy and retired, hidden away in the hill-side, and it is a fit setting for the romantic story of Emma and Sir Eglamour. With a Wordsworth in your pocket (and a Wordsworth to the traveller in the Lake District is as essential as his compass or his map) you may read the story on the spot:—

List ye, who pass by Lyluph's Tower  
At eve, how softly then  
Doth 'ira Force, that torrent hoarse,  
Speak from the woody glen!

There is, to our mind, a greater solemnity and tenderness about Ullswater than about any other of the Lakes. The hills are grander, the dales deeper and more solitary than anywhere else. How deep and lonely a gorge is that of Grisedale, with its stream moaning for ever, the dark coves of Helvellyn flanking it on the one hand, the steep sides of St. Sunday Crag on the other. Opening on all hands from Patterdale are solemn mountain recesses like Deepdale; and down the lake you have in Howtown one of the quaintest and most delightful of hamlets. Here, if anywhere in busy England, is absolute peace and calm, and yet the small steamer calling three or four times a day at the tiny landing-stage in the bay forms an effectual link with the roaring life of the railways and cities. Patterdale is a place by itself. No one knows the Lake District who has not lived in it. From Patterdale may be made many fine mountain ascents, the chief of which is that of

#### HELVELLYN

WE choose to give the ascent of Helvellyn from Patterdale, rather than from Grasmere or Wythburn, because the Patterdale ascent leads along Striding Edge, which is by far the most romantic way by which to approach the monster-mountain. The ascent from Grasmere can be made all the way on ponies, and it leads merely along the grassy back of the monster. The ascent from Wythburn is steeper, but that too, is from the uninteresting back. Striding Edge has a reputation for danger which it scarcely deserves. The death of Charles Gough and the poems of Scott and Wordsworth on the incident are, no doubt, the causes of its fearsome reputation. As a mountain ridge it is, indeed, a most remarkable and impressive place; but in actual difficulty, as a climb, it cannot rank for a moment with the much less known Sharp Edge on Blencathara, and still less with the rotten razor-edge of Crib Goch. The sides are steep, especially towards Grisedale, and a fall from any part of the ridge would quite possibly be fatal. But on the side next Red Tarn there is a well-defined path a few feet below the ridge,



which is practically safe. Our engraving is an excellent reproduction of this remarkable ridge. With mist boiling up from the coves below, there is no place in the Lake District more impressive than this, unless it be the Blencathara edges, the precipices of Mickledore, or the rugged sides of the Pillar. It is an unsurpassable walk to scale Helvellyn by way of Striding Edge, and descend by Swirrel Edge, a ridge of the same general character, but much blunter. Catchedcam is not worth ascending, as Helvellyn shuts out all the view in one direction; but for the sake of "doing" a mountain with so curious a name, it may be taken on the way from Swirrel Edge, and from the summit you can run down to the border of the Red Tarn. For all that we have said of the safety of Striding Edge, it may be added that it is not a place for either man or woman who has not a sure foot and a steady head.

#### CONISTON

CONISTON may be reached from Ambleside, but it cannot be properly explored from there, and, if time can be spared, it should certainly be the object of some days' exploration. This is better done while on the way northward; for the scenery is comparatively tame, and it would certainly not appear at its best shortly after a visit, for example, to Wastdale Head, or even to Derwentwater. Yet there is very much that is beautiful at Coniston and in its neighbourhood. Of all the large lakes, it is the least known, people usually using the railway-station merely as a point of departure whence to visit some other part of the district. The lake is over six miles long, and it has the finest char to be found in Lakeland. It has, too, a "steam gondola" (of which we give an illustration) which plies up and down the lake, and shrieks with its steam-whistle under the very windows of Mr. Ruskin's house at Brantwood. This "steam gondola" is anathema to Mr. Ruskin; he has denounced it in some fervid passages in "Fors Clavigera." Brantwood, standing at the point whence, as Wordsworth declared, the best view both of the lake and of the Old Man is to be had, is a famous house. It has had, in succession, three distinguished tenants—Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. W. J. Linton and his clever wife, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, and Mr. Ruskin. The house, as will be seen in our picture, is pretty and comfortable.

From Coniston, Tilberthwaite may be easily visited, and the Duddon can also be explored, with Wordsworth's "Sonnets" as companion. All round are walks of infinite variety and beauty; and of mountain ascents, that of the Old Man is the most tempting and the most arduous. The way lies through quarries, over paths composed of slippery slate, and past the great Coniston and Paddy End copper works. All of the mountain that is not copper is slate, and the evidences of mining accompany the climber almost to the top of the mountain. Once there (and the last few yards are very steep) a magnificent view unfolds itself. Over Skiddaw are the Scotch hills; Black Combe is an outlying sentinel by the sea; the estuaries and the Morecambe Sands lie at our feet; and Snowdon (if the day be exceptionally clear) may be seen in the far blue distance. We look down into many tarns, the sea shines like a burnished shield, and all the mountains of the district lie tumbled like waves of the sea.



FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE (THE RESIDENCE OF DR. ARNOLD)

#### LANGDALE AND THE PIKES

If Coniston be too far from Ambleside to be explored properly from that centre, the same may almost be said of Langdale. It is not, indeed, difficult to get as far as Dungeon Ghyll on foot or in a carriage, but Dungeon Ghyll is only halfway up the valley, and beyond it are realms of mystery and grandeur such as you encounter in few other parts of the country. Langdale is more like an Alpine valley than any of the other vales. Elterwater lies at the point where Great and Little Langdale are divided by Lingmoor Fell. Great Langdale is a spacious valley with an impetuous brook, fed from innumerable mountain torrents, running along its length, and giving brightness to the fields which line it, and which spread part way up the fell-sides. Farms abound, and the whole valley has an air of smiling primitive prosperity. The curious sugar-loaf Pikes, with their odd names—Harrison Stickle and Pike o' Stickle—overlook the valley on the right hand as you ascend it, and Mill Beck Force comes tumbling down the mountain side, having its rise in Stickle Tarn, which is hidden at the foot of the immense precipice of Pavey Ark. Just over the Tarn is White Crag, the scene of one of the Lake District tragedies; for there many years ago were found the bodies of William and Sarah Green, two peasants who were lost in a snowstorm while on their way from Langdale to Easedale. De Quincey made a pathetic story out of the incident.

Close to Mill Beck Force is the famous Dungeon Ghyll Fall, the most impressive waterfall to be found in Cumberland and Westmoreland. In the mountain-side is a deep, dark rift—a chasm—into which the water pours from above, falling with a thundering reverberation into a deep pool. Little light reaches the interior of the chasm; above, it is blocked by two huge stones, which long years ago became wedged across the chasm. Follow the stream as far as you can go (there are ladders to aid you in clambering over the boulders), and you find yourself in an immense chamber, cold and gloomy, and resounding to the monotonous fall of the waters. Both Wordsworth and Coleridge have made poems on the place, Coleridge's being the more weird:—

In Langdale Pike and Witches' Lair,  
And Dungeon Ghyll, so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' souls are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t'other,  
The death-note to their living brother.

Coming out again in the free air and sunlight, it is well to climb up outside the Ghyll, and see where the stream takes its plunge into the dark rift. The jammed rocks lie athwart the chasm, and invite the daring climber to cross. The feat is a trial of nerve, rather than of strength. You have but to slide down one stone and clamber up the other; but they are narrow, and farewell to the adventurer who gets too near the edge and loses his hold. He will fall more than fifty feet into the dark pool below.

Continuing up the vale, the traveller presently arrives at a nose-like hill called the Band, which divides the dale-head into two parts—Mickledale and Oxendale. Cultivation here ceases, and, looking up, there seems no escape, save by scaling the steep mountain sides. But an escape can be made at the head of Mickledale either by Rossett Ghyll Pass, which leads by a splendid mountain path to Wastdale Head, or by the Stake Pass to Longstrath and Borrowdale. Both ways make romantic mountain rambles, which the pedestrian should on no account miss. Oxendale continues on into the heart of the mountains. At its head is the remote Hell Ghyll, and above rise the heights of Crinkle Crag, with peaked Bowfell overlooking them all.

#### WYTHBURN

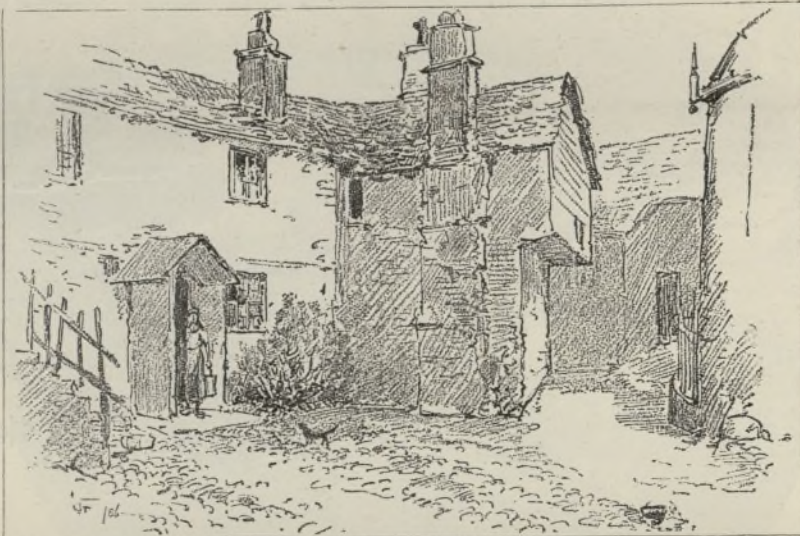
PROCEEDING northward from Grasmere, the road runs over Dunmail Raise, and dips gradually down to Wythburn, whose church is sometimes claimed as the smallest in England, but there are several smaller. Hartley Coleridge made stanzas on Wythburn and its "humble house of prayer;" but now-a-days it is noticeable chiefly as the stopping-place for the coaches running between Ambleside and Keswick. Wythburn, however, deserves to live in sporting annals as the home of a great huntswoman—"One day the hounds were in full cry at Wythburn, when out rushed the landlady of the 'Nag's Head' to see the sport; and, seeing the sly 'un was about to yield up his brush, the good dame started off to pick up the fox before the hounds could break him up. But—as they call him in these parts—'a man body' has also seen the situation from a neighbouring field, and now it is a race. In the twinkling of an eye down stooped the owner of the encumbering petticoats, with one rip all was changed, and the skirts divided. Impeded no longer, she sped over the ground as if the Armboth boggle himself was after her. Long she lived to tell how she gathered that fox." A very short distance beyond Wythburn we came to

#### THIRLMERE,

A LAKE more interesting for its surroundings than for its intrinsic beauty. Raven's Crag is one of the noblest in the district, and is a favourite subject with artists. About a mile from its northern end the Lake contracts, and is crossed by a footbridge. But Thirlmere and its surroundings are now undergoing a complete transformation. The Manchester Corporation have begun their long-delayed works to transform the Lake into a reservoir to supply Manchester with water. The level of the lake will be very considerably raised. The old coach-road will be submerged, and all

mountain framework, and the setting is in every way worthy of the jewel. Though much smaller than either of its rivals, it is so displayed that it produces quite as striking an effect upon the mind. No element of beauty is lacking in it. There are crags, torrents, and mountains; and in one direction, and in one direction only, a distant view towards the dark blue sea, with the Scotch mountains dimly to be seen in the far distance. And the setting of the gem is of a character to enhance its beauty. On part of one side only do the mountains range closely upon the lake; everywhere else there are wide tracts "where fields and meadows and rivers and hamlets and sunny slopes and secondary heights make a pleasant world of human industry and love." To study the beauties of Derwentwater, walk out of Keswick and climb the Castlehead (Castlet is the diminutive of the neighbourhood). The lake lies at your feet, its islands (each with their history) dotted irregularly on its silver surface. Skiddaw rises superbly to the sky at the foot of the lake, the "Low Man" from this point of view looking higher than the actual summit. Opposite is Cat Bells, and beyond it the billowy masses of Robinson, Grisedale Pike, Causey Pike, Maiden Moor, and the rest. Lodore is seen like a white handkerchief among the trees, and the Castle Crag seems to block the way into Borrowdale. Beyond and above, rise in blue masses the distant mountain giants, Great End and Scafell Pikes.

Keswick is indeed a rich centre for excursions, and the first that will be taken is naturally that to Borrowdale. Borrowdale is, without doubt, the finest valley in the district, the centre and best of all the beauties that Lakeland unfolds. The readiest way to it lies along the shore of Derwentwater, past the Barrow and Lodore Falls, past the Castle Crag, and through "the jaws of Borrowdale," where there is just room for the river and the road. The Barrow Falls, which are in the grounds of a private house, may be looked at on the way; Lodore, of course, demands a longer inspection. The Falls of Lodore have a greater reputation than any other in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and in wet weather they well earn it. The position and surroundings of the Falls detract much, however, from the enjoyment of them. They are in the back garden of a large hotel, and access is to be had only through the hotel grounds. At the only gate stands a servant of the hotel, who will not let you pass without assuring you that the Falls are private, and that you are allowed to see them only on suffrance. A fee naturally follows, and then you approach the Falls. The best that can happen is that there has lately been heavy rain, in which case the water foams grandly down its staircase of rock, and the jingling lines of Southey are not in the least inappropriate. In no case, however, can you hope to have the Falls to yourself, and you will be lucky if you do not surprise there a party of harmless, necessary trippers, the young men wearing the young women's hats, and some musical genius of the party adding to the roar of the waters the congruous accompaniment of the banjo. All this is disheartening, and does not make you strongly wish to view the High Lodore Fall, which is to be found a good many feet higher up if you follow the course of the stream. But a climb to it amply repays whatever toil is bestowed upon it: a more beautiful waterfall is nowhere to be found.



WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS, HAWKSHEAD

#### BORROWDALE

As to Borrowdale itself, epithets and adjectives are inadequate to describe its beauty. It must be seen to be appreciated. Borrowdale is to the north of the district what Troutbeck is to the south: it is the place of wonders, the abode of the simple-minded. Innumerable are the stories of simplicity fathered upon the good-natured Borrowdale folk; but as they are all to be found in the guide-books, they shall not be repeated here. Borrowdale, of course, has changed, and has moved with the times. Great hotels and armies of tourists bring enlightenment with them; the vale is secluded no longer. They want but a carriage road over the Sty Head Pass to make it a thoroughfare, and then, indeed, would its chief charm be gone.

