

THE GRAPHIC

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TWO EXTRA
SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE SIXPENCE
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"FIRE IN A VILLAGE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. L. BOKELMANN, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Topics of the Week

A EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.—It is understood that the Russian Government is working hard to secure the assembling of a European Conference for the settlement of the Bulgarian Question. We may doubt, however, whether its efforts are likely to be successful. If a Conference met, it would certainly be asked to order the deposition of Prince Ferdinand. But suppose the Bulgarians declined to part with their chosen ruler? Could England, in that case, associate herself with an attempt to coerce a free people? And if she were willing to do so, would the Sultan, as the Suzerain of Bulgaria, be prepared to execute the mandate of Europe? If he declined to undertake so perilous an enterprise, would Russia be expected to accomplish the task? These and many other questions at once suggest themselves, and they certainly seem to present insoluble difficulties. But the mere fact that a Conference is seriously spoken of seems to indicate that the Bulgarian Question is about to enter upon a new phase; and it is impossible not to await with some anxiety the development of events. All the conditions of the problem may have been changed by the accession of William II. to the throne of Germany. That he proposes to abandon the alliance with Austria and Italy is in the highest degree improbable; but it may be his ambition to settle the Eastern difficulty in a way that would not be absolutely distasteful to these Powers, and that Russia would be able to accept. If that is so, small attention may be paid to the wishes of England, and still less to those of the nationalities of South-Eastern Europe. We shall, doubtless, know more about the young Emperor's intentions when the proposal for a Conference reaches a more advanced stage. Although Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House spoke in the optimistic vein which is deemed needful on such occasions, he has no doubt a very definite conception of the part he will have to play in the approaching negotiations.

LABOUR DIFFICULTIES IN FRANCE.—The celebration of the forthcoming centenary of the Revolution of 1789 is in some respects the cause of the present strikes. The commencement of the Exhibition works drew a large number of labourers to Paris, while at the same time the Municipal Council of the Seine were planning public improvements on a scale larger than any which had been attempted since the days of Baron Haussmann. As the Municipality had the public works at their disposal, while the Exhibition contractors as a profit as was possible from their enterprise, the former body were able to offer, and did offer, more liberal wages than the latter. Not unnaturally, the Exhibition navvies and carters became discontented, and struck for higher pay. Considering that these men belong to a somewhat rough and ignorant class, they did not behave with any especial lawlessness, and the difficulty might have been speedily settled by mutual compromise. Unfortunately, however, the Socialists and Anarchists saw their opportunity—they joined eagerly in the congenial fray, the strike-infection spread, and regrettable disorders have taken place both in Paris and in the provinces. The waiters and hairdressers, although their occupations are of a somewhat feminine character, have displayed the same ferocious spirit which characterised the Paris mob a century ago. Then the attack on the velvet-factory at Amiens recalls only too vividly the pillage of Reveillon's paper-factory, which preceded by a few months the capture of the Bastille; while at Laon the conflict between French and Italian workmen will not help to expedite the settlement of the Massowah dispute. The disturbances at the Eudès funeral also show the popularity of the Anarchist creed among the lower class of Parisians. Nevertheless, these local disorders would be comparatively unimportant if there was a strong and stable central Government fit to cope with them. But this is just the one thing lacking, and nobody knows better than M. Floquet how many people are watching for an opportunity to trip him up.

RAILWAY DEVELOPMENTS.—The disastrous collision which occurred at Hampton Wick on the night of Bank Holiday is a reminder that our railway system is not yet perfect. It still depends, and must depend, for its safe working upon human care and watchfulness, and, however much human care and watchfulness may be safeguarded and assisted by mechanical aids, they must occasionally fail, as upon the occasion in question. Nevertheless, though the Hampton Wick disaster demands, and will receive, careful investigation, the public must not be blinded by it to the enormous improvement which has taken place, this year especially, in railway travelling. Monday last will not be remembered in railway annals only for the sad event which marked its close, but also as the first day on which the four hundred miles between London and Edinburgh were covered in less than eight hours by an ordinary train. Ordinary! The word seems absurd in such a connection. Brunel himself, who is said to have once travelled at the rate of eighty miles an hour on the broad-gauge, can hardly have anticipated such a triumph as this. His feat was accomplished on a single engine over a level piece of line: the London and North-Western and Caledonian Companies do theirs up hill and down dale—up the steep ascent of Shap

Fell, for example (a gradient of one in seventy-five), at a comparatively slow forty miles an hour, and down the other side at the rate of a mile in fifty seconds—and keep up a running average of more than fifty miles an hour for the whole journey! Even the speed, however, would hardly astonish Brunel so much as the fact that for some thirty shillings third-class passengers may travel to Scotland in this way, and that not in horse-boxes or cattle-trucks, but in roomy, well-cushioned carriages. The enterprise of our railway companies deserves every praise; but, for all that, Hampton Wick must not be forgotten.

SCOTCH BUSINESS IN PARLIAMENT.—Mr. Wallace, the member for East Edinburgh, was severely rebuked by the Speaker on Monday; and it must be admitted that, although the first part of his speech was decidedly clever and effective, he laid himself open, towards the end, to the charge of wasting time by needless repetition. There was, however, much truth in what he said about the neglect of Scotch business in Parliament. It would be absurd, of course, to find fault with the English members for not interfering with matters which relate exclusively to Scotland. This is really a compliment to the Scotch representatives, since it shows that Englishmen have perfect confidence in their discretion and good sense. What is complained of is that sufficient time is not allowed to the members for Scotland to consider questions in which the Scottish people are strongly interested. Take, for instance, the proposed reform of the Scottish Universities. To Englishmen this may seem a matter of secondary importance; but Scotchmen by no means agree with them. The Northern Universities are, and have always been, thoroughly popular institutions, and all classes of the people are anxious that they should be in every sense adapted to the needs of the present age. Yet Session after Session the consideration of the question is postponed. And other subjects, in their own way not less important, are treated in exactly the same manner. This is certainly not right, and we do not wonder that Scotch members should at last have protested rather vehemently against the persistent neglect of the interests which they are sent to Westminster to promote. It is all very well to scoff at the notion that if there is no change for the better in this respect there may soon be a serious cry for Scottish Home Rule. The Scotch are an extremely practical people, and we may be sure that if their work cannot be done in London they will not fail to ask that they themselves may be allowed to do it in Edinburgh.

THE TRANSVAAL.—Even supposing that its mineral favoured regions of South Africa. Its semi-tropical latitude gives it an abundant summer rainfall, so that it is verdant, and provided with running streams, at a season when Cape Colony is burnt up with drought; while its great elevation above the sea gives it a climate in which Europeans can work and thrive. Now, too, it seems pretty clearly established that, as a gold-producing region, the Transvaal occupies a position little inferior to that of New South Wales or Victoria. It is useless to lament the follies and blunders of the past, yet one cannot but regret that this magnificent country has ceased to be one of the gems set in Queen Victoria's colonial diadem. It is quite possible that if, in their dire necessities, we had helped the Boers without attempting to annex their territory, and had determined to respect their peculiar method of dealing with the native races, even although we did not approve of it, self-interest would after a while have induced them to throw in their lot with the other South African colonies. At present the Transvaal Boers occupy a somewhat anomalous position. Their treasury, which a few years ago was literally empty, is now full to overflowing, and this abundant revenue is due to the efforts of a body of energetic foreigners, chiefly of British origin, who have settled in their midst. If the means of communication with the Transvaal were easier, the influx of population would be far greater than it is. But the Boers, jealously alive to the danger of British supremacy, deprecate the extension of railways from the British frontiers into their territory. The only line in which they believe is that from Delagoa Bay, only a portion of which has as yet been completed, but which has in their eyes the signal merit of passing entirely through regions in which the British flag does not fly. The political future of the Transvaal is a very interesting subject of speculation. It can scarcely remain primitive, old-fashioned Boer; it is unlikely to revert to the British Crown, or to become an appanage of the German Empire; it will probably remain a practically independent country, peopled by a mixed population, in which persons of Boer and British origin will preponderate.

"HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?"—The British sailor's characteristic quality of not knowing when he is beaten, valuable as it is in actual warfare, has obvious disadvantages in the mimic sea-fights which have been raging round our coasts. It is useless for the umpires to say that one vessel has been sunk or that another's crew has been decimated. The ship goes on merrily firing away imaginary broadsides, regardless of the fact that it ought to be lying beneath the sad sea waves; captains and lieutenants who ought to be floating ashore with white faces turned up to the stars give

their orders as coolly as ever; and men who should be overboard, or in hospital, refuse to consider themselves non-combatants. Thus the *Amphion* was destroyed last week several times in twenty-four hours; the *Serpent* had to be requested by the enemy's admiral to remove herself out of point-blank range of four powerful ironclads; and as for the torpedo-boats, they were simply irrepressible. In fact, a torpedo-boat has no moral consciousness of any sort or kind. It is always running into its fellows or other vessels when at peace, and in war it entirely refuses to play the game. Such conduct as this renders the office of an umpire no sinecure, and to a great extent prevents the results of the manoeuvres from being at all definitely settled. But these contingencies are inseparable from all sham warfare, and it is difficult to see how they can be avoided. Nervous people need not be very much alarmed, then, about statements that the enemy's fleet has escaped and burnt down half-a-dozen ports, for it is quite possible that but for an umpire's leniency the report would be instead that the enemy's fleet was as irretrievably smashed up as the Spanish Armada. And, after all, the value of the naval manoeuvres does not lie in the mere theoretical results of the warfare, but in the opportunities of getting an increased familiarity with their delicate fighting machines which are furnished both to officers and men by these operations.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.—Not many years ago it was the fashion to speak of Oxford as a place where very little real work was done. No one would now think of talking in this way. Whatever faults the University may still have, idleness is certainly not one of them. Its Dons are among the most active and go-ahead people in England, and they seem to be constantly devising plans for increasing the influence of the great institution which it is their business to serve. One of the best of their recent achievements is the University Extension Scheme, which has brought some of the advantages of University instruction within reach of a large number of persons who would otherwise have had no access to what is called the higher education. To attend the classes of the University Extension lectures is, of course, by no means the same thing as the steady, intellectual discipline of working undergraduates; but it is a great deal better than mere general reading, and has no doubt already marked an epoch in the lives of many young men and women. It lately occurred to some one at Oxford that it would be a good thing if those who were benefiting by the University Extension Scheme could be brought for a while directly under the influence of the central institution itself. Accordingly preparations were made for their reception during the Long Vacation, and the idea has been carried out with Oxford; they have listened to various lectures, and have been glad to address them; and they have had opportunities of finding out for themselves what it is that gives so enduring a charm to one of the most splendid seats of learning in the world. Much credit is due to those who planned this striking experiment, and we may hope that one of its results will be to make the University Extension Scheme more widely known, and to secure for it the support of some well-off people who have not hitherto realised what it is capable of accomplishing in all our great cities.

STREET FACTION-FIGHTERS.—The recent trial of the lads who were concerned in the incidents which led to the Regent's Park murder suggest reflections of a somewhat varied character. Although Galletly was, no doubt, righteously convicted of a cruel and cold-blooded assassination, his offence admits of a certain amount of palliation. This sentiment of palliation would have been still more strongly felt if, instead of an innocent outsider, he had killed a member of the hostile faction. The fact is that, directly the motive for killing is elevated above the region of individual greed or revenge, a certain degree of respectability attaches to it. Hence it is that political assassinations are often condoned, persons even of decent morals asserting that such infractions of the Sixth Commandment are a form of war, and therefore not necessarily to be condemned by those who hold that war may be lawful. To turn to another point, these street-factions may be partly due to the Celtic element which has been so largely infused into the population of our great towns of late years. The Irish have strong tribal instincts, and are also very pugnacious; at all events, three out of five prisoners charged at Marylebone on Monday with this species of rioting have unmistakable Hibernian names. Lastly, there is a hopeful side in this faction-fighting. That a lot of young fellows should join together in a fraternity, and observe a certain code of discipline, shows that they are not utterly degraded. This is the stuff of which the soldiers are made who fight in our wars, and that such a spirit should exist among the enervating influences of great city life is not altogether a discouraging symptom. Is it not possible to divert these tendencies, which now make for evil, into a more wholesome channel? These choice young spirits from "the Deck" and "the Grove" could perhaps find neither the time nor the money necessary for joining the Volunteers, but would it not be possible to give them gratuitously some simple drill instruction, with a Saturday afternoon march-out, preceded by a band? But the whole business must be of a purely voluntary character, or we

should frighten away the very lads we want to attract. The War Office could do what is wanted at very little cost, and in this way might pick up some useful recruits for the Regular Army.

WOMEN AS GAMBLERS.—Recent cases in Police-courts prove that the ladies are invading a department of labour in which no one can wish to see them succeed. Female gamblers have, of course, long existed, probably ever since betting and wagering were introduced. There are plenty of female speculators among the frequenters of the Continental Bourses, while horse-racing claims some well-known ladies among its devotees, and ladies who make their bets not in the harmless currency of twelve-button gloves, but in hard cash. Hitherto, however, they have invariably been among the takers, and not the layers, of odds. The feminine book-maker, then, whose existence is reported from the provinces, is a decided, and a decidedly unpleasant, novelty. Happily, however, she is not likely to be so successful as to have many imitators. Women, as a general rule, are fortunately not made for gamblers. They are far too excitable for a business which requires coolness, and they are, moreover, extremely bad losers. A striking instance of this was afforded by the well-dressed young woman who applied to Mr. Partridge for advice the other day. She had been induced by a postman to put her money on "an absolute certainty." The horse, indeed, had actually won when she made the bet with an obliging and ingenuous bookmaker. But the bookmaker never paid up, and she who had started with the intention of "doing" found she had been "done." Under similar circumstances a man would have probably accepted the situation, and said no more about it; but, being a woman, she brought the tale of her nefarious scheme and its frustration to the magistrate's kindly ear. Her case should be a warning to other members of the fair sex who may be bitten with the desire to go a-racing. The betting woman is a creature who can hardly be successful, and who deserves no sympathy when she fails.

DR. STUBBS.—All who are interested in learning were pleased to hear that Lord Salisbury had resolved to translate Dr. Stubbs from the See of Chester to that of Oxford. Dr. Stubbs is one of the few living English scholars who may be said to have a European reputation. His knowledge of the sources of English history is deeper and more intimate than that of any of his predecessors in the same department of research. And it is not merely knowledge of the Dryasdust kind. He is remarkable, not only for his industry, but for his power of grouping and classifying facts, and of interpreting them in the light of great principles. As *Regius Professor of Modern History* at Oxford, he exercised an extraordinary influence over all who attended his lectures; and, if we except Mr. Freeman, no one has done half so much to form the important school of historians who, during the last year or two, have found in the *Historical Review* a suitable medium for the statement of the results of their investigations. It is satisfactory that Dr. Stubbs should have been rewarded for his labours by being made a Bishop; but Chester is in no special way suitable for a man of his particular qualities. At Oxford, on the contrary, he will feel thoroughly at home. The University is associated with the best work of his life, and in his new position he will no doubt find ways of doing it excellent service. It is not absolutely necessary that a Bishop of Oxford should be a man of unusual learning. Dr. Mackarness has no claim to be considered a great scholar, yet he has been an efficient and estimable Diocesan. Every one instinctively feels, however, that an appointment like that which Lord Salisbury has just made is in accordance with the fitness of things, and he is to be congratulated on having arrived at a decision which meets with as hearty approval from his political opponents as from the members of his own party.

PERMANENCY OF WATER COLOURS.—Some time ago a correspondence appeared in the newspapers as to the effect produced upon water-colour drawings by exposure to daylight. Some interesting and highly-suggestive facts were adduced, but it was felt that, in order to solve the problem thoroughly, a series of systematic and carefully-conducted experiments would be necessary. As the nation possesses, in its various collections, a number of valuable water-colour drawings, the Government took up the matter, and entrusted the question to two distinguished physicists, Dr. W. J. Russell and Captain Abney, for scientific investigation. These gentlemen have just issued their report, made after experiments extending over a period of nearly two years. As regards the alleged injurious effect of daylight, the result may be considered as highly satisfactory, for, during the twenty-one months of trial, the selected pigments went through an ordeal as severe, considering the intensity of the sunlight to which they were exposed, as if they had hung in an ordinary gallery for 480 years. But all did not come equally well out of the experiment. Some faded considerably, some faded a little, others did not fade at all. As a rule, vegetable colours were less enduring than mineral, carmine being the least trustworthy pigment of all. Prussian blue, however, though of vegetable origin, stands in the permanent list, and what is remarkable, those mixtures which contained Prussian blue, and which had faded more or less in the daylight, regained their original tint to some extent after being placed in the

dark. To moist air, however, this same valiant Prussian blue has a rooted objection; it is entirely destroyed by it. On the other hand, light exercises no effect on colours of all kinds provided they are placed in *vacuo*. To artists and connoisseurs this report should be of great value. By selecting the proper materials (of which there is an abundant range) water-colour drawings can, as far as light is concerned, be rendered practically indestructible. One practical inference to be drawn from the experiments is that damp is a far more insidious foe than any intensity of solar or artificial light.

VOLUNTEERS AND DISCIPLINE.—Our citizen-soldiers, after long being regarded with feelings of indifference or ridicule by their fellow-countrymen, have at last gained their position, and had their merits recognised. The sacrifices which they make in the cause of patriotism are now estimated at something like their true value, and at present they are belauded almost as extravagantly as they were formerly laughed at. Nevertheless, there are still a few of them here and there who seem not yet to have abandoned the idea that volunteering has no practical value, but is only "playing at soldiers." Else how can one explain the discreditable scene which took place on Saturday last at Dartmoor? Because they were kept manœuvring in the rain for some two hours certain gingerbread soldiers shouted abusive remarks from the ranks at the inspecting officer, some of them even going so far as to swear at him. No doubt it was unpleasant, and it is possible that a little more consideration might have been shown for their comfort. Still they were there under orders, and discipline and dignity alike should have prevented such a display of childishness. But it is not only in the West of England that there are Volunteers who think more about themselves than their duty. On the same day, at Liverpool, an action, brought by an ex-Volunteer against his late commanding officer for wrongful dismissal, was heard at the Assizes. The plaintiff did not deny that he had been guilty of breaches of discipline, but based his case on the ground that he had been twenty years a member of the corps. Happily, the legal right of the colonel to do as he had done was so clear that Mr. Justice Grantham had no hesitation in non-suiting the plaintiff. Had the issue gone the other way it is difficult to see how discipline could be preserved at all, for every Volunteer would have the right of being a law unto himself. These are isolated cases, no doubt; but other Volunteers should not be above taking the warning conveyed in them.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, entitled "THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED, I."

NOTICE.

THE WEIGHT OF THIS NUMBER being greater than the usual issues, the following are the rates of postage. Papers should be posted for abroad before August 18.

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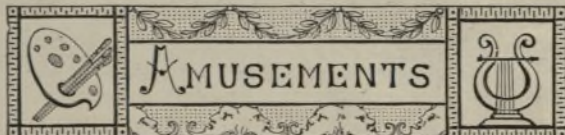
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FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the GLASGOW, IRISH, ANGLO-DANISH, and the ITALIAN EXHIBITIONS see page 156.

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OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

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THURSDAY EVENING.—A NEW CANTATA "CALLIRHOE." Composed expressly for this Festival by Dr. BRIDGE. A MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION, including a FANTASIE by GRIEG; PIANO-FORTE CONCERTO, SCHUMANN'S A MINOR, by Miss FANNY DAVIES; MEISTERSINGER VORSPIEL (WAGNER); and BRAHMS'S ACADEMISCHE OVERTURE.
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"THE FIRE IN THE VILLAGE."

THE picture, by C. L. Bokelmann, from which this engraving is taken was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. It may be presumed, from an examination of the incidents depicted by Mr. Bokelmann, that no loss of human life has occurred, that all the property has been rescued which can be rescued without imminent peril, and that the owner of the burning dwelling, who stands conspicuous in the foreground in his shirt-sleeves, with his wife on one side of him comforting a terrified child, which has just been brought through the flames, and his eldest son on the other, can now do nothing but watch with pious resignation the destruction of his ancestral home. Still more in the foreground are a couple of women, the youngest of whom is straining to her bosom a baby which has possibly had a narrow escape, while behind are the aged grandparents, quite overwhelmed by the catastrophe. There is a quaint pathos about this old-world rustic scene which is quite lacking in the surroundings of a modern city fire, where there is a huge multitude, curiosity-seeking, rather than sympathetic, unless human life is in peril, and then hindering more than helping; and where the burnt-out folk, provided they can save their own "bits of things," feel no sentiment about the house, which belongs to somebody else, and is almost certain to be fully insured.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

See page 144.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

See page 145.

YELLOWSTONE PARK, ILLUSTRATED—I.

See pp. 157 et seqq.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

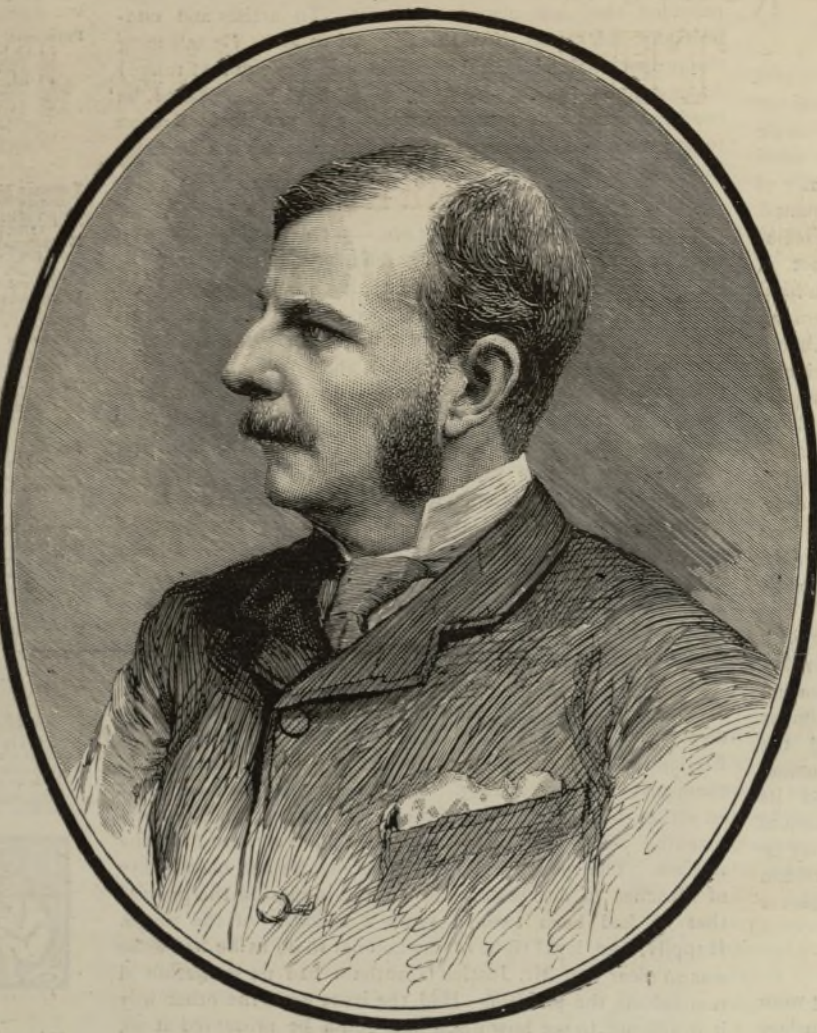
A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 165.

THE QUARREL IN THE SERBIAN ROYAL FAMILY

WE have already in our "Foreign" column related the chief features of the political and domestic differences which have caused the breach in the relations between King Milan and his consort, and have resulted in Queen Natalie being compelled to yield up the Crown Prince to the King's envoy General Protich, who had been sent to Wiesbaden, where the Queen and her son were staying. The Queen had firmly refused to give up the Prince unless forcibly compelled to do so. Accordingly, King Milan having appealed to the German Government to assist him in enforcing his rights as a parent, the superintendent of police proceeded to the villa residence of the Queen, and after a somewhat painful scene took away the boy and handed him over to General Protich, who at once conveyed him to Serbia, the King meeting them on the way. The German Government also requested the Queen to leave German territory, but kept her a virtual prisoner for some hours, so that she might make no attempt to follow her son. When allowed to leave Queen Natalie went to Vienna, but, as her presence there was eminently unwelcome, she eventually proceeded to Holland, where she is now residing. Queen Natalie is the daughter of a Russian Colonel Ketchko and his wife Pulcheria, Princess of Stourdza, and was born on September 7th, 1859, being thus not yet twenty-nine years of age. At the time of her marriage, in 1875, Queen Natalie was one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and the match was looked upon with much favour both in Serbia and Russia. As might have been expected, the Queen was imbued with the strongest Muscovite sympathies, and of late years viewed with the greatest dislike the gradual alienation of Serbia from Russia, and the consequent leaning towards Austria. Her political differences with the King are said to have been embittered by certain domestic bickerings, and, if all accounts are to be believed, the Queen exercised a witty and ready tongue, by which the general discord was certainly not bettered. Finally, the Queen left Serbia with the Crown Prince, and refused to agree to the King's terms of an arrangement by which she would keep her son until 1893, with certain restrictions. Upon this the King (as a parent) claimed his son from the German Government, which, as we have stated, showed complete readiness to accede to his request. The Crown Prince is the only child of King Milan and Queen Natalie, and was born on August 14th, 1876.—Our portrait of the Queen is from a photograph by G. Brogi, Florence, and that of the Prince by Koller Karoly, Buda-Pest.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL,
R.A.

FRANK HOLL was a son of the late eminent engraver Francis Holl, A.R.A., and was born July 4th, 1845, at St. James' Terrace, Kentish Town. As a boy, he went to University College School, but his inherited love for Art soon asserted itself, and at fifteen he was entered as a probationer in the Royal Academy Schools. There he soon made his mark, obtaining a silver medal in 1862, and the gold medal and scholarship in the following year. In 1864 he began to exhibit, and from that time contributed regularly to the exhibitions. Up to a period of about ten years ago, he devoted himself to subject-pictures, generally of a pathetic and melancholy cast, such as are indicated by the titles, "No Tidings from the Sea," "Leaving Home," "Deserted," "Want," and "The Emigrant's Departure." The numerous drawings which, during this period, he contributed to *The Graphic*, and to which reference was made last week, were mostly of the same sorrowful character. Pictures of this kind, treated with undeniable power and vigour, gained him his Associateship in 1878; but up to that time neither Holl himself, nor any one else, appears to have perceived the direction in which his real forte lay. About that time, however, he determined to paint the portrait of his neighbour, the veteran engraver, Mr. Samuel Cousins. Mr. Cousins did not like the picture at all, for, although past eighty, he said it made him look too old. Other good judges, however, did not agree with Mr. Cousins. They thought the picture most noteworthy. They were at once arrested by the strength of handling, the grasp of character, and the Rembrandt-like power of light and shade which were so apparent in it. As for the public verdict, it was shown in a very practical manner. Mr. Holl was at once overwhelmed with commissions, so that from that time to the day of his death he scarcely had a single day, except during his annual holiday, free from sitters. During the last eight or nine years he painted at least



THE LATE FRANK HOLL, R.A.
Died July 31st, Aged 43

twenty portraits a year, and a list of them would include a large number of the most eminent contemporary Englishmen, and not a few Americans. These pictures are expressive to an extraordinary degree, and there is a brilliancy of execution about them, especially about the best of them, to which few works of the English school can show a parallel. They were painted under the stress of excitement, for the artist used to say that unless he put his whole force into a picture—unless he felt an emotion in painting it—he could not work at all. Moreover, every touch upon all his pictures was his own, a statement which cannot be accurately made of the works of some former great masters. Personally, Mr. Holl was charming from the openness, simplicity, and geniality of his character. He was not a conversationalist, but he had a fund of cheerful talk for his sitters and his many friends. He was made an R.A. in 1884. From what has been said above, it is evident that portrait-painting, when pursued with the zeal, absorption, and assiduity displayed by Mr. Holl, is a very exhausting profession. The artist had not a very strong heart, and this delicacy was developed to a dangerous extent by the hard work of getting his pictures ready for the various exhibitions at the end of last April. He paid a hasty visit to Spain by way of taking a holiday, but the rapid journey did him more harm than good. On his return he had a heart seizure, and the doctors forbade him to see more than one sitter a day. A second seizure presently followed; and then came a third and fatal summons on the morning of the 31st of July. Mr. Holl's death took place at his house in Fitzjohn's Avenue. His father died four years ago. His aged mother still lives, and he leaves a widow and four daughters to mourn his loss. The funeral took place at Highgate Cemetery on Tuesday last.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.

The specimen of Mr. Holl's handiwork here engraved is from a picture in the possession of Mr. W. L. Thomas, the Manager of *The Graphic*.



AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

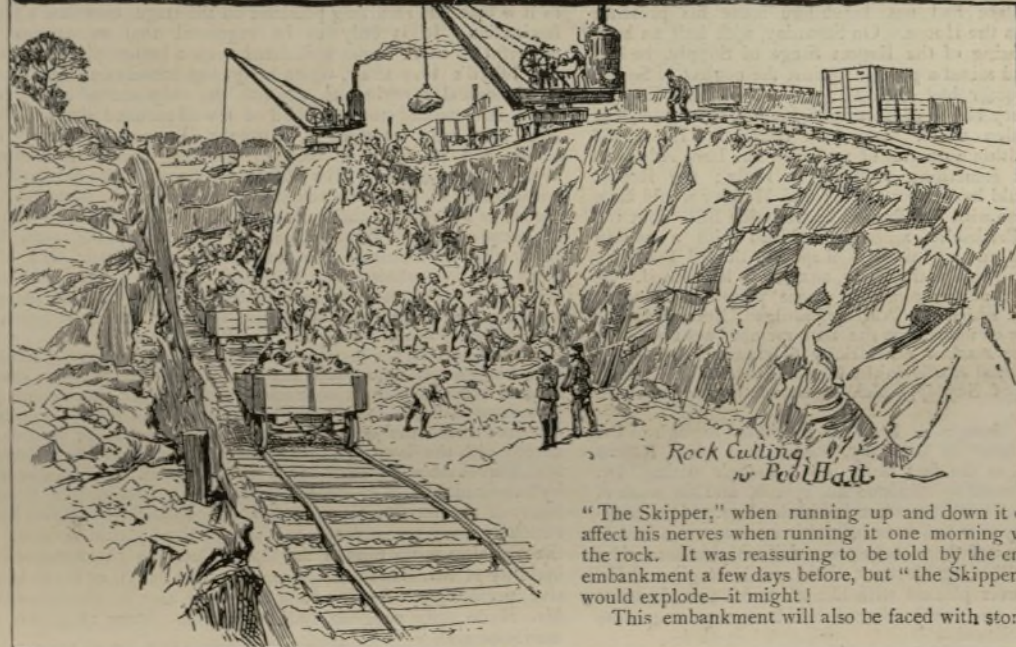
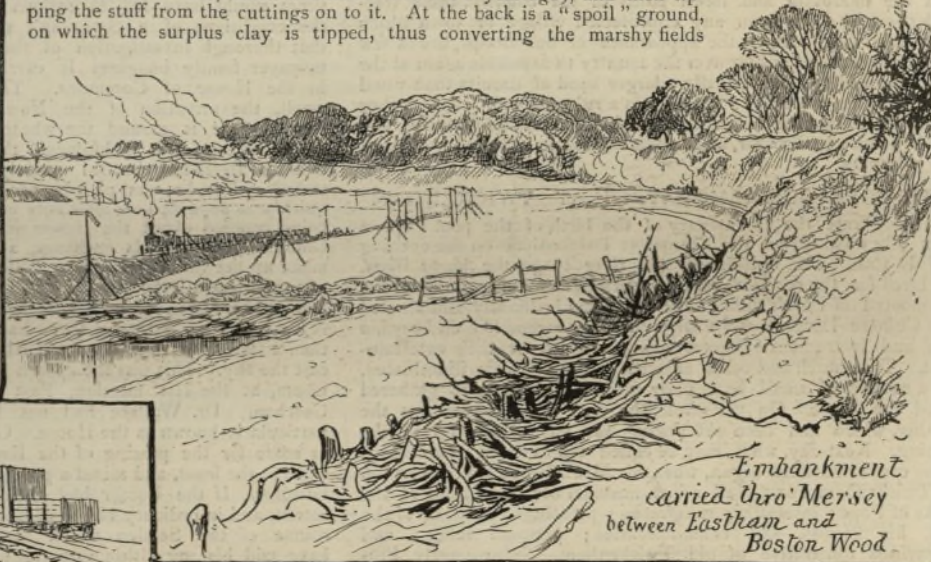


STARTING FROM THE LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL, on board one of the Eastham ferry-boats, "The Skipper" reached the Eastham Ferry Hotel embowered in its gardens, zoological and otherwise, and backed by its beautiful woods. Eastham is the Rosherville of the Liverpudlians, "the place to spend a happy day," and is much resorted to for school treats; and the youngsters certainly spend a happy day there. Eastham village, with its quaint church, which forms the subject of the first illustration, is about a mile distant from the Ferry, along a road bordered on the one side by woods and on the other mid-distantly by the navvies' cottages, church, hospital, and reading room, and by the works of the Manchester Ship Canal. The second illustration is Eastham Ferry Pier looking down at it through the trees. The rough earthwork in the foreground is the extreme Eastham end of the embankment of the canal at present. The third illustration represents the large excavation at Eastham, where the canal



will eventually pass out into the Mersey. Liverpool looms through the smoky haze from the locomotives, steam navvies, &c. An embankment will run out here into the Mersey to prevent the entrance from silting up, and a deep channel will be dredged out inside this. To the left are the engine sheds, machine shops, navvies' cottages, &c., and to the extreme right is a terrace of the navvies' huts seen through the smoke. Scattered about in the cuttings are the steam navvies, biting out the clay with their steel teeth, and loading it up into

the waggons, which rattle about, drawn by fussy little engines, over an interminable cobweb of rails. Looking from the embankment close to Eastham Ferry, "The Skipper" had his first view of the entrance to the canal, shown in the fourth sketch, a deep cutting vomiting clouds of smoke and steam, shrieks of agony from the lively little locos, and rattle and clank from ballast waggons working on the tip lines and in the cuttings. The embankment is formed by first placing a substratum of brushwood (the remains of the portion of the Eastham Woods, which flourished here not a year ago), and then tipping the stuff from the cuttings on to it. At the back is a "spoil" ground, on which the surplus clay is tipped, thus converting the marshy fields



"The Skipper," when running up and down it on a light engine, found it—well, lumpy, and apt to loosen his teeth and somewhat affect his nerves when running it one morning with a van of dynamite for filling the magazines, scattered up and down for blasting the rock. It was reassuring to be told by the engineer that at one very ugly corner an engine had "turned the turtle" down the embankment a few days before, but "the Skipper" felt it was all right when told that if we capsized it did not follow that the dynamite would explode—it might!

This embankment will also be faced with stone on both slopes. The next sketch represents one of the cuttings through the sand-

NOTES ON THE MANCHESTER CANAL—I.

THE GRAPHIC

stone rock; it is situated beyond Boston Wood, shown in the previous sketch, and near Pool Hall. The stone is blasted and the smaller "stuff" is pitched into tip-waggons and taken to the "spoil" grounds and embankments, while the larger pieces are lifted by the steam-crane, shown in sketch, and taken to the stone-yard near Ellesmere Port, where the masons square it up and stack it ready for commencing the work of facing the embankments. Part II. will take the reader through Ellesmere Port, Ince, and Weston Point, to Big Field near Warrington.—CHAS. J. STANILAND, R.I.

GUN AND TORPEDO PRACTICE ON BOARD H.M.S. "RODNEY" AND "HERO."

H.M.S. *Rodney* and *Hero* are two of the newest additions to our navy. The *Rodney* is a barbette ship of some 10,000 tons burthen, and carries four sixty-nine ton guns, in addition to six five-ton guns in battery, and various quick-firing six-pounders and Nordenfelts on deck. The *Hero* is a turret ship of 6,000 tons, and carries four forty-three ton guns, besides the usual complement of minor artillery. Both vessels are taking part in the manoeuvres now being carried on, the *Rodney* having formed part of the blockaded fleet in Lough Swilly, and the *Hero* of the blockaded fleet in Bantry Bay. The *Rodney* is regarded as a very valuable member of the enemy's squadron, and a *Times* correspondent, contrasting her with the *Black Prince*, which affords so great a mark for her adversaries, wrote:—"The value of such a ship as the *Rodney* comes out very clearly; with her absolutely unencumbered bow and stern fire, with a high speed (17 knots), and with her terribly effective guns, she is undoubtedly the most formidable fighting machine on either side." Our sketches of the *Rodney* show a few of the methods of working her enormous artillery. In the view of "Hydraulic Rams" may be seen the intricate hydraulic machinery by which the guns are loaded by pulling certain levers, while the "Interior of the Sighting-Tower" shows the various appliances by which the gunnery officer, standing on a platform, can train the barbette, take his aim, and ultimately, by touching an electrical key, fire his piece with as much coolness and precision as though he were ringing an electrical bell for the steward. Each gun has one of these sighting-towers. Another sketch depicts the fore magazine, where the sailors are loading the port and starboard ammunition-hoists, which convey the ammunition to the place where the shot and charge are run home into the gun by the hydraulic rams mentioned above. On the left they are getting the powder, which is made up into packages, out of the corrugated case. On the right a projectile is being placed in its shoot, ready to go into the hoist. Next our artist has shown the breech of one of the guns being cleaned out; the breech-block is turned aside, and the loading-tray, along which the hydraulic ram comes, can be seen in the foreground. Finally, we see the guns being fired, this being done, as we have said, by the officer in the sighting-tower, the cone of which may be seen just rising above the barbette. The gun's full charge of powder is 600 lbs., and the velocity of the projectile is 2,000 feet per second.