Grange (where the old monks of Furness stored their grain) is the first village in Borrowdale, and a charming place it is; untidy and irregular, beloved of artists, and nestling at the foot of lofty heights. Rothwaite is a little further on; a delightful village with two admirable small hotels, and a little farm-house accommodation. No better centre can be chosen for mountain excursions. Not far away is the quaint village of Stonethwaite, at the mouth of the long, desolate valley, Longstrath. Proceed straight on, instead of turning off to Stonethwaite, and you come to Seathwaite, reputed to be the wettest place in England. Here all exit seems to be barred; but a thread-like path can be seen winding up Sprinkling Fell, and running by the side of Taylor's Ghyll Force. That is the track which leads over the Sty Head Pass and down to Wastdale Head; the most impressive and the most detestably stony of all the passes. Dangerous, too, it is to attempt at dusk unless you know the way well, as those can testify who have been belated on the shores of the lonely Sty Head Tarn, there to await, sitting in the thick darkness on wet rocks, the approach of dawn. At Seatoller, another of the pleasant Borrowdale hamlets, the ascent begins to the Honister Pass, and this is a road which can be traversed by carriages, though it is probably the worst carriage road in England. Winding slowly upwards, the road presently conducts you to the foot of the tremendous Honister Crag, the stateliest of the district; though its perpendicular face is sadly marred by the galleries of the slate quarries. Pass the watershed, and the infant Cocker is encountered flowing merrily down to Buttermere and Crummock, and so away by Cockermouth to the distant sea.

Skiddaw is the most tempting mountain near Keswick, and every

the land-marks will be obliterated. When the work is done, and the navies have left, there will be perhaps little of their handiwork to be seen; but the lake will be a lake no more; its natural beauty will be gone for ever. Of the haunted house of Armboth we will not stay to speak; but we will follow the comparatively uninteresting road till Keswick comes into sight.

#### KESWICK

KESWICK is the capital of the Lake District. It is a poor, dull town, and architecturally quite uninteresting. Of recent years something has been done to improve it. The creation of Fitz Park has given it a good approach from the railway station, and the lawsuit, just so happily ended, preserves for ever to the Keswick people their right of access to the summit of Latrigg. But as a town there is little or nothing to be said for Keswick. It has two or three good shops, some hotels, a market-place, and a museum. There is a small library and an ordinary church. Two raised models of the district are on view, and they may be studied on a wet day. Keswick on a fine day is tolerable, for then you can get out of it; but to be shut up in it for a week of bad weather is an experience that is exhilarating to no man.

Around Keswick, however, there is much to be seen of the highest interest. A pilgrimage will naturally be made to Greta Hall, for long the residence of Southey, and before him of Coleridge. It was Coleridge, indeed, who induced Southey to come and live there.

When we have looked at Greta Hall, and have tried to identify the house occupied by Shelley and his young wife during their brief visit to Keswick, we can pay a visit to the lead-pencil works, and see the whole process of manufacture. Then there is the Druids' circle to be visited, the walk to be Portinscale to be taken, and Southey's monument in Crosthwaite Church to be inspected.

#### DERWENTWATER

It has often been debated whether Windermere, Ullswater, or Derwentwater is the most beautiful of the Lakes, and the palm must rest with Derwentwater. It is difficult, perhaps, to compare scenery of such different kinds, but, taking it as it is, Derwentwater must be admitted the most lovely. Windermere and Ullswater are both only partially mountainous. Both at their lower ends are tame, if lovely. They melt into softness, and the richness of a pastoral landscape. Derwentwater, on the other hand, is entirely set in a





FALLS OF LODORE



"THE FAIRY GLEN," LONGSTRATH



RAVEN CRAG, THIRLMERE



SHARP EDGE, BLENCATHRA



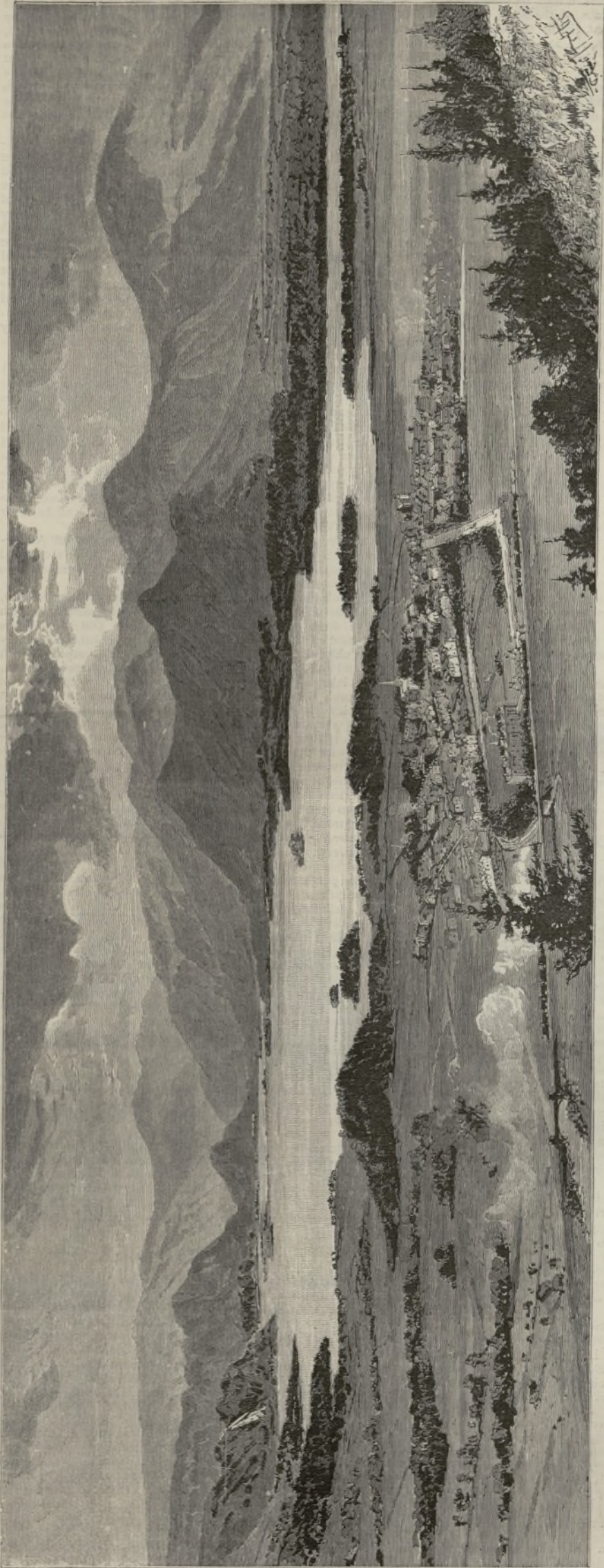
HONISTER PASS AND CRAG



CRUMMOCK WATER

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, ILLUSTRATED—II.





KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER FROM LATRIGG

Greta Hall, Keswick (Southey's House)

THE BORROWDALE YEWS

THE BOWDER STONE, BORROWDALE



CASTLE CRAG, BORROWDALE

FRIAR'S CRAG, DERWENTWATER

AN EVENING VIEW ON DERWENTWATER

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, ILLUSTRATED—II.



one ascends it. It is steep in parts, but nowhere difficult, and ponies can be taken to the top. The views on the way up are entrancing, and from the top, if the day be fine, the stretch of scenery is wonderfully wide. Further from Keswick, and close to the interesting village of Threlkeld, is Blencathara, a noble mountain, and one of the most interesting. Its Sharp Edge and its "dark tarn," on which the sun never shines, are famous, but comparatively little visited. The Sharp Edge deserves its name. At almost any point it can easily be bestridden; and the ascent of the mountain from it is so exceedingly steep as to be by no means free from danger. The rock of the Edge is, however, of good firm stuff, not at all like the rotten volcanic rock of which the more famous Crib Goch, on Snowdon, is composed.

The famous Borrowdale Lead Mines, which have furnished Mr. James Payn and others with some capital stories, are at present closed. They lie high up on the fell-side above Seathwaite, and are conspicuous from the road only by the heap of *débris* which defaces the hill-side. It was attempted last year to promote a company to re-open and work the mines; but the enterprise seemed never to advance beyond the prospectus stage.

#### BUTTERMERE AND CRUMMOCK

EVERY day in the tourist season a string of vehicles starts from Keswick to perform "the cheapest excursion in the Lake District." They traverse Borrowdale to the Honister Pass, descending thence to Buttermere, and returning to Keswick by the Vale of Newlands. It is, indeed, a fine five shillings' worth, and it introduces the stranger to much of the finest scenery. For desolate grandeur the Honister Pass can be compared only to the Pass of Llanberis. It leads down first to Gatesgarth, that isolated farm, whose owner has completely covered the walls and ceiling of one room with the prize-tickets won by his cattle at various Agricultural Shows, and then through rich and pleasant land to the lake and village of Buttermere. Here is the famous Fish Inn, where "Mary of Buttermere," the victim of the adventurer Hatfield, afterwards executed at Carlisle, was once a waitress. The mountain group round the head of Buttermere is remarkably fine, Honister Crag showing its precipitous front well from almost every point of view. Buttermere and Crummock Water are separated by but a narrow piece of land, and Crummock, though it is an effective feature in the landscape, when it takes its place in a view from a mountain top, is comparatively tame when you are close to it. It is the usual thing to row across the head of Crummock Water, and land, to walk up to Scale Force, a fine torrent in a deep cleft in the hill-side. To see this waterfall to perfection it must be visited after rain. The lower end of Crummock is tame; but in its neighbourhood there is much attractive scenery of the pastoral-undulating character. Around Scale Hill Hotel, for example, there are landscapes of the sweetest beauty, nor is the adjacent Vale of Newlands by any means lacking in charm and interest.

#### WASTDALE HEAD—THE CLIMBING CENTRE

LAST in order of the Lake District vales have we placed Wastdale Head. This is the place where, if possible, the tour should be brought to a close. Nothing can surpass it, and the other scenery is almost necessarily an anti-climax to him who has lived in Wastdale. It is the wildest of the vales, and it has a character distinctly and entirely its own. The change in the aspect of the country as the descent of the Sty Head Pass is made is remarkable. You leave the rich fields, the luxuriant trees of Borrowdale to descend into an austere mountain valley, where the trees are stunted, and agriculture is carried on under all the discouragement of poor soil and unpropitious climate. Wastdale Head was apparently unknown to the earlier visitors to the Lakes. Even now it is visited by probably not more than one in every twenty of the tourists who flock to Cumberland in the summer season. Around Wastdale Head are grouped the wildest and the highest mountains of England. Scafell Pikes, Great Gable, and Kirkfell form a circular rampart around the dale-head, and the only escape in this direction is by the steep and stony pony track over the Sty Head Pass into Borrowdale. Descending the Pass, the track winds along the side of Great Gable, and soon after the descent is commenced, Wastwater bursts upon the sight. So gloomy a lake is a most startling contrast to Derwentwater, which lies behind it. Wastwater is about three miles long, and perhaps a mile wide, and all along one side of it is a high, steep mountain, the Scree, its side dipping into the dark waters. If you take a boat, and row out upon the gloomy surface of the lake, you can see the mountain side shelving down into the water till it is lost in the darkness. The whole side of the Scree is loose and decaying. Large boulders rest upon insecure places, and these after a storm bound down until they fall suddenly, and with a dull plunge, into the deep water. The lake never freezes; it is deeper than any other. Looking up the lake from its foot, as in one of the views Mr. Griffiths has drawn, it would be impossible, within the British Isles, to match the wildness and barrenness of the scene. Loch Coruisk, in Skye, is perhaps the only scenery in these islands which can compare with it. On the level ground at the head of the lake stand some seven farmhouses, one of them long since converted into a comfortable inn, and once owned by the famous Will Ritson with whom "Christopher North" had a wrestling bout. The church, which is almost certainly the smallest in the kingdom, stands apart. In one of the farms, good lodgings can be obtained, and hither resort at Christmas and at Easter small bands of young men from the Universities, or even Alpine Clubmen, eager to practice on the *coulours* of Great End, or the many ghylls of Scafell.

Wastdale Head has come to be recognised *par excellence* as the resort for climbers. Immediately around it lie all the climbs which within the last five years have gained some publicity. The Pillar Rock, in Ennerdale, is within an easy walk up Mosedale Glen and along the top of the Pillar Mountain. When you reach the cairn which marks the highest point of the mountain, face Ennerdale, and walk straight forward to the precipice-edge. There you will see the famous rock jutting out many feet below from the breast of the parent mountain. It was long deemed unscaleable, though tradition had it that a shepherd had climbed it long ago. Mr. Leslie Stephen is said to have discovered what is now known as the "easy way" (that by the ladder, ledge, and great chimney), but the reputation of the Pillar for inaccessibility was considerably lessened five years ago by a noted Lake climber, Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith, who climbed the rock some twelve different ways, much to the astonishment of the older Pillarites. Near the Pillar Rock, and while on his way to climb it, the octogenarian clergyman, the Reverend J. Jackson, met his death by falling over the precipice of the mountain on May 1st, 1878. When his body was found, there was a bottle in his pocket, which he had evidently intended to leave on the top of the Rock. It contained a paper with these words written upon it:—

Two elephantine properties are mine.  
For I can bend to pick up pin or plack:  
And when, this year, the Pillar Rock I climb,  
Fourscore and two's the howdah on my back.

Far below, in narrow Ennerdale, a large cairn marks the spot where Mr. Edward Barnard, a London jeweller, lay down and died in the intense heat of August, 1876, while trying to make his way over to Buttermere by the Black Sail and Scarf Gap Passes.

On Good Friday, 1883, a youth named Walker, attempting to slide down over the snow to the neck of the Rock, was unable to arrest his descent, and being carried headlong over the gully, was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It will, therefore, be seen that here in Ennerdale we are in the presence of tragedy, and that man sometimes pays with his life for intruding into these inner fastnesses of Nature. But no one has ever yet been killed on the Pillar Rock itself, nor is there any reason why any one should be, provided the climb is always done in good weather, and provided that it is attempted only by those who have confidence in their foot-hold, and the steadiness of their heads. Fancy climbs of the Rock, such as some of those discovered by Mr. Haskett Smith (including the routes by the *arête*, and those from "Pisgah"), are better avoided by the ordinary climber; nor is the "east route" free from danger.