The sketches on board the *Hero* mainly refer to repelling the attacks of torpedo-boats. In one, "Fighting the Forward Six-inch Gun," the artist has shown a view from the hurricane-deck on the port-beam, with the gun's crew working and firing their gun at the approaching torpedo boats. "A Warm Corner Forward," shows small-arm men and a nine-pounder quick-firing gun giving a warm reception to their diminutive antagonists—the men firing from the bridge and top-sides of the hurricane-deck. A similar subject is illustrated in the sketch of the attack by a division of torpedo-boats. In a fourth sketch is shown the system of torpedo net-defence—the nets being spread in water round the whole of the ship and held out by booms. The nets are about twelve feet deep, and at the time the sketch was taken a torpedo (fired from a torpedo boat) had just been stopped by them.

DACOITS IN MANDALAY GOAL

OUR engraving is from a photograph by Major Norcott, Royal Munster Fusiliers, and represents a group of dacoits who have been captured by our troops in some of the innumerable petty actions which have taken place since our occupation of Upper Burma, and who have been placed in Mandalay goal until their ultimate fate be decided. Dacoiting has been, and indeed is now, the great impediment to the pacification of the country. Thoroughly acquainted with the mountain and forest paths of the country, these freebooters sweep down upon any unprotected village or town which they may fancy, and, on the appearance of our troops, fire a few desultory shots and scatter over the country to assemble again at the first opportunity. Occasionally a larger band of dacoits than usual venture to make a stand; but not, as a rule, for very long, as they are unable to face the withering fire of our rifles and Gatlings, and speedily retire in disorder, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

THE POPE COMMEMORATION AT TWICKENHAM

To celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of the poet Pope, a water fête was held on the Thames at Twickenham on the evening of July 30th. The well-known old river barge, the *Maria Wood*, was hired for the occasion, and, by permission of Mr. Labouchere, was moored off Pope's villa. The barge was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and a large company assembled on board, a vocal and instrumental concert being provided for their entertainment. The church and other adjacent buildings were illuminated, and a number of small boats gaily decked with lanterns gathered round the barge. On the whole, the fête was a success, as the weather, which had been wet during the day, cleared up in the evening. Next day, what may be called the business proceedings of the commemoration began, when Sir M. E. Grant Duff opened in the Twickenham Town Hall a loan museum of rare editions of the works of Pope; interesting autographs; paintings; portraits of the poet, his friends, and contemporaries; personal relics; and engravings illustrative of old Twickenham. Subsequently Professor Henry Morley delivered an admirable address on the life and works of Pope. Among the interesting objects shown in the Museum are four volumes of "Libels on Pope," carefully collected by the poet himself; a poem beautifully transcribed by Pope in his "print hand"; numerous portraits of the wits and fine ladies of the day, views of Pope's villa, and of Twickenham in the eighteenth century, the famous bust of Pope by Roubiliac, his chair, and the cast of his skull. The primary object of the Commemoration is to obtain funds for the Twickenham Free Library, and it is to be hoped the result will be successful, although hitherto the majority of the inhabitants of the immediate locality have been rather apathetic. This is the more to be regretted, because Mr. Austin Dobson, the Vice-President, and Mr. H. R. Tedder, the Honorary Secretary of the Committee, have worked with commendable zeal and industry, while the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* brought out an excellently illustrated supplement, comprising a vast amount of information about the poet and his contemporaries. A few words about our engravings will suffice. We publish one of three portraits of Pope drawn by Jonathan Richardson for Horace Walpole. Another, by the same artist, was taken apparently after death. Pope's villa was drawn by A. Heckell, at the time when it belonged, after the poet's death, to Sir William Stanhope. The bust by Roubiliac, which was formerly in the possession of Samuel Rogers, and now belongs to Mr. John Murray, was the original clay model, from which all the marble busts were copied. The high-backed chair, in carved oak, was constantly used by Pope, and was given to a servant who had long lived in the family. It now belongs to Lord Braybrooke.

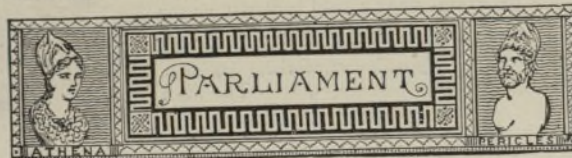
"AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE"

THIS is no meeting of grave and reverend Seigniors bent on making a new partition of Eastern Europe, or of scientific Professors eager to discuss the newest discoveries with their contemporaries of other nations, but a feminine conference à trois held on the seashore between an English and two Gallic representatives. The theme of the conference is possibly the law of trespass violated by the Britisher's inroad upon the French coast, particularly as she seems to be on hostile deeds intent by erecting castles upon the foreshore. More probably, however, the subject under discussion—if the delegates' linguistic knowledge will permit them to discuss anything—is far more peaceful and amicable, and, to judge from all appearances, the "conference" is likely to result in an *entente cordiale*.

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VII.—MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

See page 169.

NOTE.—Mr. M. J. B. Baddeley, the author of the well-known Guide Books, takes exception to the remarks made in our second Lakes' Supplement, published last week, concerning the Lake District Association, in whose defence he writes thus:—"When the question of the Jubilee bonfires was mooted—and to put fires on an accumulative height of 20,000 feet of bare mountain top was no slight task—the Association at once called a meeting and offered its services. This year, again, the Association—besides exerting itself with funds and action to carry out a much needed alteration in the road from Keswick to Windermere—has been the chief subscriber to the Sunshine Recorder at Bowness-on-Windermere, and has defrayed the cost of a deviation in the pony-track from Dungeon Ghyll to Scafell, a work in which tourists are certainly more interested than hotel-keepers. I may add that all the members of the Association are real paying subscribers."—Our portrait of the late Mr. W. G. Baxter, in last week's issue, was from a photograph by Henry Ashdown, Queen's Gate Studio, 42, Harrington Road, S.W.



THE impossibility, even with the information at the disposal of the Leader of the House, of forecasting events in the Commons, is demonstrated by the current condition of Parliamentary affairs. On Friday, in last week, the Committee stage of the Parnell Commission Bill having been disposed of by application of what used to be called the Urgency Rules, the Government seemed to be in smooth water, and Mr. Smith was able to prattle pleasantly about the holidays. He then, reviewing the course of events, sketched a plan whereby the House was to adjourn the following Saturday (the 11th inst.), and to return for the Autumn Session in the first week of November. There remained at the hour this speech was made enormous sums to be voted in Committee of Supply, the Local Government Bill to be dealt with on its return from the Lords, and the Parnell Commission Bill to pass its ultimate stages. But Mr. Smith was full of tranquil hope and unflinching expectancy, and no one doubted the fulfilment of the plan by which another clear week would see wearied legislators in the enjoyment of the holidays.

What happened on Friday night and at Saturday's sitting made assurance doubly sure. On Friday, after a miscellaneous debate, a round sum, a mere trifle under seven and three-quarter millions sterling, was voted on account of the Civil Service Estimates, sufficient to carry the Government over the recess. Mr. Smith had taken the precaution to move the suspension of the Standing Order which closes debate at midnight. But the proceedings were wound up in moderately good time, and the House met again at noon on Saturday. The business before it was consideration of certain Army and Navy votes, which it was necessary to take before the adjournment. These involved the criticism of the whole administration of either department, and in ordinary times would have led to serious and prolonged debate. But the conditions of a Saturday's sitting are not favourable to that thorough investigation of the National accounts which the taxpayer fondly imagines is carried out by his representatives in the House of Commons. The attendance of members is small, the attention of the Newspaper Press is not concentrated, there is around the whole proceedings a general sense of weariness, and wishfulness that it was all over. Lord Charles Beresford battled gamely against contending circumstances. But he was plainly conscious of their weight, and as quickly as possible vote after vote was agreed to, millions sterling being bandied about the House with much less concern than the Chinese playing cards exchange a few pice, a handful of which make up the value of a penny. When, at a quarter to six, progress was reported, all the Supply the Government had asked for had been granted, and the horizon seemed clearer than ever.

But even on Saturday there had been a little cloud no larger than a man's hand which, unnoticed at the outset, presently overcast the sky. This was the speech of Dr. Wallace, the gentleman whom, at the last election, East Edinburgh preferred to Mr. Goschen. Dr. Wallace had not heretofore made his presence particularly known in the House. On Saturday, with half an hour to spare for the passing of the Report Stage of Supply, he had come to the front, and raised a protest against the neglect of Scotch business. If the Doctor had chanced to speak with an English accent, and in ordinary House of Commons fashion, the subsequent course of the Session might have been changed. He would have said his say within a quarter of an hour; the Lord Advocate would have uttered something soothing in reply; the Report Stage of Supply would have been taken; and Monday would have been free for progress with the Parnell Commission Bill. But Dr. Wallace's rasping Perthshire accent, combined with a certain angularity of manner and a quaintness of speech, tickled the fancy of an audience always, even pathetically, anxious to be amused. At the outset it laughed at the somewhat coarse personal girding at the Lord Advocate in which Dr. Wallace indulged. Encouraged by the unwonted tribute of merriment the hon. member went on, with rougher accent, more marked eccentricity of manner, and added sharpness in his personal attack on the Lord Advocate. He talked out the Report stage of Supply, which consequently stood over till Monday.

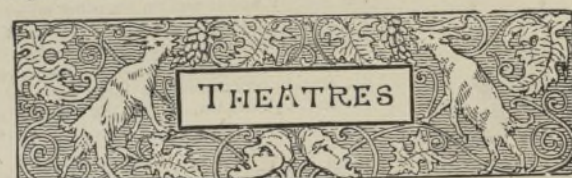
The House, which thought it had seen and heard enough of Dr. Wallace in his half hour on Saturday, was amazed when, Report of Supply standing as the first order on Monday's sitting, Dr. Wallace presented himself to continue his speech, and say some of the good things he had forgotten when last on his legs. His reception was not so kindly as it had been, when his manner was a fresher experience. But here and there, as he proceeded with his horseplay, the Lord Advocate still being his butt, there was a laugh, and Dr. Wallace, more than ever pleased with himself in his new character of a humourist, went on over a mortal half hour repeating some of his good things of Saturday.

It would have been well if he had stopped at the half hour. The additional five minutes proved fatal to him. The Speaker, who had been moving uneasily in his chair whilst Dr. Wallace rasped forth his peculiar samples of humour, at length rose, and in his sternest

manner called him to order, declaring that never in his experience had the licence allowed to hon. members been so much abused as on the present occasion. This was a revelation to Dr. Wallace, who evidently thought he was doing rather better than ever. He sat down, not without signs of abashment, and business proceeded.

But the evil was done. Other Scotch members, disinclined to let a comparatively new representative monopolise the position of champion of the rights of Scotland, insisted upon having their say. The flood gates once opened there poured forth an irresistible stream, which carried the House on to half-past seven. Mr. Smith timidly suggested that this was a proper moment to introduce the Closure. But the Speaker declined to take the hint. The Scotch members, however, presently shut up, whereupon the Irish members, jealous of this encroachment upon their special territory, came to the front, and, taking up the running, kept things going till past one in the morning, the House separating without having done more than pass what had been regarded as the merely formal stage of Supply, leaving the Parnell Commission Bill untouched.

One peculiar feature of the sitting was the unvarying resolution of the Speaker not to put the Closure. Four times it was moved, and four times the Speaker declined to interfere. Thus it came to pass that Tuesday, the day on which, according to Friday's forecast, the Parnell Commission Bill should have finally left the Commons, found the House taking up the Report stage of the amendments temporarily disposed of by application of the Urgency Rules at one o'clock on Friday morning, which placidly reappeared on the paper, with the sole difference that they had originally been placed there for discussion in Committee, and were now transferred to the report stage. The extreme course taken of peremptorily shutting up discussion at a given time had not saved an hour, much less a day, of the sitting. All Tuesday night, and up to half-past two on Wednesday morning, the House pegged away at the amendments, and Wednesday, originally set apart for Scotch business, was performed appropriated to continuance of the discussion. The Report stage was concluded, and the Bill read a third time before five o'clock. But it was then admitted to be impossible to go on with the Scotch Burgh Police Bill, which was postponed till the Autumn Session.



THE fame of Mr. Richard Mansfield's performances in the United States, not to speak of the *pros* and *cons* of his rivalry with Mr. Bandmann, which have furnished so many paragraphs to our newspapers of late, proved amply sufficient on Saturday evening to draw a large and distinguished audience to the LYCEUM. We are now at the very duller period of the theatrical calendar. But times have changed since theatrical seasons were marked by hard and fast lines; and it may be confidently said that anything in the shape of an important dramatic event is now certain at any time to secure attention. People were curious to see Mr. Mansfield. He left us eight or nine years ago, an actor in whom a few persons had discerned promise, but little more; and he comes back to us with a great reputation gathered on the American continent, where the papers are never tired of chronicling his doings or announcing his projects and his movements. He chooses, moreover, the very latest of his triumphs—his "dual" impersonation of Doctor Jekyll and his evil shadow, Mr. Hyde, in a dramatisation of Mr. Stevenson's weird little story which has been stamped with the approval of audiences both in Boston and New York. We have only to add in the way of general remark that the result was, triumphantly successful. Something there was, no doubt, to disappoint the high expectations that had been formed. People hardly expected to see the young man of commonplace aspect who figures in the stage version as Dr. Jekyll; and they found it hard to sympathise with the still more commonplace love-making between him and a rather commonplace heroine, whom the American adaptor, strong in the rules and traditions of his craft, has ventured to introduce into Mr. Stevenson's little world. But this, perhaps, only deepened the powerful impression of Mr. Mansfield's first appearance as the monster Hyde. Few things have been seen on our stage which have so excited the imagination as this unearthly creature, with his swift, stealthy, tiger-like approach, his hissing utterances, his hollow, grating tones, his restless movements. Though the transformation is accomplished again and again in sight of the audience, and almost without any of the extraneous aids which are ordinarily relied on for quick changes, it was difficult to believe that this was one and the same person; till the conviction that Hyde was but the evil counterpart of his conscience-stricken double irresistibly dawned upon the sense. A thrill, not of horror, but of awe and wonderment, manifestly ran through the audience as the creature sprang upon his victim, Sir Danvers Carew, and striking him down clawed and clutched at his breast and throat with the "ape-like fury" that the story describes, but which till now the imagination had scarcely realised. It is this imaginative quality which distinguishes the impersonation from mere exhibitions of fierce malignity and gloating misanthropy, such as the late Mr. John Clarke's otherwise powerful and characteristic portrait of Quilp. Mr. Mansfield's monster is at once human and supernatural. And so it is that his recurring presence on the stage exercises a strange fascination. It is only to be regretted that so original and powerful an effort is not associated with a better play. Truth to tell, Jekyll's love affair, which hangs but loosely on his ill-starred psychological experiments, was not the only matter in which the piece fell short of the standard of a well planned dramatic work. The remaining personages, Utterson, Lanyon, Inspector Newcomen, and so forth, attained to no very distinct individuality. With the exception of Miss Sheridan, who plays the old half-crazy housekeeper of Hyde, no other performer but Mr. Mansfield succeeded in impressing the audience. The play is carefully mounted, the scene of Hyde's lodgings, and the old door by the court, being thoroughly in harmony with the sombre and mystic tone of the tale. On the whole, Mr. Mansfield secured a very favourable reception; and it may be confidently predicted that all playgoers who are in town, and who have any taste for weird performances, will make a point of seeing *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Mr. Mansfield, as it proved, has little to fear from the rivalry of Mr. Bandmann, who made his appearance on Monday evening at the OPERA COMIQUE in another version of Mr. Stevenson's play. The dramatist who has provided Mr. Bandmann with this piece has laboured under the disadvantage of being unable, for reasons connected with the laws affecting literary property, to avail himself of Mr. Stevenson's dialogue, and, unfortunately, the dialogue which he has furnished in its stead is diffuse and commonplace, or worse. Many of the modifications he has introduced into the plot have a curiously close resemblance to those of the Lyceum version. But the crowning misfortune of the Opera Comique performance is the inability of Mr. Bandmann to render either Jekyll or Hyde impressive personages. So far from inspiring awe or wonderment, his Mr. Hyde only suggests ludicrous ideas. More than this need hardly be said.

One swallow, as we all know, cannot make a summer; nor is it absolutely certain that any swallow has this year attempted so to do. This, however, is only by the way. We have been reminded of the proverb by the discovery that something like the converse of this

maxim might be applied to the stage, where the experience of the last week has shown us that one thoroughly good fire-engine is amply sufficient to make a prosperous drama. It is more than probable that any visitor to the PRINCESS's who had been asked to describe *The Still Alarm* would at least begin with a description of the scene in the Central Fire Station in New York. Then he might perhaps tell how Jack Manley, the hero, smashed a window frame in the previous act, in order to descend one of those external fire escapes with which, as the programme reminds us, the private as well as public buildings in America are provided, and thus to pursue and circumvent the villain of the piece. But this it will be observed is only another phase of the fire organisation in New York, which is the real business and essence of the play, and is certainly very much fresher in interest than that old, old story of the young lady who must reject the worthy adorer in favour of the villain of the piece, because the latter has her weak father "in his power." Pretty Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. Harry Lacy, who plays the part of the fireman hero with an odd intonation, and an ungainly stride, and calls "these tears" these "tee-hers," did what the countrymen of this gentleman call "their level best" with the love making, and Miss Fannie Leslie, Mr. Harry Nicholls, and Mr. Harry Parker made the most of what is technically known as "the comic relief;" but the fire engine, the docile pair of cream-coloured horses, and the faithful fireman's hound left them literally nowhere. We are far from wishing to sneer at these accessories. The whole of the act that illustrates the daily life of the New York firemen in so many details, and shows how their beautiful engines are horsed, manned, and off to the fire literally within twelve seconds after the receipt of the "still alarm," is pretty and interesting. It will probably prove amply sufficient to secure for Mr. Joseph Arthur's "romantic comedy-drama" a considerable measure of popularity.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal intend to produce, while on their autumnal provincial tour, a new drama by Mr. Pinero, which bears the title of *The Weaker Sex*. This title is, we believe, "meant," as Artemus Ward said, "sarkastic." In other words, Mrs. Kendal, as the heroine, will not be so weak as a literal reading of the title would lead one to expect.

Another version of *Mr. Barnes of New York* has been produced at the OPERA COMIQUE by Miss Sophie Eyre, who plays the part of the heroine with remarkable force and picturesqueness. The title is *Marina*, the author Mr. John Coleman, who has judiciously modified the story with a view to the stage, and handled his materials with considerable skill. The piece is avowedly only intended to fill the time between the act and the production of a new authorised version of Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*.

The new SHAFESBURY Theatre, in the Avenue of that name, is rapidly approaching completion.

Mr. George Grossmith has written a burlesque-parody upon *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which will be produced by Mr. Lionel Brough. The title is *Hyde and Seekyll*.

Mr. Pinero's play, *Sweet Lavender*, will be played for the 150th time at TERRY'S Theatre, on Tuesday evening next.



POLITICAL.—At the Lord Mayor's annual banquet to the Ministers, on Wednesday, the Prime Minister spoke briefly and pregnantly. In respect to Ireland, he claimed for the Government the achievement of good results. From the 15th July last year to the 1st of July in the present year the number of boycottings had diminished from 4,800 to 1,300. As regards Foreign Affairs, those of Egypt included, Lord Salisbury's tone was cheerful and hopeful. He thought that the principal statesmen of Europe were coming round to the conviction that Bulgaria should be left to herself, and that this view "well considered" would be adopted by Russia, to whose "splendid deeds of valour" in the liberation of Bulgaria he gracefully referred. Far from regarding the meeting of the Emperors of Germany and of Russia—the latter Lord Salisbury pronounced to be a "straightforward, honest man"—as menacing the power of Europe, he believed that it would aid the Czar in joining a great league of peace which no disturbing powers shall be able to affect.—On Monday Sir William Harcourt addressed a gathering of Warwickshire Gladstonians, at Stoneleigh, in a speech which betrayed his strong desire to emulate the peculiar rhetoric of his new Irish allies. He compared the First Lord of the Treasury to Lady Macbeth uttering her remorseful ejaculation as the murderess of Duncan. The Unionists were "labouring by falsehood and fraud to defame the men whom they have injured," while the *Times* "devotes itself daily to invent fresh lies," and so forth.—On the same day the Chief Secretary for Ireland made a brief but telling speech to a great Unionist assemblage at Edridge Park, near Tunbridge Wells, the seat of the Marquis of Abergeenny, who presided. Referring to the charge that in instituting an investigation into Parnellism and Crime the Government wished to "crush" their opponents, he asked how that could happen if those opponents were innocent. He could account for the dogged obstruction offered by Sir William Harcourt and his associates to the Bill authorising the investigation only by supposing that there must be something to be concealed by those who are so anxious for concealment.—Lord Claud J. Hamilton, elder brother of the First Lord of the Admiralty, has resigned, from impaired health, his seat for the West Derby Division of Liverpool, of which city he has been one of the representatives since 1880. The Conservatives have selected as their candidate the Hon. W. H. Cross, eldest son of Viscount Cross, Secretary of State for India. The polling is fixed for Tuesday next. At the last General Election Lord Claud Hamilton was returned by a majority of 1,357.

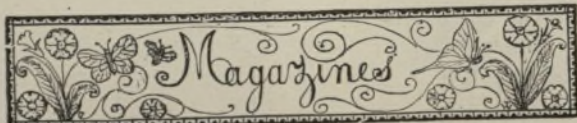
MR. W. J. LANE, the Parnellite M.P., in a letter, and Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., at the coroner's inquest on the death of Mr. Mandeville, have volunteered statements which, if made earlier might have prevented the rancorous attacks of the local Nationalist press on the late Dr. Ridley, the medical attendant at Tullamore Gaol, whose suicide was partly due to the depression of mind produced by them. They represent him as having displayed towards them great kindness and sympathy, which, they allege, was in striking contrast to the conduct of the prison authorities. The proceedings at the coroner's inquest had not concluded when we went to press.

A FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT occurred shortly before midnight on Monday at the Hampton Wick Station on the London and South-Western line. A passenger-train bound for Kingston was just entering the station when it was run into by an engine which had been taking a train from Twickenham to Kingston, and was returning unfortunately on the down, instead of the up, line. The stoker of the passenger-train was killed, and its engine-driver so frightfully injured that he died soon afterwards. Two lady-passengers were killed. Mrs. Sadler, wife of Joseph Sadler, the ex-champion sculler, is not dead as reported, but is progressing under medical treatment. Some fifteen others were injured, several of them very severely. The two men in charge of the engine which was the cause of the accident were not very seriously hurt.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The usual quiescence of Academic life during the Long Vacation has been pleasantly disturbed at Oxford, this and last week, by a visit from some nine hundred of the University Extension students, who now number from twenty to

twenty-five thousand. They received a hospitable welcome, and lectures were delivered for their edification, among others by the Bishop of Ripon on "Novels," and by Professor Max Müller on "Language." Conferences were held, at which the best means of supporting and stimulating the University were the subjects of a careful discussion, in which the Marquis of Ripon took part, one of the results of which will probably be the establishment of an association to aid in systematising the "Home Reading" which even with students is apt to become desultory.—By the middle of the week 2,600l. had been subscribed to the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods at the Isle of Dogs and Poplar, and aid is being actively given by the removal of sludge from the basements of the houses immersed, and by the distribution of bedding, clothes, &c.—This week was unveiled at Sunderland a memorial stone over the grave of "Jack" Crawford, a native of that town, who when a seaman of twenty-two in the flagship of Admiral Duncan, at the Battle of Camperdown, climbed the mast and nailed to it the Admiral's flag which had been shot from it by the fire of the Dutch.—According to a letter recently addressed on the part of the Registrar-General to an inquiring correspondent in England, the rates of persons married to population has almost uninterruptedly declined year by year from 176 in 1873 to 141 in 1886.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his thirty-seventh year, of Lord Douglas W. C. Gordon, fourth son of the tenth Marquis of Huntly, Liberal M.P. for West Aberdeenshire 1876-80, and for Huntingdonshire 1880-85; in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. Octavius Morgan, uncle of Lord Tredegar, and from 1841 to 1874 Conservative M.P. for Monmouthshire, author of works relating to the history of that county; in his seventy-third year, of Dr. John A. Lush, Liberal M.P. for Salisbury 1868-80; of General Sir James Brind, a very eminent Anglo-Indian veteran, who entered sixty-one years ago the Royal (Bengal) Artillery, specially distinguished in the Indian Mutiny campaigns by the fearless energy which he displayed when commanding the besieging batteries at the Siege of Delhi, afterwards, 1873-8, commanding a division of the Bengal army; in his seventy-eighth year, of the Rev. J. Baillie, Senior Resident Canon of York; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. Henry C. Rothery, successively Registrar of the Admiralty Court, and in ecclesiastical and maritime cases of the Privy Council, legal adviser to the Treasury in slave-trade matters, and since 1876 Wreck Commissioner to conduct investigation into casualties at sea, his effective discharge of the duties of which office led to the knowledge and avoidance of many preventable causes of maritime loss; in his eighty-fourth year, of Mr. Braithwaite Poole, from the early days of railway enterprise associated with it as manager, surveyor, and promoter at home, abroad, and in Canada, and for seventeen years Chairman of the London Clearing House for Railways; and in his eighty-eighth year, of Mrs. Jean Aitken, sister of the late Thomas Carlyle, and mother of Mary Carlyle Aitken, his companion and housekeeper during his widowhood. Her husband was a house-painter in Dumfries, where her famous brother often visited her. She was a woman of great intelligence, and figures in the Carlyle correspondence as "the Crow" (*Anglice*, "crow"), a designation due to her black hair. Only one member of Carlyle's generation now survives, his brother James.



II.

To the *Fortnightly* for August Mr. Swinburne contributes a long poem on "The Armada," marked by the usual characteristics of swinging measure and alliteration. The two final stanzas are as follows:—

How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear take hold of thy heart? of thine,
England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life and with hopes divine?
Earth shall wither, when eyes turned higher behold not light in her darkness shine

England, none that is born thy son, and lives by grace of thy glory free,
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to serve as he worships thee;
None may sing thee; the sea-wind's wing beats down our songs as it hails the sea.

The most interesting and striking contribution to this periodical, however, is the final one, Lord Wolsey's essay on "Courage." He assumes as an axiom for the purpose of his article that "courage is a high virtue and cowardice a dastardly vice," and proceeds to treat his subject from a purely practical point of view, and as it has presented itself to him under various aspects and guises in a soldier's career. Of two types of courage the Adjutant-General writes:—"I know men whom I believe to be wanting in natural daring, but whose minds are so well-ordered, whose wills are so under control, that in action they will voluntarily undergo serious danger as a matter of calculation, because it is necessary to their ambition. I need not add that they are not the men whom others follow instinctively as born leaders. Their will, however, so rules over the craven spirit, that their hearts and nerves are forced to work in strict obedience to the indomitable resolve. What must be their tortures!" As specially brave men, he mentions Captain Sir William Peel, and Sir William Gordon in the Crimean War; Sir Gerald Graham and Gordon of Khartoum.

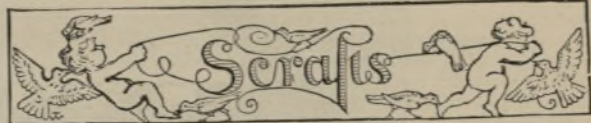
The *Scottish Review* opens with some interesting records of the famous poet, "Unpublished Letters of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd."—Mr. W. Wallace has a very thoughtful paper on "Nationality and Home Rule, in which he compares the two cases of Ireland and Scotland. Making allowances for the shadier circumstances of the Union of 1707, and for the want of attention to Scotch business in Parliament, he notes, nevertheless, as an indisputable fact that Scotsmen have in their dealings with Englishmen no sense of national inequality. "They do not feel, as so many Irishmen passionately feel, the hand of conquest on their foreheads and on their souls."

The *Atlantic Monthly* opens with a pathetic story, dealing with some melancholy effects of the Civil War, entitled "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation."—There is also a useful paper on "The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor."

All the Year Round has a good supply of excellent fireside reading, while the *Argosy* maintains its reputation for sound light fiction, though its pages are seasoned with "Common Salt," by Dr. Japp.

Our Corner and the *Scots' Magazine* seem as well adapted as they usually are to satisfy those sections of the public, for which they especially cater.

LONDON MORTALITY continues low. The deaths last week numbered 1,309, being an increase of 1, and 473 below the average, while the death-rate remained at 15.9 per 1,000. There were 121 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 32), 29 from measles (a decrease of 11), 25 from whooping-cough (a decline of 5), 19 from diphtheria (a fall of 2), 18 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 5), 9 from enteric fever (a decline of 6), and 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 167 from 160, but were 25 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, of which 42 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,530 births registered, an increase of 177, but 87 below the usual return.



TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION is now open between Paris and Marseilles, a distance of 534½ miles. Three minutes conversation costs 2s. 6d., or 1s. 8d. to Lyons, which lies midway between the two cities.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, the New Gallery, and the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours were open last Sunday afternoon to members of the Sunday Society. Over a thousand persons visited each exhibition.

THE FIRST UNIVERSITY IN SIBERIA has been opened at Tomsk. At present, only medicine is taught in the University, but this branch of study is sorely needed in Siberia, where there are only twenty-two doctors—an average, in some districts, of one medical man to 100,000 inhabitants.

M. PASTEUR'S SCHEME for destroying the Australian rabbits by infection with the chicken cholera will shortly be given official trial in New South Wales. Minor preliminary experiments have already been made, with varying success, but now Rodd Island has been fitted up with a laboratory and suitable buildings for the Intercolonial Rabbit Commission, who will superintend extensive experiments carried on by experts.

SWANS UPON THE THAMES between London Bridge and Henley now number 343, their census having just been taken by the officials who annually mark the birds. Most of the swans haunt the less-frequented reaches of the river, very few being found between London Bridge and Ditton, and the greater number living between Bray and Henley. The Queen claims 178 swans, while 94 belong to the Vintners' and 71 to the Dyers' Companies.

NEWS OF THE GREENLAND SNOW-SHOE EXPEDITION has been received. Having crossed from Iceland in the sealer *Jason* to the eastern coast of Greenland, the Expedition, under Dr. Nansen, left the ship on July 17 when about one mile and three-quarters off Sermilikfjord. They expected to reach the coast next day, landing within an inhabited district, and would then start on their tramp to the interior. Sermilikfjord lies in lat. 65½ deg. N.

A LARGE SNAKE is loose in Bermondsey, much to the alarm of the inhabitants. Last Saturday the snake was discovered lying in the gutter of an outhouse belonging to an engineering firm at Dockhead, Bermondsey. No one dared attempt to seize it, as the reptile reared its head threateningly when any person approached. At last a large can was placed near the snake, which obligingly went into the trap, and was captured. Evidently the can was not well secured, for soon after the snake had vanished, and has not been seen since.

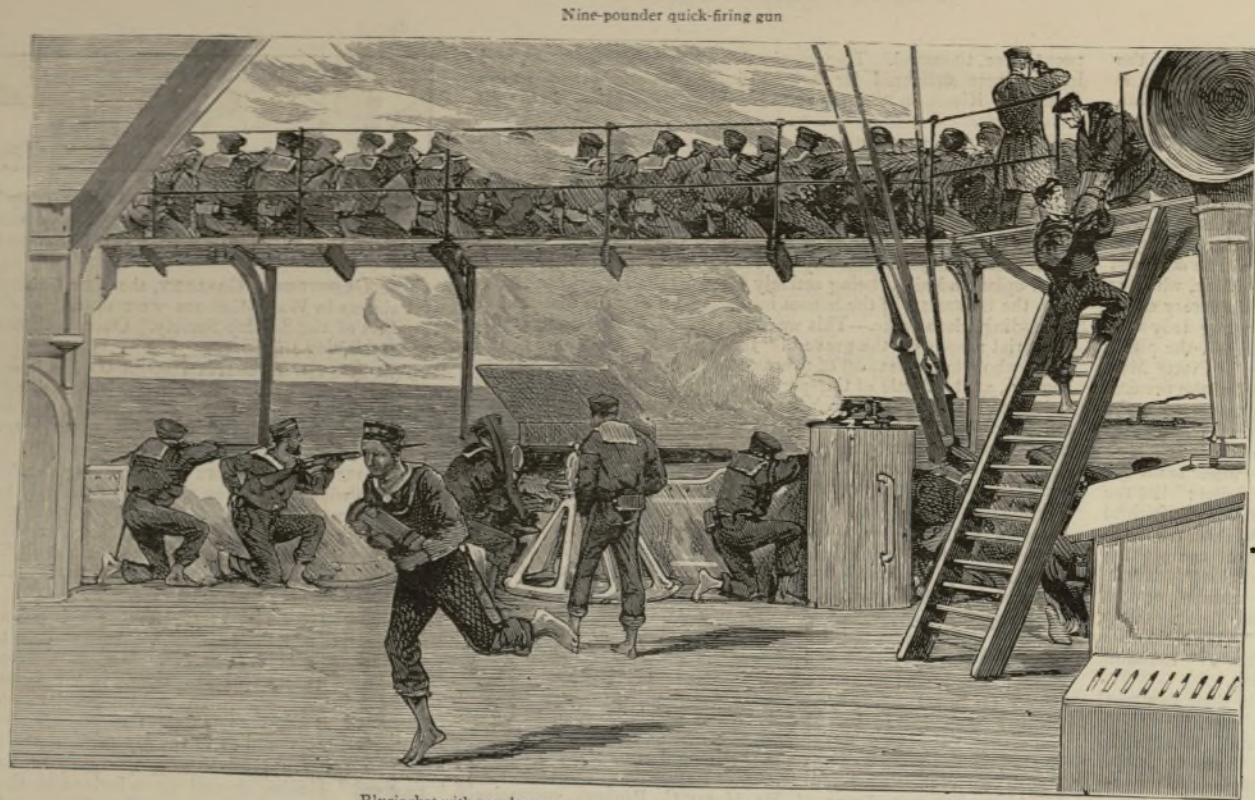
ENCKE'S COMET has duly reappeared according to its allotted time, having been seen last Friday evening at the Cape Observatory. This comet returns about every 3½ years, and is only visible for a very short period in northern latitudes. First discovered in 1786 by the Parisian astronomer Méchain, the comet was observed by Caroline Herschel nine years later, and by other astronomers in 1805 and 1818, each regarding it as a fresh and entirely distinct body. The German professor Encke, however, proved these various comets to be one and the same, which followed an elliptic path, and revolved in about 1,200 days. He successfully predicted the return of the comet in 1822, when it was fully observed at Brisbane. Encke's comet has appeared at the prescribed intervals ever since, and has proved most useful in determining certain planetary observations.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THOMAS A'BECKET'S REMAINS aroused by the discovery at Canterbury Cathedral last year receives little light from the formal report of the investigations just issued. The Committee discreetly limit themselves to a minute description of the famous skeleton, merely remarking that the skull bears distinct evidence of a blow from a heavy instrument. They are more decided respecting the character of the crypt itself. All evidence tends to show that the lower portion of the west wall formed part of the pre-Norman crypt, and most probably is a remnant of the original building granted to St. Augustine. Now excavations at Peterborough Cathedral are bringing treasures to light. A richly-ornamented Saxon slab has been found over a grave dating, apparently, from the time of Hereward's Church. The outline of this second Saxon Church can now be traced, and it appears that this building was exactly half the size of the present Norman Cathedral.

THE JUBILEE OFFERINGS TO THE QUEEN are at last coming to an end. The necklace and earrings presented last week as the personal gift of the Women's Offering are very handsome, both as regards the design and the quality of the gems. The necklace consists of diamond trefoils with a pearl in the centre of each, and a pendant of a diamond quatrefoil, with magnificent pearl centre and drop. This pendant can be used as a brooch, like the snap of the necklace, which takes the shape of a diamond Royal crown with pearl cushion. Indeed, the whole ornament can be taken to pieces and worn either in the hair, on velvet, or as brooches. Single large button pearls form the earrings, surrounded by diamond trefoils. A diamond brooch also is part of the Children's Jubilee Tribute, lately presented to Her Majesty by the Princess May of Teck. Over 6,000l. were collected and enclosed in a purse fastened by the diamond brooch, the money being intended to build a wing to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

THE SUFFERINGS OF PET CATS during the absence of the household on their holiday are often commiserated at this season. They manage these things better in Philadelphia, U.S.A., where there is a regular Cat Hotel during the summer months, conducted on luxurious principles. Most of the rooms are fitted for Pussy's sleeping accommodation, with three stories of shelves round the walls, provided with nice soft mats and rugs. A few aristocratic tabbies have tiny rooms to themselves, where, after their meal, they undergo a regular course of washing and combing to keep their coats in order. This extra attention costs about 2l. a month, but the charge for ordinary treatment is 1l. 4s. The other cats feed together in the dining-room, where each has its own plate on the table. The diet is generous, and on Sunday Puss's dinner consists of meat soup, cod-fish and shrimps, mackerel, and fresh milk with ice-water. Some 100 cats board in the hotel during the summer.

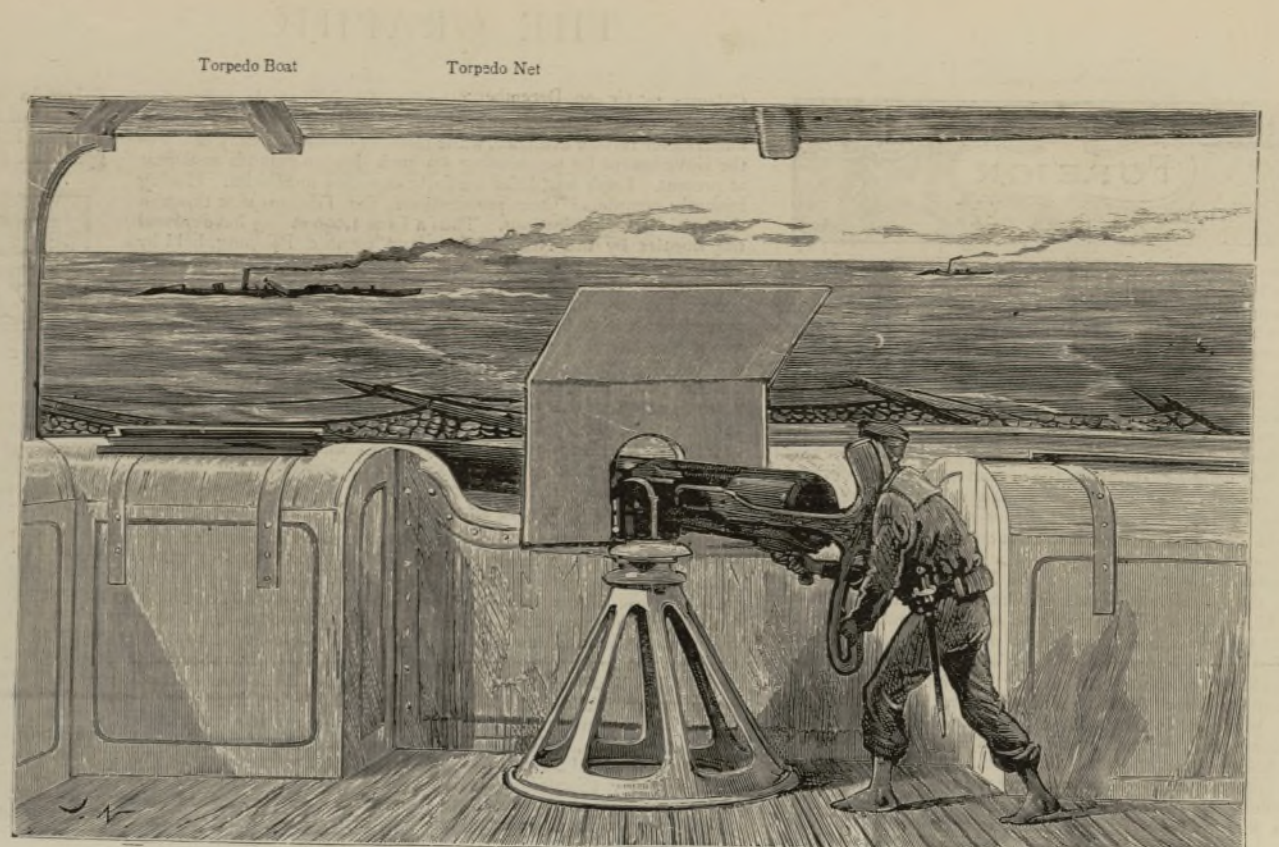
THE NATIONAL GALLERY has received a valuable gift of sixty-three pictures from Sir J. S. Lumley, late British Ambassador at Rome. The most important is a sketch by Murillo for his "Birth of the Virgin" in the Paris Louvre, of exquisite colour and execution. There are still-life canvases—a group of lemons and a glass by Jan van de Velde, a rare artist, who was probably uncle to the famous naval painter; a panel picture of a Japanese sword and *bric-à-brac* by H. Steenwyck; and a fine work by Chardin, representing a loaf of bread and a bottle. This last is specially welcome, as the French collection in the Gallery is rather scanty. The remaining works are fifty-nine small copies of paintings by Velasquez at Madrid, and are to be hung downstairs in a ground-floor room. Speaking of the State collections, the annual report of the National Portrait Gallery is just out. During the year twenty-one donations were made to the collection, and three fresh portraits were bought, bringing up the total to 858 works.



Nine-pounder quick-firing gun
A WARM CORNER FORWARD—H.M.S. "HERO" RESISTING A TORPEDO ATTACK



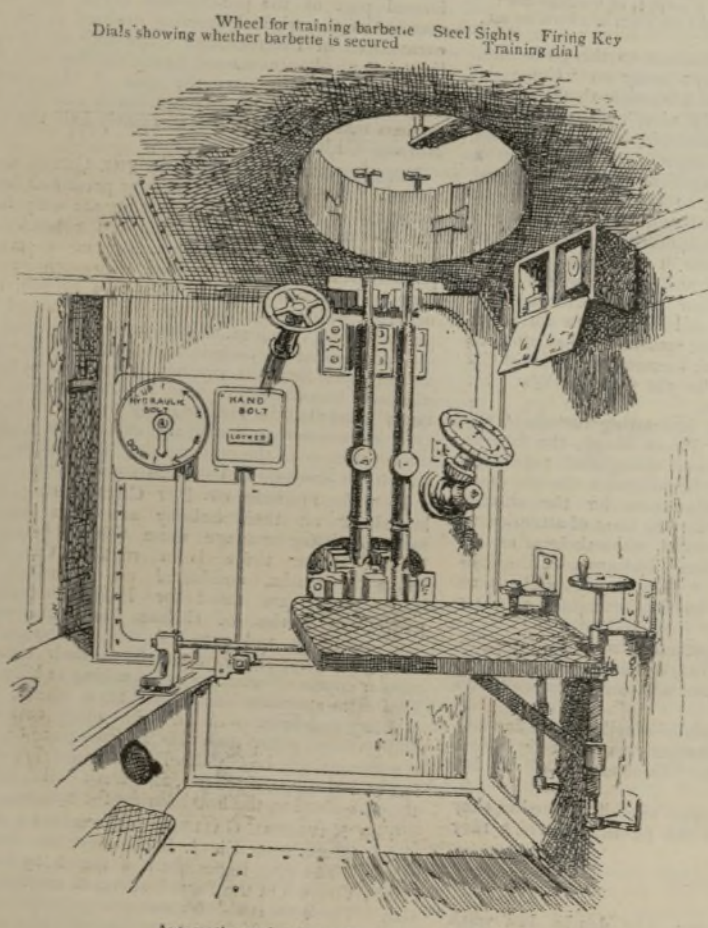
Bluejacket at Training Wheel
Bluejacket with powder case
Bluejacket at Elevating Wheel
FIGHTING THE FORWARD SIGHT GUN ON BOARD H.M.S. "HERO"



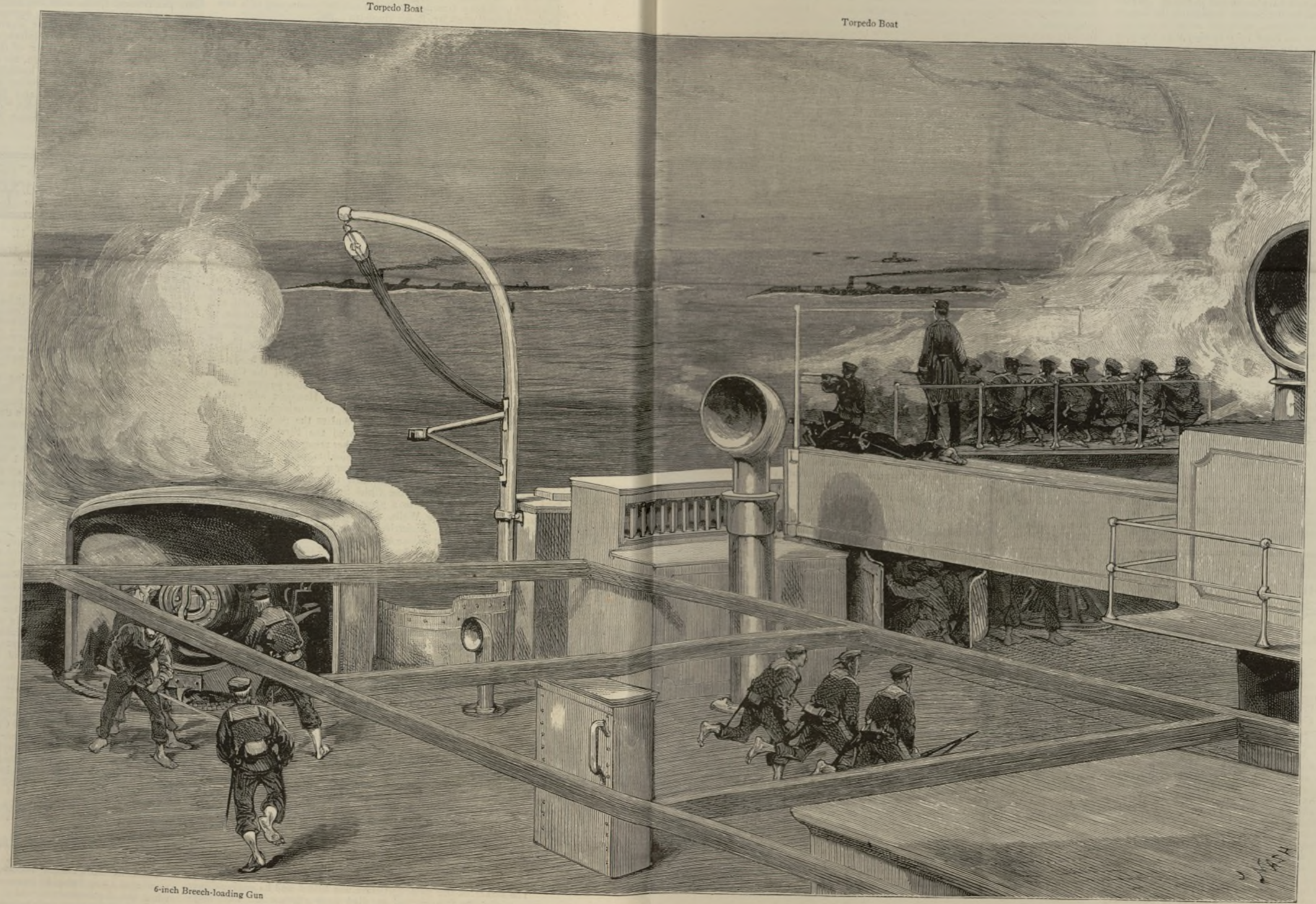
TORPEDO BOAT FIRING AT H.M.S. "HERO"
This sketch shows the Torpedo Net which extends round the ship, and which has just stopped the torpedo, the track of which is indicated by the white line on the sea



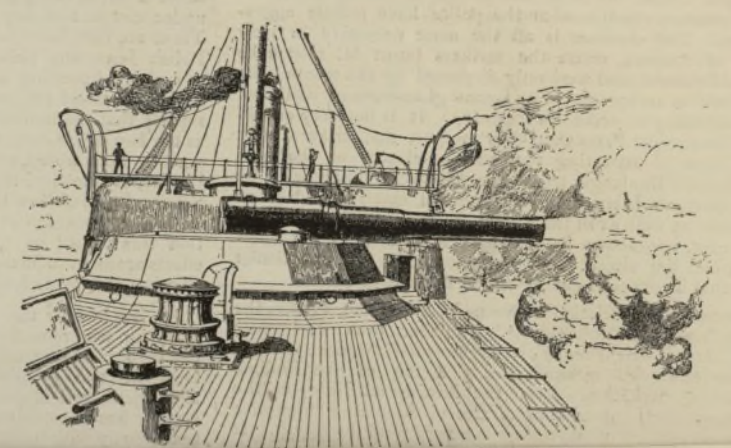
Cylinder containing Hydraulic Ram
VIEW OF HYDRAULIC RAMMERS FOR LOADING GUNS, H.M.S. "RODNEY"
The sketch also shows the upper part of the ammunition hoist casings and the levers by which the hoists and rammers are worked



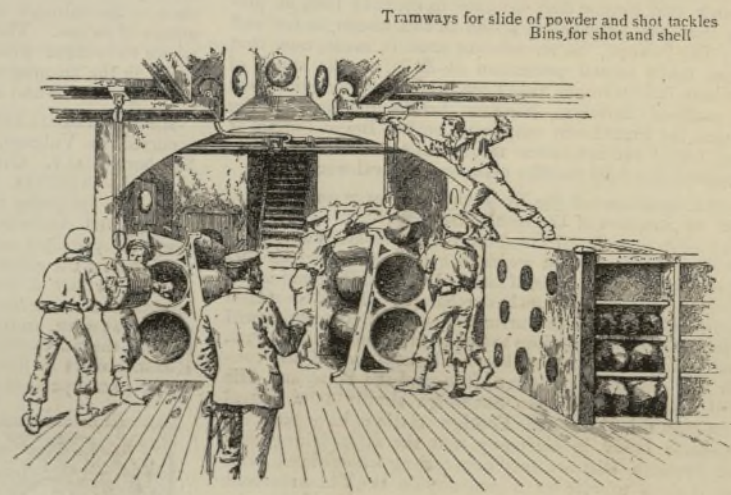
Wheel for training barbettes
Dials showing whether barbettes are secured
Automatic gearing for working sights with gun
Platform for gunnery officer
THE INTERIOR OF THE SIGHTING TOWER OF THE LEFT AFT 69-TON GUN, H.M.S. "RODNEY"



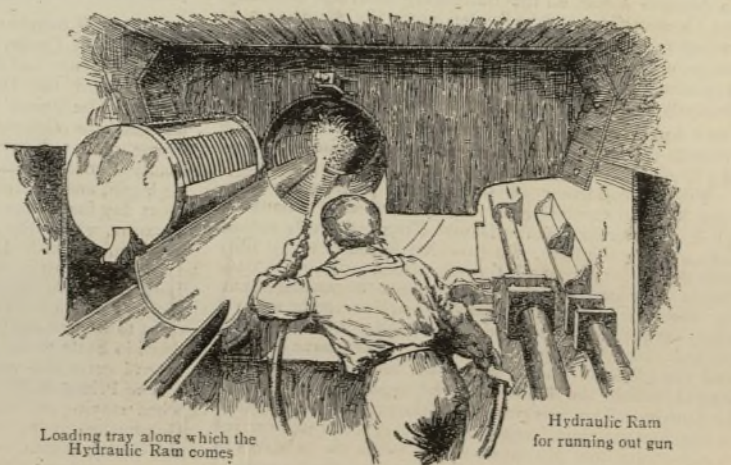
A DIVISION OF TORPEDO BOATS ATTACKING H.M.S. "HERO" ON THE PORT SIDE



Side rails lying on deck
VIEW OF AFTER BARBETTE, H.M.S. "RODNEY"—THE TWO 69-TON GUNS FIRING SIMULTANEOUSLY



Tramways for slide of powder and shot tackles
Bins for shot and shell
Bluejackets with powder case
Bluejackets lowering shot on to shot slide
IN THE FORE MAGAZINE, H.M.S. "RODNEY"



Breech block
Loading tray along which the Hydraulic Ram comes
INSIDE THE BARBETTE—WASHING OUT THE 69-TON GUN BREECH AFTER FIRING, H.M.S. "RODNEY"

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—BIG GUN AND TORPEDO PRACTICE ON BOARD H.M.S. "HERO" AND "RODNEY"



THE strikes in FRANCE assume serious dimensions, and have already spread from Paris to the provinces. Beginning with the Parisian navvies, the movement has now been joined by the carters and the masons—the latter demanding 5s. instead of 4s. for a short day's work. At one time the cabmen and the locksmiths seemed likely to swell the malcontents, but ultimately changed their minds. Further, though they have not actually struck work, the hair-dressers and café waiters have taken the opportunity to air their grievances by noisy parades and attacks on registry offices. Thus there have been some lively scenes in the Paris streets, for while the workmen persecuted their fellow-labourers in the artisan quarters, confiscating their tools, and stopping work, the waiters and the hair-dressers disturbed the fashionable regions till driven off by the police. The strikers made their headquarters at the Bourse du Travail, which has developed from a labour exchange into a thorough revolutionary centre, chiefly controlled by a certain M. Boulé. However, on Wednesday the Bourse was closed by the police. At present the masters hold firm, and the main hope of settlement lies in the mediation of the Municipal Council, who propose arbitration in the dispute. But the agitation has passed beyond mere labour discontent, thanks to the Anarchists fanning the flame. Throughout, the Communists have worked hard to turn the agitation to their own purposes by the aid of Louise Michel and other violent orators, while the sudden death of Eudès, one of their most prominent leaders, gave them an extra hold on public attention. Eudès was speaking at a strikers' meeting when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired. His funeral therefore afforded grand scope for a joint demonstration of strikers and Communists, which resulted in dangerous collisions with the police and gendarmes. Two serious frays occurred, a bomb being thrown at the police-station in the Boulevard Voltaire, but the authorities were in force, and effectually routed the disturbers with some little bloodshed. Further, M. Scudey, Secretary of the League for Suppressing Registry Offices, was arrested. Indeed, the Government have at last decided to put down the disturbances with a strong hand, for hitherto the constant conflicts with the police have merely aggravated matters. This decision is all the more necessary in view of the riots at Amiens, where the strikers burnt M. Coquel's weaving establishment, and were only dispersed by the troops after setting the town in an uproar. The Lyons glass-workers will now follow suit, intending to strike on Saturday. It is not very creditable to the Boulangist Press that they support the strikers, with the evident view of attracting the working-classes at the next elections. General Boulanger has begun his electoral campaign by visiting the Charente Inférieure, where he will stand candidate on the 19th instant, as well as in the Somme on the same day. Little interest, however, was shown in his visit, and the Royalists energetically warned the electors not to support the "Revolutionist general," so that he depends chiefly on the Bonapartists.

Beyond increasing the friction between FRANCE and ITALY, the Massowah difficulty is unlikely to go further than diplomatic complaint. Indeed, the French have accepted Signor Crispi's censure with unwonted meekness, only a few of the Radical journals showing irritation. Even the Ministerial Note to the French representatives abroad defining the position of France with regard to the occupation of Massowah is a very mild document. It simply states that the Capitulations must have remained in force at Massowah up to the despatch of the last Italian Circular, for, until then, Italy had not complied with the conditions of the Berlin Conference, requiring her to notify her annexation of the port. It is plain enough that France does not care to provoke Italy at present, finding that her neighbour's action in this matter is too well approved by the Powers. So no remonstrance is made, now that Italy has also taken formal possession of Zulla, to the south of Massowah, where Italian troops have been established for some time past. The national irritation, however, breaks out among the working-classes, the Frenchmen employed on the Braye Tunnel at Laon having forced the contractor to dismiss the Italian navvies. This step resulted in a fatal conflict between the rival workmen.

In GERMANY, the echoes of the Emperor's tour have not yet died away, so far as rumours of the results are concerned. At present, most optimistic views prevail, all based on the Russo-German understanding, which is discussed with wearisome iteration. Prince Bismarck, also, openly expresses himself satisfied with the Peterhof interview. Meanwhile, Emperor William has exchanged political courtesies for the superintendence of his favourite army manoeuvres, which will occupy the next six weeks, previous to his Austrian and Italian tours. The visit to King Humbert is to be strictly kept free of any connection with the difficulties between Italy and the Pope, and His Holiness will receive the German Sovereign simply as a Royal visitor of non-political character. Foreign relations have occupied so much attention lately in Germany that the approaching elections to the Prussian Diet are only just coming into notice. The Government intends to rely for a majority on the Conservatives, Free Conservatives, and National Liberals, in opposition to the Catholic party, which might desert at a critical moment at the bidding of their leader, Herr Windthorst. A good deal of annoyance has been caused in Court circles by Madame Adam's article in the *Parisian Nouvelle Revue*, on the Battenberg marriage difficulty. So the *North German Gazette* roundly denounces the statements, as based on an impertinent forgery. No such report from the Chancellor to the Emperor Frederick ever existed, declares the journal. Recent heavy rains have affected most parts of Germany, but Silesia suffers particularly, the floods causing dire distress.

In EASTERN AFFAIRS, fresh reports are abroad of an International Congress to settle the affairs of BULGARIA, the preliminaries to be arranged at a coming interview between Count Kalnoky and Prince Bismarck. Prince Waldemar of Denmark is persistently mentioned as the Russian candidate for Prince Ferdinand's thankless post, though it is suspected that the Danish King will firmly oppose the plan when visiting the Czar. Bulgaria herself, however, is fully occupied with the Bellova brigand trouble, which appears to have been needlessly increased by the Government mismanagement. Though the ransom is ready, the wretched captives have not yet been released, for the Bulgarian authorities wish to hunt down the brigands at the risk of the prisoners' lives. They have drawn a cordon round the brigands' haunt, and much foreign pressure has been required to enable the Italian attaché to join the troops and forward the ransom. The Government declare that the brigands ought to be made an example, especially as they have just carried off two rich merchants from Mustapha-Pacha, while the relatives of the unfortunate captives are in despair. Besides the ransom of 3,000*l.* the brigands required a most luxurious outfit for thirty-five persons, together with provisions and firearms.—Queen Natalie of SERBIA intends to plead her cause in person before the Bulgarian Synod when the King's demand for a separation is discussed.

The forthcoming Viceregal change chiefly occupies INDIA. Lord Dufferin quits India within the next few weeks, leaving the Government in the hands of Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, until the arrival of the new Viceroy. At present Lord Lansdowne is not expected at Bombay before December 3rd, when he will at once proceed to

Calcutta to be sworn in on December 8th. There is little other domestic news of importance, save that Mr. Crawford's trial is deferred for further evidence, while Bombay opinion already censures the Government for prosecuting on such slender grounds as appear at present. Fresh hostilities are daily expected in Sikkim. Having leisurely completed their preparations, the Tibetans now threaten the British communications. Thus a force 1,000 strong have crossed the frontier by the Nathula Pass and menace Pakyong, held by Captain Fairbrother with 200 Native infantry. They gradually draw nearer Gnatong, and are credited with designs on Enchi, the present residence of the Sikkim Rajah. Evidently they propose to attack the British by night, and before the arrival of the reinforcements now hurrying up to Colonel Graham at Gnatong, but which are not expected until Sunday. For the time BURMA is much quieter than usual, and it is hoped that the disturbances will be more firmly put down now that the Government has at last decided to reorganise the police in Lower Burma. The Assistant-Commissioner, Mr. Brind, has been drowned when crossing a swollen river. On the western side of the frontier nothing but militant news comes from AFGHANISTAN. All the Shinwarri tribes have risen against the Ameer, so far with success.

THE UNITED STATES genuinely mourn General Sheridan, who died on Sunday of failure of the heart's action. His long illness after all ended unexpectedly. Though his malady was known to be fatal—disease of the mitral and working valves of the heart—the General had been much better since his removal to his country home at Nonquitt, Massachusetts, and was even thought to be on the road to temporary recovery. General Sheridan's brilliant services in the Civil War won him warm popularity and the nation feels regretfully that the leaders of the national struggle fast disappear, for General Sherman is now the sole conspicuous surviving general on the Federal side, while the Confederates can only claim General Johnson. General Sheridan, who was fifty-seven years of age, is to be buried to-day (Saturday), at Arlington, Virginia. Major-General Schofield succeeds the deceased General as Commander-in-Chief. Whilst thus doing homage to one of their great men, the Americans have not forgotten to greet a national celebrity of a different type, witness the demonstration arranged for Mr. Blaine's return to New York. The agitation on pauper immigration continues, and some 300 destitute Italians have been shipped home, together with two brigands, while many of the Italian labour-brokers found New York too hot to hold them, and have decamped in secret. Meanwhile a bill is being prepared for the Senate, forbidding the import under contract of any alien labourer, mechanic, artist, or artisan. These are the class who crowd the New York Bowery, like the poor Polish Jews who perished in the fire at the big tenement house, caused by upsetting some benzine. There were 200 people in the building, mostly tailors and their families, and the flames spread so rapidly that the inmates were too panic-stricken to escape, especially as the house was only reached by a narrow alley. At least twenty persons were killed, and many seriously hurt. Besides considering the labour question, the Senate has been invited by the Republican Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, to negotiate with Great Britain for the political reunion of Canada and the United States. The suggestion was passed on to the Foreign Relations Committee. Fresh efforts are afoot to further respite Brooks, the murderer of Mr. Preller, who has already so long escaped his sentence.

In ZULULAND the British forces are steadily hunting down Dinizulu, who remains in the Ceza bush with Undabuko and about two thousand followers. The British continue their advance on the bush in two parallel columns, General Smyth coming from N'konjeni and Major McKean from the coast. The latter commander has re-established the police post at Jouma, which was temporarily withdrawn owing to the Usutu attack. After Somkeli's submission two minor chiefs followed suit, Somopo and Betzane, who recently attacked Mr. Pretorius, and the whole party have gone down to British care at Ekowe.—Detailed accounts of the fire at the De Beers Diamond Mine, Kimberley, show that the flames broke out close to the entrance shaft, and spread so as to cut off the ordinary means of escape. The survivors retreated into some old workings, where forty-three whites and 460 natives existed throughout the night in the burning mine till they succeeded in forcing their way to a higher level and safety.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, a terrible volcanic eruption has occurred in Vulcano, one of the Lipari Isles, off the coast of Southern ITALY. Great damage to property and loss of life are reported.—AUSTRIA is wroth with General Ignatieff for his outspoken antipathy at the Kieff Festival. Heavy rains and floods have ruined Austrian crops and vineyards, inundated towns, and swept away bridges and railway lines. The Danube at one time rose so high that the entrance of the arm running through Vienna was blocked for fear of disaster. Dismal histories of similar storms and inundations come from SWITZERLAND. The Lake of Lucerne is greatly swollen, and some quarters of Lucerne are flooded, while part of the St. Gothard Railway has been under water. Western RUSSIA suffers in like manner.—Sore famine affects MONTENEGRO, where 40,000 persons are starving.



THE chief members of the Royal Family continue in the Isle of Wight. The Queen has with her at Osborne House Prince and Princess Henry and their children, the family of the Duke of Connaught, and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alix of Hesse. The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters remain on board the *Osborne* off Cowes, while Princess Louise and Lord Lorne are at Kent House. Her Majesty gives frequent small family dinner-parties, and on Saturday Viscountess Melgund, Lord Cadogan, and Commander Poore joined the Royal party at dinner. Next day the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng officiated, Mr. Byng also dining with Her Majesty. On Monday, the Queen, with Princesses Beatrice and Alix, drove to Kent House to congratulate Lord Lorne on his forty-third birthday. Yesterday (Friday) Her Majesty would hold a Council. Glasgow is making grand preparations to receive the Queen on the 22nd inst., when Her Majesty will drive in State to the Exhibition. The Queen does not intend to go abroad again this year, but will remain at Balmoral till November.

The Prince of Wales is showing his usual interest in yachting when staying on board the *Osborne*. On Monday he presided as Commodore at the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the Castle, West Cowes, and proposed Prince Henry of Battenberg as a member. The Prince and Princess and daughters also witnessed the Squadron Regatta on the following days. Prince Albert Victor is confined to his room at York with a swollen foot.

The Duke of Edinburgh has left Cyprus with the Mediterranean Squadron for the Asiatic coast. Monday was the Duke's forty-fourth birthday. The Duchess remains at Coburg, where Princess Christian will shortly visit her sister-in-law, on concluding her stay at Friedrichskron. The Empress Frederick suffers severely from rheumatism and neuralgia, and next month will leave for Scotland to stay with the Queen. She will definitively settle at her former

Palace in Berlin, to be near her various charitable works. The Duchess of Albany on Saturday opened the Art Exhibition at the People's Palace, and presented medals to the prize-winners in the gymnastic competition.



MUSIC IN LONDON.—Although music is supposed to have entirely ceased in London and its neighbourhood during the past week or two, yet in reality this is not quite the case. The excellent concerts given three or four times a week, under Mr. Manns, with the permanent band of the Crystal Palace, richly deserve the notice of amateurs. Although, of course, by no means so important as the Saturday Concerts given during the winter, these summer performances have merits of their own. The programmes are limited to about a couple of hours, and they usually contain a symphony, or a concerto, or some other important work. They also give an opportunity to a large number of young aspirants (whether vocalists or instrumentalists) of being heard in public, and more than one such new comer has eventually joined the regular ranks of the profession. It is a pity, however, that the leading items of the programme, are not duly announced in the newspapers. For example on Wednesday of this week portions of Mr. Jerome Hopkins' opera, *Dumb Love*, were produced, but nobody knew anything about the affair till after the performance had taken place.—Concerts, too, have been given nightly at the Irish Exhibition under the direction of Mr. W. Ludwig. These concerts are for the most part confined to Irish ballads, and they might, without any very great difficulty, be improved. Last Saturday, however, a lengthy selection was given from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, but, of course, with only pianoforte accompaniment.—This (Saturday) evening, the Promenade Concerts will commence at Covent Garden. We have already announced the programme.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Dr. Richter will return from Bayreuth next week to conduct the London orchestral rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival, beginning August 20th. The general programme of the festival has, more than once, and again only recently been altered. We will therefore now briefly give the details, of course reserving notice of the orchestra, &c., until after rehearsals or performances commence. The band rehearsals will last four days in London, and full rehearsals will be held at Birmingham on the 25th and 27th. *Elijah* will start the Festival on the 28th, with Mr. Santley as the Prophet. In the evening Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* and a short miscellaneous selection are announced. The whole of the morning of the 29th, except as to Robert Franz's Psalm, *Praise Ye the Lord*, for double choir, and a Haydn Symphony, will be devoted to Dr. Hubert Parry's new oratorio, *Judith*, founded on the story of "Judith and Holofernes" in the Apocrypha.—The chief parts will be sung by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd (in place of Mr. Piercy) and Santley, and the composer himself will conduct. In the evening Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, conducted by Dr. Richter, and a couple of overtures will be performed. On the morning of the 30th, Robert Franz's version of *The Messiah*, first produced at the Festival of 1885, will be repeated. In the evening, Dr. Bridge will conduct his new Cantata, *Callirhoë*, in which Madames Albani and Trebelli and Mr. Lloyd will sing the chief parts, Miss Fanny Davies will play Schumann's Concerto, and several miscellaneous events are announced. On the morning of the 31st will be performed Bach's *Magnificat*, Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony; and in the evening, the Festival will end with Handel's *Saul*, with Misses Anna Williams and Ambler, Madame Patey, Messrs. Piercy, Banks, Brereton, and Santley as chief vocalists.

DR. BRIDGE'S "CALLIRHOË."—Dr. Parry's new oratorio is not yet ready, but we have received in advance a vocal score of the new Cantata "Callirhoë," by Dr. J. F. Bridge of Westminster Abbey. A brief description (criticism in advance being, of course, avoided) will therefore be of interest. The story of the beautiful Callirhoë is narrated by Pausanias in his "Itinerary of Greece," and Mr. Barclay Squire, the librettist, has, with very few variations, preserved the legend in its integrity. Callirhoë the virgin has excited the love of Ceresus, priest of Bacchus, but the more he loves her the more she hates him. The chorus bring her from Ceresus a wreath of flowers, which she disdainfully refuses. The interview between the priest and the maiden is a stormy one, and in it occur several of the leading motives, including a very important theme allied to the name "Callirhoë." The virgin even derides the gods, whereupon the impassioned strains of the lover change to the stern rebuke of the priest as the lady leaves the scene. Ceresus then utters a long prayer to the image of Dionysos, asking that the god shall send upon the people the plague of madness. This is one of the principal tenor solos in the work, and upon the ever-varied accompaniment the composer has lavished all the resources of the orchestra. A gong is heard in response, the image bends solemnly, and with an elaborated chorus, in which the surging of crowds stricken with the plague is depicted, the first part ends. In the second part we are before the oracle of Dodona, an oracle which answers by the sound of brazen vessels hung by strings on the trees and agitated by the passing wind. In order to gain this effect Dr. Bridge employs a set of specially-constructed gongs, one inside the other, struck softly with drumsticks. The gongs and the leading motif of the oracle play a very important part in this scene. Choruses of messengers alternate with choruses of priestesses, the orchestra meanwhile lightening the effect of the whole with a running accompaniment. At last the chief priestess (a contralto) speaks the words of the oracle, that a maiden must freely sacrifice herself or induce one to be freely slain instead. In the last part we are back again to the scene of the first act, where Callirhoë, while singing a soprano recitative and dreamy aria, prepares herself for the sacrifice. To the strains of a sombre march, the priests conduct her to her doom. But in the course of a duet Ceresus stabs himself with the sacrificial knife, and the maiden, struck by so great a proof of affection, finds her hatred change to love. In the course of a long soprano solo she upbraids herself, and then with a passionate appeal to Eros she, too, stabs herself. Both of the principal parties being dead, the chorus express their wonder that the plague is stayed, and from the death mound flows a river in which the gambols of the Nereids and Tritons prevent the gloom of a too-tragic ending.

NOTES AND NEWS.—At the opening of the Melbourne Exhibition on the 1st inst., Mr. Cowen's *Song of Thanksgiving* was performed. It will be heard for the first time in England at the Hereford Festival next month.—The death, which has been announced in almost every English and foreign paper, of the well-known Wagnerian conductor, Hermann Levi, of Munich, happily turns out to be incorrect. Levi has been dangerously ill, but is now almost convalescent.—Mr. Augustus Harris last week visited Bayreuth with Signor Mancinelli, in order to hear *Die Meistersinger*, which will be produced in Italian at Covent Garden next summer.—Mr. Charles Mathews, a well-known barrister and son of the great comedian, is engaged to be married to Miss Sloper, eldest daughter of the well-known pianist and teacher the late Lindsay Sloper.



DR. STUBBS, BISHOP OF CHESTER, one of the most erudite and accurate of English historians, present or past, is translated from the See of Chester to that of Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Mackarness. Dr. Stubbs is an Oxford man, having been Regius Professor of Modern History there, and Curator of the Bodleian.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.—There has been issued this week an Encyclical Letter, signed by the Primate on behalf of the Conference, with a series of resolutions adopted by it, and reports of Committees which the Conference has accepted, but not adopted. Foremost in general interest is the passage in the Encyclical recommending that doubts arising from "the misapprehensions of the due relations between science and religion" ought to be treated "with respect and a sympathetic patience." A reference to the main principles of the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution by natural selection is, in all probability, meant in the further recommendation, which is quite in accordance with the spirit of the Bishop of London's Bampton Lectures that, "where minds have been disturbed by scientific discovery or assertion, great care should be taken not to extinguish the element of faith, but rather to direct them to the realisation of the fact that such discoveries elucidate the action of laws which, rightly conceived, tend to the higher appreciation of the glorious work of the Creator, upheld by the word of His power." On the Temperance question, while recognising total abstinence to be "highly valuable as a means to an end," the Encyclical disavows the language which "condemns the use of wine as wrong in itself." As regards an inter-communion of the Church and of religious bodies not under the episcopal system, the language of the Encyclical is less decided than that of the Bishop of Sydney's proposal, which as approved of by Dr. Vaughan, was referred to in this column last week. "We cannot," Nonconformists are told, "desert our position, not only as to faith, but as to discipline." However, it is added, "We gladly and thankfully recognise the real religious work which is carried on by Christian bodies not of our Communion."

THE DEATH, in his 75th year, is announced of Dr. Burgon, the notable Dean of Chichester, a zealous High Churchman of the old pre-Tractarian School. He was the son of a City merchant trading with the Levant, and was brought up to mercantile pursuits, while engaged in which he wrote an instructive work, published in 1839, "The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham," the Elizabethan founder of the Royal Exchange, for which he made sedulous researches in the Record Office. Quitting the City and commerce for Oxford and study, he went to Worcester College, Oxford, where, after an academic career of some distinction, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel. Having taken Orders, he held the living of St. Mary, the University church, in which he had been preceded by the present Cardinal Newman, and there he remained from 1863 to 1875, when he succeeded the late Dr. Hook in the Deanery of Chichester. He was the author of many theological works and treatises, and he assailed with characteristic vigour and incisiveness the Revised Version of the New Testament in articles contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards published separately. Among his non-theological works was an interesting volume, "The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman: a Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler," the amiable and accomplished historian of Scotland.

MR. SPURGEON apparently disclaims the intention, recently imputed to him, of leaving the Baptist for the Presbyterian Communion. He writes to a correspondent: "I am not one jot less a Baptist because I have quitted the Union, with which I can be heartily united."



THE TURF.—Goodwood ended better than it began, in weather if not in sport. Backers, however, continued to fare badly. On Thursday in the Prince of Wales's Stakes El Dorado knocked over a hot favourite in Donovan, who thus sustained his second defeat. Timothy started in most demand for the Goodwood Cup, but was easily defeated by Lord Falmouth's Roda; while Gulliver could only get third in the Rous Memorial, won by Sweetbriar. Next day the chief event was the Goodwood Stakes, which for the third year in succession fell to the Manton stable, Alec Taylor's Stourhead doing the needful on this occasion. Zanzibar proved that his victory earlier in the week in the Sussex Stakes was not necessarily a fluke by winning the Nassau Stakes in clever fashion; while Isosceles secured a popular win for Lord Hartington, whose colours are too seldom successful, in the Visitors' Plate.

Bank Holiday saw meetings at Croydon, Four Oaks Park, and Ripon St. Wilfrid. Shy won the Woodside Plate at the first-named, and Doreuse added to his Goodwood success at the second; but otherwise the racing calls for no comment. At Ripon Ossidine secured the Trial Selling Handicap Plate, and Lady Rosebery the Great St. Wilfrid Handicap Plate, while next day Mr. W. F. Lee carried off a couple of events with Truthful and Ophelia. Backers will have good reason to remember the "Sussex fortnight" of 1888. At Brighton, on Tuesday, only two favourites were successful, and both of these started at unremunerative rates. Cataract beat Deuce of Clubs, Cobble, and a dozen more in the Marine Plate; Fretwork, Oberon, Munchausen, was the order in the Brighton Stakes; and Assassin won the All-Aged Plate. The last-named could not follow up his success next day, however, in the Brighton Cup, which was won by Ingonda. Lord Hartington won another race, this time with the Chaplet colt, Abeldar secured the High Weight Plate, and Mellifont the Pavilion Stakes. F. Barrett and Watts continue to run a close race for the headship of the winning jockey list, while George Barrett, in spite of his late start, is coming up rapidly.