At Wastdale Head the choice of mountain ascents is almost inexhaustible. A climber may well spend a month there and yet not exhaust the climbs. Mickledore, no doubt, will be among the first places to attract his attention. Mickledore is one of those square gaps between mountain and mountain of which there are several in the Lake District. They appear to have been caused (as suggested in our section, "The Lake District in the Beginning") by the crumbling away of some intrusive mass. In the case of Mickledore the effect is very curious. The twin mountains Scafell Pikes and Scafell are completely separated by this gulf, and direct access to Scafell from the Pikes seems at first sight entirely cut off. To get the first view of Mickledore it is best to approach it from below. The guide-books tell you, in making the ascent of Scafell Pikes from Wastdale Head, to go up by an extremely steep wall on the side of Lingmell. It is better and easier, however, to take Lingmell in flank lower down the valley, and make for the mountain cove, which is reached by rounding the low shoulder of the mountain above Wastwater, and following the course of the stream on the right hand. The gap of Mickledore is presently seen high in front, and the rugged cliffs of Scafell display themselves magnificently on the right. A long, tapering grassy mound, locally known as "Brown Tongue," descends from below Mickledore for more than a mile. The resemblance to a tongue is complete, and the wild mountain cove in which the tongue reposes may be likened to the cavernous mouth of a giant. The easiest way to approach Mickledore is to take to the Scafell cliffs at a point where a long steep "scree" pours down from the "Lord's Rake," and to traverse a natural terrace or shelf, which juts out on the face of the cliffs. By some of the earlier explorers of these parts this terrace was christened "The Rake's Progress." It conducts straight to the Scafell end of Mickledore, which is now seen to be a kind of saddle, which dwindles in this part to a roof-like ridge, till it ends abruptly against the wedge-shaped cliffs of Scafell. The opposite side of the ridge from Wastdale conducts down long steep slopes to the strange and rarely-visited solitudes of Upper Eskdale, of which Mr. Arthur Tucker, on page 132, has given an impressive view.

To climb the cliffs of Scafell from this point seems at first impossible, but there are at least three ways, namely, by the "Broad Stand," the "Chimney," and the "North" climb. All require care. The "Broad Stand" is the easiest, the "North" climb (discovered several years ago by two veteran climbers and for a long time almost forgotten) is the most difficult. This side of Scafell offers endless temptation to the active climber, and perhaps the most interesting feature of it is the "Deep Ghyll Pillar," an isolated rock which bears some general resemblance to the Pillar in Ennerdale. So inaccessible did this peak appear, that it was scarcely tried by climbers till September, 1884, when Mr. Haskett Smith, of whose exploits on the Ennerdale Pillar we have already spoken, succeeded in reaching the summit and building a little cairn there, after a most difficult climb. There is excellent climbing on Great Gable, and on the precipices of Great End, and no one should neglect at least a peep into that deep and wild fissure in the heart of Lingmell, Piers Ghyll. The direct ascent of Piers Ghyll is probably impossible. No one, at any rate, has yet succeeded in accomplishing it.

#### VANDALISM AT THE LAKES AND THEIR DEFENCE

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, writing on the preservation of some of the fine landscape features of Wensleydale, Yorkshire, remarked that "public opinion is rising, on all sides, in anger against those who seek, for sordid ends, to deface the natural beauties of the country," and that however widely "the utilitarian spirit may, in these days, spread its blight, there is still no nation to which the loveliness of Nature speaks with more persuasion or brings more delight than to ours." Some evidence of the truth of these observations of the President of the Royal Academy has been shown by the energetic opposition on the part of several public bodies to the many railway schemes which have threatened to invade Epping Forest, the Lake District, and other exceptionally beautiful tracts of English landscape scenery, within the last few years.

A brief sketch of what has been effected in the Lake Country, in preserving it for the enjoyment of the people, by the united efforts of the Lake District Defence Society, and the Commons Protection Society, may not be without interest in this place. The first of the recent schemes of invasion which attracted general public attention was that of the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway, promoted by lessees of quarries, under Lord Leconfield, in the beginning of 1883. The aim was the large development of the Honister Slate Quarries, and of mining in Borrowdale. The route of the proposed line was along the western bank of Derwentwater, and through one of the most delightful glens near the "gates of Borrowdale." Passing through the glen, the line re-appeared in Borrowdale, skirting the fells opposite Rosthwaite, in the very heart of that most romantic of Lake-country valleys. Almost all visitors to the Lakes are familiar with the luxuriant beauty of Derwentwater, and have felt the impression of that solemn quiet which broods over its wooded shores:—

Deep stillness lies upon this lovely lake,  
The air is calm, the forest trees are still.

So Barry Cornwall in a poem, which Longfellow quotes, records his first impression of Derwentwater. Surely it would have been something like sacrilege to disturb such a stillness by the shriek of the locomotive and the harsh rattle of the mineral train among the echoing crags! In Borrowdale, all that the artist and the lover of nature seeks in such haunts would have been hopelessly marred. Thanks, however, mainly to the energy of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, then Vicar of Wray, Windermere, lake and valley were both saved from the Vandal. A committee composed, among others, of the most eminent men in Art, Science, and Letters, was formed to oppose in Parliament the Bill for this railway. The promoters, however, succeeded in passing its second reading in the House of Lords, but, in face of the opposition, it was withdrawn before it went into Committee.

During the same year, another lake and valley were similarly threatened. The wild and lonely lake of Ennerdale, with its wonderful crags, its mural precipices, and mountain solitudes, was to be the prey of the spoiler. Around the slopes of the fells to the west of Ennerdale, where the mountains sink to the maritime plain of West Cumberland, lie considerable deposits of hematite, to the mines of which branch lines of railway already have access; while in the immediate neighbourhood of the lake, in crevices of the granitic formation in which Ennerdale lies, small quantities of iron ore have been found. Cropping out at the surface, as some of these deposits do, iron was

worked here even in prehistoric times, while, since the development of iron-manufacture in West Cumberland, some ore has occasionally been carted from Ennerdale to the furnaces. Here was the promoter's opportunity; why not "develop the industrial resources" of Ennerdale? Although not a single share was subscribed in Cumberland, a Bill for a railway was introduced into the House of Commons, and received the "moral support" of the iron companies of the district, and of the Lowthers, who were interested in letting the royalties.

The Bill passed the second reading by a very small majority, but was defeated in Committee. It was opposed at every stage by the above-named Societies, who, by a large majority on a division, obtained an instruction from the House to the Committee to inquire and report whether the railway would interfere with the enjoyment of the public by injuriously affecting the scenery, and to receive evidence on the subject. This instruction, since twice repeated, marks a new era in railway legislation, since it commits the House to the recognition of the principle that the public have an important interest in the preservation of scenery.

In the following year the effort to pass a Bill for what was practically the same railway was renewed. But by this time the Lake District Defence Society had become a permanent institution, and it was determined once for all to spoil the chance of any future scheme which should rely for its success on the profitable working of minerals in the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills. The Society produced evidence collected over many years in surveys of the mines and geological formations of this mountain group—that of the Ordnance survey among the rest—proving that there were no mineral deposits in the mountains of sufficient extent or value to pay for opening out and working in competition with the cheaper and better ores obtained from abroad. This evidence, which was detailed and complete, based partly on the actual survey of every mine in Cumberland, convinced the Committee of the hopelessness of this or any similar mineral railway in the district returning a dividend to its shareholders. This Bill also was unanimously rejected.

But the Blatant Beast "in this last iron age" is as hard to kill as in Spenser's fable. Foiled thrice in succession, the mining engineer, with a war-whoop of defiance, declared that "railways should penetrate into the inner beauties of the Lake District, into more secluded nooks than Ennerdale," and he produced in rapid succession two schemes for the exploitation of the whole district from the foot of Windermere in the South to the shores of Bassenthwaite in the North. Windermere, Esthwaite Water, Elterwater, Grasmere, Rydal, Thirlmere, Derwentwater—all were doomed; every main valley was to be intersected. On both occasions, however, the promoter's armour was too heavy for him, and he never got as far as Westminster.

Then he stooped to conquer, and produced the modest Ambleside Railway Bill, which passed the second reading in a crowded house by a majority of eleven, but fell to pieces in Committee before any of its opponents were heard.

Having, with the assistance of the Commons Preservation Society, been so far successful in resisting railway and mining schemes, which could have done nothing but harm, the Lake District Defence Society turned its attention to the preservation of what are certainly among the chief attractions of the Lakes—the many footpaths which cross hill and dale, skirt the banks of the beautiful rivers and beckes, pass along lake shores or through ravines and delightful tracts of wild woodland, and lead the pedestrian everywhere to the finest points of view, which would otherwise be beyond reach. These paths are of very ancient origin. Some are the pack-horse roads, which up to 150 years ago were generally the only channels of communication with the outside world, and by which wool and home-spun products were sent to market. Some are the tracks by which peat was brought down from the mountains for fuel before coal was introduced into the dales. Others are roads by which sheep are driven on to or off the fells, while most of the remainder are the primitive "trods," as they are still named in the locality, which mark the direct paths from steading to steading, and are coeval with the first settlers.

Up to within the last twenty years all these roads have remained open to the public without let or hindrance, but with the increase of new proprietors on the one hand, and of tourists on the other, a spirit of exclusion is beginning to show itself. Within a few miles around Ambleside at least a score of interesting paths have been closed; while at Keswick the determined exclusion of the public from Latrigg, an outlier of Skiddaw, and much frequented hitherto, and the closing of the woodland walks on the east of Derwentwater, and of the Fawe Park road on the west, excited a general feeling of indignation. The question of the right of access to Latrigg has now been happily settled in favour of the public, by a recent decision of the High Court of Justice.

A special Society has been formed at Keswick to maintain rights of way, and meanwhile a Bill for the Preservation of Footpaths and Roadside Wastes has been brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Storey-Maskelyne; and another Bill is in preparation for securing the Public Right of Access to Mountains and Lakes. It goes without saying that legislation in this direction is year by year of increasing importance. Rights of way once lost are generally lost for ever. Their maintenance ought not to be left to the public spirit of a few individuals here and there. The right of free wandering over mountains and uncultivated moorlands, which by all usage and prescription are of the nature of public parks, must be maintained. And of all national parks, if so it may be called, there is none more worthy of conservation for its present uses than the English Lake District.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE engravings in this supplement are from drawings made on the spot by our special artist, Mr. T. Griffiths, assisted in the cases of the views of Colwith Force, view from the Langdale Pikes, Langdale and the Pikes, the Conistone Gondola, Brantwood, Lodore, the Fairy Glen, Honister Pass, Crummock Water, Derwentwater, Greta Hall, Castle Crag, Friar's Crag, the Borrowdale Yews, the Bowder Stone, an Evening View on Derwentwater, Grange, the Pillar Rock, Scafell from the Pikes, and the Scree, by Mr. Alfred Pettitt's most excellent photographs. To Mr. Herbert Bell, of Ambleside, we are indebted for the use of admirable photographs of some of the more inaccessible parts of the mountains, such as Campers Descending Rossett Ghyll, and Mickledore in Winter. Mr. Bell has just published a portfolio of photographs after some of the best of his own photographs. They are produced with excellent artistic effect and finish, and showing, as they do, almost every aspect of Lake scenery, they are of much interest and value. Mr. Arthur Tucker, of Millom Close, Windermere, has lent us three of his beautiful drawings (the Sharp Edge, Upper Eskdale, and the Valley of the Duddon), but it is difficult to do justice to such poetical work in so small a space. Our view of the Deep Ghyll Pillar is from a photograph by a climbing amateur photographer, Mr. J. Procter. For the information in the section on "Vandalism at the Lakes" we are indebted to Mr. W. H. Hills, The Knoll, Ambleside, one of the indefatigable honorary secretaries of the Lake District Defence Society. Any one wishing to join this excellent Society (which is in no way to be confounded with the "English Lakes District Association," a league of hotel-keepers and others interested in "opening up" and exploiting the district) should communicate either with Mr. Hills or with the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick, who was its founder.



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WASHING SHEEP AT WASTDALE HEAD



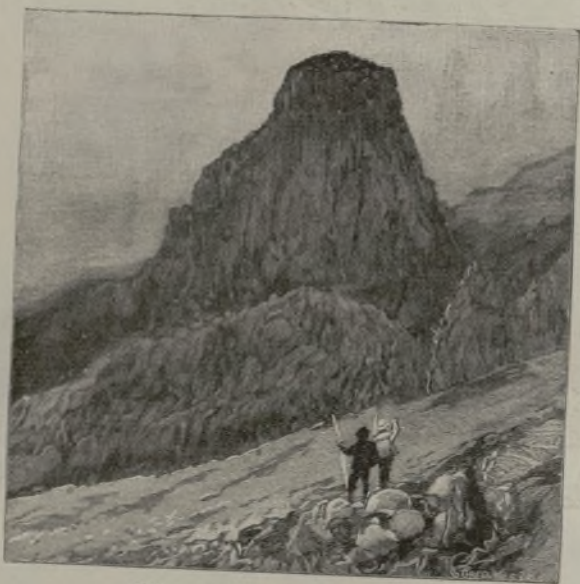
GRANGE, BORROWDALE



SCAFELL AND MICKLEDORE IN WINTER



WASTWATER, YEW BARROW, AND GREAT GABLE



THE PILLAR ROCK, ENNERDALE



UPPER ESKDALE, SCAFELL, AND SCAFELL PIKES



SCAFELL FROM SCAFELL PIKES



THE SCREES, WASTWATER

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, ILLUSTRATED—II.





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

They were both snub-nosed little women, with wide smiling mouths and double chins

## "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &amp;C., &amp;C.

### CHAPTER VII.

PERSONS like the Simpsons, who knew Mrs. Dobbs intimately, allowed her to have a strong judgment, and asserted her to have a still stronger will. She was far too bent on her own way ever to take advice, they said. It certainly did not happen that she took theirs. But Mrs. Dobbs's judgment was stronger than they knew. It was strong enough to show her on what points other people were likely to know better than she did. She would undoubtedly have followed Amelia Simpson's counsels as to the best way of dressing the hair in filmy ringlets—if she had chanced to require that information.

On the morning after Theodore Bransby's visit to her house, Mrs. Dobbs put on her bonnet and set off betimes to College Quad. There she had an interview with Mrs. Hadlow, who, it appeared, was going to the Bransbys' dinner party, and willingly promised to take charge of May.

"It seemed to me it wouldn't be the right thing for my granddaughter to go alone to a regular formal party," said Mrs. Dobbs. "But, as I don't pretend to be much of an authority on such matters, I venture to ask you to tell me."

"Of course you were quite right, Mrs. Dobbs."

"And you think she had better accept the invitation? She doesn't much want to do so herself, being shy of going amongst strangers. But, to be sure, if she may be under your wing, and in company with Miss Hadlow, that would make a vast difference."

"Oh, yes, let her go, Mrs. Dobbs. Sooner or later she will have to go into the world, and it may be well to begin amongst people she is used to. Is it true that she is to go to her aunt's house in London very soon?"

"Nothing is settled yet. If there had been, you and Canon Hadlow should have been the first to know it—as it would be only my duty to tell you, after all your kindness to the child. Nothing is settled. But I am in favour of her going myself."

"You take the sensible view, Mrs. Dobbs, as I think you always do—except at election time," added Mrs. Hadlow, smiling. The elder woman smiled back, with a little resolute setting of the lips, and begged her best respects to the Canon as she took her leave. The Canon was a great favourite with Mrs. Dobbs; and, on his part, their political struggle in that long past election had inspired him with a British respect for his adversary's pluck and fair play.

The prospect of going with Mr. Hadlow and Constance greatly reconciled May to the idea of the dinner-party. But she did not look forward to it with anticipations of enjoyment.

"I would much rather dine in the nursery with the children," she said, unconsciously echoing Mrs. Bransby's suggestion.

Mr. Weatherhead, who was present, took her up on this, and said, "Why, now, May, you will enjoy being in good society! Mr. Bransby is a very agreeable man, and used to some of the best company in the county. Mrs. Bransby, too, is very pleasant and very pretty; a Miss Lutyer she was, a regular beauty, and belonging to a good old Shropshire family. And young Theodore—"

Jo Weatherhead pausing here, and hesitating for a moment, May broke in, "Come now, Uncle Jo," she exclaimed, "you can't say that *he's* pretty or pleasant!"

"He's not bad-looking," returned Mr. Weatherhead, rather doubtfully. "Though, to be sure, he isn't so fine a man as his father."

"No; this lad is like his mother's family," said Mrs. Dobbs. "I remember his grandfather and grandmother very well."

"Do you? Do you, Sarah? Who were they? What sort of people, now, eh?"

"Common sort of people; Rabbitt, their name was. Old Rabbitt kept the Castlecombe Arms, a roadside inn over towards Gloucester way. He ran a coach between his own market town and Gloucester before the branch railway was made, and they say he did a good deal of money-lending; any way, he scraped together a goodish bit, and his wife came in for a slice of luck by a legacy. So altogether their daughter—the first Mrs. Martin Bransby that was—had a nice fortune of her own. She was sent to a good school and well educated, and she was a very good sort of girl; but she had just the same smooth, light hair, and smooth, pale face as this young Theodore. Martin Bransby had money with his first wife—he's got beauty with his second."

"Oho!" exclaimed Jo Weatherhead, eager and attentive. "Rabbitt, eh? I never knew before who the first Mrs. Bransby was."

"Not a many folks in Oldchester now do know. I happened to



know from being often over at Gloucester, visiting Dobbs's family, when I was a girl. Many a day we've driven past the Castlecombe Arms in the chaise. Dear, dear, how far off it all seems, and yet so plain and distinct! I couldn't help thinking of those old times when the lad was here the other day; he has such a look of old Rabbitt!"

Thus Mrs. Dobbs, rather dreamily, with her eyes fixed on the opposite houses of Friar's Row—or as much of them as could be seen above a wire window-blind—and her fingers mechanically busy with her knitting. But she saw neither the quaint gables nor the gray stone-walls. Her mind was transported into the past. She was bowling along a smooth high-road in an old-fashioned chaise. A girl friend sat in the little seat behind her, and leaned over her shoulder from time to time to whisper some saucy joke. Beside her was the girl's brother, young Isaac Dobbs—a personable young fellow, who drove the old pony humanely, and seemed in no hurry to get home to Gloucester. She could feel the moist, sweet air of a showery summer evening on her cheek, and smell the scent of a branch of sweetbriar which Isaac had gallantly cut for her from the hedge.

Theodore Bransby did not guess that Mrs. Dobbs had treated him with forbearance and indulgence; still less did he imagine that the forbearance and indulgence had been due to reminiscences of her girlhood, wherein his maternal grandfather figured as "Old Rabbitt."

The question of May's dress for the dinner party gave rise to no debate. Mrs. Dobbs had been brought up in the faith that the proper garb for a young girl on all festive occasions was white muslin; and in white muslin May was arrayed accordingly. The delicate fairness of her arms and neck was not marred by the trying juxtaposition of that dead-white material. It served only to give value to the soft flesh tints, and to the sunny brownness of her hair. When she had driven off in the roomy old fly with Mrs. Hadlow and the Canon and Constance, who called to fetch her, Mrs. Dobbs and Mr. Weatherhead agreed that she looked lovely, and must excite general admiration. But the truth was that May's appearance did not seem to dazzle anybody. Mrs. Hadlow gave her a comprehensive and approving glance when she took her cloak off in the well-lighted hall of Mr. Bransby's house, and said, "Very neat. Very nice. Couldn't be better, May." Canon Hadlow—a white-haired venerable figure, with the mildest of blue eyes, and a sensitive mouth—smiled on her, and nodded in confirmation of his wife's verdict. Constance, brilliant in amber, with damask roses at her breast and in her hair, thought her friend looked very school-girlish, and wanting in style. But she had the good-nature to pay the one compliment which she sincerely thought was merited, and to say, "Your complexion stands even that blue-white cloth muslin, May. I should look absolutely mahogany-coloured in it!"

May felt somewhat excited and nervous as she followed Mrs. Hadlow up the softly carpeted stairs to the drawing-room. But she had a wholesome conviction of her own unimportance on this occasion, and comforted herself with the hope of being left to look on without more notice from any one than mere courtesy demanded. Her first impression was one of eager admiration, for just within the drawing-room door stood Mrs. Bransby, looking radiantly handsome. May thought her the loveliest person she had ever beheld; and her dress struck even May's inexperienced eyes as being supremely elegant. Constance Hadlow's attire, with its unrelieved breadth of bright colour and its stiff outline, suddenly appeared as crude as a cheap chromo-lithograph beside a Venetian masterpiece. Behind his wife, seated in an easy chair, was Martin Bransby, a fine, powerfully built man of sixty, with dark eyes and eyebrows, and a shock of grizzled hair. His naturally ruddy complexion was pallid from recent illness, and the lines under his eyes and round his mouth had deepened perceptibly during the last two months. Theodore stood near his father, stiffly upright, and with a cravat and shirt-front so faultlessly smooth and white as to look as though they had been cast in plaster of Paris. Standing with his back to the fire was Dr. Hatch—a familiar figure to May, as to most eyes in Oldchester. He was a short man, rather too broad for his height; with benevolent brown eyes, a wide, low forehead, and a wide, firm mouth, singularly expressive of humour when he smiled. No other guest had arrived when the Hadlows entered the drawing-room.

After the first greetings, the party fell into little groups: the Canon and Mr. Bransby, who were very old friends, conversing together in a low voice, whilst Theodore advanced to entertain Mrs. Hadlow with grave politeness, and Constance made a minute and admiring inspection of Mrs. Bransby's dress.

May thus found herself a little apart from the rest, and sat down in a corner half hidden by the protruding mantelpiece of carved oak, which rose nearly to the ceiling; an elaborate erection of richly carved pillars, and shelves and niches holding blue-and-white china, in the most approved style.

"Well, Miss May, and how are you?" asked Dr. Hatch, moving a little nearer to her, as he stood on the hearthrug.

"Quite well thank you, Dr. Hatch," said May, looking up with her bright young smile.

"That's right! But don't mention to any member of the Faculty that I said so. There's a professional etiquette in these matters; and I shouldn't like to be quoted as having given any encouragement to rude health."

"I'll take care," returned May, falling into his humour, and assuming a grave look. "And I will always bear witness for you that you gave me some very nasty medicine when I had the measles, Dr. Hatch. I'm sure the other doctors would approve of that, wouldn't they?"

"Nice child," murmured Dr. Hatch. "Understands a joke. It would be as much as my practice is worth to talk in that way to some young ladies I could mention.—Well, and so this is your first entrance into the gay and festive scene, eh?"

"Yes; I have never been to a regular dinner-party before. I am so glad Mr. Bransby is quite well again," said May, looking across the room at their host.

"Are you? Well, I believe you are glad. Yes; it is much to be desired that he should be quite well again." Dr. Hatch's eyes had followed the girl's, and rested on Martin Bransby with a thoughtful look. Then, after a minute's pause, he went on: "Now, as you are not quite familiar here, I'll give you a map of the country, as the French say. Do you know who that is who has just come in? No? That is Mr. Bragg. He makes millions and billions of tin tacks every week. You've heard of him, of course?" May nodded. "Of course you have. Couldn't live long in Oldchester without hearing of Mr. Bragg. That handsome, elderly man, now bowing to Mrs. Bransby, is Major Mitton, of the Engineers. Ever hear of him? Ah, well; I suppose not. He's a very good-natured, kindly gentleman, and an excellent soldier. He's distinguished himself greatly in the Crimea. But no one will ever hear him say a word about that. What he is proud of is his reputation as an amateur actor. I have known more reprehensible vanities. Ah, and here come the Pipers, Miss Polly and Miss Patty; and I think that makes up our number."

Dr. Hatch did not think of asking May whether she had ever heard of the Miss Pipers. The fact was she had heard of them very often. They were Oldchester celebrities quite as much as Mr. Bragg. Bragg's tin tacks were daily hammered into the consciousness of the civilised world.

Miss Mary and Miss Martha Piper (invariably called Polly and Patty) were old maids between fifty and sixty years old. They were not rich; they had never been handsome; they were not, even in the opinion of their most partial friends, brilliantly clever.

What, then, was the cause of the distinction they undoubtedly enjoyed in Oldchester society? The cause was Miss Polly Piper's musical talent—or at least her reputation for musical talent, which, for social purposes, was the same thing. Miss Piper had once upon a time, no matter how many years ago, composed an oratorio, and offered it to the Committee of a great Musical Festival, for performance. It was not accepted—for reasons which Miss Piper was at no loss to perceive. The reader is implored not to conclude rashly that the oratorio was rejected because it failed to reach the requisite high standard. Miss Piper knew a great deal better than that. She had been accustomed to mix with the musical world from an early age. Her father, an amiable Oldchester clergyman, rector of the church in which Mr. Sebastian Bach Simpson was organist, was considered the best amateur violoncello player in the Midland Counties. When the great music meeting brought vocal and instrumental artists to Oldchester, the Reverend Reuben Piper's house was always open to several of them; and Miss Polly had poured out tea for more than one great English tenor, great German basso, and great Scandinavian soprano. So that, as she often said, she was clearly quite behind the scenes of the artistic world, and thoroughly understood its intrigues, its ambitions, and its jealousies. Thus she was less mortified and discouraged by the rejection of her oratorio than she would have been had she supposed it due to honest disapproval. The work, which was entitled *Esther*, was played and sung, however;—not indeed by the great English tenor, German basso, and Scandinavian soprano, but by very competent performers. It was performed in the large room in Oldchester, used for concerts and lectures, and called Mercers' Hall. Admission was by invitation, and the hall was quite full, which, as Miss Patty triumphantly observed, was a very gratifying tribute on the part of the town and county. Miss Polly did not conduct her own music. Ladies had not yet wielded the conductor's baton in those days. But she sat in a front row, with her father on one side of her and her sister Patty on the other, and bowed her acknowledgments to the executants at the end of each piece.

It was a great day for the Piper family, and that one solitary fact (for the oratorio was never repeated) flavoured the rest of their lives with an odour of artistic glory, as one Tonquin bean will perfume a whole chest full of miscellaneous articles. Truly, the triumph was not cheap. The rehearsals and the performance had to be paid for, and it was said at the time that the Reverend Reuben had been obliged to sell some excellent Canal Shares in order to meet the expenses, and had thereby diminished his income by so many pounds sterling for evermore. But at least the expenditure purchased a great deal of happiness; and that is more than can be said of most investments which the world would consider wiser. From that day forth, Miss Polly held the position of a musical authority in certain circles. Long after a younger generation had grown up, to whom that famous performance of *Esther* was as vague a historical fact as the Heptarchy, people continued to speak of Miss Polly Piper as a successful composer. The lives of the two sisters were shaped by this tradition. They went every year to London for a month during the season; and for a longer or shorter time to some Continental city,—Leipsic, Frankfurt, or Brussels: once, even, as far as Vienna,—whence they came back bringing with them the latest *dicta* in musical fashions, just as Mrs. Clarkson, the chief Oldchester milliner, announced every year her return from Paris with a large and varied assortment of bonnets in the newest styles. It has been written that "*they*" brought back with them the newest *dicta* on musical matters; but it must not be supposed that Miss Patty set up to interpret the law on such points. She was, as to things musical, merely her sister's echo and mouth-piece. But sincerity, that best salt for all human communications, preserved Miss Patty's subservience from any taint of humbug. However extravagant might be her estimate of Polly's artistic gifts and attainments, you could not doubt that it was genuine.

These circumstances were, broadly speaking, known to every one present. But May was acquainted with another aspect of the legend of Miss Piper's oratorio: a seamy side which the poor good lady did not even suspect. That famous oratorio had been a fertile source of mirth at the time to all the performers engaged in it. There were all sorts of stories current as to the amazing things Miss Piper did with her instrumentation: the impossible efforts she expected from the "wind," and the anomalous sounds she elicited from the "wood." These were retailed with much gusto by Jo Weatherhead, who, in virtue of a high nasal voice, and a power (common enough in those parts) of reading music at sight, had sung with the tenors through many a Festival chorus, and known many professional musicians during his sojourn in Birmingham. One favourite anecdote was of a trombone player who at rehearsal, in the very climax and stress of the overture, when he was to have come in with a powerful effect, stretched out his arm at full length, and produced the most hideous and unearthly noise ever heard; and who, on being rebuked by the conductor, handed up his part for inspection, observing, amid the unrestrained laughter of the band, that that was the nearest *he* could come to the note Miss Piper had written for him, which was some half octave below the usual compass of his instrument. Of this, and many another similar story, Miss Piper and Miss Piper's friends knew nothing. But May, remembering them, looked at the two old ladies as they marched into the room with an interest not so wholly reverential as might have been wished.