CRICKET.—Turner's bowling has been simply irresistible on the difficult wickets now so frequent. Against a so-called "England Eleven" at Hastings, he took seventeen wickets for 50 runs, and mainly contributed to the easy victory of the Colonists. Against Kent, too, in the opening match of this, the Canterbury, week, he bowled very finely, with the result that the county was beaten by 81 runs. The wonderful trundling of Tate, a new-comer to the Sussex team, who in the second innings of the Kent match took five wickets for only one run, nearly secured a victory for his county, as Kent only won by one wicket. Sussex, in spite of the brilliant batting of Mr. W. Newham (12 and 118), had to put up with a second defeat at the hands of Gloucestershire, which last week once more illustrated the uncertainty of cricket by defeating Notts. The latter failed to stem Surrey's tide of success, moreover, and against Lohmann and Beaumont's deadly deliveries suffered defeat by 78 runs, while

Yorkshire found the veteran Burton too much for them, and, mainly owing to his bowling and Mr. O'Brien's batting, sustained a six wickets' defeat from Middlesex. Of the minor counties, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Hertfordshire, and Hants have all met with disaster at the hands of Lancashire, Leicestershire, Essex, and Somersetshire respectively. For the second England v. Australia match, which begins on Monday next at the Oval, the Surrey Committee have selected a strong side, but unless they can also secure fine weather and a good wicket we cannot feel sanguine as to the result.—The annual match between Jockeys and the Press ended in the defeat of the pen by the pigskin.

AQUATICS.—J. Nuttall, the youthful swimmer of Stalybridge, who carried all before him last year, has twice been defeated this season. He recovered some of his lost laurels on Monday, however, by winning the Salt Water Championship with the greatest ease from several doughty opponents, and doing the distance (a quarter-of-a-mile) in the fastest time on record.—Teemer may or may not be the fastest sculler in the world, but at any rate he and his partner, Hamm, are not the fastest double-scullers, for they have lately been defeated by Gaudaur and M-Kay.—Irex and Yarana, rivals for the yachting championship, met in the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta at Cowes. Irex came in first, but failed to save her time on Yarana, which thus secured the first prize. In the Royal Southampton Yacht Club race, later on, Irex did not start, and Yarana won easily.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Temple, the American "trick" bicyclist, has long proved himself to be exceptionally smart at short distances, but few were prepared on Saturday to see him win the Twenty Miles Professional Championship at Leicester from such opponents as Howell, Lee, and W. Wood. Win he did, however, and later in the day, not being content with his previous exertions, carried off a five miles "lap" race.—At the Northumberland County Lawn Tennis Tournament, the Hon. P. B. Lyon carried off the Championship Singles for the second year, while the similar event at Buxton was won by Mr. T. S. Campion.—Football will soon begin in the North. The only news of importance is that N. J. Ross, the well-known full-back, has seceded from the Preston North End Club, and will this season assist Everton.



THE CIRCUIT ARRANGEMENTS are to be altered, so that all the Judges will be in town with the opening of the Michaelmas sittings, on which occasion there will thus no longer be presented the spectacle of empty Courts when the Long Vacation nominally ends. Those Judges who go on Circuit will not leave London until the middle of November, when, under the present system, their Circuit labours generally end; and it is intended that the Assizes shall terminate simultaneously with the Michaelmas sittings.

MR. FREDERICK W. MAITLAND, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been elected, in succession to the late Mr. Birkbeck, Q.C., Downing Professor of the Laws of England in that University, a chair of the value of 500l. a year, irrespectively of an official residence and the emoluments associated with a Downing Fellowship. Mr. Maitland has been since 1885 Reader in English Law, an office vacant through his new appointment. He is well known by his contributions to the literature of jurisprudence, and as the editor of "Bracton's Note Book" and of the "Year Books" which the recently-founded Selden Society have begun their operations by issuing.

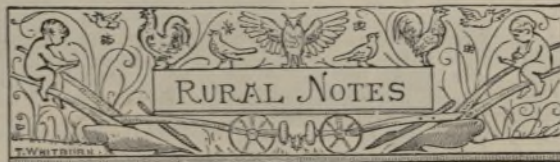
THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL, reinforced by five ecclesiastical assessors—the Bishops of London, Manchester, Salisbury, Ely, Sodor and Man—have decided that the Archbishop of Canterbury has jurisdiction in the matter of the alleged Ritualistic practices of the Bishop of Lincoln, and have advised the Queen to remit the case to him, to be dealt with according to law.

A LEGACY of 5,000l. was left to the endowment for the United Presbyterian Church, Hexham. Afterwards the testator became insane, and remained so until his death. During his insanity the English congregations of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland amalgamated with the Presbyterian Church of England, a different body, of course, but holding the same doctrines as that which they had left. The claim of the Hexham congregation to the legacy was disputed by the residuary legatee on account of the change in their constitution. Mr. Justice Chitty gave judgment in favour of the congregation, holding that the legacy was not given to the general body of which they had formerly been a part, but to the particular Church established at Hexham, which remained substantially unaltered.

A CANADIAN CASE OF COMPENSATION which has been brought to England to be finally adjudicated on possesses some general interest. The widow of a gentleman killed in a railway accident brought an action for compensation against the Railway Company. It appeared that he was insured for 2,000 dollars, and that the widow had received that sum. The Judge directed the jury not to deduct from the damages the sum received from the Insurance Company, and the jury giving her 6,000 dollars damages, the Company appealed to the higher Canadian Court, alleging that this was a misdirection on the part of the Judge. The Company being defeated in Canada, appealed to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, which has affirmed the decision of the Canadian Courts, and dismissed the appeal. Lord Watson, in delivering judgment, said that this decision was come to all the more readily that the Canadian Judge who first tried the case excluded from the consideration of the jury the chance that the deceased husband (who was in the service of the American Express Company) might have obtained a rise of salary, or have been able to make a further provision, if he had not been killed, for his widow.

JACKSON, the Manchester Murderer, was executed on Monday, after having confessed his guilt to the chaplain. A petition for the commutation of his sentence had been signed by 20,000 persons.

THE INQUEST on the Walthamstow mystery, held on Wednesday, terminated in the verdict that Mrs. French, the deceased, died from morphia poisoning, but whether administered by her own hand, or by any other person, there was no evidence to show.



THE SEASON.—The total rainfall of July amounted to 6.75 inches, the highest ever recorded in England for that month, though only equal to one day's rainfall during the recent heavy Indian downpour. During the entire month, the sun only shone for ninety-four hours out of a possible 497, and a usual four hundred. The temperature, which in June had been three degrees under average, sank to five degrees below the mean of July. Since then it has risen considerably, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday being genuine summer days, such as have only visited us once or twice before this year.

Wheat looks a heavy crop, owing to the high growth of straw and the lush richness of the flag, but these signs of a good straw crop, or of a good green crop, if the corn were cut green, are unfortunately quite beside the mark with respect to the yield of grain. The want of bright hot weather has kept the grain from ripening, and the harvest is singularly backward. Rust, which is gravely affecting the French wheat-fields, does not prevail to any great extent in England, but the corn over a remarkable area of land has been laid, and mildew is on the increase. Serious floods are reported from Essex, from Kent, from Somerset, from Devon, and from Cornwall, and the heavy soils of the Midlands are sodden with a cold dank moisture, producing or developing disease among the potatoes, and injuring even such thirsty roots as turnips, swedes, and mangolds. It has been estimated that the wet and sunless June and July have depreciated the cereal crops of the United Kingdom to the extent of ten millions sterling, while the losses of hay by the floods and the long exposure in the fields to heavy thunder-rains must also be very considerable. The poor quality of the hay that has been saved, and also of this year's fruit, has also to be borne in mind.

THE CORN-MARKETS fifty years ago would have responded briskly to the hint conveyed in a wet St. Swithin, but with foreign wheat and flour arrivals of over 1,700,000 qrs. in a month, the exchanges are now slow to move forward on the strength of home reports alone, however serious the latter may be. Since August came in, however, the news of the French and other foreign harvests has become so serious that the British exchanges have taken a decided step forward. English wheat is quite 3s. dearer from its lowest point in July, while all foreign wheat of good quality and weight is 2s. higher. Even the poorer sorts received from Russia and India are quite 1s. better, and the markets are still advancing. Flour is about 2s. per sack dearer, and the price of bread will probably be raised one halfpenny per quarter loaf. The improvement in spring corn is also decided, and an advance of 6d. per qr. may be quoted on all fair samples of oats, maize, beans, peas, and grinding barley.

FARMERS are steadily using up their old wheat, as the following monthly returns since harvest sufficiently show. Sales for September last were 816,471 qrs., and the new crop deliveries in October amounted to 1,017,735 qrs. There was a brief lull in November, when 731,496 qrs. of wheat were sold. Farmers were getting a much better relative price for their barley than for their wheat, and gave it priority accordingly in their threshings. In December wheat-sales rose again to 917,604 qrs., but with January they sank to 661,086 qrs. Then followed a stationary period, February having sales of 682,630 qrs., March of 753,474 qrs., April of 704,856 qrs., and May of 610,025 qrs. From the last-named figure there has been a rapid decline, the wheat sales of June being 488,345 qrs. only, and those of July 424,344 qrs. With no new wheat likely to show itself before September, the English wheat deliveries of August cannot be expected to equal even a single week's requirements, which amount to about 490,000 qrs.

AUGUST, says the *Miller*, is not likely to receive such tremendous imports of foreign wheat as those which have made price-advance difficult in July. Farmers' deliveries, at the same time, are not likely to be so large, even at the very low figures of the past month. Nor are flour receipts from abroad likely to be overwhelming. It would almost follow, even apart from weather influences, that currencies during the next few weeks should improve. If the rainfall of August be at all serious, the rise is likely to be rapid; if the weather turns fine, it may be slower; but, in any case, the last four weeks of the cereal year will be a period wherein ordinary consumption-demand will tax the resources of supply. The Imperial average is still very low, and we shall expect to see half-a-crown improvement in this respect, together with a smaller but still appreciable advance in sound foreign wheat.

THE EVIDENCE laid before the Corn and Tithe Averages Committee of the House of Commons has been of so conflicting a character, that an adjournment to November seems matter for congratulation, as affording to the members time to mark and learn, if not to "inwardly digest," the various opinions of conflicting experts. The last witness examined, Mr. Albert Pell, is an ex-M.P. himself, he is chairman of the Farmers' Club, and is exceedingly at home in the Eastern and Midland counties. He made light of the tithe difficulty, which is serious in the West, and also in Kent and in Essex. He thought re-sales did not inflate the averages, they only showed that the original seller had been "bested," and had sold under the proper price. He believed that the averages were satisfactory, but, as a tithe-owner, would be very glad indeed to be "redeemed at par." The market profit of the factor and middleman ranged, he said, from 2d. to 1s. per quarter, but, owing to competition, was now much nearer to the former than to the latter figure.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS SHOW was held last week in drenching rain, and the attendance of visitors was naturally small. This was very regrettable, as the exhibits were more numerous and of higher merit than at any previous Show. The agricultural horses were a good display for Kent and Sussex. Two Clydesdales took first and second prizes. Lord Derby, the Marquis of Abergavenny, and Sir James Duke were the most successful exhibitors of horses. Of shorthorn and Sussex cattle the show was small but select. Mr. Brierley sent his famous "Autocrat," but failed to obtain first prize, a white bull named "Prince Arthur" taking that honour, despite much hostile criticism from the general public. The Channel Islands cattle were very good, and, among the sheep, the Southdowns came out exceedingly well. The Tamworth and Berkshire pigs were of higher merit and interest than we have seen them at most of this year's Shows and we were glad to notice that there were also classes and prizes for goats, for poultry, and for butter.

THE WHEEL TAX.—We hear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has decided on making the following concessions:—(1) That the tax in the case of those who keep more carts than horses shall be charged upon the horses at the rate of ten shillings per horse where the carts are two-wheeled, and one pound per horse where the carts are four-wheeled. (2) Mr. Goschen is willing that the carts for hire shall only pay license when hired for three months. (3) Moveable gear is to be excluded, and, in ascertaining whether the weight of any trade cart exceeds half a ton, there shall be removed from the cart all such moveable appliances as may have been provided to be affixed to such cart upon any occasion on which an exceptional quantity of loose or light material is required to be carried, and which can be affixed to or removed from the cart without damage thereto.

A CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL ON A NEW PLAN is being organised at Reinickendorf, near Berlin. Several hundred cows are to be kept in the basement, and the scent of the cowhouses will be conducted to the rooms of the patients above as a curative atmosphere.

THE GLORIES OF BRIGHTON—London-by-the-Sea—seem curiously unknown across the Atlantic, although English people are fairly acquainted with the grandeur of American watering-places and hotel life. Patriotic Americans have been much annoyed lately by British visitors to Saratoga comparing the famous springs unfavourably with their own popular resorts at home. The Albany *Sunday Press* accordingly tries to crush the foreign critics by remarking that "Of course Saratoga is not Brighton, England, which is the home of sturdy fishermen who live in huts near the beach, and the small and indifferent hotel accommodations are not worthy of a comparison with our palatial hostilities."



H.R.H. ALEXANDER, CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA



THE VILLA CLÉMENTINE, WIESBADEN, WHERE THE QUEEN WAS STAYING WHEN THE CROWN PRINCE WAS TAKEN FROM HER

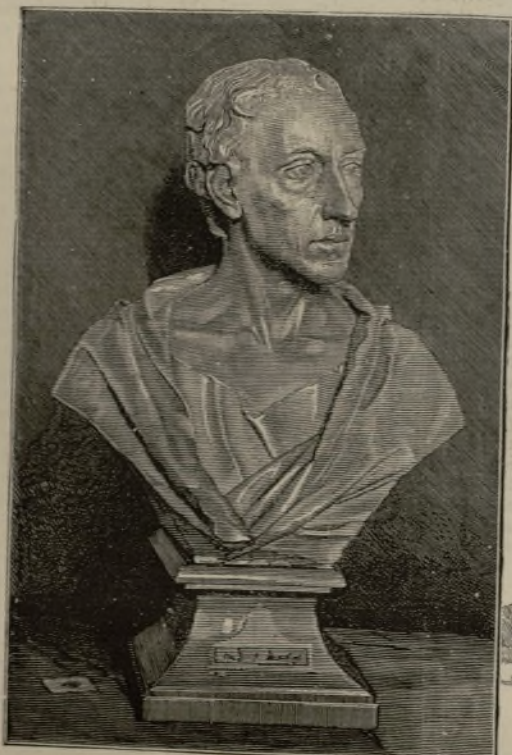


H.M. NATALIE, QUEEN OF SERBIA

THE QUARREL IN THE SERVIAN ROYAL FAMILY



BURMA—DACOITS IN JAIL AT MANDALAY



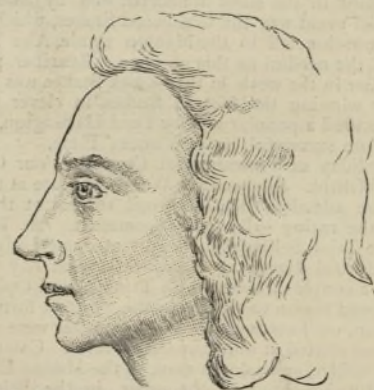
ORIGINAL CLAY MODEL, BY ROUBILIAC, FROM WHICH THE MARBLE BUSTS HAVE BEEN MADE—LENT BY MR. JOHN MURRAY



PORTRAIT OF POPE APPARENTLY TAKEN AFTER DEATH



CARVED OAK CHAIR FORMERLY BELONGING TO POPE



PROFILE OF POPE, FROM AN ORIGINAL PENCIL SKETCH LENT BY THE QUEEN FROM THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR

This formerly belonged to Horace Walpole



POPE'S HOUSE AS IT WAS WHEN IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE

THE BI-CENTENARY COMMEMORATION OF ALEXANDER POPE



"AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE"

AT CRACOW

It is embarrassing enough to arrive at a place in England and find no accommodation procurable, but how much more is this the case in a foreign city, where one is entirely ignorant of the language, and one's difficulties only afford amusement to street-loafers; where one may be doubled-up with uncouth strangers in an illicit cigarette manufactory, in momentary expectation of a domiciliary visit from the police; where one has to shave before an admiring public in a pie-dish; and where the hard couch on which one vainly seeks rest is continually being pulled about to get at contraband materials hidden within it! Such was our fate at Cracow.

Krakau, as the Austrians call it, is the capital of Galicia, the Austrian province of Poland: it is situated on the Vistula, which here becomes navigable, and carries off to the North Sea the heterogeneous wares, ranging from beer and tobacco to linen goods and ploughshares, which Cracow either produces herself or collects from the vicinity. It is a divisional seat of government, and an Episcopal see—as one would expect of a city which boasts at least forty churches, and once had many more, not to speak of chapels, monasteries, and synagogues—and like Gnesen, Posen, and Warsaw, it has had its day as capital of Poland. The changes of fortune which it has seen since its foundation by a mythical hero, Krak, in A.D. 700—some say it had an even earlier existence as the Roman Carrodunum—have been so numerous that it is hopeless to try and remember anything but the main points—how Teutonic knights, Bohemians, Silesians, fought for it: how Charles XII. pillaged it in 1702, and Suwaroff seventy years later: five times it narrowly escaped complete destruction by fire, and so lately as 1850 the most interesting part of the town was burnt down: it has been depopulated by war and by pestilence; it has been captured by Mongols, A.D. 1241, as well as by European armies time after time; and, with some seventy adjoining villages, it formed the last remnant of an independent Poland as a Republic from 1815 to 1846. This tiny State was never at peace: when not occupied by its powerful neighbours who regarded it, not without reason, as a focus of discontent, it was the scene of internal dissensions: in 1830, Cracow joined the Polish insurgents; in 1836, and again in 1838, the town was seized by Austria, and in 1846 the guaranteeing Powers finally decreed its incorporation with Galicia. Its position, nearly equidistant from the Adriatic, Baltic, and North Seas, early ensured its commercial importance, which has developed lately with the multiplication of railways that radiate from it, and its military importance has been increased by the erection of outlying forts, the surrounding plains being almost certain to become the battle-ground whenever Russia and Austria fall to blows.

There is little that is German about Cracow. The people speak Polish: they wear Polish costumes; their ways, habits, amusements are exclusively Polish. When you take your seat in a victoria at the station to rattle through the streets—half stones and half mud—towards your inn you need an interpreter to direct your driver; or if you enter one of the dens that do duty for shops in the bye-streets you must seek high and low for somebody to explain your wants to the salesman. Look at that peasant group in the corner of the market-place—the bare-legged woman wears brilliant coloured shawls around her head and across her breast, and beneath her long white apron is a short petticoat of bright scarlet; she is talking to a man dressed in a long white coat and striped red and white trousers thrust into untanned leather boots, while another stands by clad in a scarlet hussar jacket hanging loose from the shoulders, a blue waistcoat reaching over the hips, and tight white leather breeches embroidered in gold down the thighs; both men wear leather belts studded with brass, and high sheepskin caps. These people are as much Poles as when the Kingdom was sought after by Saxon and Frenchman, by Augustus the Strong, or Henri III.; they are as national in their ways and hopes as their forefathers who fought with Casimir or Sobieski, and shared the falling fortunes of Kosciusko.

If not frightened by Polish mud, which thwarted the plans even of Napoleon, we drive out along the high road (axle-deep in slush, and impracticable altogether for pedestrians, unless bare-legged or knee-booted like the peasants), and climb the Kosciuskoberg we can see far away to the snow-capped Carpathians on the south, and trace through the plain at our feet the winding Vistula on its way to the Russian frontier. Cracow lies spread before us, covering with its numerous—and unpronounceable—suburbs a vast area; it is dominated by the Castle on the Wawel hill rising from the river's edge, and around and below is a jumble of towers, spires, gateways, and cupolas, while low hills close in the prospect on either side. Every spot has its legend. Yonder conical hill is the Krakusberg, so called from the founder of Cracow; his daughter Wanda was so fair that suitors came from afar for her hand, but she was resolved on a single life, and to avoid importunity cast herself into the stream at the foot of the hill. From the treasury within the Castle close at hand the Royal insignia were carried off into Lithuania in secret during the last days of the Kingdom, and the populace believes that when Poland recovers her independence her crown jewels will be found intact, and the diadems, the sceptres, and the sword of Boleslas will be unearthed from their secure hiding-place.

The centre of life here is the Grand Place, whence twelve main streets lead to the suburbs. On market-day, this space is crowded with peasants, in their gorgeous costumes, selling agricultural produce. Among them mingle Jews of all ages, clad in the black gaberdine appropriated here to their race; the men wear long ringlets beneath a square cap or low hat of felt or beaver, and handsome as are many of the younger faces, and patriarchal the

aged ones, their dismal garb gives an air of repulsion to them all. The neat uniforms of the immense Austrian garrison give further variety to the scene. Detachments from the smartest corps are stationed here, riflemen with wide plumed hats, crack cavalry soldiers in close-fitting dress of blue and red, or red and grey, and infantry in bluish grey only relieved by a brown leather belt, while fusilier helmets or red flat caps distinguish the members of particular regiments. Jostling our way amid the crowd, we enter the open Tuch-haus, a long, two-storeyed structure, filled with trumpery booths below and devoted above during our visit to an exhibition of ghastly national pictures. In one corner of the Grand Place is the Gothic Church of St. Maria, remarkable for an enormous carved altar by the Nuremberg craftsman, Veit Stoss, not improved to our taste by its lavish adornment of paint and gilding; at another corner is the tiny domed church of St. Adalbert, smaller than an average-sized vestry; and a bell-tower, belonging to a long-vanished town hall, soars far above the other buildings in the south-west angle of the square. Whichever street we follow, we come upon church after church, but all are devoid of architectural merit. In St. Anne's is a monument to Copernicus; in St. Michael's, Longinus the historian is buried, and here (in 1079), Stanislas Szezebanowski—"Phœbus, what a name!"—who was canonised by Pope Innocent IV. 200 years later, met his death at the hand of King Boleslas II. The church of St. Gilles boasts pleasant memories, for it was erected in 1084 by Wladislas, who, being childless, sent a pilgrimage to St. Gilles, in Provence, and, in gratitude for the birth of an heir, founded the building in Cracow; and we may peep into St. Katharine's, where is commemorated the name of Barycka, the brave priest who was drowned in the Vistula for daring to excommunicate Casimir the Great for his immorality. Pleading old houses may be seen in the narrower streets, and the levelled walls are laid out in shady promenades, one only of the old defences remaining in the great Florianerthor, an irregular-shaped structure erected about 1500 A.D., as an outwork against the Turks. This is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture; it rises to a height of two storeys, the topmost being machicolated, and is pierced with a double row of embrasures for musketry, and adorned and strengthened by pointed turrets at the angles. The promenade ends at the Castle hill, which slopes on the south side to the Vistula, and from the suburb opposite the gigantic mass of the building upon it has a most picturesque effect, recalling the Hradschin at Prague: within its circuit were once two churches besides the Cathedral, but the Austrians, when they converted the rest of the building into a barrack, removed these to make way for a military hospital. The Cathedral itself is by no means a thing of beauty: the style is Gothic, but the details defy characterisation. The east end is flat; the west front has a high gable richly ornamented and flanked by two towers of unequal height, one of which shows the brick, and is surmounted by a cupola, and the other is covered with stucco. Small chapels surround the church, some covered by domes and others by simply sloping roofs: there is a double choir and a vast Romanesque crypt. The interior has a patched appearance, which is far from pleasing, but, nevertheless, the effect is impressive when the church is crowded by worshippers, as on the day of the patron saint Stanislas, whose great silver sarcophagus occupies the centre of the building. Besides some fine modern statues by Thorwaldsen, the tombs of Poland's greatest kings are to be seen here, forming the chief attraction of Cracow. Under a porphyry canopy is the recumbent figure of Casimir Jagellon; a baldachino of white stone covers the red marble effigy of Casimir the Great, whose belt of miniature castles alludes to his proud sobriquet of "Founder of Cities"; Stephen Bathori lies in another recess, and in others sleep the Jagellons, eighteen chapels in all being dedicated to the flower of Polish chivalry. Conspicuous, alas, from its hideousness, is the black and white marble monument of John Sobieski, who delivered Western Europe from the Turk, and whose exploits are recounted in a grandiloquent epitaph, terminating in a distich of very bad Latin, which may be rendered thus:—

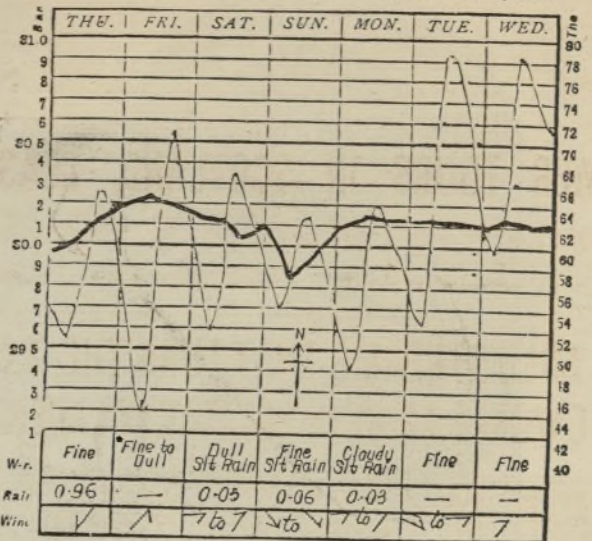
Beneath this stone a triple cause for grief—
A King, a Church's pride, a nation's chief!

One excursion from Cracow—to the Salt Mines at Wieliczka—should on no account be omitted. There is a railway, but only one train runs daily, and at the most unreasonable hours; so that if the visitor does not wish to spend the whole day at Wieliczka (which it is impossible, after seeing it, to suppose that anybody could wish), he is compelled to drive out the eight miles from Cracow, though the road in places is appalling. For two hours we wandered through interminable passages in the bowels of the earth, decked in miner's cap and smock, descending from time to time long flights of steps. There are chapels and ball-rooms, lofty halls and banquetting rooms, bridges to traverse, lakes to cross, and tunnels to explore. Statues of a dark grey tint carved out of the glistening rock adorn the chapels and the halls, some of which exceed a hundred feet in height, the greatest depth of the mine being eight hundred feet; and sight-seers are brought back from the lowest point in a cage to the surface, accompanied to the last by a terrible brass band, whose services cannot be declined. Fortunately, the return drive to Cracow on a fine evening is pleasant enough, and affords beautiful views over the city.

THE PICTURESQUE DEVIL'S BRIDGE AT ANDERMATT has broken down. Before the days of the St. Gothard Railway, this bridge was one of the best known landmarks to travellers over the Pass. It was erected in 1830, and consisted of a single arch 100 feet over the Reuss, which falls in a foaming cascade below.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (8th 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 during the greater part of the past week remained in a very unseasonable state generally, but towards its close a material improvement was shown in many places. Pressure was mainly lowest in the neighbourhood of Scandinavia and over our North-West Coast, while it was highest over France. The winds varied a good deal in direction, but blew chiefly from the South-Westward, and occasionally attained some strength over the more Western half of the country. Thunderstorms were experienced in a few places at the opening of the period. Rainfall in London and its neighbourhood during the early hours of Thursday last (2nd inst.) was prodigiously heavy whilst it lasted, at Brixton 1.25 inches were registered, while at Ingatestone as much as 3.20 inches were reported. Rather heavy falls also were felt at some of the Western Stations, but on the whole precipitation was both less than of late, and below the average. The weather kept very cloudy, cold, and dull for the greater part of the time, but towards the close the sky cleared over the more Southern and Central parts of the Kingdom, with a very decided rise in temperature, and seasonable condition. Maximum temperatures were but little above 60° in most places until the end of the week, when the thermometer showed readings as high as 80° or more over Central and South England.

The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Friday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.75 inches) on Sunday (5th inst.); range 0.49 inch.
The temperature was highest (79°) on Tuesday and Wednesday (7th and 8th inst.); lowest (48°) on Monday (6th inst.); range 31°.
Rain fell on four days. Total amount 1.14 inches. Greatest fall on any one day 0.96 inch on Thursday (2nd inst.)

A PRECIOUS COLLECTION OF ANCIENT NEWSPAPERS is being formed by a Connecticut literary man. He already possesses 51,000 copies of journals, representing 8,000 different publications.

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL appears to be in a very shaky condition. One of the pillars of the nave collapsed last week, causing part of the roof to fall in and destroy the organ, besides otherwise damaging the fine edifice. The Giralda tower is reported unsafe, and the Cathedral has been closed to the public.

JAPANESE LADIES are learning to ride in Western fashion, and practise hard in a riding-school near Tokio. They look rather odd in a European riding-habit, and have a curious method of mounting, springing first on the two clasped hands of their groom, and thence to the saddle. Six ladies even rode a race at a recent Tokio meeting.

WIDOWS WHO MARRY AGAIN IN CHINA are threatened with a terrible doom in the next world, according to the popular belief. They are tied to a red-hot pillar, round which their arms are clasped. The only means to avert this punishment is to give a new wooden threshold to the temple of the tutelary god of the city where the widow resides.

THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S yearly visits to Gastein have not been forgotten in Austria. The Austrian Empress and her daughter, the Archduchess Valérie, lately gathered a quantity of Alpine roses from the mountains round Gastein, twined the flowers into wreaths, and sent them to Charlottenburg to be placed on the dead Emperor's tomb as a memento of the favourite spot where William I. so often met the Austrian Sovereigns.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS would not rest peacefully in his grave at San Domingo if an enterprising American could have his own way. This ingenious personage actually applied to the Dominican Government for "the privilege of exhibiting the remains of the Immortal Columbus" in the United States. He proposed that the Republic should hand him over the body of Columbus for four years, escorted by ten Dominican soldiers and four priests, provided with showy garb and with a State declaration that the remains were genuine, and that this was "positively the only occasion" on which they would leave the country. In return he offered 50 per cent. of the profits produced by the exhibition, guaranteeing at least 4,000l. yearly. San Domingo however refused this generous offer in hot indignation, stigmatising the suggestion as an offensive and shameful profanation.

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KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN
CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY AT ALL AGES.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

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Lecturer on Mat. Med., London Hospital.
"Dr. de Jongh's Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence its value, not only in Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, but in a great number of cases to which the Profession is extending its use."

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Late Staff Surgeon, Army, India.
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CAUTION—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

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Phys. to the Lord-Lieut. of Ireland.
"The most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach, is Dr. de JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results."

LENNOX BROWNE, Esq., F.R.C.S.,
Sen. Surg. Cent. Lond. Throat Hosp.
"The action of Dr. de JONGH'S Oil has proved, in my own experience, particularly valuable in many cases of Weakness of the Singing and Speaking Voice, dependent on Bronchial or Laryngeal Irritation."

DEATH.

BARCLAY MACPHERSON—On the 4th inst., at 2 St. Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, RICHARD BARCLAY MACPHERSON, youngest son of the late Colonel CAMERON MACPHERSON (Black Watch) aged thirty-two.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S
PIANOS. Every description for SALE or HIRE. Illustrated Lists free.
SOLE AGENCY, 170, New Bond Street, W.

SHIRTS.—Patterns of New French Printed Shirtings and Oxford Mat sent to select from. Six Shirts and one Dozen of Collars to match for 33s. carriage paid.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. Special to measure. 30s., 40s., 45s. the half dozen. Illustrated self-measure, post free.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—Old Shirts Refronted, Wrists and Collar Banded, fine Linen, Three for 6s. Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Returned ready for use. Carriage paid to your door.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIUS.—GENTLEMEN'S UNDERVESTS, summer and winter weight, 34 to 45 inches chest. Pants to match, 34 in. to 34 in. waists; vests, 45 to 65, 9d. each; pants, 55 to 65, 9d.; half hose, 55 to 65, 9d.; 75 to 85, 9d. the half dozen. Self-measure and patterns free from the sole makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

NON-FOULING.
The Rev. CHARLES GAFÉ, Rushall Vicarage, writes: "I like the pipe extremely. NON-FOULING." Kindly name this paper.
Price 1s. each. Very superior 1s. 6d. each. Post free.
PARKER SMITH, Montpelier, Bristol.

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GOWNS,

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APPOINTMENT.

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Messrs. REDFERN, Ladies' Tailors to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, are now exhibiting a collection of original designs and models for outdoor Gowns, Coats, Wraps, and Hats, that they have especially prepared for the Summer and Autumn Seasons. The new materials show unusual novelty in colouring and texture.

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27, NEW BOND STREET, }

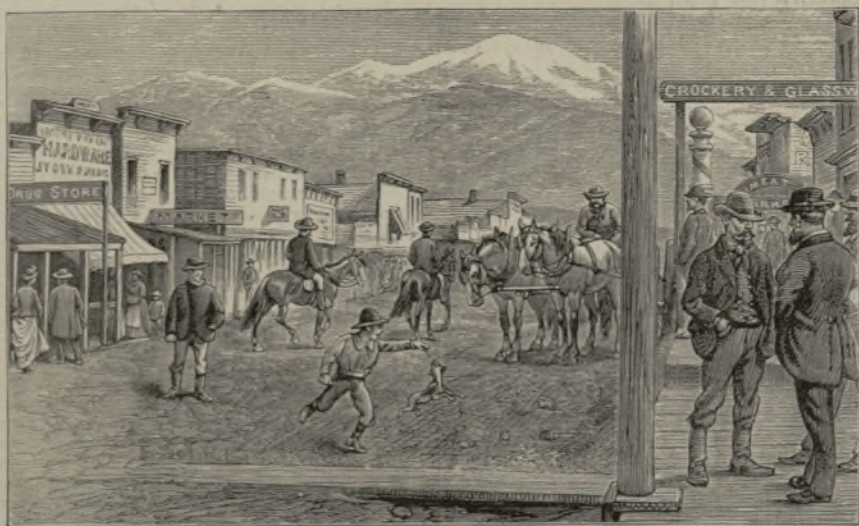
and 57, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

Patterns of Material and Sketches, with forms for self-measurement, Post Free.
Also at COWES, PARIS, NEW YORK.

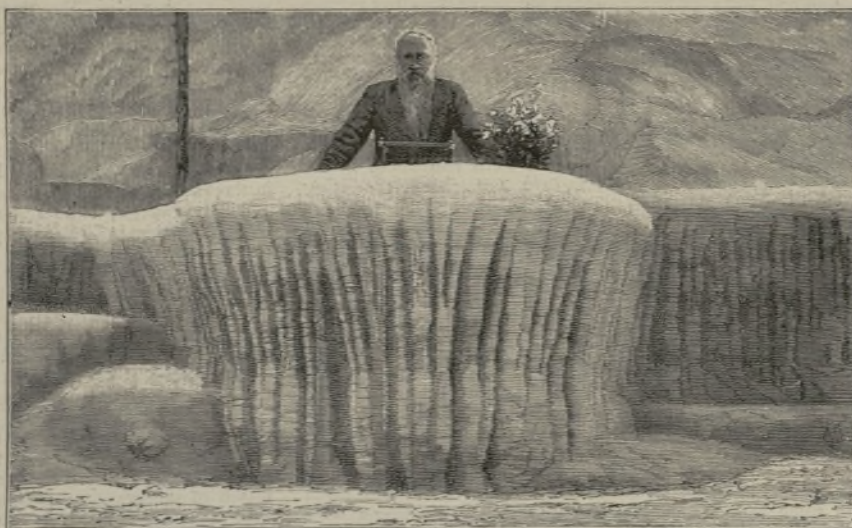
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED—I.

FROM SKETCHES BY T. H. THOMAS, R.C.A., SPECIAL ARTIST OF "THE GRAPHIC"



A "BOOMING" CITY, LIVINGSTON



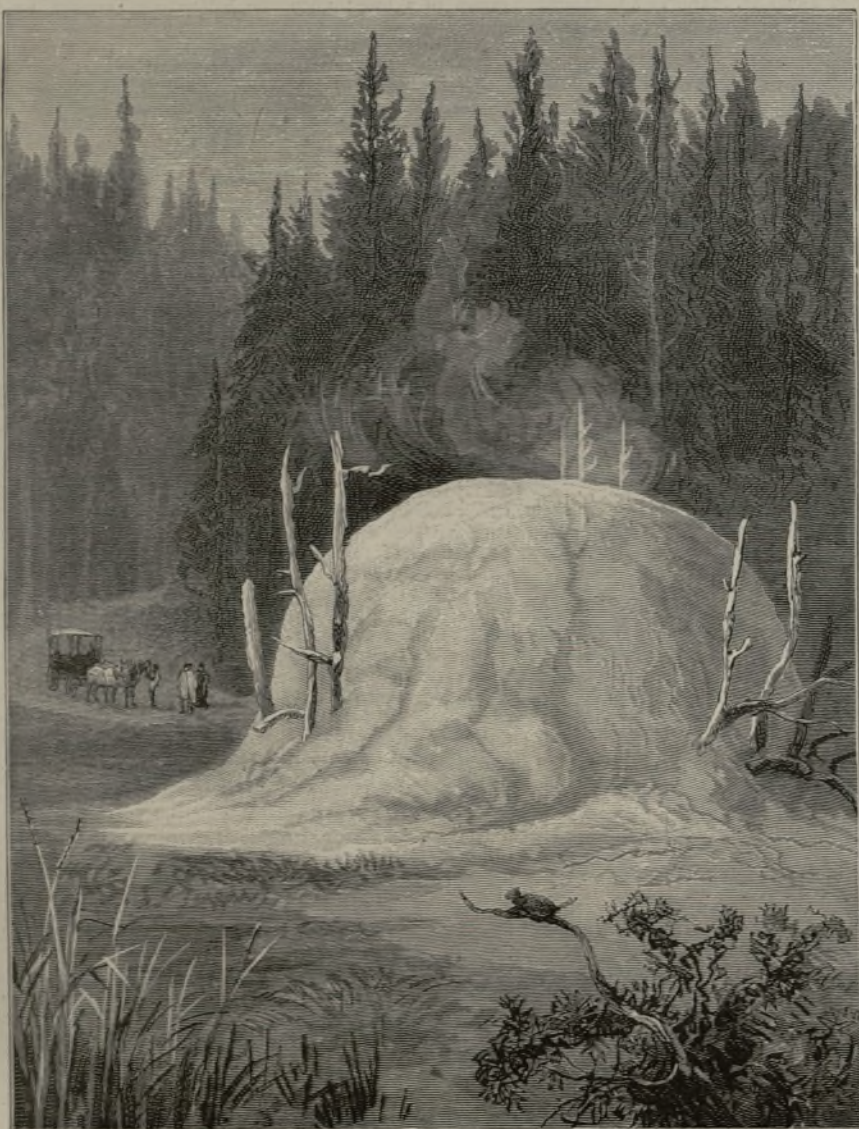
PULPIT TERRACE—"TAKING DUTY" IN A YELLOWSTONE PULPIT



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL



THE BATHING POOL AT "MAMMOTH"—"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS"



THE "ORANGE" GEYSER AND THE "CHIPMUNK"



INTERIOR OF AN EXTINGUISHED FISSURE GEYSER, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

Yellowstone Park Illustrated

I.