They were both short, fat, snub-nosed little women, with wide smiling mouths, and double chins. Miss Patty was rather shorter, rather fatter, and rather more snub-nosed than her gifted sister. But the chief difference between the two, which struck one at first sight, was that whereas Miss Piper's own grey locks were disposed in a thick kind of curl, like a plethoric sausage, on each side of her face, Miss Patty wore a pale, gingerbread-coloured wig. Why, having all the wigmaker's stores to choose from, she should have chosen just that particular hue, May secretly wondered as she looked at her. But so it was. And if she had worn a blue wig, it could scarcely have been more innocent of any attempt to deceive the beholder. Both ladies wore good substantial silk gowns, and little lace caps with artificial flowers in them. But the remarkable feature in their attire was the extraordinary number of chains, beads, and bracelets with which they had festooned themselves. And, moreover, these were of a severely mineralogical character. Round Miss Patty's fat, deeply-creased throat, May counted three necklaces:—one of coral, one of cornelian, and the third a long string of grey pebble beads which dangled nearly to her waist. Miss Polly wore—besides a variety of other nondescript adornments apparently of red marble, cut into polygonal fragments of irregular length. Their rings too, which were numerous, seemed to be composed for the most part of building materials; and each sister wore a mosaic brooch which looked, May thought, like a bit out of the tessellated pavement of the smart new Corn Exchange in the High Street.

It did not take that young lady's quick perception long to make all the foregoing observations. Indeed, she had completed them within the minute and a half which elapsed between the Miss Pipers' arrival and the announcement of dinner.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE order of the procession to the dining-room had been pre-arranged not without some difficulty. Mrs. Bransby had pointed out to Theodore that his whim of inviting Miss Cheffington must cause a solecism somewhere in marshalling their guests.

"Constance will, of course, expect you to take her," said Mrs.

Bransby, "and then what is to be done with little Miss Cheffington? I really think I had better invite two more people, and get some young man to take her in to dinner. Perhaps Mr. Rivers would come."

But Theodore utterly opposed this suggestion, and said that the simple and obvious course was for him to give his arm to Miss Cheffington, and for Dr. Hatch to escort Miss Hadlow.

"Oh, well, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Bransby, looking a little surprised. And so it was settled. But at the last moment, in arranging her table and disposing of the cards with the guests' names before each cover, Mrs. Bransby found that it would be necessary, for the sake of symmetrically alternating a lady and gentleman, to divide one couple, and place them on opposite sides of the table. She decided that Dr. Hatch and Miss Hadlow would endure this sort of divorce with equanimity; and thus it came to pass that when Theodore took his seat at table he found himself in the enviable and unexpected position of sitting between the two young ladies of the party—Constance and May.

Mr. Bransby led out Mrs. Hadlow, the hostess bringing up the rear with Canon Hadlow. Major Mitton had the honour of escorting Miss Piper, while Miss Patty fell to Mr. Bragg. There was, as is usual on such occasions, very little conversation while the soup and fish were being eaten. Miss Piper, indeed, who was constitutionally loquacious, talked all the while to Major Mitton, though in a comparatively low tone of voice; but the rest of the company devoted themselves mainly to their plates; or at least said only a fragmentary sentence now and then. But by degrees the desultory talk swelled into a continuous murmur, across which bursts of laughter were wafted at intervals. May had the satisfaction she had hoped for, of being allowed to be quiet, for her neighbour on the one hand was the Canon, who contented himself with smiling on her silently, whilst Theodore was greatly occupied by his neighbour, Miss Hadlow. Being seated between him and Major Mitton, she monopolised the younger gentleman's attention with the undoubting conviction that he enjoyed being monopolised.

Mr. Bragg, a heavy, melancholy-looking man, found Miss Patty Piper a congenial companion on a topic which interested him a good deal—cookery. Not that he was a *gastronome*. He had a grand French cook; but he confided to Miss Patty that he never tasted anything nowadays which he relished so much as he had relished a certain beef-steak pudding that his deceased "missis" used to make for him thirty years ago, and better. Miss Patty had, as it happened, some peculiar and special views as to the composition of a beef-steak pudding; and Mr. Bragg—borne backwards by the tide of memory to those distant days when his missis had lodged in one room, and before he had learned the secret of transmuting tin tacks into luxury and French cooks—enjoyed his reminiscences in a slow, sad, ruminating way.

Presently, when the dessert was on the table, there came a little lull in the general conversation, and the husky contralto voice of Miss Piper was heard saying, "My dear Major, I tell you it was the same woman. You say you heard her at Malta fifteen years ago. Very well. That's no reason; for she might have been only sixteen or seventeen then. These Italians are so precocious."

"More like six or seven-and-twenty, Miss Piper. Bless you, she had long outgrown short frocks and pinafores in those days. Fourteen—fifteen—yes; it must be fully fifteen years ago. It was the season that we got up the *Honeymoon* for the garrison theatricals. I played the Duke. It has been one of my best parts ever since. And there was a scratch company of Italian opera-singers doing wretched business. We got up a subscription for them, poor things. But fancy 'La Bianca' still singing Rosina in the *Barber*."

"She looked charming, I can tell you. I don't say that her voice may not be a little worn in the upper notes—"

"I wonder there's a rag of it left," put in the Major.

"Yes; a little worn. But she knows how to sing. If one must listen to such trivial, florid music, that's the only way to sing it."

"Ah, there we shan't agree, Miss Piper! No, no; I always stand up for Rossini. I don't pretend to be a great swell at music, but I have an ear, and I like a toon. Give me a toon that I can remember and whistle, and I'll make you a present of Wagner and the other fellows, all howlings and growlings."

"Major, Major," called out Dr. Hatch from the opposite side of the table, "this is terribly obsolete doctrine! We shall have you confessing next that you like sugar in your tea, and prefer a rose to a sunflower!"

Mr. Bransby, wishing to avert any unpleasant shock of opinions on such high themes, here interposed. He turned the conversation back to the Italian singer, who could be abused without ruffling anybody's *amour propre*. "But who is this *prima donna* you're talking of, Major?" said he.

Miss Piper struck in before Major Mitton could reply. "It's a certain Moretti:—Bianca Moretti. We heard her last summer in a minor theatre at Brussels, with a strolling Italian Opera Company. Don't you remember, Patty?"

"Moretti?" said Miss Patty, instantly breaking off in the middle of a sentence addressed to Mrs. Bragg, at the sound of her sister's voice.

"The woman with the fine eyes? Oh yes. I remember her particularly, because of the awful scandal there was afterwards about her and that Englishman."

Several heads at the table were now turned towards Miss Patty, who shook her gingerbread-coloured wig with a knowing air. "I was just telling the Major," said Miss Piper. "We might never have known of it, if it had not been for the Italian Consul, who was a friend of ours. It was quite a sensation! A bit out of a French novel, eh?—Oh yes; quite ready, Mrs. Bransby."

The last words had reference to a telegraphic signal from the hostess, who immediately rose. Mrs. Hadlow had been looking across at her rather uneasily during the last minute or so. The fact was that the Miss Pipers were reputed in Oldchester to have a somewhat unconsidered and free way of talking. Some persons thought it connected rather with Miss Piper's artistic experiences, which in some mysterious way were supposed to have had a tendency to make her "a little masculine." The implication would seem to be that to be "masculine" involves a lax government of the tongue. But as no Oldchester gentleman was ever known to protest against this imputation, it is not necessary to examine it here more particularly. "When she began to talk about a French novel, my dear, there was no knowing what she might say next," said Mrs. Hadlow afterwards to Mrs. Bransby. So the latter hurried the departure of the ladies as we have seen.

When they rose to go away, May, of course, went out last, Theodore holding the door open with his air of superior politeness. "Who is that pretty little girl? I don't think I know her face," said Major Mitton when the young man had resumed his seat, and the chairs were drawn closer together.

"That is Miss Miranda Cheffington."

"Cheffington? I knew a Cheffington once—a terrible black sheep. Very likely it's not the same family, though. What Cheffingtons does this young lady belong to?"

"The family of Viscount Castlecombe."

"The man I knew was a nephew of old Castlecombe. Gus Cheffington his name was, I remember now."

Theodore moved a little uneasily on his seat, and, after a moment's reflection, said gravely,

"Captain Augustus Cheffington is this young lady's father; he is a friend of mine. Miss Cheffington is going to town to be presented next season by her aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith. She is a very



thoroughbred woman. Do you know the Dormer-Smiths, Major Mitton? They are in the best set."

The Major did not know the Dormer-Smiths, and had no interest in pursuing the subject. He turned to join in the conversation going on between Mr. Bransby, the Canon, and Dr. Hatch, and then Theodore slipped out of his place and went to sit nearer to Mr. Bragg, who was looking a little solitary. Mr. Bragg had a great many good qualities, but he was usually considered to be heavy in hand from a conversational point of view. Theodore, however, did not find him dull. He talked to Mr. Bragg with an agreeable sense of making an excellent figure in the eyes of that millionaire. Theodore had a strong memory, considerable powers of application, and had read a great many solid books. He favoured Mr. Bragg now with a speech on the subject of the currency, about which he had read all the most modern theories up to date. The currency, he felt, must be a peculiarly interesting subject to a man who sold millions and billions of tin tacks in all the markets of the world. Mr. Bragg drank his wine, keeping his eyes on the table, and listened with silent attention. Theodore, warmed by a mental vision of himself speaking in a breathless House of Commons, rose to parliamentary heights of eloquence. He had already addressed Mr. Bragg as "Sir," and had sternly inquired what he supposed would be the consequence if the present movement in favour of bi-metalism should be still further developed in the United States, when he was interrupted by his father's voice saying,

"Come, shall we ask Mrs. Bransby for a cup of coffee?"

Mr. Bragg lifted his eyes and rose from his chair, and Theodore and he moved towards the door side by side.

"It ought to be boiled in a basin, oughtn't it?" said Mr. Bragg, thoughtfully. "Ah, no; it wasn't you. I remember now, it was Miss Patty Piper who was mentioning—I'll ask her again when we get upstairs."

Meanwhile the elder ladies had been deep in the discussion of Miss Piper's interrupted story. Constance and May had got close together near the pianoforte, and Mrs. Bransby had asked Constance to play something "soft and pretty." Constance opened the instrument and ran her fingers over the keys in a desultory manner, playing scraps of waltzes or whatever came into her head, and continuing her chat with May to that running accompaniment. Mrs. Bransby, Mrs. Hadlow, and the Miss Pipers grouped themselves near the fireplace at the other end of the room, and carried on their talk also under cover of the music.

"It was odd enough that on my happening to mention the name of the Moretti to Major Mitton he should remember her at Malta so many years ago," began Miss Piper.

"Yes; and you see now that I was right, and she can't be so young as you thought her, Polly," said her sister.

"Lord, what does that matter? I only said she looked young, and so she did. And besides, I dare say the Major exaggerates her age. When a woman becomes a celebrity, or comes before the public in any way, her age is sure to be exaggerated. Many people who only know me through my works suppose me to be eighty, I dare say. They never imagine a woman so young as I was at the time composing a serious work like *Esther*."

"Is she handsome, this Signora Moretti?" asked Mrs. Bransby, who was always interested in, and attracted by, beauty.

"Very handsome—in that Italian style. Great black eyes, and black eyebrows, and a fine profile. Too thin, though. But, oh yes; extremely handsome. And a very clever singer."

"And a very worthless hussy," added Miss Patty, severely.

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadlow. "It does seem so sad when one finds great gifts, like talent and beauty, without goodness!"

"Well, I don't know that she was so very bad either," replied Miss Piper.

"Goodness, Polly! How can you talk so?" cried her sister.

"Why she was living openly with that Englishman!"

"Some people said she was married to him, you know, Patty."

"Stuff and nonsense!" returned Miss Patty, who, whilst undoubtedly accepting her sister's views about music, tenaciously reserved the right of private judgment as to the character of its professors, and was, moreover, chronically incredulous of the virtue of foreigners in general. "No sensible person could believe that. And as to her 'not being so very bad'—what do you make of that nice story of the gambling, and the police, and all the rest of it?"

"The police!" echoed Mrs. Hadlow, in a low shocked voice.

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Bransby.

"Now, just let me tell it, Patty," said the elder sister. "If I am wrong you can correct me afterwards. But I believe I know more about it than you do. Well, there was an Italian Opera Company singing in a minor theatre of Brussels when we were there, and doing very well; for the *prima donna*, Bianca Moretti, was a great favourite. They had previously been making a tour through Belgium. One night we were in the theatre with some friends, expecting to hear her for the second time in the *Barbiere*, when, some time after the curtain ought to have risen, a man came on to the stage, and announced that the Signora Moretti had been suddenly taken ill, and there would be no performance. But the next day we learned that the story of the Moretti's illness was only an excuse—or, at least, that if she was ill, it was only from the nervous shock of having her house searched by the police."

"I think that was quite enough to make her ill! But why did they search her house?" said Mrs. Bransby.

"Well, you see, it was in this way," continued Miss Piper, lowering her voice, and drawing a little nearer to her hostess, while Mrs. Hadlow cast a glance over her shoulder to assure herself that the girls were occupied with their own conversation. "It seems that a set of men were in the habit of meeting every night after the opera in her apartment to play cards. There was the Englishman, and a young Russian belonging to a grand family, and a Servian, or a Roumanian, or a Bulgarian, or something," said Miss Piper, whose ideas as to the national distinctions between the younger members of the European family were decidedly vague, "and others besides. Now this man, the—Bulgarian, we may as well call him, was a thorough blackleg, and bore the worst of characters. He led on the Russian to play for very high stakes, and won large sums from him. Well, to make a long story short, one night there was a terrible scene. The Russian accused the other man of cheating. They came to blows, I believe, and there was a regular *esclandre*. And next day the Bulgarian was missing. He had got away with a good deal of plunder."

"How shocking and disgraceful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadlow, in whom this gossip excited far more disgust than interest; and who thought Polly Piper showed very bad taste in selecting such a topic.

"But why did the police search the Italian singer's apartment? It was not *her* fault, was it?" asked Mrs. Bransby.

"Why, you see, the gambling had gone on in her rooms. And the Bulgarian turning out to be connected with a regular gang of swindlers, the search was made for any letters or papers of his that might be there. We were told that the Russian ambassador had something to say to it; for the young Russian was connected with very high people indeed. Nothing was found, however."

"Nothing was found that could be laid hold of," put in Miss Patty. "But there could be no question what sort of a person that woman was after all that!"

"Well, really, Patty," said her sister, "it seems to me that the Englishman was a deal more to blame. Nobody pretended that the Moretti wanted to gamble for her own amusement, or profit either! It was the ruin of her in Brussels; at any rate for that season. There was a party made up to hiss her wherever she

appeared; and there were disturbances in the theatre; and, in short, the performances had to cease. I was sorry for her."

"Upon my word, Polly, I don't see why you should be," cried Miss Patty. "She deserved all she got. I have no patience with bestowing pity and sympathy on such creatures. If she had been an ugly washerwoman, instead of a painted opera-singer, nobody would have had a soft word for her."

"Oh, surely there are plenty of people who would be gentle to an ugly washerwoman, if she needed gentleness," put in Mrs. Hadlow. "And you know, my dear Miss Patty, we are taught to pity all those who stray from the right path."

"As to that, I hope I can pity error as well as my neighbours—in a religious sense," returned Miss Patty with some sharpness. "But this is different. I was speaking as a member of society."

"And the Englishman—was he implicated?" asked Mrs. Bransby, rather from a desire to divert the conversation from a direction fraught with danger to the general harmony than from any special curiosity on the subject.

"No; not exactly implicated," replied Miss Piper. "That is to say, he was not suspected of any unfair play, or anything of that sort; but it was considered disgraceful for him to have been mixed up in these gambling transactions; especially as he was a much older man than the others. And then—"

"And then," continued Miss Patty, "it was not considered exactly creditable, I believe—although perhaps Polly thinks it was; I'm sure I don't know—it wasn't most people would say, exactly creditable for a man of family, an English gentleman, to be strolling about the world with a parcel of foreign singers. And he had been doing just that. We heard of his being at Antwerp, and Ghent, and Ostend with them."

"A man of family, do you say? A really well-born man?" said Mrs. Hadlow, sitting suddenly very upright in the energy of her feelings. "How shocking! That really seems to be the worst of all!"

"Well, I suppose we must pity *his* errors," observed Miss Patty, with some causticity. But Mrs. Hadlow was insensible to the sarcasm; or, at all events, her sense of it was swallowed up by a stronger feeling. "I do think it's a public misfortune," she went on, "when a person on whom Providence has bestowed gentle birth derogates from his rank and forgets his duties. It grieves me."

"You must suffer a good deal in these days, I'm afraid," said Miss Patty, grimly.

"Not on that account," replied Mrs. Hadlow. "No; truly not. There may be exceptions—I won't deny that there are some. But, on the whole, I thoroughly believe that *bon sang ne peut mentir*."

"Well, perhaps Mr. Cheffington's blood is not so good as he says it is; that's all," said Miss Patty, with a short laugh.

Mrs. Hadlow and Mrs. Bransby uttered a simultaneous exclamation of amazement; and then the former said in a breathless whisper, "Hush, hush, my dear, for mercy's sake! Did you say Cheffington? That is—Cheffington is the name of that girl! Don't turn your head!"

"Oh, it can't be the same!" said Mrs. Bransby, nervously.

"No, no; I dare say not. But the name—it must, I fear, be a member of the family," answered Mrs. Hadlow.

"How lucky it wasn't mentioned in her hearing," said Miss Piper. "Poor little thing, I wouldn't for the world—! She's very pretty and bright-looking. I don't think I ever saw her before."

Mrs. Bransby hurriedly explained how May came to be there, and as much of her story as she was acquainted with—which was, in truth, very little. The Miss Pipers listened eagerly, and Mrs. Hadlow sat by with a cloud of anxious perplexity on her usually beaming face. They all admitted that of course the person spoken of might be no relation of May's at all; but it was evident that no one believed that hypothesis. To the Miss Pipers the whole matter was simply a relishing morsel of gossip. They dwelt with gusto on "the extraordinary coincidence" of Miss Cheffington's being there just that very evening, and "the singular circumstance" that Major Mitton should remember Bianca Moretti, and enjoyed it all very much. Mrs. Bransby's prevalent feeling was one of annoyance, and resentment against Theodore, who had brought this girl into the house. Mrs. Bransby detested a "fuss" of any sort; and shrank, with a sort of amiable indolence, from the conflict of provincial feuds and the excitement of provincial gossip. And now, she reflected, this story would be spread all over Oldchester, and she would be "worried to death" by questions on a subject about which she knew very little, and cared less.

"We won't say another word about this horrid story," she said, looking appealingly at the Miss Pipers. "Silence is the only thing under the circumstances. Don't you think so? It would be so dreadful if the girl should overhear anything, and make a scene; wouldn't it?"

Miss Polly and Miss Patty readily promised to be most guardedly silent—for that evening, and so long as May should be present; declaring quite sincerely that they would not for the world risk hurting the poor child's feelings. And then Mrs. Bransby began to flatter herself that the subject was done with, so far as she was concerned. But Fate had decided otherwise.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Miss Hadlow was playing one of her most brilliant pieces, to which Miss Polly Piper was listening with an air of responsible attention, and gently nodding her head from time to time in an encouraging manner; Miss Patty Piper and May were looking over a large album full of photographs together; while Mrs. Bransby was narrating to Mrs. Hadlow Bobby's latest witticisms, and Billy's extraordinary progress in the art of spelling:—these juvenile prodigies being her two younger children.

Constance did not interrupt her performance on the entrance of the gentlemen, and Major Mitton went to stand beside the pianoforte, gallantly turning over the music leaves at the wrong moment, with the best intentions. Canon Hadlow sat down near Miss Piper; the host with Dr. Hatch crossed the room to speak to Mrs. Hadlow, and Mr. Bragg and Theodore approached the table, at which Miss Patty and May Cheffington were seated. Mr. Bragg drew up a chair close to Miss Patty at once, and began to talk with her in a low voice, and with more appearance of animation than his manner usually displayed. Theodore, as he observed this, remembered with satisfaction that his friend Captain Cheffington had formerly pronounced old Bragg to be a d—d snob. A man must indeed be on a low level who could prefer Miss Patty Piper's culinary conversation to a luminous exposition of the currency question as set forth by Mr. Theodore Bransby. He bent over May, who was still turning the leaves of the photograph book, and said, "I'm afraid you are not having a very amusing evening, Miss Cheffington."

"Oh, yes, thank you," returned May, making the queerest little grimace in her effort not to yawn. "I am very fond of looking at photographs."

"I don't suppose there are many portraits there that you would recognise. A little out of your set," said Theodore. "In fact, I don't know many of them myself, I have been so much away. By the way, have you any commands for your people in town? I go up the day after to-morrow."

"Shall you see Aunt Pauline?"

"Certainly. I suppose Lord Castlecombe is not likely to be in town at this season?" went on Theodore, raising his tone a little so as to be heard by the others. Constance's playing had now come to an end, and there was a general lowering of voices, occasioned by the cessation of that pianoforte accompaniment.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I don't know where he lives," answered May, innocently.

"Ahem! He is at this season, in all probability, at Combe Park, his place in Gloucestershire."

May had never heard of her great-uncle's place in Gloucestershire; but now, when Theodore said the words, her thought flashed through a chain of associations to Mrs. Dobbs's mention of the Castlecombe Arms on the Gloucester Road, kept by "Old Rabbitt," and she blushed as though she had done something to be ashamed of.

"The last time I had the pleasure of seeing your father, he was talking to me about Combe Park," continued Theodore, with a complacent sense of superiority to the rest of the company in these manifestations of familiar intercourse with members of the Castlecombe family. Lord Castlecombe was a very important personage in those parts. As May did not speak, Theodore went on: "Grand old place, Combe Park, isn't it?"

"Is it?" returned May, absently. She was looking with great interest at the portrait of a superb lace dress, surmounted by a distorted image of Mrs. Bransby's head and face, which were quite out of focus. But the lace flounces had "come out splendidly," as the photographer remarked. And, if the truth must be told, May admired them greatly.

"Is it?" repeated Theodore, with a little smile. "But you have lived so long abroad, that you are quite a stranger to all these ancestral glories. I hope, however, that you have not the same preference for the Continent that your father has?"

"Oh, I'm sure I should always love England best. But I don't know the most beautiful parts of the Continent—Switzerland or Italy. We were always in Belgium, and Belgium isn't beautiful. At least I don't remember any beautiful country."

Thus May, with perfect simplicity, still turning over the photographs, and all unconscious that the Miss Pipers had simultaneously interrupted their own conversation, and were staring at her.

"No; Belgium is not beautiful—except architecturally," replied Theodore. "But there is very nice society in Brussels, and a pleasant Court, I believe. No doubt that's one reason why Captain Cheffington likes it."

"Is Brussels your home, then? Do you live there?" asked Miss Patty, leaning eagerly forward.

May looked up, and perceived all at once that every one was gazing at her. The Miss Pipers' sudden attention to what she was saying had attracted the attention of the others—as one may collect a crowd in the street by fixedly regarding the most familiar object. In her inexperience she feared she had committed some breach of the etiquette proper to be observed at a "grown-up dinner party." Perhaps she ought not to have devoted so much attention to the photographs! She closed the book hurriedly as she answered,

"No, I don't live in Brussels, but papa does—at least, generally."

Mrs. Bransby rose from her chair, and came rather quickly across the room. "My dear," she said, "I want to present our old friend, Major Mitton, to you;" and taking May by the arm, she led her away towards the pianoforte. Theodore observed this proceeding with a cool smile, and a sense of inward triumph. Mrs. Bransby began to understand, then, what a very highly connected young lady this was, and was endeavouring, although a little late, to show her proper attention. Another time Mrs. Bransby would receive his introduction and recommendation with more respect. In the same way, he felt gratification in the eager questions with which Miss Patty plied him. Miss Patty left the millionaire Mr. Bragg in the lurch, and began to catechise Theodore on the subject of the Cheffington family.

That fastidious young gentleman said within himself that the snobbery of these Oldchester people was really too absurd; and mentally resolved to cut a great many of them, as he gained a firmer footing in the best London circles. Nevertheless he did not check Miss Patty's inquiries. On the contrary, he condescendingly gave her a great deal of information about his friends the Dormer-Smiths, the late lamented Dowager, the present Viscount Castlecombe, his two sons, the Honourable George and the Honourable Lucius, as well as some details respecting the more distant branch of the Cheffington family, who had intermarried with the Scotch Clishmaclavers, and were thus, not remotely, connected with the great ducal house of M'Brose.

This was all very well; but Miss Patty was far more interested in getting some information about Captain Cheffington which would identify him with the hero of the Brussels story, than of following the genealogy of the noble head of the family into its remotest ramifications. And, notwithstanding that Theodore was much more reticent about the Captain, she did manage to find out that the latter had lived abroad for many years—chiefly in Belgium—and that his pecuniary circumstances were not flourishing.

"I'm quite convinced it's the same man, Polly," she said afterwards to her sister. And, indeed, all the inquiries they made in Oldchester confirmed this idea. The Simpsons gave anything but a good character of May's absentee parent. And subsequent conversation with Major Mitton elicited the fact that Augustus Cheffington had been looked upon as a "black sheep" by not very fastidious or strait-laced circles many years ago. The story of the Brussels scandal was not long in reaching the ears of every one in Oldchester who had any knowledge, even by hearsay, of the parties concerned.

Theodore Bransby, who left Oldchester on the Monday following the dinner-party, and spent the intervening Sunday at home, was one of the few in the above-named category who did not hear of it.

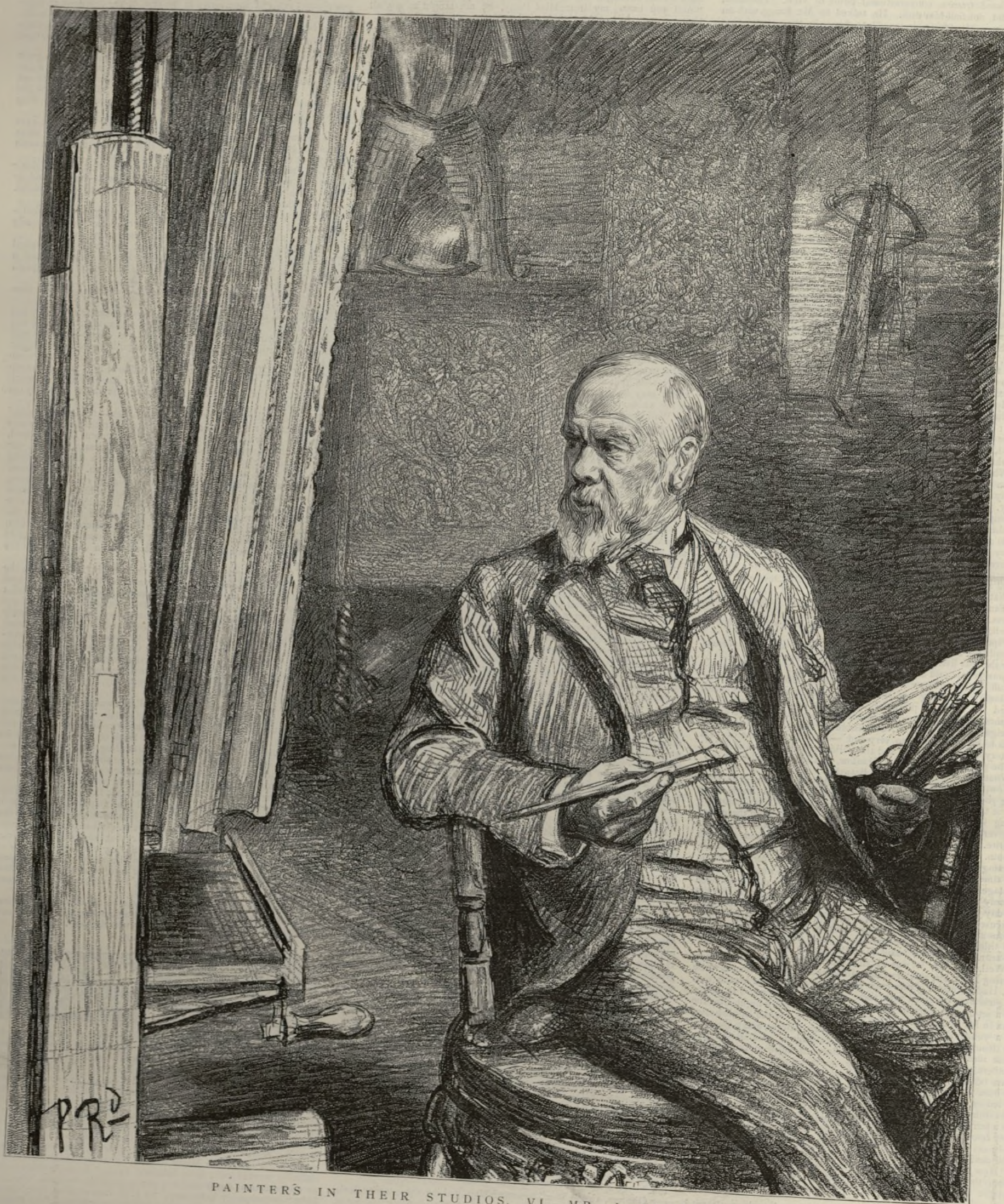
(To be continued)



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Four clever songs, for which A. Wellesley Batson, Mus. Bac., Oxon, has composed the music, are: "To Myra," words by Lord Lansdowne; "Friend Sorrow," words by Adelaide Procter; "The Mad Lover's Song," words by Charles Dibden; and "Love's Memories," written by T. K. Hervey.—Of medium compass is "Longing." The words are translated by Gabriel Festing, from the German; the music is by H. S. Vintner.—"Emperor Frederick's Funeral March," by F. Otto, was well adapted for the sad occasion for which it was composed, and may be used for similar solemn ceremonies.—Part LXXIX., Vol. X., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, commences with a masterly "Fugue in G Minor," by E. Townsend Driffeld, which is skilfully worked out; it is followed by an "Easy Postlude in D," an unpretentious but musically piece, by M. R. Jackson. Next we have "Introductory Voluntary," by J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc., Oxon; "Prayer," by James A. Crapper; and "Postlude in G," by William Spark; all three of which are highly to be commended. As a whole this is one of the best numbers of the volume.