POSSIBLY NO REAL NEW YORKER COULD BELIEVE it, yet there are persons who enter the United States, that Land of the Free and Home of the Brave, by other portals than that between Rockaway and Sandy Hook. We, for example, found ourselves upon the sacred soil for the first time at a place named—O Muse of Tragi-Comedy!—Gretna.

From Gretna, through plains of wheat, along the Red River of the North, to Fargo, D.T., on the North Pacific Railway, is but a couple of hours' run, and, deposited in that city, we had some hours to "lay over" before the train "moving westward," as the "folder" phrases it, arrived. We saw the stern realities of life in Fargo, during those hours, from 9 P.M. to 2 A.M., chiefly consisting of a "Theatre of Varieties" and faro-banks. Among the "varieties" were many young ladies in character-costume, who after their performances mingled affably with the audience, and the remembrance of one, arrayed in celestial white, with a pair of wings to her shoulders, apparently newly-descended from a Teutonic Elysium, sucking the sherry-cobbler of *bruderschaft* with a cowboy of exceptional length and sunburn, still lingers in our mind as a sunny memory of the Wild West.

With the usual bell-ringing our "cars" drew up at the "depôt" strictly "on time," and we were "all aboard" for the Park in the fine Pullman cars of the Northern Pacific Railway. One has nothing to do but eat, drink, smoke, and sleep, and watch the wondrous panorama of wheat, prairie, cattle, river, and mountain, which seems to be everlastingly flowing past the car windows. Our first duty was to sleep, and on awaking and turning out of our berth the train came to a standstill just over a bridge crossing a wide river in which mud flats lifted their ridges like the backs of huge amphibians.

"What river is this, sir?" we asked an on-looker, as we sketched.

"The 'Big Muddy.'"

"What?"

"The 'Big Muddy.'"

Pause for mutual consideration ensued, then,

"From the old country, mebbe?"

"Yes."

"Then she's what you'd call th' 'Massourah.'"

When again moving, we fell into war to the knife with our "folder," which insisted that we should leave the station of Mandan an hour before we arrived. After much anxiety of mind, we became instructed in the mysteries of "Central" and "Mountain" time. On, past growing towns and cities, to Dickinson, when the depôt was crowded with cattle and real cowboys. Hence we run soon into the strange tract of the "Bad Lands," where we sketched some of its fantastic pyramids towering up against the glowing sky, and made acquaintance with that unique journal the *Bad Lands Cowboy*. Out of Dakota into Montana, where "Sentinel Butte" stands lone. We gaze ahead near Glendive to catch our first glimpse of the Yellowstone River, which will be always near us during the rest of the journey. Then, in early morning we sight a tributary river, shining bright blue among golden cotton-wood trees, and beyond range after range of mountains, culminating in delicately-shaped snow-clad peaks. That is "Clarke's Fork," and at last we view the chaos of ranges which bastion the citadel of the Rocky Mountains—the Wonderland of the world.

Livingston, 1,034 miles west of St. Paul, was duly reached, and ere long we were speeding up the branch to Cinnabar, the conductors and a passenger or two whiling away the time by popping with their revolvers at various objects we passed, with an invariable non-success which was surprising, and justified Colonel Starbottle's admiration at the "many shots as are fired and no gentleman hit."

Arriving at Cinnabar, we were to drive the seven miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. Beside the platform a number of vehicles were ready to carry travellers on. Here we became aware of facts new to us. The carriages, with their horses, were called "rigs." The drivers, "carters." It was for us to select. A fellow-passenger who took an interest in our proceedings, waving his hand, so as to indicate the whole assembly, said, "There is not one of these gentlemen as can't be fully recommended in every way." Heavens! what an assemblage of sun-baked, frost-dried, grisly faces! brown, hollow-cheeked, dark-bearded, with the skin tightly drawn over the foreheads and rosy veins meandering about their thin temples and necks. Every mouth clinging tightly round a long black cigar, and with a brown smear at the corners. Yet young men, almost all of them, in full health and energy, as the bright eyes rolling in their sunken orbits fully testified: one, at least, of this group was a Justice of the Peace "and coram." So far as we afterwards had to do with the drivers in the Park, the recommendation given at Cinnabar was just. All seemed to be trustworthy in essentials, and under a very rough and swaggering exterior there was plenty of shrewdness and good temper. Still we sympathised a little with the indignation of some companions when one of the drivers affably informed of them, "Say, what gentleman's a-going to drive you fellows?"

Driving steadily along the dusty track, the small town of Gardiner is soon reached. It is one of those villages of wooden houses, common in the West, the framework and slabs of which are almost as portable as tents, while they have at first sight an architectural appearance.

One of these, painted gaily, the gable surmounted by an elk skull and horns, a sign, upon which is painted "RESTAURANT, C.O.D." (cash on delivery), stuck up in front, and surrounded by a group of dwellings part shanty, part tent, with other shelters, which baffle description, seems frequently to form a "city," which makes a great figure in the railway folder: the pilgrim from Europe smiles a superior smile as he enters them.

But to appreciate their real importance, he has only to get benighted twenty miles away from one, and then to use his leisure time in considering that in all directions but one gloomy forest and prairie extends, habitationless, for a hundred miles or so.

At Gardiner we are upon the border of the promised land, the "Yellowstone National Park," and, as we jog along the road, we may consider a little what the region is that we are about to enter.

One of the Dublin guide-books remarks, with truth possibly, "The Phoenix Park is the largest in the world, with the exception of the Yellowstone National Park in the United States," but the author does not mention that the exception has the modest dimensions of fifty-five miles by sixty-five miles.

This enormous tract, larger than the County of Devon, has, by a noble and timely Act of the United States Government, been preserved intact, so far as its wonders are concerned, while every facility for viewing them will be granted by means of good roads; which are gradually replacing the old trails.

To Dr. F. V. Hayden, the United States Geologist, the credit is due of the idea of setting apart this region of wonders for the pleasure and instruction of the citizens of his country.

Bills for the purpose were introduced in 1871, into the Senate by the Hon. S. C. Pomeroy, and into the House of Representatives by the Hon. William H. Clay, of Montana, and with little opposition passed into law.

When we call this area a Park we must allow our imagination to work freely about the term; or, at least, we must admit of great

arithmetical progression. If an English park may contain within it woods, hills, meads, lakes, and ravines, and may be divided into, say, the "home" and the "deer" park, we are to find in the Yellowstone Park all these, enlarged in ratio with the area. The woods are miles of dense forest, living or dead, wherein we may ride for hours under the tottering fire or frost-smitten trunks, or view where the cyclones have carved their roads of ruin. The hills are mountains of 4,000 feet above the Park level, the meads are prairies, the ravines are tremendous gorges, sometimes exceeding 1,000 feet of depth, the fish-ponds are lovely little lakes, lily-covered, and with beaver dams, the Great Lake is a vast sheet of water, twenty-five miles by thirty miles; the "deer" to be looked for are the great "elk" (wapiti), moose, and black tail, and the "vermin" the keepers of the Park have to watch for are bear and "mountain lion." The "rock-work" is vast cliffs of volcanic glass, and mountains of delicate stalactitic fret-work. And as for the fountains of Uncle Sam's Home Park, they are bigger than any in the world, and boiling to boot.

As our "carter," who has sketched all the scenes mentioned in lively language, begins to expatiate on the fountains, his speech gathers force as he proceeds with his wondrous tale, until, overburdened with expletive and illustrative allusions to the realm of Pluto, a slight incoherence takes place, and, turning a bend, we see before us in the evening light the huge wooden hotel of "Mammoth Hot Springs," with green walls and red roof, and beyond it the strange, pale terraces of the "White Mountain," the protruding face of the active portion of the Hot Springs of Gardiner's River, backed by dark pine-clad slopes.

A few minutes, and we are safely landed in the great hall of the hotel, bask in the rays of the electric light, and hear the notes of a pianoforte, whose full, strong tones can hardly be those of another maker than Steinway. Rather bewildered by these evidences of the march of progress, we proceed to that registration and colloquy with the clerk which is so great an institution in American travel, and here a disappointment occurs; when we add our home addresses—Hosh-Kosh, Mich., and Bullock-Smithy, Eng.—the clerk does not extend a hand to each, and question us earnestly as to the health and well-being of a friend of his, and ours, at each of these places; for once, only once, the American hotel clerk was not omniscient, and we felt discouraged.

As we ponder this strange thing, our hand is touched by what feels like a calf, and an odour as of a farm floats around: we turn and find a gentleman enveloped in buffalo skin who wishes also to register. We resign the pen and look around us. The hall runs apparently from end to end of the building; but, at one end, is closed by curtains. They open for an instant, and disclose the dining-room. Around huge upright stoves in the long corridor groups of tourists, carters, and hunters, most characteristic of Western ways, are seen, and in long, long perspective a line of classically-shaped, vermilion spittoons extends in an array at once economically convenient and severely architectonic.

Following the line, we soon lifted the great curtain, and, seated at a little table, were deep in the consideration whether we should select elk steak or bear from the Western dainties registered upon one of Prang's most elegant menu cards. Our friend voted for the former; we took the latter. As it was our first experience, we tasted of each other's dish, and also tried a little moose meat. The result reminded us of the opening to Hans Andersen's story: "There were two little toy soldiers who were brothers, for they were both made out of the same leaden spoon." Similarly, we found that in the Yellowstone elk, moose, and bear-meats are brothers, for they are all made out of the same old bull.

As we made this discovery voices were heard without, speaking with that varied inflexion which, in America, proclaims the "Britisher," the curtains swung aside and disclosed a genial English Professor and other members of the British Association. But, ah! how changed from the point-device aspect they possessed at our last meeting—brown, with sun-scars upon their noses, fly-bites round their eyes, frost chaps across their knuckles, beards of a fortnight, and garments more or less frayed off all projecting points, they presented a fearful sight to incoming tourists.

We fraternised, joy was unconfined, and, together with a genial German gentleman who knew the Park, we settled to the consideration of route and "transportation." There can be little doubt about the former; in regard to the second there is the question of driving or riding. For both there is every facility, and a party of say, five, can hire one of the before-mentioned "rigs," or stage waggons, upon reasonable inclusive terms. For smaller parties of gentlemen riding may be recommended; the traveller is freer, and the ponies, called "cayuses," which are let for hire, are generally untiring and hardy, even if one here and there may appear at the morning saddling or "sinching" to have graduated at the "Buffalo Billeries." The experienced at our council all advised riding, and that we should get ponies, our German friend assenting, adding, without full appreciation of the English idiom, "I would advise you to bekomp ponies." I would myself bekomp a pony when I had not a bad lek, for which I visit dese springs." We afterwards had the opportunity of seeing that good arrangements for testing the therapeutic value of the springs was made, and although this cannot as yet be fully known, sufficient success in the treatment of articular maladies, rheumatism, and cutaneous diseases has been achieved to show that, as a sanatorium, Mammoth Hot Springs has a great future before it, and will be the salvation of many a bad leg, arm, or body as a whole.

A lovely morning gave us every opportunity for seeing the Mammoth Hot Springs at their best. Before the hotel spread a grey plain, dotted with clumps of wormwood, young pines, or Thuja bush. In the midst stood a strange pyramidal object, some fifty feet in height, called the "Liberty Cap;" beyond were the Terraces of glistening white or yellow, passing into browns, still in formation. Clouds of steam were reeking up and dispersing among the pine-trees that clothed the hill-sides above. In order to understand the whole system of the Terraces it is well to descend from the hotel, which stands upon one of them, to the level of the Gardiner River, which flows about 1,000 feet below the uppermost springs, which are about two miles back from the river. Three great divisions are observable. The old Spring Terraces at, and a little above the level of the river, upon which are a few insignificant vents, and a small stream of high temperature which, falling into the Gardiner, enables the fisherman—now for the incident without which no account of the Yellowstone Park is complete, and which we are anxious to get over as early as possible—standing at the junction of the streams, to catch a fish in the cold, and stew it in the hot water without removing it from the hook, or feeling any remorse for the cruelty of the operation.

From these extinct Terraces a sharp rise of some 400 feet brings us to the plain upon which the hotel stands, and which, though now broken in surface and crumbled by atmospheric influences, shows that at no very ancient date it was the theatre of very imposing phenomena. At one point a deep chasm shows the position of a boiling spring of great dimensions, and the curious "Liberty Cap" remains as witness of a geyser of special interest. This isolated shaft of forty-five feet in height, with another upon which the Terraces are encroaching, named the "Giant's Thumb," are the only geyser orifices having a great length of tube above the surface. The cone of the "Giant," of which we shall have to speak later, has a height of some twelve feet only.

But the "Terraces," that lovely mass of delicate and varicoloured incrustation pierced with pools, the colour of which no pen can describe, which travellers willingly cross the Continent to see,

"Bekommen"—to get, procure.

are there, above us, forming the third great platform of the "White Mountain." All portions of this are still active, but the lower part, a tract of about one hundred and seventy acres in extent, is that which comprises the special beauties which give to Mammoth Hot Spring Terraces their renown, beauties which, now that the greater terraces of Rotomahana have been destroyed, are unique.

The most interesting points are three. Minerva Terrace from below the level, the Pulpit Terrace, and the former Terrace with its source, the lovely Cleopatra Spring, looked at from the slightly higher ground of what are called the main springs.

Given a fine clear day of August or September, nothing can be more strangely beautiful than the aspect of the Minerva Terrace, as one struggles along in the broken-down, powdery, geyserite formation, towards it.

On the left are the fine Terraces surrounding the Main Springs, on the right a mass of deposit forty feet in height, and covering, perhaps, an acre. At differing levels project from the general mass huge cups, bearing a rough resemblance in form to halves of those great sponges we see in museums called "Neptune's Cups." These projections are various in size, some being as much as eight feet high, the more usual height is four to six feet. The edge of each terrace forms a perfectly straight line, telling with the utmost sharpness in contrast with the curves of the sides, with their delicate wave-like ornamentation and pedestals of slender stalactites. The general tint of the whole terrace is snowy white, varying at different points into delicate yellow and ochre tones, here and there contrasted by a rich brown. As we approach nearer, every basin is seen to be ornamented with tiny hollows and projections, all conforming to some law of harmonious overflow and deposition, and giving one the same sense of craft and workmanship as one experiences in looking at a half-effaced stone, carved with cunning knots and enlacements of ancient Celtic Art. As we look, closely too, into the lovely pure surfaces shining as the water slides over them, we see that threads of more vivid, but still delicate, tints are adding a beauty of tone by their presence.

As we climb the path between the two Terraces the heat becomes intense, and the glare upon the eyes intolerable; we are glad to put on blue or smoke glasses, which no traveller should be without. Arrived at the upper level, we view the Cleopatra Spring itself and the basins which surround it, and an effect of colour is spread out before us such as could, we imagine, be seen nowhere out of this region of enchantment. We now see how all the vast cups, the sculpture on the sides of which we have admired, are massed, one outside the other, at various levels around a central group of shallow pools extending over the whole surface of the Terrace, in the midst of which opens a spring, consummate in its beauty, of clear water of the deepest emerald, shifting into blue, changing through an infinitude of tints until it is bounded by a thin line of coral-like incrustation; outside of this is curve after curve, sweep after sweep, of the same delicate formation, each curve enclosing a very shallow pool, in which silky threads stir or wave; each pool, according to its depth, or coloured bottom, or reflection of sky or cloud, has its own true or passing tint, while over all, here confusing, there receiving, reflection of the hues below, hangs a delicate haze of steam. Thus, looking from the higher level, the spectator has before him a species of natural *cloisonné* enamel on a vast scale, in which the delicate threads of deposit are the *cloisons* and the pure, shallow, many-hued pools the enamel. But not in Osaka, nor in the ateliers of Barbédienne is there any *cloisonné* of such opaline hues and laughing tint as that around "Cleopatra's Spring."

We gaze long at this wonderful surface, forgetting that it is only a part of the beautiful panorama which is spread out before the eye, as we stand on the acclivity. Presently we find time to admire the valley to the northwards, and the worn slopes of Mount Evans, crowned with its long rampart of cliffs over against us, before we turn again to the ascent, and to examine further the wonders of this strange mountain-side, which seems to be quivering with some mysterious life; for above us, from among the pines which have grown to a forest upon the half-extinct Terraces, we hear slight noises, and see thin wreaths of steam which betoken activity.

Not so beautiful as the Terraces when the springs are in full action, the higher region, where vast extinct terraces moulder under air, frost, and heat, and upon which the forest gradually encroaches, is full of interest, for in it may be studied the anatomy of the formations in the huge breaches which time has made in the cliffs of geyserite, leaving the internal structure open to view, and in caverns from which the boiling streams once gushed or spouted, the interior of which may now be examined.

Of the latter, our illustration of the so-called "Mammoth Cave," named from its locality and not from its size, will give an idea. We find the opening to it upon the crest of a long ridge, small cracks along which show that the aperture is only the largest of a series which are not so roomy, but which probably mark the line of a rock fissure, along the whole extent of which waters holding minerals in solution have gushed, gradually piling a long mound of deposit, through which the waters oozed or spouted until the pressure became withdrawn, and the fissure became sealed.

A portion of one of the finest specimens of this kind of formation will be seen in the termination of the "Narrow Gauge," which we engrave from a photograph by Mr. Brooks, of St. Helen's.

A rude ladder of poles allow us to descend to a depth of some thirty-five feet, and at the extremity of the cave we become aware of a heat considerably greater than that of the blazing sunshine above, which tells of our approximation to that mysterious fiery source of energy which exists at no very great depth, causing all the strange phenomena of this Wonderland, and which geologists tell us is probably a mass of still hot lava. The sides of the cavern as they arch over to the elliptical opening above us are coated with carbonate of lime of great hardness deposited in ribs and bosses, and at one of the commissures of the fissure hangs a group of huge oval masses, in shape and colour like vast bladders of lard, such as the Gastrolaters might sacrifice to their god Manduce.

Making a circuit westward on our return, we find many curious exemplifications of the action of the Springs; at one point a pretty grotto of formation of pure white, streaked with red, brown, and green, is seen against a background of pines, which closely surround it. Again, hearing a strange chattering sound proceeding from a dense grove, we push through and arrive at a space covered with small mounds of geyserite, out of which tiny spurts of water are continually leaping, causing the twittering sound we heard. This is called the "Squirrel" geyser. Further on we find the "Orange" geyser; a small thread of water continually leaps from the summit of a mound of a brilliant orange colour. While forming, this mound, like almost all others, has enveloped the trunks of growing pines which are killed, and stand white and ghostly in the inundation of deposit.

Sketching here, we found ourselves closely watched by several pretty little ground-squirrels called "chip-munks," brown, with bodies longitudinally striped, fawn bellies, and short straight tails. They would watch from behind a grass tuft, and then, for a better view, suddenly run to the end of a low branch, or the summit of a hillock, and eye us with the utmost friendliness. As artists, wandering in byways of America, we must express our sense of indebtedness to the "chip-munks" for their constant and cheerful companionship.

Among these woods "back of" Mammoth Springs, there is a warm pool much resorted to for bathing. Repairing thither, two heads were discernible upon the reeking surface. That these cloud-borne countenances were not those of a species of cherub was presumptuously proved by the presence on the bank of a monumental

pair of boots, having that plenitude of verge and curve which so loudly proclaims the benefit of protective duties to the American consumer, and by a wide-brimmed hat with a neat little rosette upon the band. There could be no doubt in the mind of the observer that there floated before him, in one warm baptism blent, a "rustler" of the Occident, and an Anglican priest from beyond the Eastern Ocean. It was a gracious incident, and how suggestive to the mind!

Our course back to the hotel brings us again out upon the Great Terraces, and we have, upon the western side, wonders as great as upon the eastern face we ascended—the singularly-perfect group of stalactite basins, called the Pulpit Terrace, which, for purity of colour and grace of form in the separate cups, cedes to none. In the midst is the "Pulpit" itself, with its lovely decoration of what seems fair white drapery hanging in fluted folds to the base. Mr. Ingersoll's arrangement is apt, in which we see photographed a veteran of the "Grand Army of the Republic" apparently officiating, with, on the pulpit edge, according to a graceful American custom, a bouquet, composed of mallow, willow-herb, and local woodland blossoms. This group appears to be quite extinct, and must moulder away in the course of a few years, to be replaced, it may be, by fresh decorations.

Our evening at the hotel was fertile in incident. A party of English tourists had come down from the Park, among their baggage a mysterious box, the contemplation of which, "with one consideration and another," induced a policeman to arrest one of the travellers for the heinous offence of deporting "specimens." This, as our German friend explained with a happy occultation of language, is "streckly verbot." An Act had been passed rendering the collection of specimens punishable, but copies of the document had not arrived, so that the action of the minion of the law was considered somewhat premature.

In an outbuilding a Court was hurriedly improvised, a Justice of the Peace of somewhat battered appearance presided, the general aspect of the Court and spectators, seen by the light of two small lamps and through a cloud of cigar-smoke, might be described as rugose, and seemed to promise Justice neat, unsweetened by Mercy. The accused was a blond gentleman, whose fairness was in touching contrast to the bronze of the members of the *Vehmgericht*. The presiding magistrate made a few remarks on the heinousness of the offence so impressively that we emptied our pockets of the geyserite fragments we had therein, and, favoured by the gloom, dropped them into the invitingly-open pocket of our next neighbour. After the observations of the Justice, the proceedings took a somewhat Pickwickian character; it was discovered that the Act was not yet quite sufficiently matured for operation, and that the offender had in his collections been solely influenced by scientific considerations. The Court broke up, and by detachments adjourned to the "saloon," to the discussion of the *cause célèbre* and "Old Bourbon." There we heard the decision of the Court colloquialised—

"Nary a fine, fer the Act's only come down on the wires; and he wern't a goin' to sell the sp'c'm's, ner give 'em to gels fer toys."

The stringent application of a law against the injury of the beautiful and fragile decorations of the geyserite formations should have every possible support. The energy of the collector is quite equal to the deportation of the "Liberty Cap" or the mound of the "Castle Geyser," and infinite injury can easily be done to the terraces and the coral-borders of the hot pools. At the same time, there are places where no injury could be caused by collection of geyserites and geological specimens, and it would be well if some responsible person under, say, the Geological Survey, were nominated to form and dispose of to museums, &c., collections representative of the very interesting minerals of the region. Otherwise the system of petty pilfering, to which even the most virtuous tourist now renders adhesion, must continue.

The central platform of Mammoth Hot Springs, upon which the hotel stands, has an elevation of 6,387 feet above the sea, that is, twice the altitude of Snowdon; but we are here only at the lowest level of the Park, and, leaving for the next "hotel," that at Norris's Basin, we at once ascend a grade of 2,000 feet in about two miles of road, and then find ourselves upon what may be called the "floor" of the great Alpine plateau, upon which the "Wonderland" is seated. As we crawl up the steep, hot, and dusty slope, we think again about the strange characteristics of the region, and begin to appreciate that we are climbing into the central and mysterious citadel of the North American continent—the very heart of the Rocky Mountains—whence flows the chief stream of the greatest river of the Continent, and among the peaks and gorges of which the great cyclones gather, and are flung eastward over the thousands of miles of plain and ocean, until they break against the shores of Britain and Norway—a constant war of the gods. Kabibonokka, the ice-god of the West, is ever hurling storm and vapour against the fastnesses of Thor.

As we ride up the slope we are striking nearly southward for the first of the great geyser tracts, "Norris," or "Gibbon" Basin, twenty-one miles from Mammoth Hot Springs. From the summit of the grade a magnificent panoramic view is seen looking north, along the Gardiner and Yellowstone Valleys, the crater-like summits of Sepulchre Mountains, the palisade-cliffs of Mount Evarts, and in

the distant north-east, the grand snowy "Electric Peak" towering to over eleven thousand feet. Passing the pretty little "Freda Lake," after a few miles over a somewhat open country, where the sun beats hotly upon the sage scrub, we cross the Gardiner River, keeping along Obsidian Creek towards Obsidian Cañon and Cliffs, one of the great wonders of the Park. Ascending the creek, the valley narrows, and the road enters dense forest, until, crossing the stream, it passes a point of remarkable interest. On the right, is spread out Beaver Lake, a considerable sheet of water bordered by grassy marshes, and backed up by high hills densely clad with pine. The lower part of the lake is a series of old beaver-dams, showing a strange labyrinth of raised banks, enclosing pools mantled with green, with an old beaver-hut, forming a little islet on the western side. On the eastern bank the road passes under cliffs of more than two hundred feet high, exclusive of the scree below them, from which the Cañon takes its name. The lower half of these cliffs is composed of irregularly-shaped columns of volcanic glass, overlaid by another mass not so clearly columnar. Huge rocks of the black cinder have fallen, and form the scree out of which the roadway has been hewn by means of huge fires lighted among the largest blocks,

day. The "nouriture," in Park parlance, "grub-pile," does not differ much at the different meals, and if the traveller wants to know what meal is before him, consultation with the host or the watch is requisite. When we say a bed is necessary, perhaps we overstate the case, it would be more proper to say a moiety of a bed, for travelling in the National Park, like the poverty to which it leads, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows.

Our sketch gives our first glimpse of tent-hotel life at night, in which an English tourist pauses in preparations for rest to eye carefully and suspiciously a new-comer, dark-visaged, arrayed in sombrero and leathers, and whose fatigue from long riding gives him the air of revolving in his mind some crime of special violence when the candle, elegantly sconced in a bottle, shall have waned. As for the furniture of the tent, it is not so bad; an ingenious adaptation in iron of the earthen stove, used from time immemorial by Indians, keeps the frost out, a pine stump or two stick up conveniently out of the ground, beds of considerable capacity, well-furnished with blankets, and, of course, a grass "whisk," which, in America, "always is with us." During the height of the season the principle upon which the beds are populated is said to be the

addition of visitors so long as they may arrive, or until the occupants "go for their guns." The plan is simple, and relieves the authorities of responsibility.

At Norris Basin the arrangements for ablution did, perhaps, lack finish. They consisted of one basin and a pitcher. It was interesting in the morning, when the temperature still hovered about 32 deg. Fahr., to see an eager group of shivers demanding their turn, and to hear how, when it came, they all unconsciously quoted Foote, "What! no soap?"

Besides the illustrations after the sketches of our artist, Mr. T. H. Thomas, our view of Livingston is from a photograph by Mr. Edgar W. Solhas, of 32, King Henry's Road, London, N.W., that of the "Narrow Gauge" and Mount Evarts, from a photograph by Mr. R. G. Brooks, of St. Helen's Lane. The "Hot Springs Hotel," Pulpit Terrace, Liberty Cap, and Yellowstone Lake, from the "Mammoth" Series of Mr. W. E. Jay Haynes, official photographer of the Northern Pacific Railway, Fargo, D. T., and the "Preacher" and Golden Gate Road, are from the Imperial Series of Mr. Ingersoll, of St. Paul, Minn. We are indebted for the use of the drawing, reproduced in colour, of the Great Falls, to Professor Solhas, Trin. Coll., Dublin.

STORIES ABOUT DUELLING

THERE is always an *à propos* in stories about duelling, for not a week passes on the Continent without some affair of honour causing a sensation, either because one of the principals has been killed, or because the duel has been fought under exceptional circumstances. Ordinary duels are of daily occurrence abroad. Officers, journalists, and students are constantly fighting; and there does not, as yet appear to be the slightest disposition among our neighbours to abate this nuisance, by taking the common-sense English view that duels are both foolish and criminal.

All that can be said is that duels are seldom fought now with a deliberate intention to kill; and this shows a real improvement in public feeling, for in almost every Continental country the law presses more heavily on the man who wounds his adversary than on the man who kills. The latter is tried in an Assize Court before a jury, and, if the duel has been fairly conducted, he is sure of an acquittal; whereas the man who merely inflicts a wound is tried before a Correctional Court without a jury, and is invariably punished. However, a French authority on affairs of honour has lately given it as his opinion that the obvious duty of seconds is, first, to try and prevent a duel; and, secondly, to render the duel, if it be unavoidable, as harmless as possible. Doubtless this gentleman would have approved the conduct of the second who, having the choice of weapons for his principal, elected for "swords at fifteen paces."

There is another story of some kind-hearted seconds who, in loading the pistols, substituted blackened cork bullets for the customary leaden charge. One of the bullets took effect, and rebounded off the brim of the victim's hat; but this gentleman remained, persuaded that he had owed his life to the superior qualities of his head-dress.

The eminent French critic Sainte Beuve having an affair with an author, lifted an umbrella to protect himself against a few rain-drops. His seconds pointed out that he was thus offering a much better mark to his adversary; "I can't help it," answered Sainte Beuve, "I came here to stand fire, not water." Another French critic, Jules Janin, who was extremely corpulent, went out to cross swords with a comic actor of the Palais Royal, who was a small and spare man. The actor gravely approaching Janin, drew a circle with a piece of chalk on the latter's waistcoat, and said, "Let us equalise the chances; any hit I make outside this circle shan't count." Of course the critic laughed, and the duel went no further. I remember an affair in which one of my own friends was engaged, and in which there was a private determination all round that no mischief should happen. Both principals fired into the air, but my friend having shot too perpendicularly, his bullet fell with a terrific thud on to the knuckles of one of the seconds, who



THE "GIANT" GEYSER IN ERUPTION, UPPER GEYSER BASIN

which were splintered when hot by dashing water upon them. The dark lake, the immense black vitrified cliffs set among dense forest, and the burned trunks about the scree, make the whole scene, such as Doré might have imagined.

From this vast quarry the Indians appear to have supplied themselves with arrow-heads; some fine implements were discovered upon an old trail by the Geological Survey near this spot, and we had ourselves the good fortune to find, near Mammoth, spots where the arrow-makers had sat and worked, surrounded by their chippings of obsidian, jasper, and chaledony.

A little further, and the beautiful little "Lake of the Woods" is reached where, at nearly eight thousand feet, we approach the divide of the waters flowing to the Gardiner, and those of the Gibbon flowing to the Madison. Through forest green or forest burned we press on, and, emerging upon a dislocating piece of corduroy road, cross the stream, and draw up at the row of tents which does duty for an hotel. A tent-hotel, sometimes called a "krawl," is something fearful and wonderful; there appears to be a fixed price for every item—one dollar—and as a man must have breakfast, dinner, "supper," and bed, it means a minimum of four dollars a



GOLDEN GATE ROAD AND IMPERIAL ROCK



A RIDE THROUGH BURNT FOREST



FORD IN GIBBON CAÑON



HENDERSON AND KLAMER'S HOTEL, FIRE-HOLE BASIN



ROUND THE STOVE AT HENDERSON'S



THE PATH OF A CYCLONE

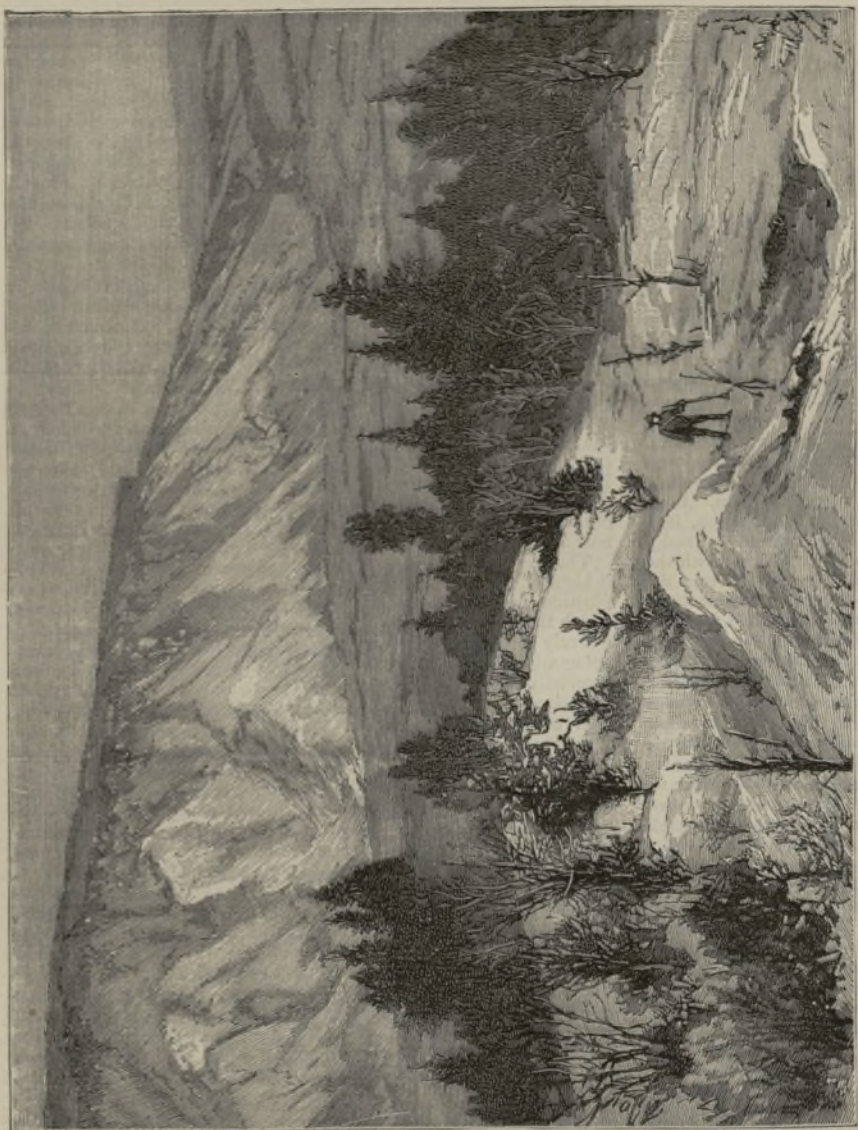


"HELL'S HALF-ACRE"—APPROACH FROM THE NORTH

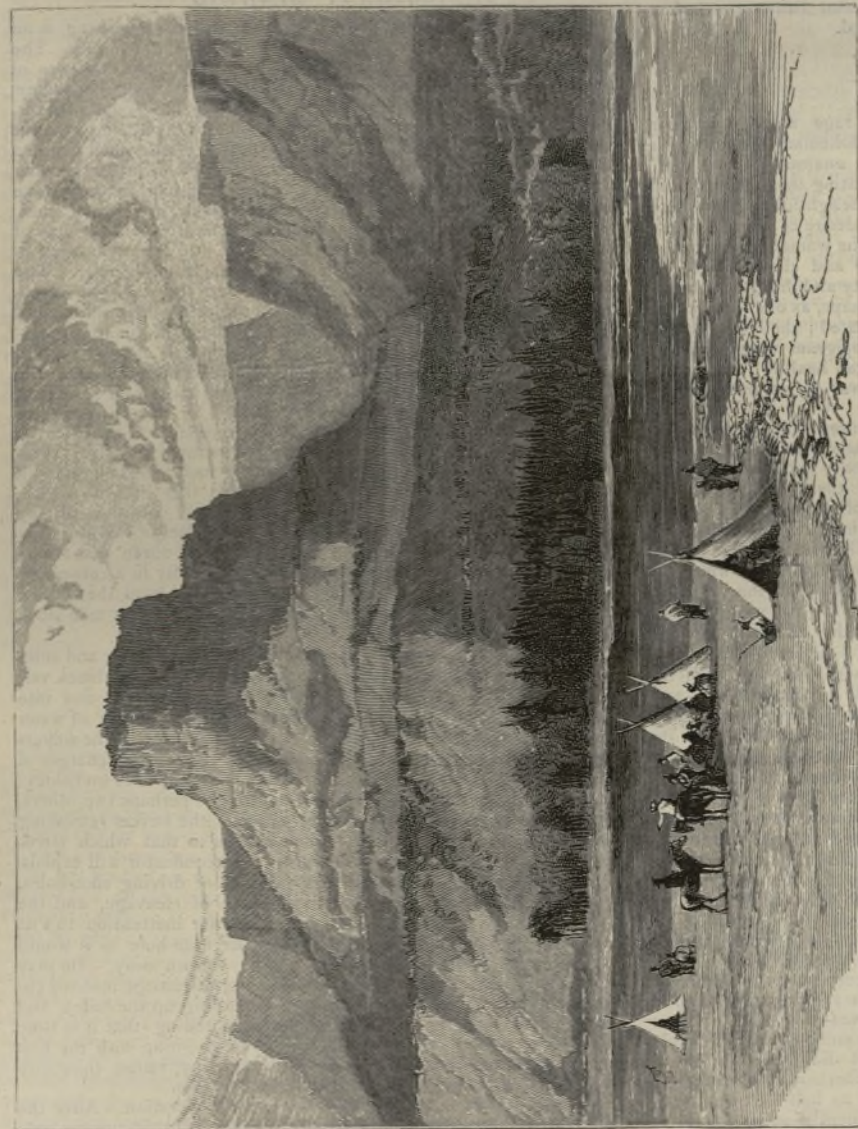


CHARACTERS IN HALL OF MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL

YELLOWSTONE PARK, ILLUSTRATED—I.