MESSRS. METHVEN, SIMPSON, AND CO.—In two neat little books are "Ten Two-Part Songs," by Franz Abt, a style of composition in which the late composer excelled. All ten are more or less charming, and worthy the attention of singers, who appreciate simple melodies.—The much-admired poem by George Eliot, "O, May I Join the Choir Invisible," has been set to very appropriate music by J. More Smeeton, as a four-part-song for mixed voices; it has a very effective organ obbligato accompaniment.—A very taking duet for two voices of medium compass is "The Bonny, Bonny Dell," words by Dr. George Macdonald, music by Walter Slateby.





PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VI.—MR. J. PETTIE, R.A.  
DRAWN FROM LIFE



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VI.—  
MR. JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

ALTHOUGH more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since Mr. John Pettie floated up to London on *Good Words*, and I might add, on good works, he remains Scottish to the tips of his fingers and, literally, to the tip of his tongue. Amiability and shrewdness, kindly good-nature, and practical common-sense are the natural characteristics of his race; but for individuality of manner or "Caledonality" of temperament, Mr. Pettie is unsurpassed by any of his countrymen in the Academy, whether in the inner or the outer fold.

The problem has often been advanced for solution, "Why should the artistic instinct be so strong and original in the Scottish soul?" It was in all probability imbibed with the practice of claret-drinking and other inventions of the foreigner hundreds of years ago, when the canny Scot hired out his warlikeness to the Gaul for gold, to the discomfiture of the Briton his neighbour. However that may be, the fact is certain that their art (which, like murder, will out, with or without instruction) all partakes strongly of the romantic flavour, whether in subject, landscape, or seascape painting. And thus it was with Mr. Pettie. As a boy, he was intended for business in Glasgow, and, until his sixteenth year, in spite of all his entreaties, he was tied down to his desk. At last, overcome by the earnestness of his appeals, his parents consented to give him a year's tuition at the Edinburgh Academy; but when, at the expiration of that time, they summoned him to return, he refused point-blank to exchange the canvas for the hated ledger. In truth, the brush and the collapsible tube came more natural to him than the pen and "blue-black writing fluid," and when his parents perceived the strength of his passion they wisely yielded at discretion.

At that time—that is to say, before photography had driven the hungrier class of portraitists off the face of the earth—chalk portraits were all the rage. By the pursuit of this branch of Art many of our most eminent artists had kept wolves from their respective doors while practising higher flights, or cultivating the "grand style," and by the same means the young Pettie, by setting upon paper the faces of all the somebodies in East Linton (the village where he then lived), and earning from half-a-guinea to three guineas per operation, proved his ability for turning his talent into ready-money. Going seriously to work at the Trustees' Academy, he had for fellow-pupils men whom he has now for fellow-Academicians—Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. MacWhirter—and there began to make the drawings for *Good Words*, to which I have already alluded. But Mr. Pettie was a sensitive youth, and recognising the superior ability of Pinwell and Frederick Walker in black-and-white work, and galled at his inferiority, he finally left the pencil for the brush. He soon produced "The Time and Place"—a duellist awaiting the arrival of his fellow-idiot—which was exhibited in London. John Phillip noticed it, recommended Mr. Mappin of Sheffield to acquire it, and so gave the young artist the push-off out into the stream of fortune, along which he has since sailed so fast and so merrily.

Now it was that Mr. Pettie, like many another of our painters, fell under the thrall of Sir Walter Scott and his tales of the Highlands and of the Borderland. But not alone did Scott fire his imagination. The archaeological correctness of M. Gérôme and M. Meissonier inspired him with a love of historical accuracy in the rendering of costume and armour, and the result may be seen in nearly every subject-picture he has painted. Of great assistance, too, was the picturesqueness of Sir John Gilbert's work. The fertility in design of the President of the Royal Water-Colour Society is, I suppose, superior to that of even Gustave Doré himself; and I make no doubt, if the truth were known, that many of our best artists would be found at least equally indebted to the greatest black-and-white English artist of the century.

A somewhat prolonged visit to Italy, without which no artist's education is considered complete, soon followed, but Mr. Pettie carefully refrained from copying the Old Masters. It is his emphatic opinion that more artists have been marred than made by the process, which is as likely as not to destroy what individuality the copyist may possess.

"Then by what method did you seek to extract benefit from the Old Masters?" I asked him once when we were speaking on the subject.

"I just stared at them," he replied.

Mr. Pettie, beyond most other artists, has the happy power of keeping himself free of "subjects." When he wants one he works it out, and until it is finished he restrains himself from thinking of another. Scotch romance, Scotch history, and Scotch life have been his usual themes; latterly he has gone to earlier times, and tried to realise the life of the Anglo-Saxon



A FAMOUS SUIT OF ARMOUR



AT WORK ON "THE TRAITOR"



period. The origin of "Treasure," exhibited at the Academy in 1867, lay in a horrible nightmare—perhaps, to trace the matter still further to its source, in an underdone supper, like Fuseli's "Nightmare." Mr. Pettie dreamt that he, with others—a Cardinal, a soldier, and so on—were seated round a table plotting, while some of them, traitors, fell forward dead, face on table, one by one. When our artist's turn came to die, he woke in a fright, but, curiously enough, he was less impressed by his narrow escape than by the admirable composition and light and shade of the phantom scene. He forthwith painted the picture with little or no variation, and it now figures in the Mappin Museum at Sheffield. "The Traitor," Mr. Pettie's chief work in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, is in reality the sequel to the scene he had so curiously evolved from his own sleepy consciousness. The reader will observe that Mr. Renouard's principal sketch, accompanying this article, was drawn from Mr. Pettie while he was at work upon the picture.

It has been a pleasant practice of Mr. Pettie's to paint his friends into several of his pictures. Thus "The Threat"—the angry steel-cased Knight who shook his fist so alarmingly at the Royal Academy visitors in 1876—is a portrait of Mr. Wallis. This gentleman, a young Scot, was a clever architect (and may be still for aught I know) to whom Mr. Pettie entrusted the rearing of his splendid house in Fitzjohn's Avenue—"The Lothians," as it is called. The "Knight of the Seventeenth Century" was Mr. William Black, the novelist, freshly returned from his war-correspondence during the Russo-Turkish struggle. "His First Death-Warrant," for which Mr. Pettie received the highest price ever paid him for a picture—2,000*l.*—since he sold his first in Edinburgh for fifteen pounds, is a portrait of his father; and Mr. Lawson, the sculptor, and Mr. Tom Graham, the painter, figure with others in "Jacobites, 1745."

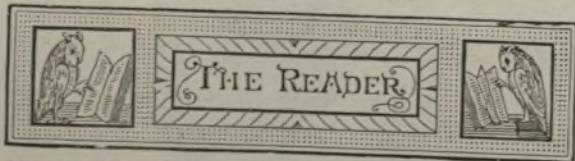
Mr. Pettie's "method" is of a very simple character. Having decided upon his subject—it has been "set," perhaps, at the sketching-club—he makes his sketch. It consists of an historical incident for preference, and is usually finished with great care. It is then enlarged to a full-sized cartoon in charcoal, after the manner adopted by Mr. Orchardson, for many years his studio-companion, and without further hesitation it is painted straight off in that forcible, brilliant, incisive method characteristic of the artist. His rapidity, considering the careful detail of a certain class of his work, is extraordinary; indeed, with the exception of M. Jan van Beers, whom I have watched while he painted a whole picture with a minutely-finished head as the *motif* in a couple of hours, I know of no quicker painter—not even Mr. S. J. Solomon. The "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle," of a couple of years ago, I saw scarcely begun ten days before the Academy "Sending-in Day;" while the splendid portrait of Mr. Charles Wyndham, now on the walls of Burlington House, was hardly thought of a fortnight before it was finished.

Portrait-painting has ever been a favourite practice—or pastime, as you will—with Mr. Pettie, who agrees with Mr. Holl in valuing it chiefly for the fine opportunities it affords for the study of life and character. But portrait-painting, he holds, should be varied with subject-painting, not merely on account of the strain on the artist's mind, but also for fear of the mannerism it is apt to engender—a mannerism so insidious that even the greatest have been unable to resist it. Why, even Vandyck got "stale" to the extent that all his sitters have a kind of family likeness, until you begin to think that they must all have been first cousins at the very least.

To paint a successful portrait it is essential to ascertain the sitter's characteristic feature; and the way to discover it is to look well at the face, and afterwards, in recalling it to mind, to see what strikes the memory most forcibly. It is surprising in how small a line, in how trivial a fold, may lie the character of a noble face. Mr. Pettie's way is to look leisurely at his subject; by beginning too soon he considers the artist risks missing the most characteristic view, or, what is almost as bad, taking the least complimentary one. For instance, contrary to the vast majority of men who have become eminent through their own talents and exertions, Mr. John Bright has an unimposing nose. If I may say so without being thought guilty of making personal remarks I would add that he has a pictorially contemptible nose—in fact, from the character-seeker's point of view, no nose at all. But his eyes!—so deep and full of fire! Full-face, therefore, Mr. Bright must be painted. And the man with the good nose must be represented in profile, or, better still, three-quarter face; while the lady with the rounded neck, the young girl with the arch smile and pretty arms, the colonel with the military bearing, stern brow, and drooping eye-lids, and the doctor with the searching, meditative look, must all have their good points seen, appreciated, and faithfully insisted upon.

Herein Mr. Pettie is at his best. Some who have seen his portrait of Mr. Wyndham have declared that in gazing at it they almost forgot they were in the Gallery, and fancied themselves at the Criterion Theatre. And what greater reward could the portrait-painter seek—what more complete acknowledgement could he desire?

M. H. SPIELMANN



MADAME ZÉNAÏDE RAGOZIN'S "CHALDEA" AND "ASSYRIA" (F. Unwin) are exceptionally notable, even in the excellent "Story of the Nations" series. The illustrations (a secondary, yet indispensable, part of such a work) are not only from Perrot and Chipiez, and from Smith's "Chaldea and Genesis," but from Hommel, Ménant, and other less-known authorities. For the text, too, not only have books like Sayce and Rawlinson been consulted, but Lhotzky's valuable monograph on Assurbanipal, Lotz on Tiglath Pileser, Zimmermann, Baboon's continuation of Lenormant, Delattre, &c. And all this matter is so well assimilated that the volumes are as pleasant reading as a really good novel. Quite apart from the teaching which abounds in every chapter, they have the rare charm that belongs to the words of one who is impressed with the importance of her subject. We are sure "the class" to whom, from San Antonio, Madame Ragozin dedicates "Chaldea" must have been fascinated with her way of putting the subject before them. Mr. Rich, the East India Company's Resident at Bagdad, was the discoverer of forgotten cities which, before the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," had become nameless heaps. In 1820 he sent a few bricks to the British Museum, and told how a grand piece of sculpture had been destroyed just after it was unearthed, the Mosul people, at the bidding of their Ulema, a Mahometan John Knox, going out in a body to break it in pieces. By and by Botta, at Khorsabad, opened a vast hall wholly lined with sculptured slabs. Layard followed; and Madame Ragozin's picture of "the ogre-like Pasha of Mosul" makes one wish to drive the unspeakable Turk, bag and baggage, far further than Mr. Gladstone proposed. Since Layard, Loftus, De Sarzec, and George Smith have had easier work, and have not merely found much that is new, but have interpreted earlier finds. More interesting even than this graphic sketch of the discoveries are the chapters on Race, Religion, and Early Chaldee History. "Assyria," a continuation of "Chaldea," traces the history of the Assyrian branch of the Canaanites (the Chaldees were Accadian; i.e., Turanian—possibly Canite, says Madame Ragozin, with an anxiety to make Scripture square with scientific ethnology),

enlarging on their cruel sensual religion of human sacrifices, and following the course of Assyrian conquest to the sudden and complete ruin of the city. Both volumes are admirable: the freshness which delights us in the first is maintained to the last page of the second. There is much to interest the Bible student besides the close identity between Genesis and the old Chaldee legends. The story of "Bel and the Dragon," for instance, is a frequent subject of Chaldee art: even the Penitential Psalms have their counterpart in Accadian poetry. Now that a Chaldee origin is suggested for the Chinese alphabet, one wonders if any parallel to these Accadian hymns will be found in old Chinese literature.