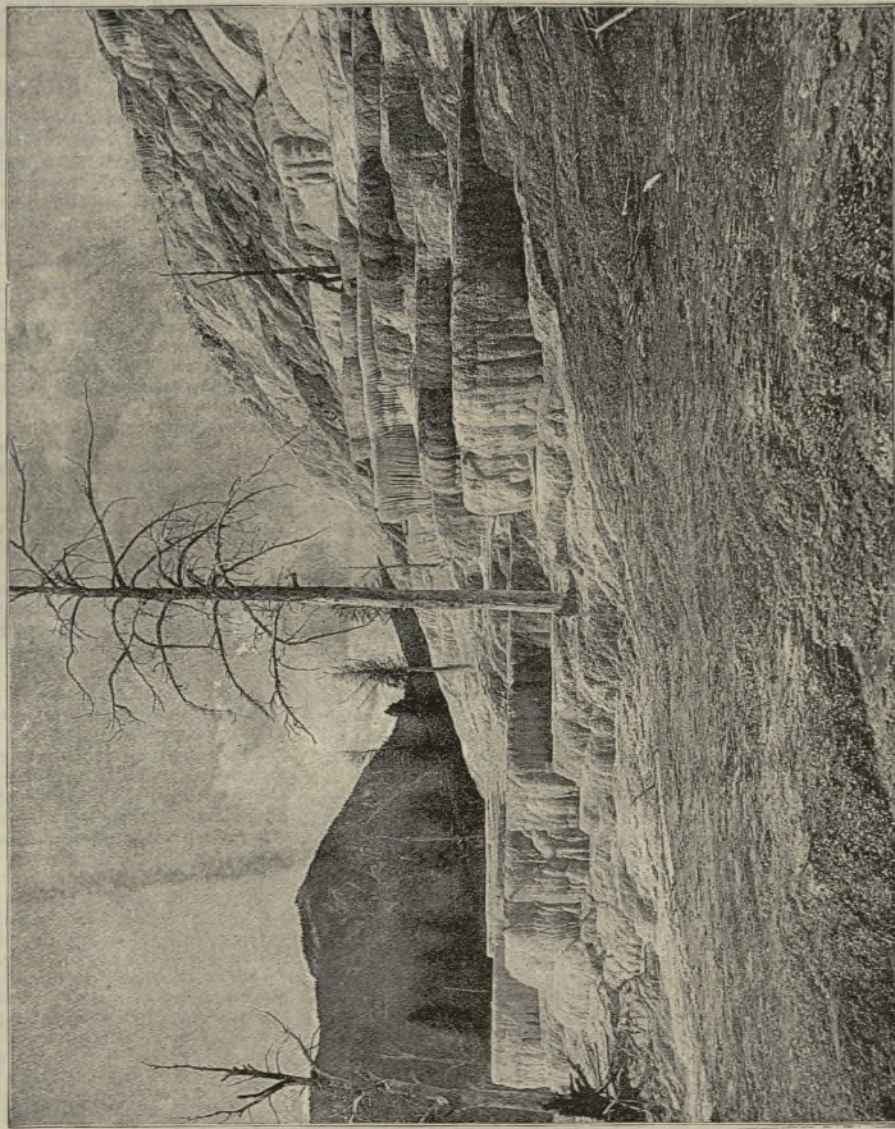
END OF "NARROW GAUGE" FORMATION AND MOUNT EVARIS



A SKETCH IN THE "BAD LANDS"



THE "LIBERTY CAP" (CONE OF AN EXTINCT GEYSER) AND HOTEL



THE PULPIT TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED—I.

danced with pain for a moment, but happily received no serious hurt.

"Aim straight at his head, or you'll be sure to hit him," was the advice given to a nervous young combatant who shuddered at the idea of spilling blood; and the fact is that duels, even when fought with the most forbearing intentions on both sides, are always dangerous. Not long ago, a Prussian cavalry officer at Cologne, got into dispute with a very mild young Professor, and the opprobrious epithet of *schafskopf* (sheep's-head) having been uttered, an encounter became inevitable. But the officer was a good fellow, and the quarrel was so absurd that it was settled there should only be a duel *pour rire*. The principals were to be placed at thirty paces apart, and the charges were not to be rammed (a loose charge makes the bullet deviate), but the officer was to fall and pretend to be dead, until, the Professor having been well frightened, there was to be a reconciliation and a breakfast. The parties appeared on the ground; the officer fell, as had been planned, and the young Professor was thrown into hysterics of remorse and terror; but when the joke had been pushed far enough, it was found the officer lay dead in earnest. The Professor's bullet had severed his carotid artery. The duels in which men have been killed by literally running on to their adversaries' swords are numerous. A cool swordsman has only to straighten his arm and his rushing opponent will be spitted. A case of this kind lately occurred at Vienna—the parties being a stalwart dragoon and a journalist, who both fenced well. The journalist, who was a small man, shrank up and offered no more surface of attack than a spider. The dragoon, after several of his thrusts had been parried, lost patience and made a lunge; but, his foot slipping on the wet grass, he was carried forward with his whole weight. The journalist's foil glanced off his arm, ploughed a furrow over his chest, and stuck in his heart, the blade snapping ten inches from the point.

The present generation of Englishmen can hardly realise how much it owes to the former generation which abolished duelling in this country. The idea that men are more civil to one another when impertinence can be punished by a challenge is erroneous, for there is no country where gentlemen are so guarded in their language as in England; and, even in our party politics, personalities are much less frequent than they are in countries where a man thinks he can honourably utter any slander provided he be ready to offer "satisfaction" by fighting. Seeing that a much-slandered man—for instance, at election time—cannot be expected to fight all his traducers, the offer of satisfaction is delusive; moreover, it is to be noticed that in countries where duelling is common, a ridiculous idea has arisen as to its being *infra dig.* for a man to seek a salve for his wounded honour in an action for damages.

A Frenchman who brings an action for defamation of character asks for *one franc* damages, in order that he may not be accused of making profit out of an insult—like a certain gentleman, who having recovered one thousand francs for a slap on the face, was twitted with having exclaimed:—"I must contrive to get a second slap—it will just pay my rent."

I know several Continental journalists who have fought more than a dozen duels, and who now consider themselves entitled to decline fighting, on the ground that they have given sufficient proof of courage; but they continue slandering, and would be honestly surprised if told that there was anything cowardly in their attacks upon men who can practically obtain no redress from them. Some foreign journalists, however, are content with much less than a dozen duels.

Formerly it was the practice with some newspapers to hire a *gérant responsable* (responsible manager), in the person of a roystering old soldier, noted as a good swordsman. The *Patrie* of Paris once got hold of such a creature, whose name was Garat, and who could neither read nor write. The cashier of the Bank of France at that time was named Garat, and all bank-notes bore his signature. M. Delamarre, the proprietor of the *Patrie*, considering that his *gérant* ought at least to be able to sign his own name, ordered the old soldier to sit down at a desk, and copy the word "Garat," a hundred times from a bank-note. After an hour the *gérant* came to him with several sheets of paper, on which he had laboriously scrawled in letters one inch long the words: "*Cent Francs*."

Have duels ever done good? At one time there were manifold complaints in the Austrian army about promotions by favouritism; till, at length, the word was passed from regiment to regiment that an officer promoted out of his turn was to be challenged by every comrade over whose head he had stepped. This checked the evil, but doubtless the same result would have been obtained by sending the favoured officer to Coventry. Both in Germany and Austria the regimental code of honour inexorably commands duels in certain cases; but forbids an officer to fight anybody who is not his social equal. A man was once pointed out to me who had been cashiered from the Bavarian Army because his ears had been boxed by a baker. He would have been justified in drawing his sword and slaying the baker there and then, conditionally on proving afterwards that the assault was unprovoked; but as he spared the baker he laid himself open to the charge of having got into an unseemly brawl with a man from whom he could not demand reparation. One cannot deny that foreign officers are most careful not to associate or to bandy words with their inferiors, but it does not follow that they avoid unnecessary disputes with persons as to whose social position they are satisfied. Military insolence is but too common; and, unfortunately, it does not always receive such a lesson as was once inflicted upon a German officer by a puny but high-minded hunchback. The hunchback had been wantonly insulted, and challenged the military bully to a duel with pistols. The officer fired and missed. The hunchback drew an orange from his pocket, flung it into the air, and shot it through as it descended. He then said calmly to his adversary: "You will be convinced from this that a hunchback has spared your life."

There is a tradition in one of the French regiments about a young officer named Ollivier who had conscientious scruples against duelling. He let this be known, and his courage was called into question, though, in truth, he was a thoroughly brave man. A disreputable brother officer determined to draw him into a quarrel; and, having used insults without avail, struck Ollivier publicly in a *café*. The colonel of the regiment sent for Ollivier, and said to him, "Your scruples would be natural if you were a monk, but as you are an officer you must fight or resign; and if you resign, I warn you that you will be a disgraced man." Ollivier consented to fight, and, as he had the choice of weapons, he demanded a duel with pistols at three paces—one of the pistols to be loaded, the other blank. The pistols were to be hidden under a handkerchief, and lots were to be drawn to decide which of the combatants should take up one of the pistols at a hazard. The unloaded pistol fell to the bully, who pulled his trigger of course without effect. The seconds stood breathlessly for a moment, but fully expected that Ollivier would fire into the air. Instead of doing that he took deliberate aim at his opponent's forehead, and blew his brains out; then, plunging his hand into the hideous wound he had made, smeared his cheeks with blood, and cried to the seconds, "There, gentlemen, have I wiped off the blow according to your notions!" The same day he threw up his commission, and soon afterwards retired into a monastery.

There is another French regimental legend about a Colonel who objected to duelling; and, so far back as a hundred years ago, made an attempt to abolish it in his regiment. On taking his command he summoned his officers, and said:—"You may have heard that I object to duelling, but I must explain that I only condemn duels for

trivial causes. All I ask is that if any of you want to fight, you should lay your quarrel before me." Not many days elapsed before a couple of lieutenants came saying that they were determined to fight because one had given the other the lie by maintaining that mantles were not worn at Court in such and such a way. To the surprise of the two officers, who were quite prepared to be told that their quarrel was frivolous, the Colonel said gravely:—"I quite agree that this is a serious matter; you, sir, in fact, pretend that your comrade here does not know how mantles are worn at Court, and is either a presumptuous fool or a liar in making believe that he does. You certainly may, and must, fight." The duel was fought, and one of the combatants got a sword-scratch on the arm. The next day the Colonel, seeing him on parade with his arm in a sling, looked round for the other duellist, and, on perceiving that he too was present, affected surprise, and frowned:—"How is this, gentlemen? One of you has called the other a liar, and yet you are both alive! I will have no man in my regiment who holds honour so cheap; you must fight again till one of you fall, or you must both leave the service." Another duel was fought, and this time one of the combatants was killed; but after that there was no more fighting in the regiment until a new Colonel came.

There are degrees of absurdity in duels; but the lowest point is reached by the rapier duels of German students. Prince Bismarck once stood up for the student duels as Lord Palmerston did for prize-fighting; and there is just about as much to be said for one practice as for the other. The student seldom has to fight because he has picked a personal quarrel, but mostly because he belongs to a club (*Verbindung*), which is at chronic feud with another club. The two associations seek opportunities for clashing; half-a-dozen champions are selected from either side, and they meet one afternoon in a gymnastic room to settle scores by fighting in pairs. Each combatant puts on a padded leather jacket, a high stock, iron rimmed spectacles, a tough leather cap with a broad peak, and a leather apron. Every vulnerable part of him is covered up with the exception of the cheeks, nose, ears, and chin, and it becomes the object of the duel to inflict a slicing cut upon one of these features with a rapier, sharp as a carving knife. The instant blood is drawn the duel stops, and the wounded man is consigned to a couple of medical students who embrocate him, and patch him up with sticking-plaster. But the scars left by the rapier cuts disfigure the face for a life-time. It is not uncommon to see middle-aged Germans carrying on their countenances half-a-dozen of these tokens of their pot-valour as students; and German women have to make a virtue of necessity by pretending to prefer a gashed face to a smooth one.

It remains to be said, as to all kinds of duels, that they offer no criterion of personal courage; for a man is almost always pushed into a duel by the fear of seeming to be afraid, which is itself cowardice. Even the professed duellist who can boast a dozen victories obtained by his skill as a swordsman, or a shot, is apt to turn very nervous when a duel under unusual conditions is proposed to him. A noted Russian swashbuckler picked a quarrel, some years ago, with a Polish painter, who, being the insulted party, selected field cannon as his weapon. This was done at the suggestion of the Grand Duke Constantine, who was the painter's friend, and the disgusted Russian officer, finding that nobody would back him up in a refusal, had to acquiesce. Two field pieces were procured; gunners were employed to load them, and the combatants were instructed to pull a firing-string at a given signal. The Russian ought to have known that an upward inclination of the cannon, however slight, would cause his opponent's ball to go whizzing yards above his head; but he was so unmanned by the novelty of his position, that when the two guns went off with an appalling noise he gave a leap into the air, and fell flat on his face. A second shot being proposed to him, he would have none of it; but apologised.

R. B. J.

BOHEMIANISM

A FEW years back there was quite a rage among amateur dramatic authors for introducing scenes of Bohemian life into their plays, and unfledged younglings who were anxious "to see life," and be "in the know," were constantly entreating their literary and artistic friends to introduce them into that delightful region where poverty was so charming that no one could desire to be rich, where the men were so generous and jovial, and the women so charming and *piquante*, and everybody was so witty and clever, where an empty purse was an inspiration, and poverty and hunger subjects only for epigrams and *l'ons mots*. And, perhaps, as one side of the *vie de Bohème*, the picture was little exaggerated; the laugh might be sometimes hollow, the jest bitter, the epigram wrung from a bleeding heart, the brightness more hectic than healthy; but, while he had a guinea left, the true Bohemian was never troubled for the morrow.

Bohemianism is as old as our literature; the Elizabethan poets and dramatists were rare representatives of that state of life, reckless, dissipated, prodigal, living only for the day, and dying, like Mercutio with a jest upon their lips; but the word came to us from France some half-century ago, where it was coined to describe that erratic and brilliant band of rebellious spirits who, headed by Hugo, Dumas, and Théophile Gautier, created a new era in literature, the men who, on that famous night, when *Hernani* was produced at the Comédie Française frightened the stately theatre out of its propriety by their strange attire, brigand hats, long hair, and strange behaviour. The representative Bohemians of our time were Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, Robert Brough, Maginn, Mahony ("Father Prout"), Andrew Halliday, Tom Robertson, and Thackeray; the author of *Vanity Fair* was a sojourner in Paris when the Republic of Bohemia was in its height of glory, and its influence upon his early writings is strongly marked, especially in such ballads as his delightful version of Béranger's "Le Grénier," his own equally charming "Rush-Bottomed Chair" and "La Bouillabaise." Some of the men I have named never knew the pinch of actual poverty, and most, if not all, attained at least to comfort before they died; but in the eyes of Respectability they were a thriftless race, tavern haunts, roysterers, ready to spend their last shilling upon a bowl of punch, and go breakfastless the next morning, living from hand to mouth, caring nothing for appearances, working only when they were in the vein—though many worked terribly hard—or when an empty pocket compelled them.

One of the finest points about the Bohemian was his scorn of pretentiousness; his club was simply held in the private room of a tavern, where the members *supped*—not *dined*—on tripe, or some other economical dish, washed down by beer, and topped by humble gin-and-water; frequently the entertainment did not even run to that, and the scene at the Owl's Roost, in Robertson's *Society*, where not one of the members has such a thing as half-a-crown about him, is founded upon fact; and not unfrequently some article of clothing had to be consigned to the keeping of our uncle from Lombardy to provide means for the banquet. And the half-dozen courses and hock and champagne of to-day cannot inspire the wit and repartee that sparkled around the tavern table when Douglas Jerrold and his *compères* presided there; several conspicuous clubs have originated in such lowly beginnings; the royalty-patronised Savage, and even the haughty and exclusive Garrick. But most of those cosy gatherings of congenial spirits have expanded into what are merely huge subscription hotels, composed of the most antipathetic elements, where one half the members know the other half only by sight, and the conditions of admission are interpreted in so wide a spirit that the sooner such pre-

tences are abolished altogether the better. The Bohemian at home was as humble in his entertainment as he was at his club; if he were a bachelor, and times were good, a barrel of beer would be set in one corner of his attic story, from which his guests helped themselves; a jar of whiskey would be provided for those who preferred a stronger drink; and some loaves and a piece of cheese, without table-cloth, and with a great sparsity of knives and plates, supplied the solid refreshment. How many of us would exchange French dishes, and Pommery and Grenot, for cheese and beer, and the wild jollity of those gatherings as they were in the days when we were young? They were not appreciated by fellow-lodgers, nor by the neighbours in general. Stentorian choruses in the early hours of the morning, and exuberant farewells upon the door-step, with snatches of song and dance, and peals of laughter, are not grateful to sober citizens who retire to bed at seasonable hours. Of course, if our Bohemian were a Benedict, *les convenances* were more attended to; but even then a piece of cold beef and a few et-ceteras, with malt liquor and punch, were considered entertainment good enough.

What have we in place of this? When a bachelor gives a supper, it must include every delicacy of the season, and several kinds of wine, however ill he may be able to afford it. If he be married, his wife gives "At Homes," that most utterly dreary form of gregariousness that man has invented for his own torture and those of his fellow-creatures—packed in stuffy and gas-poisoned rooms, so crowded that you cannot move hand or foot, compelled to listen to wretched singing and amateur recitations, to talk, and to listen to the most inane conversation, and to be afterwards treated to husky sandwiches and mysterious fluids called "claret cup" and "sherry." It is not only the literary Bohemian who has developed into this; the artist, the actor have followed suit, and the land of art and letters once so picturesque, with its April atmosphere of smiles and tears, is now as flat and dreary as a *bourgeois* garden.

That certain advantages have accrued from this new state of things is beyond denial; literary men are more respected, hold a better position in society, are less dissipated, though the overwork with which they tax their brains to keep up extravagant appearances is scarcely less fatal. But, alas! respectability and talent are as a rule antagonistic. Our greatest geniuses have mostly been erratic, and especially were fond of the cup that cheers and does inebriate. With the disappearance of the joyous Bohemian spirit English humour has died out, our wit has grown pessimistic and sepulchral, our fun intensely vulgar, and a *bourgeois* dulness has crept over our literature, our art, and our acting. Where be our Dickenses, our Jerrolds, our Wrights and Buckstones, the fun, the real hearty humour over which we used to roar? Who laughs over a modern book? We may chuckle, smile, grin—mostly sardonically; but for a burst of spontaneous, irresistible laughter we must go to the old masters, and recall recollections of dead and gone comedians. This is so generally felt and so generally acknowledged that the reproach of *laudator temporis acti* can scarcely be levelled against me individually. But art can no more escape the influence of the age than other forms of human development. We all take life more seriously than we used to; the thirst for wealth is no longer confined to the commercial world; to make money, to live as luxuriously as we can, and to keep up appearances far above our means, are the primary objects of our existence, and it is this spirit which has extinguished Bohemianism, with all its faults, its errors, its vices, and, as Mr. Owen would say, its *per contra*.

11. B. B.

COALPIT SINKING

A DESCENT into a shaft, which is in the process of sinking, is an interesting experience, though a slight trial to the nervous. The visitor, first ensnathed in an oilskin or woollen suit, the use of which he fully appreciates when down below, is invited to follow his conductor, not into the steady cage, running in wooden grooves, which would convey him to the bottom were the pit complete, but into a round iron kibble or bucket, swinging loose, which reaches only breast high. As he does so, he is rather inclined to remember Curtius leaping into his gulf, and makes a mental note to take much credit for his temerity afterwards in drawing-rooms and clubs. He instinctively seizes, with the firmest grip he is capable of, one of the chains by which the bucket is suspended, and resigns himself to fate, as the signal is given to the engine-man to lower away. The engine-house, the workmen on the bank, and the daylight immediately shoot up into the air, and he is projected downwards into space, with darkness around him, and a shortness of breath oppressing him. If the pit is already of considerable depth, he will experience a circular motion, as well as a descending one, for the stiffest of wire ropes twists and untwists a little in use, and besides, it is a not uncommon "trick upon travellers" for the banksman to give the bucket a slight twirl at starting, in order to impart to the visitor all the sensations of which the situation is capable. Presently he will feel as though the machinery had reversed, and will appear to be rising instead of descending, and this illusion—which, by the by, has never been accounted for—will continue till he comes within the circle of light cast by the candles or lamps of the sinkers at work at the bottom. One of the half-dozen men there will help him out of the bucket, place him carefully in a corner out of the way, and as soon as his sight has recovered from the sudden transition from sunlight to gloom, he will be at liberty to take stock of what is going forward.

He will see that he is in a circular chamber, with floor and sides of quarry-like roughness, roofed, if the pit be deep, by a black veil of darkness, through which the descending bucket falls and into which it rises at intervals. Upon him is falling a shower of water which is percolating through the sides of the shaft. The sinkers round him are engaged in drilling holes to receive the charges of gunpowder or dynamite which shall loosen the rocky floor and sides; one man holding the heavy drill, and another, or perhaps two others, striking the head of it with sledge hammers, the striker refreshing himself at each blow with a grunt similar to that which street paviours indulge in over their rammers. His conductor will explain to him something of the art and mystery of driving shot-holes, which must be in accordance with the lines of cleavage, and the peculiar disposition of each mass of rock; for inattention to this causes the charge simply to blow out of the bore-hole as it would out of a gun barrel, and make it a charge thrown away. He may see the bore-holes finished, cleaned and dried, the charge inserted (in a long tin case, if water should persist in welling up the hole), and the fuse attached. He will then hardly need telling that it is time to "make tracks," and will probably prefer to go up with the first bucket-load of men and get safe out of the way, rather than stay for the last man, whose duty it is to light the fuses.

Pit sinking is a tedious and dangerous operation. After the removal of the surface soil the troubles begin. Most frequently beds of quicksand have to be passed through near the surface, and this is proportionately the most difficult and costly part of sinking work. It is a sure, though a slow operation to work a hole down through solid rock, but what is to be done with quicksand? If a spade is thrust into it, it requires great exertion of strength to get it out again, and, if some of the sand be brought out upon it, yet the hole fills up again before one's eyes with more sand, and one might go on in this way with the same effect as Mrs. Partington's broom had on the Atlantic ocean. A system of "cribbing," or "tubbing," has therefore to be adopted. A large and very strong wooden or iron structure is made, the shape of the body of a drum. This is lowered upon the body of

quicksand, and loaded with weights to make it sink into the sand. The sinkers then get upon the sand inside this drum or crib, and fill it into buckets, which are drawn to the surface. The presence of the crib prevents the side influx of more quicksand, so that the men have only to deal with the sand which wells up from beneath; but this gives them trouble enough to get rid of. As the sand is taken out the crib sinks. The crib, some ten or fifteen feet high, is thus lowered its full length, and the sand got from within it. But, perhaps, the bed of sand is some twenty or thirty feet thick. In this case a second crib is made, of a size just to fit inside the first one, telescope-tube like. This is lowered in its turn, and the same operations repeated. A third crib may have to be put in before the solid rock is reached, and until it is reached no building of the shaft proper can begin. As each crib inserted lessens the diameter of the shaft, unless foresight is used the shaft will get narrowed down to a practically useless size—a by no means rare result. Getting through the quicksand is an exciting time. The men upon the sand work with one eye upon the crib, on the look out for any indications of weakness in it, and they have the bucket within easy reach, so that at the least alarm they may be drawn to the surface. Ominous cracks are heard from time to time, and as well as the groaning of the cribs under the enormous pressure to which they are subjected by the surrounding sand.

A solid stratum having been reached, the brick-building of the shaft is commenced upon its support, and the space between the brick-shaft and the cribs filled in with rubble and cement, to prevent the influx of water. The strata from this point down to the coal are generally found to be solid, some far too solid. The shaft is sunk to a certain depth below the first brickwork—greater or less, according to the solidity of the beds passed through—and then, starting again from the solid bottom, a second length of brickwork is built up to join the first length. It has been a puzzle to many how a shaft can be bricked at all, because the men cannot wait till they get to the coal before they begin to brick. Works of fiction dealing with mining matters sometimes go ludicrously astray on this subject. We happen to remember one which gravely described the sinker putting one brick underneath the other all the way down, as if the laws of gravitation were reversed for his benefit. The brickwork is built up in lengths, and each length rests upon a tough oak or iron ring, which is firmly fixed in the side stratum by wedges, and, if necessary, further secured by chains let down from the surface. Upon this foundation the circular brick-wall is built up, and so on for each successive length as the shaft gets deeper. Underground streams of water are a source of great inconvenience and expense in sinking, and when they are copious they are cribbed out in a similar manner to the quicksand. Sometimes, in very wet strata, shafts are cribbed in this manner from top to bottom.

It is impossible to tell beforehand what a shaft is going to cost—the depth of quicksand, the hardness of certain strata met with, and the flow of water all being contingencies which cannot be absolutely reckoned with beforehand. The original estimate is frequently doubled before the work is completed. Thousands of pounds are sometimes sunk in a vain endeavour to get through a bed of quicksand.

Pit-sinkers are a race apart from ordinary colliers, and they travel about the country wherever there are pits to be sunk. To join them at their cabin-fire, near the pit's mouth, while they are consuming their "baggin," or smoking their pipes, till their shift of work comes, and listen to their yarns, is interesting enough. Each has sufficient personal adventures below ground to relate to fill a volume, for their work is encompassed with danger, and their lives are in their hands. The unbricked portion of the shaft is constantly splintering off; and a man may get an ugly knock on the head at any moment. The rope which draws out the debris may break, and there is no chance of running out of the way of the falling load. The men at the top may be careless, and let things fall or blow down upon them. They must be on their guard against influxes of water, and, when approaching coal-seams, of gas. Above all, must they be careful with their cartridges and fuses. We remember one little incident which illustrates their hourly escapes. A shot had been laid, and the men were just thinking about going up the shaft, when, by accident, the end of the fuse which was to fire the shot met the flame of a candle, and ignited. For the fire to reach the shot would be only the work of a few seconds, so there was just that interval between the six men and severe injury, if not death. In the first second, one of the men tried in vain to put out the fuse with his hand, but in the next he had out his clasp-knife, and cut the fuse below the point where the ignition had reached. His "mates," for his presence of mind, presented him with a new clasp-knife, of which he was properly proud. We must explain that before a shot is fired, all the men are drawn up except one, who lights a bit of candle attached to the end of the fuse, and then signals to be drawn up himself. The burning down of the candle to the fuse allows of ample time to get out of the way. There is a story told in Lancashire of a sinker who had just signalled to be drawn up under these circumstances. The engine went on a few turns, but then it stopped, and the man was suspended a short distance above the coming volcano. By a miracle only he escaped unhurt, and presently found himself drawn up the shaft. No sooner had he landed than he "went for" the engine-man, in the American sense, but the engine-man had already made himself scarce, and took care not to come for his wages on the next pay night. Whether accident or design had caused the dangerous stoppage of the machinery was never known, though the latter was suspected.

R. T. G.

ON EUPHEMISMS

IMAGINATION is the salt of intellectual life, and its action is as varied as are the forms in which that life exhibits itself. When Akenside wrote his "Pleasures of the Imagination" he took but a narrow and partial view of his subject. Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon he would doubtless feel surprised and bewildered by the new and boundless fields that progress in every branch of knowledge has opened up to the exploration of the student, and to the imagination of the speculative observer. But far removed from these lofty regions, to which it would need a greater than Akenside to do full justice, there are many humble by-paths in which may be traced the universal desire to invest the prosaic and the positive with the magical hues of fancy. "Call a spade a spade," says proverbial wisdom, but against this stern simplicity the popular imagination continually revolts, and hence in every direction we are met by euphemisms, invented sometimes by the desire of imaginative ignorance to give to a plain and simple thing an imposing and foolishly grandiloquent name, and in other cases by the desire of imaginative genius to describe the indescribable, as well as to hide the hard and unpleasant realities of life and death behind a veil of poetical description and elliptical suggestion.

All euphemisms were originally of the latter class, and were often propitiatory in intention. Of old the Furies were called the Eumenides, just as country folk in later days have been wont to speak of fairies as the "good people." Of this older class are many of those phrases and metaphorical sayings by which allusion is made to the "grim conqueror," the "King of Terrors," to Death itself. One of the commonest euphemisms for dying is "to join the majority;" the idea is very old, and equivalent expressions are not uncommon in both the Roman and the Greek classic writers. The English version occurs in Blair's "Grave," and nearly a hundred years earlier Sir Thomas Browne has an allusion to it. In the

Epistle Dedicatory of his "Urn-Burial," 1658, Sir Thomas refers to times long past, "when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number." The Bible abounds with euphemisms for dying. The Patriarchs "sleep with their fathers," or, as is said of Jacob, are "gathered unto their people." The original of Hamlet's "bourne from whence no traveller returns," is to be found in the Book of Job:—"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return." The line descriptive of death in life by a modern poet, Gerald Massey—"The breathing miracle into silence passed!"—is an echo of the Psalmist's expressive reference to the dead as those "that go down into silence." Scott, in the "Lord of the Isles," has a striking line, in which he speaks of "that dark inn, the grave," but the image had been used before by Spenser. In the "Faerie Queene," the poet describes death as

An equal doom,
To good and bad, the common In of rest.

Sleep is constantly used as a figure of death. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," says Macbeth of Duncan. To "sleep the sleep that knows not breaking," sings Ellen in the "Lady of the Lake;" and, again, in Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo," "That sweet sleep which medicines all pain." Conversely, in the imaginative and poetical euphemisms for sleep, reference is often made to death. "Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to Life," says Samuel Butler. "I long to kiss the image of my death," says Drummond, in his address to "Sleep, Silence" child. Similar examples might easily be multiplied. The euphemisms for life are innumerable. The origin, the intention, and the ultimate aim of life are suggestive of mystery as well as full of deep meaning, and consequently afford an inexhaustible field for speculation and imaginative description. "Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over," says Goldsmith. Cowley describes it as

Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up between two eternities!

An idea more concisely put in Southey's words: "A parenthesis between our birth and death."

The desire to soften and tone down an unpleasant subject or a disagreeable idea often leads to absurdities. Most people are familiar with the story of the courtly preacher at Whitehall in the time of Charles II., who told his hearers that if they did not live up to the teachings of the Gospel they must expect to receive their reward "in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here." This was the Dean described by Pope, "Who never mentioned 'hell' to ears polite." A worthy successor of this discreet divine was heard a few years ago to preach a sermon on the parable of Lazarus and Dives. The sins of the latter were spoken of as rather those of omission than commission. "He was not a bad-hearted man," the preacher continued, "not a cruel man. On the contrary, we might infer that he was a kindly-disposed man, for we learn that he deprecated the introduction of his brethren into that unpleasant locality where it was his own unhappy doom to abide." Could Dives' sad situation be more gently or more feelingly described?

The desire to give a grand name to what might be more simply described has found expression in a multitude of euphemisms familiar to everyday life. The "hydraulic van" has superseded the water-cart, the shop has blossomed into an "establishment" or an "emporium," and the chemist is the proud proprietor of a "medical hall." The baker is not yet usually described, in the slang of the Corinthian age, as the "Master of the Rolls," but the butcher prefers to be known as a "purveyor of meat." Ordinary language is not equal to the description of ordinary events. A person, if found dead, must not be so described, but discovery is made that "the vital spark had fled for ever." A criminal is not hanged, but "launched into eternity;" a maiden does not marry, but is "led to the hymeneal altar;" an actor is a "professor of the histrionic art;" while a tippler becomes almost respectable as a "votary of Bacchus."

Euphemisms for drink and drunkenness, as well as for drinkers, are very abundant. Some of the earlier examples are curious. Samuel Rowlands, the manners-painting writer of the Jacobean time, describes a man who had been drinking immoderately until his legs unsteadily carried him along a devious path,

Sometimes wall, and sometimes kennel taking,
And, as the phrase is us'd, indentures making.

Another jocular phrase was to say of a man whose face bore evidence of his habits that he had been served with a writ of *fieri facias*. It occurs in Dryden's first play, *The Wild Gallant*, and earlier still in a tract called the "Penny Parliament," published in 1608, and reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*:—"They that drink too much Spanish sack shall, about July, be served with a fiery-faces." The expression is still sometimes heard. Some attribute it to the "salmon," others to other causes, and of old they used to say that the victim of intoxication had been in the sun. "They will bib hard," says Barry in the comedy of *Ram-Alley*, "they will be fine sunburnt." Corresponding euphemisms are still in use. In the "Scenes of Clerical Life" Mr. Dempster's groom describes his master's not infrequent condition by saying that he had been in the sunshine; and Mr. Richard Swiveller, when he wishes to inform his hearers that he had been extremely drunk, explains that he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes." In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* there is another euphemistic avoidance of the objectionably plain fact. "Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so; perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device." Small money was scarce in those days, and tradesmen were allowed to coin "tokens" of brass or copper which served the purpose of promissory notes, and the tendency of this form of currency to travel towards the ale-house probably suggested the phrase. Steady after-dinner drinkers, Burton expressively terms "afternoon-men." Emerson, in his essay on "Prudence," revived the expression, and applied it aptly enough to the drones and laggards of agricultural life.

Of a euphemistic nature are the epithets applied to some of the great writers. The "Sweet Swan of Avon" we owe to Ben Jonson. There are, however, swans and swans. Miss Anna Seward was once known as the "Swan of Lichfield." Spenser was first called the "Poet's Poet" by Charles Lamb, and Dryden first named Chaucer the "Father of English Poetry." All readers have felt the potent influence of the wand wielded by the "Wizard of the North," and hardly less in number are those to whom the hero of Boswell's pages is familiar as the "Great Lexicographer," or, as Smollett aptly styled him, the "Great Cham of Literature." G. L. A.

CONCERNING NOSES

LORD BYRON has laid down that all society may be scheduled into two classes—the bores and the bored. It was but another way, though probably the poet did not realise it, of saying that men may be judged by their noses, and that in noses there are two great families—the hook and the snub. There is, indeed, a third, namely, the split nose; but that for the moment may be disregarded. Now it is strange how little inclined we are to look a person in the face and see what the face tells us. Foreheads are often covered with hats, and mouths with moustachios, but nobody can well mask his nose. It stands out either in bold relief or in shrinking deficiency, and its form is incapable of disguise, or of reduction, or of exaggeration. And yet people have much to say about mouths, and more

about foreheads, and really little or nothing about noses. And yet the rule is so simple, and the means of testing it so often offered to the critic or observer. Let us try and put the principles together, and the reader can judge for himself, not from noted examples, but from the ordinary people who fill the streets, whether the rules are not clear, and their application general. The hook nose goes with a mental tendency on the part of its owner to take an interest in almost any subject, but not necessarily in many. The snub nose goes with curiosity. This may be, and generally is, shown about many subjects. It is a kind of curiosity that is at once a stimulus to, and the enemy of, knowledge. A complete answer, for instance, wears the owner of this kind of curiosity. He is satiated exactly at that point where the proprietor of the hook nose begins to gain that amount of information which gives him an appetite for more.

The snub-nosed man is always on the outside of his subject. He takes an interest in doubtful questions just for their doubtfulness. He is tentative and empirical. He is confidential also, and rather unsympathetic. But his sympathy lies not so much in a desire to share in your subject, as to be sure that you share in his mood. He is always in dread of being what he feels his snub-nosed counterpart actually is—a bore. Thus, when he goes deep enough into his subject, there is a variety in his treatment of it, and a constant tendency to vary the handling. He is really thinking of his audience rather than his theme. Take any one of Thackeray's novels. How this great snub-nosed master constantly keeps up the personal relation between himself and his reader. How he turns aside from his narrative to have a paragraph or a page with his audience, and to be quite sure that he is not boring them. How much more his tendency is to be suggestive than to be didactic. He tells his own experiences without being egotistical, and asks questions without waiting for the answer. He is always alert, and longing to be in sympathy with his public. A great contemporary of his was master of the other style of writing, and owner of the other type of nose. With all her power and gift of expression, was not George Eliot, after all, a bore? How didactic she is. With what mathematical consecutiveness she works out her literary problems. She is as inevitable as a tramcar running on its rails. And thus her clever actors are analytic, and her treatment of them often surgical in its disinterested cruelty. Analysis was her forte, and she never realised that her readers might lose interest completely before the investigation was over. The author of "The Mill on the Floss" will always remain amongst the great names of English literature. Readers who are a little bored by "Daniel Deronda" must look at George Eliot's portrait, and allow for her nose. When this high-bridged nose is set forth as explaining that its owner will be a bore, the word is not used quite in its colloquial sense. It is only that its owner, if a talker, will pursue his topic, if an author his character or subject or phase of investigation not only far, but farther than his audience may care, and entirely without regard to their interest. The simple healthy charm of Wordsworth is not to be denied—but what a bore he is with his eternal worship of Nature. It is inconceivable that a man who has left so much that is absolutely perfect, should have left so much more that is mere rubbish, and should never himself have discriminated between these two. But everything is explained when you see Pickersgill's portrait, and trace the outline of his nose.

Take any two persons of your acquaintance who have been much thrown for entertainment on each other's society, and have cleaned out each other's conversational bag. The one with most nose and most curve in the nose will often be disappointed with the other for not paying more attention, and for being too ready to change the subject. The shorter, or snub-nosed one, will complain that his friend goes on and on, till at last it is hardly safe to ask him a question, he has so little sense of the proportion in answer. Education, or the imported will of others, does much to correct this, and the highest test of it in a hooked-nosed person is that he ceases to bore—in the opposite that he learns to pursue. Thus the natural characteristics may be artificially corrected; but the change will not be constant. "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret." When restraint is relaxed Nature re-asserts her sway. You have only to watch for the breaking-down moment, or, what is as good, the signs of a deliberate keeping-up moment. Watch in Emerson for strained brevity, in Thackeray for careful sustenance, watch in the typical woman for her boast that she has listened, in the eagle-like man for the effort that silences him.