Since poor Winwood Reade drew such a sad sketch of the young cultured enthusiast and his wife, who both settled down as missionaries in a very outlying station, practically becoming slaves of the chief till death relieved them, no sadder picture has been drawn of missioning in the Dark Continent than that given in the closing pages of "The Last Journals of Bishop Hannington" (Seeley). The reality is even more painful than the fancy picture—the Bishop finding comfort in Psalms while he is being stared at like a wild beast in a show by detachments of Lubwa's thousand wives. One cannot help asking, now that Bishop Parker, too, has succumbed, as Bishop Mackenzie, of the S.P.G., also succumbed, if the game is worth the candle. Mahometanism is bad (in spite of Canon Taylor); the Arab slave-dealers are demons in human form; but is sending Bishops into the wilderness the way to set things right? Our Missionary Societies forget that the *pax Romana* enabled the Apostles to travel safely from one end of the civilised world to the other. We can do some things in Africa; we did King Theodore to death because he, a hereditary Christian, rather peremptorily declined to receive the ministrations of a Jew convert; we stormed King Koffee's capital and carried off his umbrella; we are extirpating the Zulus in the interest of our friends the Boers; but the *pax Britannica* does not touch inner Africa. There no one can work but the knight errant; and he, we fear, is an anachronism, superseded by the trader in "Cape smoke."

Most things are "in the air" before they get well into print; and that is why each generation has its own style, which nearly every contemporary adopts, yet without plagiarism. Probably Mr. Watson had written "A Year in the Fields" (Edinburgh: Douglas) before he read a line of Jefferies or Grant Allen. Yet his pleasant booklet is differentiated from White's "Selborne," from Hervey's "Meditations," from Mrs. Barbauld, in exactly the same way in which their writings are. Unlike them, he hails from the bonnie North, and therefore tells of many flowers—lady's mantle, globe flower, grass of Parnassus, &c.—which are rarely found away from the great fells.

We are glad that Mr. Lewis Castle, in "Flower-Gardening for Amateurs" (Sonnenschein), prefers the freedom and quaintness (they are, in logical phrase, not "mutually destructive") of an old country-garden to the suburban style which railways are spreading far beyond the outskirts of our cities. Even in town or suburb he strongly recommends the "mixed border" instead of "the conventional beds of pelargoniums, interesting only for a brilliancy of colour, which soon tires." The book is thoroughly practical, treating not only of the laying-out of a garden, but of the ways of propagating plants and managing stoves, giving also a list of select plants, both for open air and also for greenhouse.

Mr. E. Bellamy has, even more than Mr. W. Besant, the courage of his opinions. The latter has given us a People's Palace; the former will not be content till the people live in palaces, and until everybody (for there are to be no distinctions) has a fair share of the highest culture of the time. "Utopian," "Socialistic"—so it is; but still our present state of things does appear so ugly to one "Looking Backward from 2000 to 1887" (Boston, U.S.: Ticknor; London: Tribner), that often we cannot help wishing Mr. Bellamy's Utopia could be realised. What a world that would be in which "the fear of want and the lust of gain have become extinct motives, and for the first time since the Creation every man stands up straight before God;" and yet, till we all become angels, it will hardly be motive enough that "the premium which has heretofore encouraged selfishness has not only been removed, but has been placed on unselfishness." Whatever we may think of the practicability of Mr. Bellamy's scheme, much of what he says ought to make us wince—"the scientific manner in which nations go to war," for instance, "compared with the unscientific manner in which they go to work;" and "the mystery how men with children could favour a system which sends the weakest to the wall, when one's son or grandson, being perchance weaker than others, might be reduced to beggary;" and, again, the truth that "a solution which leaves an unaccounted for residuum is no solution at all." It is easy to cavil at details; how about the villages, for instance? You can't have indiarubber cloisters from home to public dining-hall except in a city, but the two stupendous difficulties are: First the weakness of merely moral sanctions; what is to suddenly make them all-powerful for those who till now have ignored everything but force? Next the strength of "sexual selection," which can scarcely fail (human nature being what it is) to lead to complications in a society where all are free to devote so much of their time to love-making, and in which the weaker sex claims the right of "courting" hitherto limited to the stronger.

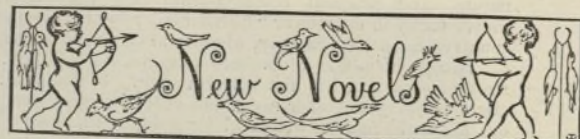
Miss Anna Swanwick is much less ambitious than Mr. Bellamy. Her "Utopian Dream, and How it may be Realised" (Kegan Paul), is simply the purchase of the Victoria Hall (the old "Vic.") and the consecrating it, as a monument to Mr. S. Morley, to the good purpose for which for the last seven years it has been used. The price is 17,000*l.*, of which 6,000*l.* are promised. The Duke of Westminster presided when Miss Swanwick made her appeal; if he and the other noble London ground-renters would give up a portion of their "unearned increment," that and half a dozen more peoples' palaces might soon be founded.

"Premiers Secours aux Blessés et aux Malades" (Hachette) is a marvellous fivepennyworth. If the rest of this "Cinquante Centimes Series" (including "Cookery for Small Families," "The Farm Labourer," "Alcohol and Tobacco," and a whole set of books by M. Safray on medicine, especially herbal) is at all up to the level of M. de Friedberg's volume, the French are to be congratulated on being able to get a useful library on such terms. M. de Friedberg is an Inspector of Mills and Workshops, in the former of which so many serious accidents take place. Our "Help at Hand" (Wells Gardner), marked with the Red Cross of St. John's Ambulance Corps, is good also, though it has not the physiological introduction (with engravings) which gives point to the Frenchman's teaching; but then it is dearer.

This autumn Ireland will, of course, be a happy hunting-ground for tourists; and Mr. E. Flinn's "Irish Health Resorts" (Kegan Paul) is, therefore, a timely book. It is quite true that not only the Scotch and English public, but the Irish also, are to a great extent ignorant of these places. Who has been to Lisdoonvarna? Yet there the grandest scenery on the Clare coast is within easy reach, and the place contains, besides magnesium iron springs, a sulphur spa and also a copperas spring, recommended for the cure of ulcers. Several of the Irish spas—Drumna, in Leitrim, for instance—are almost deserted; but a few, like Ballynahinch, near Belfast, thrive. St. Ann's hydropathic establishment at Blarney is as complete as anything of the kind in England. Mr. Flinn dissipates the notion that a big rainfall necessarily means a damp climate. Besides, it is only in parts of Ireland that the rainfall is over forty inches.

"I hope much from Zebehr's coming up," wrote Gordon on 5th March, 1844. The men who, for party purposes, howled down the idea of allowing Zebehr to join him may well feel conscience-stricken at "General Gordon's Letters to His Sister" (Macmillan).

Every utterance of such a rare nature deserves to be treasured, not only his practical questions—e.g., "how to draw the line between the complete freeing of slaves and the prevention of the slave-dealers' actions?"—but also his Biblical musings, not the less interesting to many because of their mystical tinge, and the passages which show the inner man (such as this page 311), "I remember, as I was going to see King John's Ambassador, with my whip I flicked off the tail of a lizard; it haunts me yet." There is the highest truth in this distinction: "I can do nothing to help my progress; all I can do is to remove the hindrances to it."



MRS. JOHN CROKER'S "Romance of Central India," as she describes "Diana Barrington" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is rather out of the run of Anglo-Indian novels—a good deal more fanciful than most of them are, without being less faithful in respect of ordinary life and manners. Moreover, there is nothing whatever about the Mutiny. A leading feature of the novel consists in the contrast it draws between the heroine's early life in the jungle, which is picturesquely rendered, remote from any ordinary European influences, and her subsequent experiences of station life of by no means the best kind. Anglo-Indian society does no doubt contain the elements which Mrs. Croker reproduces, but much more conspicuously, others of much higher quality which have apparently escaped her observation. Then she introduces, with good effect, and some freshness of treatment, a variation upon the favourite theme of buried treasure; so that the story, apart, of course, from the fact that it is laid in India, has most of the elements of current popularity. The heroine tells it in the first person very agreeably, and gives a very much pleasanter impression of herself than is by any means the use and wont in such cases. The reader is made to accept her as charming, without her being driven to all sorts of transparent devices to prove it, and without seeming conceited. Many of the subordinate characters are amusing; and from the almost universal faults of novels of Indian life—that is to say, heaviness, over-elaboration of detail, and pedantic displays of minute knowledge—it is altogether free. In short, it strikes the mean very happily between the requirements of its subject and those of the ordinary reader who seldom cares to travel far from home or from unfamiliar surroundings.

Another tale of Anglo-Indian life, "The Morlands," by the author of "Sleepy Sketches" (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), is rather a social and political satire than anything else, and has to be considered accordingly. Indeed it runs very considerably into caricature. Politically, it is directed against the treatment by the Indian Government of Karachi in particular, and of what the author regards as its blunders and perversities in general; socially, it deals with the lighter follies and surface peculiarities of station life—the gossip, the regard for precedence, the provincialism, and so forth—in only one case tending towards more dangerous ground. We have spoken of its running into caricature, and some of the characters, such as Mrs. Morland with her vulgarity, and Miss Salmon with her silliness, are so extravagant as to cease, after a very early point, to be amusing. The story itself is of no sort of interest—indeed it scarcely pretends to have any. The best things in the volume are a description of proceedings in the Mirbad Court House, with the speeches of the native pleaders, and the reproduction of some articles in the native press, which may be genuine or may be clever imitations—at any rate, to caricature the finest specimens of Baboo journalism is to paint the lily. Altogether there is a good deal of entertainment in a volume which has the further advantage of being very quickly and easily run through. There is also a considerable amount of good sense scattered about, which would be far more recognisable were it less mixed up with buffoonery and needless mystification.

"Out of Work," by John Law (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) is an attempt to show how an originally industrious and skillful workman may fall into hopeless poverty and all consequent degradation without any fault of his own, and solely as the result of present social conditions. Mr. Law's miserable tragedy is therefore by no means a book of "self-help" order, quite the contrary. His purpose is not to encourage men to make the best of themselves and to fight with circumstances, but to excite sympathy with those who fail, and also to illustrate the view that poverty is rather the cause of drunkenness than drunkenness of poverty. This is all very right within limits, but we cannot think the purpose very wholesome, or its execution very healthy, and we are quite sure that the ranks of the hopelessly destitute from no fault of their own are not usually recruited from skilled artisans of sound bodies, intelligence, and sobriety. Indeed, the value of all fiction dealing with serious social problems, in a direct way, is questionable. It prevents really serious consideration, and unless such fiction be presented by genius, the attention it may excite speedily wears out, and is worse than wasted. Moreover, the temptation to over-colour, and to arrange incidents with a view to theatrical effect, is irresistible. The execution of "Out of Work" is altogether better than its conception. It is, at any rate, powerful enough to be interesting, and some of the lighter portraits, such as those of the autocratic and quaintly hypocritical lodging-house keeper, and a sentimental barber, are very well done indeed, while there is real pathos in the story of the poor flower-girl called "The Squirrel."

"Tony the Maid," by Blanche Willis Howard (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), is a curious little story; very American, but not objectionably so. The scene is laid in Switzerland, and the principal character is a little maid-servant, clever enough for the typical *soubrette* of comedy, but as good and self-sacrificing as she is clever—in short, a sort of good fairy. Then there is nearly as much novelty in the portrait of the sentimental rascal, Fritz Binder, the boatman; and the story is altogether to be cordially recommended to all in search of light and easy reading of good literary quality. It is certainly both agreeable and fresh to meet with a heroine who combines both heart and brains—as a rule, the more a heroine has of the one, the less she has of the other.

It is mostly an ungracious business to notice posthumous novels; and it is especially so in the case of "The Child Wife," by the late Captain Mayne Reid (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). It has the air of having been written under the influences of bitter grievances, real or supposed, and as if the author were dissatisfied with the very full amount of appreciation bestowed upon him by an exceptionally large circle of admiring readers. Strangely enough the principal theme of the work, which is intensely political, is an attack upon Lord Palmerston, whose memory acts upon Captain Mayne Reid like the proverbial red rag upon a bull. He invents the most atrocious conversations and conspiracies for the principal European statesmen of the period of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and blends his fulsome flattery of the United States with a more than Republican homage to the idea of aristocracy, even while he girds at the vices and follies conventionally attached to it by those who know nothing of the matter. Not all the faults, however, of this singular outburst can be set down to the author. The work is desperately in need of the revision he would doubtless have given it, both in matter and in grammar. In short, it is a novel the publication of which it is impossible not to regret in the interest of one who has given the world so much wholesome pleasure.



## A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil":—

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66 Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. Edward Peterson, electric light engineer, 36 Whetstone Park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4 Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore Street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17 Queen Street, Edgware Road, said:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. Charles Cartwright, of No. 7 Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

Henry and Ann Bright, hon. superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

Mr. N. Price, of 14 Tabernacle Square,



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Mr. J. Clark, of 21 South Island Place, Brixton Road, London, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., 30 Bourneville Road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly." Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A., rector, Kitzford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners use St. Jacobs Oil."

This journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned."

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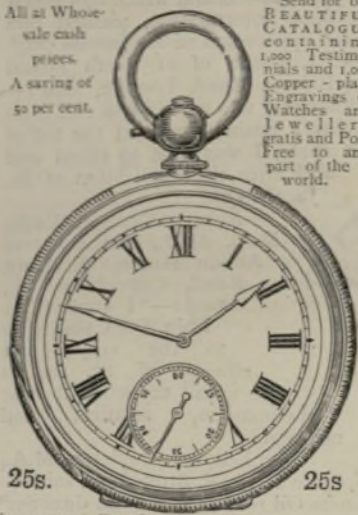


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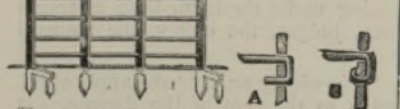
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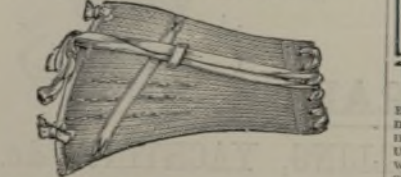


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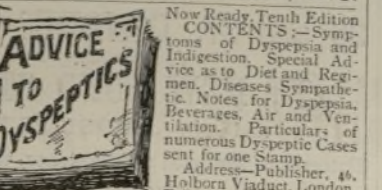
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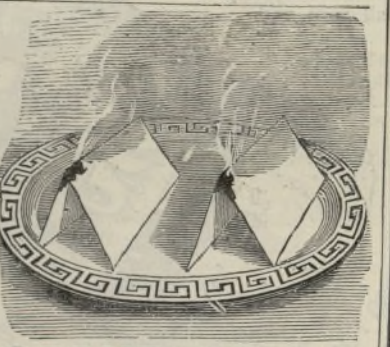
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