It is quite as easy to take your illustration from every-day life, and perhaps sounder in result, than from the comparison of authors' works with their portraits. In a railway carriage, if your *vis-à-vis* has a hooked nose, and you have a paper in your hand, he will probably make no attempt to know what is in your paper, unless you give it him to read, and then, if you can catch his attention, you will keep it—he will go on attending. A snub-nosed fellow traveller will resist with difficulty peeping at what you do not show, and will sustain with difficulty his attention to what you place in his hands. This shows the difference between curiosity and interest. It is a point worthy of note that the attention of the hooked-nosed is often far from easy to obtain for any subject, as if the owner of the nose instinctively knew that once aroused he himself should find difficulty in dropping it, while the snub-nosed man lends his attention the more readily as though he knew he could so easily get it back. In very egotistic persons these facts are modified. The hook-nosed polished European of the South will give you in appearance anything, because, as a rule, he means to give in fact nothing. The grave, long-nosed North American Indian even when silent never looks bored. The nigger minstrel with all his mirth and humour requires the banjo and the bones to pass the time away. There is, however, a third type of nose, of which the tip is very square, with a split or notch in the middle. Balzac started the theory that the owner of this kind of nose was specially gifted with the faculty of absorbing impressions about the personality of others. No quality could be more useful to the novelist, and as Balzac had this kind of nose himself, sharing the distinction with the great detective of his day—he may have based a general theory on a limited experience which too easily substantiated what he desired to prove. But as the shape is a rare one, much rarer than the faculty, perhaps its true counterpart in character is yet to find. One is on surer ground with the two divisions, plainly distinguishable, though each affording infinite variety and modification—the one that gives us Lamb, Lytton, and Wellington, the other Socrates and Darwin. W. L. W.

A REVOLUTION IN CHURCH MUSIC is threatened in France. A considerable party of the bishops object to modern music as theatrical, and intended for the display of individual talent. They argue that this music merely attracts the curious, makes ecclesiastical ceremonies far too long, and puts true worship in the secondary place. Accordingly they recommend that Church music should be restricted to the old simple Plainsong, whose stern Gregorian tunes would certainly not attract the majority of music-lovers. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven would not be permitted, to say nothing of M. Gounod.

THE LEGHORN HATS, now so fashionable in London, are rarely manufactured at Leghorn, but at Prato, about eleven miles from Florence. Nearly all the straw for Leghorn hats is grown within a district of sixty miles round Florence, where the Commune of Prato employs 145,000 inhabitants in producing either the raw material for the hats or the headgear themselves. In former years, all this Tuscan straw was exported through Leghorn—hence the name of the hats—but now it goes by rail to all parts of Europe, and the Leghorn trade, proper has greatly diminished.



ON THE SHORES OF THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE



"PAINT POTS," LOWER GEYSER BASIN



CONE OF THE "GROTTO" GEYSER



"DIANA'S WELL," AND "CASTLE" GEYSER PLUNGING



THE "BEEHIVE" GEYSER IN ACTION



"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER IN ACTION

YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED—I.



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"I am so sadly absent-minded," said Mrs. Simpson, smiling sweetly.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE correspondence between Mrs. Dobbs and Mrs. Dormer-Smith on the subject of May's removal to London was not voluminous. It consisted of three letters: number one, written by Mrs. Dobbs; number two, written by Mrs. Dormer-Smith; and number three, Mrs. Dobbs's reply to that. Mrs. Dobbs always went straight to the point, both with tongue and pen; and Mrs. Dormer-Smith, although by no means so forcibly direct in her dealings, had a dislike to letter-writing, which caused her to put her meaning tolerably clear on this occasion, so as to avoid the necessity of writing again.

Mrs. Dobbs had proposed that May should become an inmate of her aunt's house in London—at all events for a time—in consideration of an annual sum to be paid for her board and dress. The said sum was to be guaranteed by Mrs. Dobbs, and was so ample as to make Pauline say plaintively to her husband, "Just fancy, Frederick, how deplorably inconsistent Augustus has been in offending and neglecting this old woman as he has done! You see she has plenty of money. I had no idea what her means were; but it is clear that, for a person in her rank of life, she may be called rich. And Augustus might have obtained solid pecuniary assistance from her, I've no doubt, if he had played his cards with ordinary prudence. But there never was any one so reckless of his own interests as Augustus—beginning with that unfortunate marriage."

Whereunto Mr. Frederick Dormer-Smith thus made reply: "I don't know what you may call 'solid pecuniary assistance,' but it seems to me pretty solid to keep Augustus's daughter, and clothe her, and pay for her schooling, for four years and upwards. As to Augustus's disregard of his own interests, it does not at any rate lie in the direction of refraining from borrowing money, or remembering to pay it back; that much I can vouch for."

Pauline put a corner of her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, Frederick," she said, "it pains me to hear you speak so harshly. Remember, Augustus is my only brother."

"Mercifully! By George, if there was another of 'em I don't know what would become of us."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith declined to consider this hypothesis, but contented herself with saying that she should like to do something for poor Augustus's girl, and asking her husband if he didn't think they could manage to receive her. Mr. Dormer-Smith thought they could on the terms proposed, which, he frankly said, were handsome. And Pauline added softly,

"Yes; and it is satisfactory that she offers to keep the arrangement strictly secret. It would scarcely do to let it be known that Mrs. Dobbs pays for May. It would be *inconvenable*. People would ask all sorts of questions. It would put the girl herself in an awkward position. 'Grandmother!' people would say. 'What grandmother?' and the whole story of that wretched marriage would be raked up again. But, on the conditions proposed, I do think, Frederick, it could do no harm to receive May. I am glad you consent. It will be a comfort to me to feel that I am doing something for poor Augustus's girl, and acting as mamma would have wished."

So a favourable reply was dispatched to Mrs. Dobbs's application. Mrs. Dormer-Smith suggested that May should come to town a little before the beginning of the season, so as to give time for preparing her wardrobe—a task to which her aunt looked forward with *dilettante* relish. And in answer to that, Mrs. Dobbs wrote the third and last letter of the series, assenting to the date proposed for May's arrival, and entering into a few minor details.

She had also, meanwhile, received a letter from Captain Cheffington, elicited, after a long delay, by three successive urgent appeals for an immediate answer. It was a scrawl in a hasty, sprawling hand, and ran thus:

"Brussels, Nov. 1st, 18—"

"DEAR MRS. DOBBS,

"I think it would be very desirable for Miranda to be presented by her aunt, if she is to be presented at all, and to be brought out properly. I have no doubt that my sister will introduce her in the best possible way. Since you seem to press for my consent, you have it herewith, although I hardly feel that I can have much voice in the matter, being separated, as I have been for years, from my country, my family, and my only surviving child. I am a mere exile. It is not a brilliant existence for a man born and brought up as I have been. However, I must make the best of it.

"Yours always,
"A. C."

This was sufficient for Mrs. Dobbs. She had made a point of obtaining Augustus's authority for his daughter's removal to town. Not because she relied on his judgment, but because she knew him well enough to fear some trick, or sudden turn of feigned indig-

nation, if, from any motive of his own, he thought fit to disapprove the step. As to the tone of his reply, that neither troubled nor surprised her. But Mr. Weatherhead was moved to great wrath by it. Mrs. Dobbs had tossed the note to him one day, saying, "There; there's my son-in-law's consent to May's going to town, in black and white. That's a document."

Mr. Weatherhead eagerly pounced on it. "What a disgusting production!" he exclaimed, looking up over the rim of the double eyeglass which he had set astride his nose to read the note.

"Is it?" returned Mrs. Dobbs carelessly.

"Is it? Why, Sarah, you surprise me, taking it in that cool way. It is the most thankless, unfeeling, selfish production I ever read in my life."

"Oh, is that all? Well, but that's just Augustus Cheffington. We know what *he* is at this time of day, Jo Weatherhead. It 'ud be a deal stranger if he wrote thankfully, and feelingly, and unselfishly."

But Mr. Weatherhead refused to dismiss the matter thus easily. He belonged to that numerous category of persons who, having established and proclaimed a conviction, appear to be immensely astonished at each confirmation of it. He had years ago pronounced Augustus Cheffington to be a heartless scoundrel. Nevertheless he was shocked and amazed whenever Augustus Cheffington did anything to corroborate that opinion.

The letter from Mrs. Dormer-Smith was not shown to him. Mrs. Dobbs meant to keep the amount she was to pay for May a secret even from her faithful and trusted friend Jo. He might guess what he pleased, but she would not tell him. The means, too, by which she meant to raise the money would not, she knew, meet with his approval. And, since she had resolved to use those means, she thought it best to avoid vain discussion beforehand, and therefore said nothing about them.

Accident, however, revealed a part of the secret in this way:

Mr. Weatherhead, calling one afternoon at Laurel Villa to see Mrs. Simpson, who had been kept at home by a cold, found other visitors there. Miss Polly and Miss Patty Piper were drinking tea out of Mrs. Simpson's best cups and saucers, and chatting away with their usual cheerfulness and volubility. The Miss Pipers, as they would themselves have expressed it, "moved in a superior sphere" to that of the music-teacher and his wife; but they did not consider that they derogated from their gentility by occasionally drinking tea and having a chat with the Simpsons. They liked to condescend a

little, and opportunities for condescension were rather rare. Then, too, they had a certain interest in Sebastian Bach Simpson, inherited from the long-ago days when Sebastian Bach's father played the organ in their father's church, and Miss Polly and Miss Patty wore white frocks and blue sashes at evening parties, and were the objects of a good deal of attention from the Reverend Reuben's curates. Besides the sisters there was present Dr. Hatch, who had come to pay a professional visit to Mrs. Simpson, and who was just going away. It was a peculiarity of Dr. Hatch to be always just going away. He had a very large practice, and was wont to aver that his professional duties scarcely left him time to eat or sleep. Yet Dr. Hatch's horses stood waiting through many a quarter of an hour during which their master was engaged in conversation not of a strictly professional nature.

When Mr. Weatherhead entered the best parlour of Laurel Villa, Dr. Hatch had a cup of tea in one hand, and his watch in the other, and greeted the new arrival with a friendly nod, and the assurance that he was "just off." Mrs. Simpson shook hands with Mr. Weatherhead, and the Miss Pipers graciously bowed to him. He, too, was connected in their minds with old times. Miss Polly specially remembered seeing him on her visits to the Birmingham Musical Festivals, when her father would take the opportunity of turning over Weatherhead's stock of books, and making a few purchases. And once the Pipers had lodged during a Festival week in the rooms over Weatherhead's shop.

"Glad to see you better, Mrs. Simpson," said Jo, taking a seat after having saluted the company.

"Oh yes, thank you, I'm quite well now. I know Dr. Hatch will scold me if he hears me say so"—(with an arch glance baulked of its effect by the unsympathetic spectacles)—"because he tells me I still need great care. But my cough is gone. It is, really!"

Mrs. Simpson girlishly shook back her curls, and proceeded to pour out a cup of tea for Mr. Weatherhead.

"And how is Simpson?" asked the latter.

"Bassy is very well, only immensely busy. He has three new pupils for pianoforte and harmony; the daughters of Colonel —, but I forget his name, recommended by that kind Major Mitton. Or at least it would be more proper to say that Major Mitton recommended Bassy to them! Not very polite to say that the young ladies were recommended—oh dear! I beg pardon. I'm afraid I've over-sweetened your tea?"

She had, in fact, put in half-a-dozen lumps, one after the other. But Mr. Weatherhead fished the greater part of them out again with his teaspoon, and deposited them in the saucer, saying it was of no consequence.

"I am so sadly absent-minded!" said Mrs. Simpson, smiling sweetly. "Bassy would scold me if he were here."

"Serve you right, if he did!" said Dr. Hatch, rising from the table. "You should pay attention to what you're doing. I expect to hear that you have swallowed the embrocation and anointed your throat with syrup of squills."

"Oh, Doctor! You do say the drollest things!" exclaimed the amiable Amelia, with an enjoying giggle.

"Ah, no; not the drollest! Thank heaven, I hear a great many droller things than I say! That's what mainly supports me in my day's practice."

Mrs. Simpson, not in the least understanding him, giggled again. Dr. Hatch had the reputation of being a wag; and Amelia Simpson was not the woman to defraud him of a laugh on any such selfish ground as not seeing the point of his joke.

"Well, Mr. Weatherhead," said Miss Patty Piper, blandly, "so we are to have your sister-in-law for a neighbour, I hear?"

Jo poked his nose forward, and pursed up his mouth. "O ho! my sister-in-law, Mrs. Dobbs? How do you mean, ma'am 'as a neighbour?"

"We understand that Mrs. Dobbs has been looking after Jessamine Cottage; the little white house with a garden on the Gloucester Road," returned Miss Patty. Dr. Hatch paused with his hand on the latch of the parlour door to hear.

"Oh dear no," said Jo Weatherhead, decisively. "Quite a mistake. Sarah Dobbs is too wedded to her old home. Nothing would induce her to leave Friar's Row. You must have been misinformed, ma'am."

"As to leaving Friar's Row," put in Miss Polly, "she must do that in any case; for she has let the premises as offices; and at a high rent, too, I hear. Friar's Row is considered a choice position for business purposes."

Jo had opened his mouth to protest once more, when a sudden idea made him shut it again without speaking. "Oh!" he gasped, and then made a little pause before proceeding. "Ah, well—she—it wasn't quite settled when I heard last. Would you mind stating your authority, ma'am?"

"The best—Mr. Bragg told us himself. His managing man at the works has made the arrangement. Mr. Bragg has been looking out for a more central office for some time."

"I told Mrs. Dobbs long ago that she was living at an extravagant rental by sticking to Friar's Row," observed Dr. Hatch, turning the handle of the door. "Depend on it, she has let it at a swingeing rent; and quite right, too. Now I really am off."

Jo Weatherhead sat very still after the doctor's departure, with his cup of tea in his hand, and a pondering expression of face. The Miss Pipers were not sufficiently interested in him to observe his demeanour very closely. If they did chance to notice that he was unusually silent, that was accounted for by his sense of the superior company he found himself in. They always spoke of him as "a good, odd creature, with sound principles—a very respectable man, who knew his station." As for Amelia Simpson, she was habitually unobservant, with an inconvenient faculty, however, of suddenly making clear-sighted remarks when they were least expected.

"I'm sure this is very good news for us!" she exclaimed. "Jessamine Cottage is so near! At least, it was quite close to us when we lived in Marlborough Terrace."

"It will be a good move for Mrs. Dobbs. The air in our neighbourhood is so much better than in her part of the town," said Miss Patty, with a certain complacency, as who should say, "The merit of this atmospheric superiority is all our own; but we are not proud."

"And yet I am surprised, too, at Mrs. Dobbs moving," replied Amelia. "She always declared that she hated the suburbs, with their little slight-built houses."

"That cannot apply to *our* house," said Miss Polly. "Garnet Lodge stood in its own grounds many a long year before those new houses sprung up between Greenhill Road and the Gloucester Road."

"But Mrs. Dobbs isn't going to live in Garnet Lodge!" returned Amelia, with one of her sudden illuminations of common sense. "And Jessamine Cottage is a mere bandbox."

"I remember Mrs. Dobbs among the trebles in *Esther*," observed Miss Polly. "She had a fine clear voice, and could take the B flat in alt with perfect ease."

"And her husband sold capital ironmongery. We have a coal-scuttle in the kitchen now which was bought at his shop—a thoroughly solid article," added Miss Patty.

These appreciative words about the Dobbses, which at another time would have gratified Jo Weatherhead, now fell on an unheeding ear. He took his leave very shortly, and walked straight to Friar's Row.

"Well, Sarah Dobbs," said he, on entering the parlour, "I didn't think you would steal a march on me like this! I did believe you'd have trusted me sooner than a parcel of strangers, after all these years!"

He did not sit down in his usual place by the fireside, but remained standing opposite to his old friend, looking at her with a troubled countenance. Mrs. Dobbs gave him one quick, keen glance, and then said, "So you've heard it, Jo? Well I didn't mean that you should hear it from any one but me. But who shall stop chattering tongues? They rage like a fire in the stubble. And the poorer and lighter the fuel, the bigger blaze it makes. It was settled only this very morning, too."

"It is true then, Sarah? I had a kind of a hankering hope that it might be only trash and chit-chat."

"You mean about my letting my house, don't you? Yes; that's true."

"And me never to know a word of it!—To hear it from strangers!"

"Now look here, Jo; let us talk sensibly. Sit down, can't you?"

But Jo would not sit down; and after a minute's pause, Mrs. Dobbs went on. "I'll tell you the truth. I didn't say a word to you of my plan beforehand, because I was afraid to—there!"

"Afraid! You, Sarah Dobbs, afraid of me! That's a good one!" But his face relaxed a little from its pained, fixed look.

"Yes; afraid of what you'd say. I knew you wouldn't approve, and I knew why. You wouldn't approve for my sake. But, thinks I, when once it's done, Jo may scold a little, but he'll forgive his old friend. And I never thought of chattering jackdaws cawing the matter from the house-tops. I meant to tell you myself this very afternoon; I did indeed, Jo."

Jo drew a little nearer to his accustomed chair, and put his hand on the back of it, keeping his face turned away from Mrs. Dobbs. "Of course, you're the mistress to do what you like with your own property," he muttered.

"Nobody's mistress, or master either, to do what's wrong with their own property. I mean to do what's right if I can. I was never one to heed much what outside folks think of me; but I do heed what you think, Jo, and reason good. And I want you to know my feeling about the matter once for all, and then we can leave it alone."

Mr. Weatherhead here slid quietly into the armchair, and sat with his face still turned towards the fire.

"You know," continued Mrs. Dobbs, "I told you some weeks ago that I was troubled about the child's position here. She is a real lady, and ought to be acknowledged as such. That's the only good that can come now from poor Susy's marriage, and I do hold to it. There was only one way, that I could see, of managing what I wanted. I could do it at a sacrifice—after all, a very small sacrifice."

(Jo Weatherhead shook his head emphatically.)

"Yes, really and truly a very small sacrifice," persisted Mrs. Dobbs. "I don't see why I shouldn't be just as happy and comfortable in Jessamine Cottage as here—provided, of course, that my old friends don't cut me and sulk with me. I shall be lonely enough when once the child's gone; and you and me 'll have to cheer each other up, and keep each other company, as well as we can. You won't refuse to do that, will you, Jo? Come, shake hands on it!"

Jo slowly put out his hand and grasped her proffered one. He then took out, filled, and lighted his meerschaum, and smoked in silence for some quarter of an hour, Mrs. Dobbs, meanwhile, knitting in equal silence. All at once she said,

"Hark! There's May's step coming downstairs. Now you'll please to understand that when my moving from this house is mentioned to the child, it's because I find Friar's Row too noisy, and think the air in Greenhill Road will agree better with my health. I trust you for that, Jo Weatherhead, mind!"

May at this moment came gaily into the room, and Mr. Weatherhead thus solemnly addressed her:—"Miranda Cheffington, you have been to a first-rate school, and have read your Roman history and all that, haven't you?"

"Not much, I'm afraid, Uncle Jo."

"You have read about Lucretia, and Portia, and the Mother of the Gracchi" (pronounced "Gratch-I"; for Jo's instruction had been chiefly taken in by the eye rather than the ear, in the shape of miscellaneous gleanings from his own stock-in-trade), "and other distinguished women of classical times, whose virtues were, in my opinion, not wholly unconnected with bounce?"

May laughed and nodded.

"Well, allow me to tell you that there are Englishwomen at the present day whom I consider far superior, in all that makes a real good woman, to any Roman or Grecian of them all. Englishwomen to whom bounce in every form is foreign and obnoxious. Englishwomen who do good by stealth and never blush to find it fame, because fame is a great deal too busy with rascals and hussies ever to trouble herself about them! Your grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Dobbs, whom I'm proud to call my friend, is one of those women. And what's more—and I'll have you bear it in mind, Miranda Cheffington—I believe you'd be puzzled to find her equal in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America—not to mention Australasia and the 'ole of the islands in the Pacific Ocean."

With that, Mr. Weatherhead walked gravely out; his nose somewhat redder than usual, and his eyes glistening.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT a year before that dinner-party at which May Cheffington had made her *début* in Oldchester society, Mrs. Hadlow had begun to think it probable that Theodore Bransby might wish to marry her daughter, and to consider the desirability of his doing so. On the whole she did not disapprove the prospect. Constance was very handsome, but she was also very poor. Her ambition might not be satisfied by a match with Martin Bransby's son; but on the other hand, Theodore was a young man of good abilities, and apt to rise in the world. Moreover, he had sufficient property of his own to facilitate his rising—a little ballast of that sort being as useful in the *melée* of this world as the lead in a toy tumbler, and enabling a man, if not to strike the stars with his sublime head, at least to keep right side upmost.

Certainly Theodore had appeared much attracted by Miss Hadlow. Not only her beauty but her self-assertion approved itself to him; for a man's wife should be able to justify his taste; and there would be no distinction in winning a woman whose meekness made it doubtful whether she could have had the heart to say "No" to an inferior suitor. They had been playfellows in childhood, but school and Cambridge had separated them. But after Theodore began to read for the Bar, and during the two last vacations, which he had spent chiefly at home, a great intimacy had sprung up between the young people. Theodore's frequent visits to the old house in College Quad did not pass unobserved. One or two persons thought his partiality for the Hadlows—especially when contrasted with the lukewarm politeness he bestowed on other families, such as Raynes the brewer, or the Burtons who lived in a park, and had had nothing to do with retail for two generations—was creditable to Theodore's heart. "He was not one to neglect old friends," said they, candidly confessing at the same time that it was more than they should have expected of him. But the majority felt sure that nothing short of being in love with Constance Hadlow could induce young Bransby to prefer the Canon's old-fashioned parlour to Mrs. Raynes's red and gold drawing-room, or the Burtons' æsthetic upholstery. Oldchester folks did not guess that Theodore intended to frequent a style of society in which neither the Raynes's nor the Burtons would be able to make any figure, nor did they know that he set a considerable value on Mrs. Hadlow's connections. That lady had been a Miss Rivers, and her family ranked among

the oldest landed gentry in the kingdom. There were not many Oldchester magnates to whom Theodore Bransby thought it worth while to be more than coolly civil. Mr. Bragg was an exception, but then Mr. Bragg was a man of very great wealth; and as mere size is held in certain cases to be an element of grandeur, so money, Theodore thought, is capable in certain cases of inspiring veneration—that is to say, when there is enough of it.

As to Miss Constance's state of mind about young Bransby, it was too complex to be described in a word. She liked Theodore, and thought him a superior person; if not quite so superior as he thought himself. She had faith, too, in his future. It would be agreeable to be the wife of a distinguished M.P. or Q.C., or perhaps of both combined in one person. Theodore would certainly settle nowhere but in London, and to live in London had been Constance's dream ever since she was fifteen. Her visions of what her life would be if she married Theodore Bransby concerned themselves chiefly with their joint entry into some fashionable drawing-room, her presentation at Court, her name in the *Morning Post*, herself exquisitely dressed driving Theodore down to the House in a neat victoria, and returning the salutations of distinguished acquaintances as they passed along Whitehall. All more serious questions regarding their married life Constance set at rest by a few formulas. Of course, she should do her duty. Of course, Theodore would always behave like a gentleman. Of course, they should never condescend to vulgar wrangling. Of course, her husband would give way to her in any difference of opinion:—particularly since she was pretty sure to be always right. And then Constance knew herself to be so very charming, that a man of taste could not fail to delight in her society.

Yet it must not be supposed that she had fully made up her mind to marry Theodore. That Theodore would be very glad to marry her she did not doubt at all. There had been a time—nay, there were moments still—when her visions of herself as Mrs. Theodore Bransby had been blurred by the disturbing element of her cousin Owen's presence. He had shown a decidedly appreciation of her attractions; and had, to use Mr. Simpson's phrase, "dangled after his cousin" a good deal. Owen Rivers had reached the age of three-and-twenty without ever having earned a dinner, and without any serious preparation to enable him to earn one. He had had an expensive education, and had done fairly well at Oxford. His mother had died in his infancy; and his father, a country clergyman, had allowed the young man to lounge away his life at the parsonage, under the specious pretext of taking time to make up his mind what career he would follow. Owen had fished, and shot, and walked, and boated, and cricketed; but he had also read a good deal, having an intellectual appetite at once robust and discriminating. His friends and relatives agreed in thinking him very clever; and, when they reproached him with wasting his fine abilities and leading a purposeless existence, he would answer jestingly that he should be sorry to belie their judgment by subjecting his talents to the dangerous touchstone of action. His father died before he had determined on a profession. But, fortunately as he thought, and unfortunately as was thought by some other persons, including his Aunt Jane, he inherited wherewithal to live without working, and, with 150*l.* per annum, could not lack bread and cheese. On his father's death he went to travel on the Continent. He walked wherever walking was possible, carrying his own knapsack, spending little, and seeing much. After more than two years' absence, he returned to England, and made his way to Oldchester to see his Aunt Jane, with whom he had maintained an intermittent correspondence. There he found Constance, whom he last remembered as a sallow, self-sufficient schoolgirl, grown to a beautiful young woman. Her sallowness had turned into a creamy pallor, and her self-sufficiency was mitigated, to the masculine judgment, by the depth and softness of a pair of fine dark eyes. Owen, on his part, made a decidedly favourable impression on his cousin. He was not handsome—which mattered little—nor fashionably dressed—which mattered more; but he was well made, and had the grace which belongs to youthful health and strength. And he had, too, that indefinable tone of manner which ensured his recognition as an English gentleman. Constance was by no means insensible to this attraction. If she had not the sentiments which originate the finest manners, she had the perceptions which recognise them. When Mary Rayne and the Burton girls criticised the roughness of Owen's demeanour, comparing it with Theodore Bransby's "polish," she knew they were wrong. Theodore always behaved with the greatest propriety; but between his manners and Owen's there was the same sort of difference as between a native and a foreigner speaking the same language. The foreigner may often be the more accurately correct of the two on minor points, but it is an affair of conscious acquirement, and must inevitably break down now and then; whereas the native talks as naturally as he breathes, and can no more make certain mistakes than an oak tree can put forth willow leaves. Then Owen was very amusing company when he chose to be so; and he usually did choose to be so when at his Aunt Jane's, and he had good old blood in his veins. This latter fact gave a certain piquancy, in Constance's opinion, to his political theories, which were opposed to the staunch Tory traditions of his family. Constance frequently took her cousin to task on this subject; but with the comfortable conviction to sweeten their controversy that a Rivers could afford to indulge in a little democratic heresy, just as Lord Castlecombe could afford to wear a shabby coat than any of his tenants.

All these considerations, together with the crowning circumstance that he evidently admired her a good deal, caused Owen to fill a large place in his cousin's mind. She even asked herself seriously more than once if she were in love with Owen, but failed to answer the question decisively. She did, however, arrive at the conviction that falling in love lay much more in one's own power than was commonly supposed; and that no Romeo-and-Juliet destiny could ever inspire her with an ungovernable passion for a man who possessed but 150*l.* a year. Mrs. Hadlow had at one time felt some uneasiness—nearly as much on Owen's account as on her daughter's, to say the truth. But she had satisfied herself that there was nothing more than a fraternal kind of regard between the young people—wherein she was wrong; and that there was no danger of their imprudently marrying—wherein she was right.

Mrs. Hadlow had, indeed, made up her mind that Constance would accept Theodore Bransby whenever he should offer himself; and she privately thought it high time that the offer were made. What did Theodore wait for? His means (according to Mrs. Hadlow's estimate of things) were sufficient to allow him to marry at once. But even supposing that he did not choose to marry until he had fairly entered on his career as a barrister, still there ought to be at least some clear understanding between him and Constance. All Oldchester expected to hear of their engagement, and it was not fair to the girl to leave matters in their present uncertain condition. When, at the end of the vacation, young Bransby left Oldchester again without having made any declaration, Mrs. Hadlow was not only surprised, but uneasy; and she opened her mind to her husband on the subject, invading his study at an unusual hour for that purpose.

"Edward," said Mrs. Hadlow, "don't you think that Theodore Bransby ought to have spoken before he went to town this last time?"

"Spoken, my dear?"

"To Constance; or to us about Constance."

The Canon leaned his head on his hand, keeping the thumb of the other hand inserted between the pages of his Plato as a mark, and looked absently at his wife.

"Well? Don't you think he ought?" she repeated, impatiently. The good Canon meditated for a few moments. Then he said, "I—I don't feel quite sure that I understand. What ought he to have said, Jane?"

"Said! Goodness, Edward! He ought to have declared his intentions, of course. It is high time that something was understood clearly."

The Canon's gentle blue eyes lost their abstracted look, and a little sparkle came into them as he answered,

"I hope—nay, I am sure—Jane, that you would not think of taking any step, or saying any word, which might compromise our dear child's dignity. Let it not appear that you are eager to put this interpretation on the young man's visits."

"My dear Edward, Theodore has been paying Conny marked attentions for more than a year past; but during this last summer and autumn he has been in our house morning, noon, and night. He doesn't come for our *beaux yeux*."

"H'm, h'm, h'm! But, Jane, an attachment of that sort between two young creatures should be treated with the greatest delicacy. It is shy and sensitive. Let us beware of pulling up our flower by the roots to see if it is growing."

This trope by no means corresponded with Mrs. Hadlow's conception of the relations between Theodore Bransby and her daughter. She was an affectionate mother, but she did not delude herself into thinking Constance peculiarly sensitive or romantic. In fact, she was wont to say that her daughter was twenty years older than herself on some points. But the Canon erroneously attributed to his daughter a quite poetical refinement of feeling. His views on most subjects were romantic and unworlly, and his ideas about women were peculiarly chivalrous. They frequently irked Constance. She was not without respect as well as affection for her father; and it was sometimes difficult to bring these sentiments into harmony with her deep-seated admiration for herself. However, she usually reconciled all discrepancies between what he expected of her and what she knew to be the fact, by declaring that "Papa was so old-fashioned!"

"Tell me, Jane," said the Canon, after a little pause, "do you think Conny's feelings are seriously engaged? Do you think this matter is likely to make her unhappy?"

"Unhappy? Well, no; I hope not unhappy," answered Mrs. Hadlow, slowly.

"Then all is well. We will not let our spirits be troubled."

"But, Edward, although she may not break her heart—"

"Heaven forbid! Break her heart, Jane?"

"Well, I say of course there's no fear of that; but it is detrimental to a girl to have an affair of this kind dragging on in a vague sort of way. It might spoil her chance in other directions; and people will talk, you know."

"Tut, tut! As to 'spoiling her chance'—which is a phrase very distasteful to me in this connection—if you mean that any eligible suitor would be discouraged from wooing Conny because another man is supposed to admire her too, that's all nonsense. Do you think I should have been frightened away from trying to win you, Jenny, by any such impalpable figment of a rival?"

"You?" exclaimed Mrs. Hadlow, with a sudden flush and a proud smile. "Oh, that's a very different matter, Edward. I don't see any young men nowadays to compare with what you were."

The Canon laughed softly. "Thank you, my dear. No doubt your grandmother said much the same sort of thing once upon a time; and I hope your grand-daughter may say it too, some day. But set your heart at rest as to this matter. That Theodore Bransby, whom we have known from his birth, should be a frequent guest in our house, can surprise no one. There is youthful society to be found here. Without reckoning Constance, there's Owen Rivers, the Burton girls, little May—we may reasonably suppose this to be attractive to a young man who has no companions of his own age at home, without attributing to him any such intentions as you speak of. In fact," added the Canon simply, "we must believe you are mistaken; since, if Theodore loved our daughter, there's nothing to prevent his saying so!"

Of all which speech, two words chiefly arrested Mrs. Hadlow's attention and stuck in her memory—"little May." It was true, now she came to think of it, that the increased frequency of Theodore's visits coincided with May Cheffington's presence in Oldchester. Then she suddenly remembered it was by Theodore's influence that May had been invited to Mrs. Bransby's dinner-party, and many words and ways of his with reference to Miss Cheffington occurred to her in a new light. But then, again, came a revulsion, and she told herself that the idea was absurd. It was out of the question that Theodore Bransby, with his social ambition, should think seriously of marrying insignificant little May Cheffington, who was not even handsome (when compared with Constance), who had childish manners, no fortune—and, worst of all, was Mrs. Dobbs's grand-daughter! "Besides," said Mrs. Hadlow to herself, "he must be fond of Conny. It's quite an old attachment; and, though Theodore may not have very ardent feelings, I don't believe he is fickle."

Nevertheless, she was not entirely reassured. After Theodore's departure from Oldchester she observed her daughter solicitously for some time; but she finally convinced herself that Conny's peace of mind was in no danger. She had sometimes been provoked by Conny's matter-of-fact coolness, and had felt that young lady's worldly wisdom to be an anachronism. But she admitted that in the present case these gifts had their advantage; for, when Oldchester friends showed their interest or curiosity by hints and allusions to Theodore, which made Mrs. Hadlow quite hot and uncomfortable, Constance met them all with perfect calmness, and she discussed the young man's prospects with an almost patronising air that puzzled people.

In a few weeks more May Cheffington departed for London; Owen Rivers also went away, and life in the dark old house in College Quad resumed its usual quiet routine.

(To be continued.)



MR. T. WEMYSS REID has produced an admirable piece of biographical work in his "Life of the Right Honourable William Edward Forster" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), worthy to rank with the performances, in this direction, of Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Evelyn Ashley. Mr. Forster was the only son of Mr. William Forster, a man whose remarkable career gained for him a high place in the annals of the Society of Friends. The future Member for Bradford and Chief Secretary for Ireland was born at Bradpole, in Dorsetshire, in 1811. It is curious, in connection with his place of birth, to remember that he was always regarded as a typical Yorkshireman. Perhaps the most attractive portion of Mr. Reid's work is that which describes the youth and early manhood of its subject, and affords the reader so complete an insight into the groundwork of Mr. Forster's character. Of one peculiarity of Mr. Forster's bringing up, a good idea may be formed from the following anecdote. He was travelling in a coach, in the charge of his nurse, when a benevolent old gentleman began to talk to him. "Where

is your papa, my dear?" said his fellow passenger. "Papa is preaching in America," was the reply. "And where is your mamma?" continued the gentleman. "Mamma is preaching in Ireland," was the answer the astonished stranger received. His repugnance to fanaticism in argument early showed itself. "I was teetotalish for my stomach's sake, before I left Norwich," he remarks in his diary, at Darlington; "but they are so violent here that I take a little wine for spite's sake." Carlyle and Monckton Milnes stayed with him together at Rawdon, near Leeds, in 1847. Here is an exquisite little picture of the result of the contact of the two:—"Monckton Milnes came yesterday, and left this morning—a pleasant, companionable little man, well-fed and fattening, with some small remnant of poetry in his eyes, and nowhere else, delighting in paradoxes, but good-humoured ones; defending all manner of people and principles in order to provoke Carlyle to abuse them, in which laudable enterprise he succeeded to his heart's content, and for a time we had a most amusing evening, reminding me of a naughty boy rubbing a fierce cat's tail backwards, and getting on between furious growls and fiery sparks, but managing to avoid the threatened scratches." Forster was very fond of animals, and in his home the domestic pets received the same consideration as the other inmates. There was a great tenderness beneath his external ruggedness. His wife, writing in the January preceding his death, says, "I was with him about one o'clock, reading letters full of affection, and sorrow, and anxiety for him. He was touched and pleased, and when I had done he said, 'I did not know people cared about me so much.' When he learned that in the Friends' meeting for sufferings his recovery had been earnestly prayed for, 'My beloved husband,' writes Mrs. Forster, 'was greatly moved. The Church of my fathers has not forgotten me!' he said, bursting into tears. He did not recover his usual calmness for some time." For the rest, the part played by him on the Education and Irish Questions and so forth, we must refer our readers to Mr. Reid's judicious and well-told narrative.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A., has compiled a vast amount of instructive and amusing facts about one side of the London life of a recent past. His work is in two volumes, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and entitled "Chronicles of Bow Street Police Office, with an Account of the Magistrates, 'Runners,' and Police; and a Selection of the most interesting Cases." The numerous illustrations taken from old prints add to the life and vivacity of the whole. Mr. Fitzgerald is successful in recalling the many dramatic and eccentric incidents, engendered for the most part by the old school of manners and morals, and of which this famous Court was the scene. He brings back vividly the days of Henry Fielding and Sir John, of Sir Richard Birnie and Mr. Minshall. He gives many humorous anecdotes of Townsend, the "Runner," and of the freedoms that privileged person allowed himself with people of rank. Townsend once overheard an old and a young peer discussing the Catholic claims in Parliament Street. The junior lord ventured an opinion of his own, when the "Runner" broke in with:—"Young man, young man, mind what his lordship says—treasure up every word of it." "But Mr. Townsend," said the peer, "allow me to explain." "Explain! explain! I want no explanation. I know all about it, and his lordship understands it as well—young man, young man—it is a question of life and death, go home, and consider it." He was much depressed by the passage of the Reform Bill, in 1832, and he used to say, shrugging up his shoulders, "It's all up now!" About five days before his death allusion being made to the peculiar cut of his hat, the old officer said, "That hat, sir, was given to me by George IV., God rest his soul." "Well, but Townsend," said the gentleman, "I thought it had been your own cut." "God bless your soul, and so it was; the King took his cut from mine, and many times used to say that till that time he had never looked like a gentleman." Those who desire to refresh their memory with regard to the Cato Street conspiracy, the disturbances attending Queen Caroline's burial, with regard to Charles Price, "Old Patch," Thurtell, Daniel Good, and a host of other characters cannot do better than turn to the "Chronicles of Bow Street Police Office," where the seamy side of life during the earlier years of this century is very freely exposed.

Mr. Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh, has written what should be a standard work on our great Eastern possession, "India in 1887," with plates and other illustrations (Simpkin, Marshall). Mr. Wallace was four months in India, travelling 13,000 miles by rail, and his object in going there was not confined to a desire to extend his knowledge of the agriculture of the British Empire, but to learn what fruits the training given at Cirencester College, where he had been Professor of Agriculture, had borne. In his classes at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, he had had four English civilians and eleven Native scholars who had come from India on the strength of Government scholarships to study English agriculture. From his detailed statements we gather that he had cause to regret the position of all but a few of those in whom he was interested, and he lodges a protest against the action, or rather want of action, of Government in the matter. He wishes the Indian Government to alter its plans as regards an Agricultural Department, and to see that ground which has been lost by inexperienced officers is yet capable of being regained by efforts made in the right direction. His argument, in the abstract, is certainly sound. "If this country," he writes, "with all its wealth, and the greatness and variety of its resources, requires such an organisation, what must India require within her narrow grooves of commercial life, with the evils of an over-crowded population at no great distance, and periodical famines staring her in the face?" Mr. Wallace writes of characteristics of breeds of cattle, of dung, of Government cattle, of milk, of cattle diseases, of native implements, of irrigation, of rotations and mixed crops, of grasses and grass land. In a word, he examines the whole question of Indian agriculture, bringing to his study and exposition all the knowledge and skill of the scientific agriculturist. Without entering upon the discussion of its technical merit, we have said enough to show that "India in 1887" is a work of very solid qualities.

The biography of a devout and distinguished lady of the Roman Catholic faith is given in the "Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton" (Richard Bentley). The volume before us is a translation from the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven, by Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Coleridge has not only given a literal translation of the French work, he has enlarged here and there Mrs. Craven's quotations, and has added some few letters. He has been able to speak with more clearness on two points than was possible to a foreigner. Those two are the religious crisis through which the country passed fifty years ago in connection with the Oxford movement, and which landed Lady Georgiana, and so many others, in the fold of the Roman Church. In one of the letters given in this book, from Mr. James R. Hope to Mr. Gladstone, occurs the following interesting passage with regard to the former's entry into the Roman Church:—"To grudge any sacrifice which that change entails would be to undervalue its paramount blessedness, but, as far as regrets are compatible with extreme thankfulness, I do and must regret any estrangement from you—you with whom I have trod so large a portion of the way which has led me to peace." As showing the inner life of pious Roman Catholics this book has its value.

Another very useful translation is that made of M. Paul Bert's "First Elements of Experimental Geometry, Applied to the Measurement of Length, Area, and Volume" (Cassell). The author is wonderfully clear and lucid, and by the time the third or

fourth lesson is reached the pupil has learnt how to measure the height of a tree or a house. This is a great deal to accomplish in so brief a space. No one is quicker with his *cui bono* than a smart child, and, finding that he has achieved a practical piece of work, he learns to feel an interest in his subject. We commend this little book to the attention of teachers of mathematical science.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's "The Young Collector Series" receives a useful addition with "British Reptiles and Batrachians," by Miss Catherine C. Hopley. It is a very well-arranged volume, and tells the young scientist all the essential facts about vipers, ring-snakes, smooth-snakes, amphibians, as the common and edible frogs, about toads, natter-jacks, newts, saurians, the *anguis fragilis*, and lizards. Excellent woodcuts help to elucidate the letterpress. We are pleased to learn from the author that a lizard is a much more intelligent and reasonable reptile than either the newt or the salamander. He can observe, and is 'cute enough to make inferences from what he sees.

Mr. J. Percy Groves tells the story of a good old regiment in "The 66th (Berkshire) Regiment" (Hamilton, Adams). His book contains a brief history of the 66th's services at home and abroad, from 1758 to 1881, and is largely compiled from regimental records. Of most general interest is the account, from the narrative of combatants, of the disaster of Maiwand, though no part of the volume will fail in attraction for Berkshire men.

Mr. H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D., contributes to the series of "Popular Histories of Great Nations," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., "A Popular History of England." The author begins at the earliest period, and comes down to the Jubilee of last year. It is lavishly adorned with taking illustrations, is clearly arranged, and holds in handy form a great deal of reliable historical information about the past of our land and people.

We have also received Dr. Charles Vogel's "Manual of Mercantile Correspondence in Two Languages: French and English" (2 vols.: Librairie Hachette), a most useful work for offices doing a large foreign correspondence; Dr. J. G. Bourinot's "Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada" (Dawson Brothers); Mr. J. Pocock's "Model Engine-Making in Theory and Practice," with over 100 illustrations, drawn by the author (Swan Sonnenschein); one of the "Chandos Classics" (Warne and Co.), "The Tatler: Selected Essays, with an Introduction and Notes," by Alexander Charles Ewald, F.S.A.; and Vol. VII., January to June, of the *Antiquary* (Elliot Stock).

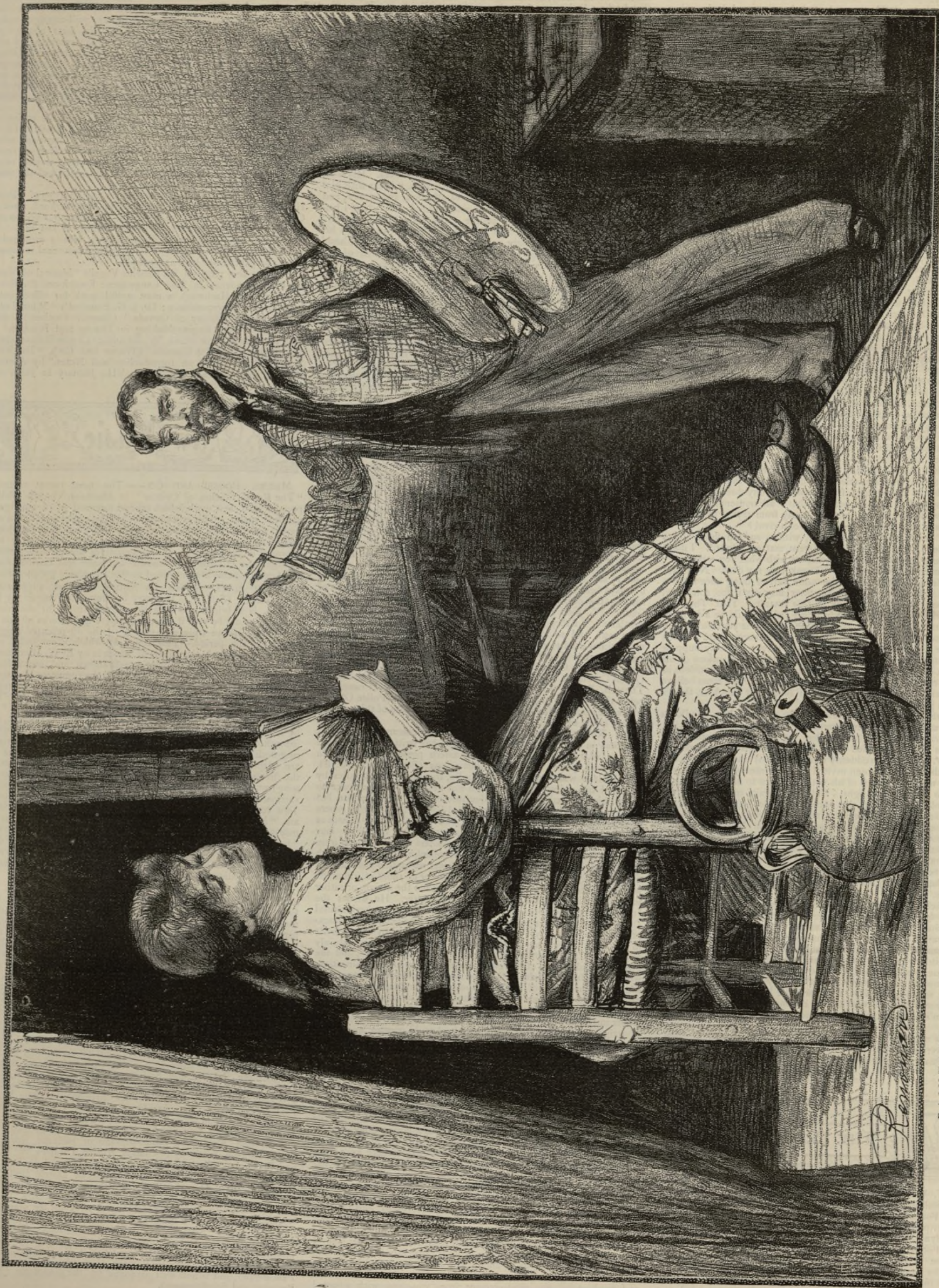


MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—The most recent volume of "The Royal Edition of Operas" is *Maritana*, Vincent Wallace's popular and best work, which takes a foremost place amongst our national operas. This edition gives all the works intact, and corresponds exactly with the original scores; in some cases supplements are given, containing additional pieces, that have never before appeared in any country; all the recitatives are published without abridgment. All the best known and some less familiar English and foreign operas are published in this admirably got-up series.

ALFRED HAYS.—"Gia La Nottes' Avvicina, a Quartetto da Camera" (S. C. T. B.), poetry by Metastasio, music by H. C. Deacon, is a bright and melodious composition for the drawing-room; it would be well if there were more light works of this type, which would prove a pleasing variety to the oft-repeated songs and ballads of the period.—Two songs for which a successful career may be anticipated, the music of which is by E. W. Hamilton, are "A Dream," Adelaide Procter's well-known and much-admired poem, and "By the River-side," for which the composer has supplied the words.—Pathetic words by Frederick Enoch, set to appropriate music, in a minor key, by G. J. Rubini, are combined in "Twere Better So!"—There is much originality and true pathos in "Why Live When Life is Sad?" words by the Hon. Isabel Plunket, music by L. C. R. Norris-Elye. We commend this song to the attention of contralto singers.—"Oh, My Cruel Love" has a quaint madrigalian ring both in the music and words; the former is composed, the latter are adapted from the German, by the Countess of Munster.—Of the lively serio-comic school is "Thank You!" (a Leap-Year song) written and composed by J. R. Pakeman; it will prove a successful encore song for the autumn season at a village concert.—Two very good after-dinner pianoforte pieces by Annie Delatour are, "May Day" (a rustic dance) and "Tarantella."—The same may said of "In the Starlight," a nocturne by Seymour Smith, and "Erica," a melody by Emanuel Aguilar.—Very tuneful and dance-provoking is "Svinedrenge," a valse by Johann Bartholdy, on the frontispiece of which is the portrait of the Queen of Denmark, to whom it is dedicated.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three very pleasing drawing-room songs are "The Bells o' Dee," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Arthur Briscoe; "Golden Dreams," words by E. Oxenford, music by Alfred Bishop; and "The Orphan Waif," written and composed by George Wells and Lindsay Proctor; to the last-named song there are, besides the pianoforte, accompaniments (*ad lib.*) for the violin or flute, violoncello, and organ or harmonium; although the theme is somewhat worn out, there is a certain freshness in this treatment of it (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—For two songs which are not lacking in originality H. J. Maule has composed the music, the words of "How the King Came Home" are by Florence Tylee, those of "Earth's Last Kiss" are by Charles Mackenzie; both songs are of medium compass (Messrs. Playfair and Co.).—A lively little song for an *encore*, words by F. M. Merriwell, is "Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense," founded on the well-known story of the Order of the Garter; the appropriate music is by H. Maule (Messrs. Harbord Brothers).—Of six songs written and composed by Caroline Radford and Erskine Allon, "Evening" (No. I.), "Aubade" (No. IV.), and "Sweetheart" (No. V.) are by far the prettiest, although the other three are fairly good.—"The Months," twelve sketches for the pianoforte by the above-named composer, contain some good writing but are of unequal merit (The London Music Publishing Company).—"What do the Roses Say?" is a quaint little song for a mezzo-soprano or baritone, words by J. James Hewson, music by S. Claude Ridley, (Messrs. W. Marshall and Co.).—Lord Tennyson's poem, "Sweet is True Love" (Elaine's song), has been pleasingly set to music by Dorrie Dell (Joseph Williams).—No. III. of "Trois Morceaux," for violoncello and piano, by James C. Beazley, is a spirited march (Messrs. Ransford and Co.).—An unpretentious and tuneful piece for the pianoforte is "Souvenir du Tyrol," a mazurka, by Gustav Wittmann; melodious and very easy is "Alwina," by Carl Zoeller (Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes).—Frequenters of the Crystal Palace will already be familiar with "Helvetia Valse," by Charles R. C. Steytler, which has already made a very good mark when played by the Crystal Palace band, and is now well arranged for the pianoforte (Messrs. Beringer and Strohmeier).

SHAKING HANDS is not altogether a pleasing Presidential duty across the Atlantic. Mrs. Cleveland finds that her official handshakings, since her marriage, have so enlarged her right hand, that she cannot wear gloves of the same size on both hands. The right must be two sizes larger than the left.



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VII.: MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.—FINISHING TOUCHES IN ENGLAND
DRAWN FROM LIFE

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VII.
MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

It is not without reason that Mr. Luke Fildes is often looked upon as the *enfant gâté* of the Royal Academy. A man hardly destined to know what disappointment is, he early found the ladder to fame and fortune (as the conventional figure runs) set before him, and he calmly walked straight up it, till he now finds himself somewhere very near the top. He certainly occupies a very enviable position in the world of Art, for, beginning by laying the public under a debt of gratitude for the pathetic, heart-chastening pictures he placed before it—and, after all, there is nothing the public loves so well as to have its heart chastened—he now extorts its ready applause with the gay harmonies of colour and the bright scenes of happy and picturesque Venetian life with which he enlivens the walls of Burlington House. He was hardly thirty-three when he was enabled to build the beautiful house he occupies in Melbury Road—that “posy of artists’ dwellings”—with so many of his fellow-members as neighbours. Indeed, police permitting, he he could without undue exertion throw stones into the windows of the President, Mr. Watts, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Val Prinsep, Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Marcus Stone, and Mr. Richmond. His own house, one of Mr. Norman Shaw’s best “examples,” bears comparison with any of these for comfort in its arrangement, and beauty and quiet distinction of its decoration, while the charming little garden is unsurpassed among them. The studio, too, is a fine room in which the ornamentation is entirely subordinated to the workshop element. Panelled in dark oak, it is furnished with the usual luxuries indulged in by a successful painter, but the canvases strewn about on chairs, sofas, and even on the “throne,” prove that here, even more than elsewhere, oil comes to the top. Two peculiarities of the studio consist in the horizontal shutters in the ceiling, with which Mr. Fildes can regulate his top-light to a nicety, and in the large glass-house built out to serve as a winter-studio, where he can take advantage of all the light dark days vouchsafe, with only fogs to baffle him. This is a feature of which I know but one other example—the studio of M. Bouguereau, up on a fifth floor in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs.

Mr. Luke Fildes is a “Lancashire Lad,” whose accent betrays his birthplace—a singularly pretty pronunciation, purified and beautified by a long residence in Chester, that lends a peculiar charm to his animated and eloquent conversation. Slim, tall, well-built, and vigorous, he is what men would call “a fine fellow;” full of natural grace and strength, athletic as becomes a Lancastrian, while there is not a bit of the *poseur* about him. Indeed, there are few men in a semi-public position who shrink more completely from the public gaze, and, in truth, it is not without some misgivings that I commit these impressions to paper. Genial and hearty, honest and outspoken, he bears on his face a tell-tale expression of refinement and tenderness that disclose the heart whence came “The Widower;” indeed, though I never heard him say so, I’ll be sworn that that picture—one of the most tenderly pathetic the present generation has produced—was not painted without the accompaniment of many a trickling tear.

I have already spoken of Mr. Fildes as a “spoiled child” of the Academy; I might, with almost equal truth, have described him—considering the circumstances of his art education—as its “phenomenon.” The reader shall judge.

Left an orphan at a very tender age, young Fildes went to take up his abode at Chester under the tutelage of a fond, indulgent, and discerning grandmother. As the boy grew, so did his love for the picturesque, and many a sketch did he make of those quaint and lovely “bits” with which the fine old city abounds. Through his solicitations, he secured the advantage of a drawing-master’s instruction—one of the good old orthodox, cast-iron sort—as well as the permission to supplement his ordinary day’s schooling with attendances at the local School of Art evening classes. But, although his ambition did not yet point towards the highest goal, the wall-paper-design and oil-cloth-pattern order of instruction did not quite satisfy the longings of his soul. What he wanted was to draw cows standing in water, overhanging trees, and so forth. At last, when he was sixteen years old, he prevailed upon his ever-kind grandmother to allow him for a couple of years to attend the school at Warrington, where “Art for Art” was a more readily-accepted motto than “Art for Floorcloth.” To be an artist was still beyond the range of his hopes, and he did not yet feel that the *feu sacré* burned within him. He has told me how the belief that *Pictor nascitur, non fit*, would have made him consider it a presumption to say, “I shall be an artist.” As he expressed it, in the course of conversation, “becoming an artist” represented to him much the same idea as “coming to the throne.”

A sight of the International Exhibition of 1862 so fired his enthusiasm that his relative made him an adequate allowance out of her limited store. This enabled him to become a student at South Kensington, and finally at the Royal Academy Schools, where he worked through his “probationary” period, and duly appeared in “the Life.” But feeling that the time had come when money should be earned, and the burden removed from her who had already spared so much, he did not proceed to learn painting, but sought to draw in black-and-white without delay. With this view he sought out Mr. W. L. Thomas, then known as one of the foremost wood-engravers in London, submitted his sketch-book as the most practical letter of introduction and recommendation, and forthwith obtained employment as a draughtsman on wood—that is to say, as a copyist on the block of other men’s work, ready for the engraver; for at that time photographing on wood was not yet practised. He soon began to try his hand at original illustration, and so strong was his individuality and skill that he speedily worked his way to the front rank of artists in black-and-white. This was his real instruction for his painter’s career—self-instruction—and he now began that the possibility of which he had hardly dared to hope. In 1868—that is to say, when he was twenty-four years old—he sent his first water-colour, called “Nightfall,” to the Academy in Trafalgar Square, and it was duly hung. Among the journals that now sought him out for the sake of his pen were *Once a Week*, *Cassell’s Magazine*, the *Quiver*, and *Cornhill*, and by one or two of them he was entrusted with “roving commissions”—that is to say, he was empowered to furnish any drawings he pleased of striking scenes he witnessed during his roamings. In this way he marked (often at considerable personal inconvenience), learned, and outwardly digested the humours and characteristics of London life, his drawings creating great sensation for the originality and power with which they were treated. Curiously enough, he never made sketches of either incident or locality. It was enough for him to have seen them, and the impression remained so firmly fixed in his memory that he could reproduce them years afterwards without the necessity of referring again to the originals. His sole proceeding was to enter the name of the scene in a notebook he carried for the purpose, and a glance at it always sufficed to supply him with a subject. I suppose two of the most popular lines he ever wrote in that note-book were “Drury Lane Theatre Gallery—Boxing Night” and “Casual Ward.”

By means of the illustrations to Victor Hugo’s “L’Homme qui Rit,” to Lever’s last work, and Charles Reade’s and Miss Thackeray’s books, he conquered a position which placed him side by side with the greatest living artists in black-and-white; and, as chance would have it, Charles Dickens was at that moment on the watch for an artist to realise the creations in his projected new novel—



“Edwin Drood.” The novelist had already consulted his friends Mr. Millais and Mr. Frith on the subject, and they promised to keep a look-out. It so happened that *The Graphic* was just then on the stocks, and the Proprietors, wishing to make “artistic merit” the feature—indeed, it was to be the *raison d’être*—of the new illustrated paper, wrote to Mr. Fildes for a drawing. Out came the little book, and the famous “Casuals” drawing was the result. Although the price demanded was considered very heavy in those days, a request for “as many more as you like at the same price” was preferred. The drawing appeared, and the sensation was tremendous. The same day Sir John Millais hastened down in a cab to Dickens’s rooms, and as soon as he came in sight of the house, he waved the first number of *The Graphic* above his head.

“I’ve got him!” he exclaimed, striding into the room.

“Got whom?”

“The fellow for ‘Edwin Drood,’” he replied, throwing the paper down on the table.

No sooner did Dickens examine the plate than he wrote forthwith to his publishers, who duly communicated with the young artist, stating facts, and asking his terms, at the same time requesting that he should show proof that he could draw “comely ladies,” as there was necessarily no evidence of that in the “Casuals.” Mr. Fildes’ demands were moderate, his drawings of the female form divine highly acceptable, and every thing was satisfactorily settled. The opening designs were soon sent in, and were photographed on the wood; the first examples, I believe, wherein the now constant method was adopted.

It is curious to observe how Dickens’ dramatic sense obtruded itself when arranging for the drawings. He would always wish that scene or *tableau* to be illustrated on which he had lavished the whole force and art of his descriptive powers—naturally the one that least required or justified illustration.

Mr. Fildes naturally objected to trotting after the great novelist, at so great a disadvantage; he wished, of course, to show off his “little talent” on the scenes suggested, and not on those described down to every detail. He wanted in fact to be an artist, and not a mere “realiser.” At last, when Dickens sent him a scene to illustrate—that in which John Jasper steals up a winding staircase in pitchy darkness with murder on his face—he pointed out the impossibility

of illustrating the subject unless the man carried a light, and he showed further that the scene was so powerfully described in words that illustration could not in this case be elucidation. Dickens saw the force of the argument, and—rare occurrence with him—he yielded, giving his young artist permission to choose his own subjects in future.

It was in 1870 that he made an appointment with Mr. Fildes to come on a visit to Gad’s Hill, and they could then, he said, visit Rochester Gaol together, where there was a condemned cell he remembered to have seen in his youth that would do admirably to put Jasper into for “the last illustration”—thus pretty clearly foreshadowing the ending of the novel. Mr. Fildes, in company with Sir John Millais, attended to keep the appointment, but Dickens was then lying dead, and the young artist-friend, with whom he was “so delighted,” made the celebrated drawing, familiar I suppose to all my readers, of “The Empty Chair.” The death of Charles Dickens threw Mr. Fildes’ black-and-white work out of gear, so to speak, for he had attained the highest point in that line, and there were no more worlds to conquer. So he determined to turn his attention to oil-painting—succeeding in such a way that I am, I believe, justified in having described it as phenomenal, under the circumstances.

He had never painted in oil beyond the few studies he had produced in the schools, and the efforts he had made at home by himself; he had never received any training in this direction, nor given forth anything he thought worthy even of a frame; and he had never seen anybody paint a picture. So it must be conceded that he started without any prejudice. Everything was tentative and experimental; and yet he stumbled along the right path, and, like Topsy, “grewed” unconsciously into a powerful painter; taking to the Art naturally, like a duck to water.

It is interesting to observe how curiously alike were his early sympathies and Mr. Holl’s, and still more strange to see in what opposite directions their talents have developed. Both of them were robust in the first instance, powerfully emotional, and sympathetic. Mr. Holl has increased the vigour of his handling, and the rugged truth of his realism; while Mr. Fildes has sought to soften his vigour with beauty of *technique*, harmony of tint, and suavity of line.

He loved to paint the poor—not that they are in themselves more

paintable than the rich, but because they are so much more demonstrative in their emotions and passions, and to that extent more pictorial and picturesque—their hearts beating more audibly, so to say, beneath their more rugged exteriors. Yet his first picture was of a Watteau-like scene—a *far niente* on the river, including a portrait of the lady who is now his wife. This picture—his first, mind—was painted on a canvas eight feet long; it was "sent in," and duly appeared hung "on the line" in a place of honour. It was bought for 600*l.* before the opening of the Exhibition, and, I have heard, exchanged hands on private-view day for double that amount. Encouraged by such unheard-of successes, he produced two years later the "Casual Ward"—of the same size as the former picture—which at once became, as the reader will remember, the sensation of the Academy of 1874. This picture was, of course, an enlarged version of the drawing.

After the lapse of another two years came "The Widower"—that picture of infinite pathos before which strong men and women have been known to cry—yes, that is the word—men and women who remain unmoved before a "Crucifixion," and talk the scandal and tattle of the town in front of a "Martyrdom." This touching work—which, by the way, is now in the collection of the Sydney Gallery—owes its origin to a somewhat curious incident. A great, tramp-like "Casual" was sitting to Mr. Fildes for the picture of that name, with a little child in his arms. When the artist was willing to give his model a "rest" he found the child had fallen asleep; and the man went softly into a dark corner so that he might not awaken his burden. As Mr. Fildes, a few minutes later, turned to summon the man back to work, he was astonished to see him in his corner bending over the little one, caressing it with exquisite tenderness, taking its little rosebud fist in his rough grimy hand, with all the pathos and sentiment of expression conveyed in the picture. Silently and unseen Mr. Fildes made a slight sketch of the group, and it was a matter of little difficulty to an artist of his temperament to transform the scene into the drama he subsequently placed upon canvas.

After the painful "Return of the Penitent" and the rollicking "Village Wedding," both of them of his regulation eight-foot-length, Mr. Fildes was easily induced by the sight of Venice, its joyous scenes, and its brilliant colour, to quit for a time his character-pictures of the cruel battle of London life. But I am glad to know that next year will in all probability see from him a more complete and powerful work of this description than his brush has yet produced—a work full of human and strongly dramatic interest.

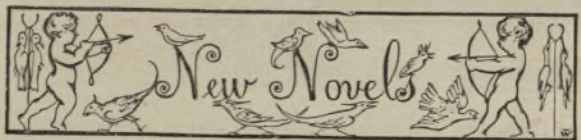
For the last few years Mr. Fildes has sought to improve his technique—for it must still be borne in mind that, like Mr. Watts, he is practically self-taught. In his earlier works he aimed rather at dramatic incident and the portrayal of the emotions wherein robust treatment was demanded, and wherein charm of execution and daintiness and delicacy of manipulation would have been out of place. He now devotes his attention rather to the *fine-art* qualities of his work, and, if the truth must be told, he finds as much delight in successful technique—say in the illusive painting of a piece of satin—as he once did in a successful bit of character. But that there is little fear of the painter triumphing over the artist I bring the work now in progress to bear witness.

The effect of a greater accomplishment in execution has had the curious effect on Mr. Fildes of making him less confident and rapid than he was of yore. He began to paint as the bird begins to sing—naturally and not quite knowing how or why. But now things seem to go slower; not unlike the case of the famous bone-setter, indeed, who, after he had been taught anatomy in consideration of his wonderful skill, was good for little afterwards, either to anatomise or set more bones.

In beginning a picture, Mr. Fildes paints in his composition in monochrome, like Sir Frederick Leighton, but with less completion and with the occasional addition of colour. After arranging his figures—which, in the case of a Venetian picture, are painted from the genuine Venetian model in London—he proceeds to his backgrounds. On one occasion, he allowed himself to be persuaded to reverse his process, and disaster followed—as may be seen in M. Rénouard's admirable portrait-sketch of Mr. Fildes's back view. The picture therein represented, which is intended for next year's Academy, no longer exists in the state here represented: the whole of the background, as it "bothered" the artist in painting in his figures, has been scraped out, although it took two months to paint, done on the spot.

A young man, conscientious, earnest, gifted with a bright and sympathetic nature, of extraordinary power and facility (and blessed with a reasoning ambition to foster and direct them), hardly yet in the heyday of life and fame, he will assuredly achieve far greater things than he has yet accomplished. He can hardly increase his popularity; but, with his character and his perseverance, to what excellence may he not attain? And to what position?

M. H. SPIELMANN



MISS JESSIE FOTHERGILL'S "The Lassies of Leverhouse" (1 vol.: Hurst and Blackett) is one of those novels which tend rather to support than advance a reputation. It is more than questionable whether there would have been much literary reputation to support had its authoress started with it instead of with "The First Violin," which was a really striking piece of fiction, with a considerable dash of originality. In her present story, Miss Fothergill seems regrettably disposed to settle down into the comfortable limbo of lady novelists; which is also a safe haven for those who have already made name enough to suit their ambitions, and wish to keep it up with a minimum of trouble. "The Lassies of Leverhouse" contains all the elements with which other ladies in the same position have made their readers so familiar—the large family of sisters and brothers, all equally hoydenish and ill-bred, not even, in the present instance, with the exception of the heroine, who is, of course, lovely to look at, but is otherwise a particularly irritating specimen of the romping *ingénue*. There is very little in the story, beyond a few rapid flirtations. Even Miss Fothergill seems at last to wake up to the consciousness that she ought to make something happen; so, for no earthly reason, artistic or psychological, she deprives a poor girl of her sight a little before the end; but it does not matter, since it means nothing, and leads to nothing. Whether the authoress is justified in thinking herself to have arrived at the position in which she may, without loss of popularity, write conspicuously below herself, is for her to consider. For our part, we hold that there is no position in which such a belief is not suicidal.

"Helen, the Novelist," by J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is interesting, primarily as expressing the views of a man of wide reading, who has evidently considered the subject *con amore*, concerning the natural and acquired qualities which make for writing novels. Hasty readers will, it is to be feared, be apt to miss Mr. Sherer's theme, and to wonder where the connecting-link enters to give coherence to so many detached interests and characters. A little attention will show that Helen's literary education, through the influence of circumstances and experiences upon a peculiarly receptive and observant nature, is the sole *raison d'être* for her own and her friends' love stories. Mr. Sherer's fault is that he takes his readers' perspicacity rather too much for granted, and thus sets them wondering just as people have

wondered over the drift of portions of "Wilhelm Meister." The characters, and their united experiences, are just of the types which, modified by certain pronounced individualities, an aspirant to the art of fiction would find useful; and Helen is herself brought in contact with them closely enough for observant interest, but never closely enough for passion. Her rivals in real life will do well to note the deliberate portion of her training; and if one of them is thereby encouraged not to rush into print blindfold, Mr. Sherer will have done service to the community. That he is himself a better theorist than artist does not detract from the merit of a work of this kind: and his literary sympathies are so healthy and so evidently sincere as to make his qualities as a story-teller of comparatively little concern.

"A More Excellent Way," by Constance Howell (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is written to prove, among other things, that nothing but a combination of Atheism and Communism is required to bring back the golden age; that this consummation is perfectly feasible, though not perhaps without carnage, and that its speedy arrival may be looked for. One fancies throughout that the dream of Miss Howell is to stand upon a barricade in Trafalgar Square, waving a red flag and crowned with a Cap of Liberty. She writes with unmistakeable earnestness; but her wild rubbish is far too bigoted, and too remote from knowledge of the world, of history, and of human nature, to set fire to a single pennyweight of gunpowder. For the rest, her rubbish is rather interesting, as showing the extreme limit to which even a hero of a lady's novel may contrive to muddle his brains and to make a fool of himself generally; and there is always a certain pathos in the spectacle of bigotry imagining itself possessed of a sense of justice and a passion for liberty. It never seems to occur to Miss Howell that she is calumniating persons who differ from her, mis-stating their opinions, and misinterpreting their conduct and motives, precisely as she complains that her friends are misinterpreted and slandered. She has some literary ability and occasional vigour, but not so conspicuously as to make churches and thrones tremble at her prophecies.

"Broken Wings," by Avery Macalpine (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus) takes a sentimental view of that exceedingly unsentimental personage, the ballet-dancer, both male and female. Indeed, it is not only sentimental, but romantic, and even sensational; and it is impossible to avoid a smile here and there over its serious simplicity. The scene is laid in France; and Avery Macalpine has endeavoured not without a measure of success, to catch the slight suggestion of foreign idiom and tenderness of colouring which has become familiar in English stories of Normandy and Brittany, such as Mrs. Macquoid's. Possibly to the combination of this style with the sensational nature of some of the incidents, and the extremes of virtue and villainy portrayed, a resulting sense of incongruity is due. For the rest, the story is entirely harmless, quite impossible, and fairly interesting.

Canon Knox Little describes "The Child of Stafferton" (1 vol.: Chapman and Hall) as a companion to "The Broken Vow," and as "one of the trifles spoken of in the preface to that little book, the composition of which served to while away some weary hours." Assuming that by "while" he means "wile," there can be no objection to his cheating away as many of his hours with such trifles as he pleases. But we earnestly hope that he will find no more hours weary, if children of Stafferton are to be their offspring. He never seems to have asked himself whether he would have been interested in his story had it been told him by anybody else, or to have given a thought to making up for its want of interest by skilful manipulation. It seems to have as little reason for existing in print as his peculiar aimless ghosts had for appearing. His preface, however, points to a very noble moral—the discovery of sure happiness in service for others, honour, truth, and duty. And we infinitely prefer this very plain text to the anything but plain sermon.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE International Geological Congress, which meets only once in three years, will hold its next meeting in September at Burlington House. This Congress, which was established in 1876, on American soil, has only met three times since that date, namely, at Paris, in 1878, at Bologna, in 1881, and at Berlin, in 1885. The coming meeting at London will probably be the largest yet held, if we may judge from the numbers of names already sent in. The meeting will be under the Honorary Presidency of Professor Huxley, who will be supported by the Presidents of the leading scientific Societies, and by other well-known scientists. The proceedings will last an entire week, during which will be discussed several questions of great interest to geologists—many of which have been adjourned from previous meetings of the Congress. It is expected, too, that foreign specialists will send matter for discussion—such papers being printed beforehand, and distributed among the members attending the meetings. As the Bath Meeting of the British Association is fixed for the previous week, it is hoped that many foreign geologists will add to the number of visitors attending it.

Sir F. Bramwell is President of this latter meeting, which promises to be full of interest. First, there will be for discussion the much-disputed question of the formation of coral reefs. Another subject, which will prove of more general interest to the public at large, will be the Report of a Committee which has been formed to inquire into the effects of different employments in crowded centres upon the human frame. It is known that some workers, living under conditions which would mean speedy death to most of us, will soon adapt themselves to those conditions, and will lead tolerably healthy lives. The question as to the real nature of this adaptability will form one branch of the inquiry. Another will deal with the abnormal development, or the reverse, of certain muscles by use or disuse in particular trades. Manchester and the district surrounding it has been chosen as a good field for these inquiries. Those who are willing to co-operate in this useful work should address Mr. Bloxam, at the British Association, 22, Albemarle Street, W., who is the Secretary of this Committee.

The great 36-inch telescope at the Lick Observatory, California, has been provided with a photographic attachment, which will be used for obtaining photographs of such objects as double stars, nebulae, &c. But it will not take part in the magnificent scheme, which is now being prepared for at many observatories, of making a photographic chart of the entire heavens, for the reason that the scale upon which it works is too large for the purpose. The size of telescope adopted for carrying out this international work is thirteen inches. The question whether Greenwich is to take part in the work or stand aloof has not yet been decided by those who hold the national purse-strings.

The kite is generally regarded as a mere toy, although a glance at old records will tell of numerous experimental trials of road cars hauled by means of them. It seems likely, however, that the kite will prove serviceable in a new direction. Mr. J. Archibald, a Fellow of the Meteorological Society, has elaborated a plan by which a kite can be used in combination with a captive balloon for scientific observations, for signalling, and for military uses generally. He points out that a balloon *per se* is only available during calm weather, owing to the amount of surface it exposes to the wind. It will be remembered that M. Giffard's giant balloon, the most perfect aerostat ever constructed, was torn to pieces in a moderate gale of wind at Paris in 1878. Mr. Archibald furnishes his balloon with a kite of silk stretched upon bamboo rods, with the result that the machine is shielded from the wind, while its lifting capacity is more than doubled. Experiments at Chatham, under the direction of

Major Templer (our greatest authority on the growing science of military ballooning), have conclusively proved that this estimate is correct, a balloon of 400 feet cubic capacity having lifted a weight of 10 lbs., whilst without the kite attachment it would only raise 4 lbs. It is suggested that the kite balloon can be used in high winds for signalling with the electric light by the method invented by Mr. Bruce. It is also proposed that a camera can be employed with it in the daytime for taking photographs of the country beneath it, or if required a man can be raised to a height sufficient to make valuable observations of an enemy's position.

The New York Legislature have passed a Bill which will, after the 1st of January next, abolish the gallows and employ electricity in its stead. The apparatus will probably take the form of metal manacles, which will be connected with the respective poles of a dynamo-machine. Referring to some recent executions, a correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* writes:—"So late as April and August of last year the murderers Currell and Lipski (whose executions I witnessed) had quite narrow escapes of decapitation, the former getting a drop of seven, and the latter, eight feet, though Berry informed the Governor of Newgate that the drops had been arranged at five feet six inches, and six feet respectively. I may add that Lipski's pulse beat for thirteen minutes (stopping once at the end of five minutes) at the rate of 160, the quickness proving (according to Professor Haughton) complete insensibility. All others whose executions I had witnessed had good normal pulses (100) for about ten minutes, strangulation being the cause of death."

A fine model of Orton's steam continuous automatic railway brake is now being exhibited at 11, Queen Victoria Street, and is well worthy of inspection by all who are interested in the working of railways. This contrivance seems to fulfil all the conditions laid down by the Board of Trade, in being instantaneous in action, easy of application; self-acting in case of accident; affecting every wheel of every vehicle in the train to which it is fitted, while the materials employed are of a durable character. Its principal feature is a longitudinal bar of steel, which, when the train is coupled up, forms a continuous rod between engine and the guard's van. A pull on this bar from either end of the train has the effect of immediately bringing a brake-block against every wheel. This pull is brought about instantaneously by the engine driver by means of a steam cylinder and piston—or, not so quickly, from the other end of the train by the guard's hand. The bar, or rod, is articulated at the junction of every two vehicles, so that it will act whilst the train is traversing the sharpest curve. We have no information as to the cost of fitting a train with this effective apparatus, and unfortunately the question of cost is one which must determine to a great extent the introduction of any new appliance, perfect in action though it may be; but the inventor points out that the absence of such a perishable material as rubber in its construction (which forms a main feature of other brakes), and the employment of metal throughout, at once eliminates the necessity of constant renewals and repairs.

Another appliance of more simple character is the railway alarm invented by Mr. William T. Folks, of Mark Lane. This is not for the protection of railway travellers so much as for those who use level crossings; and for gangs of platelayers, who may be working on a railway, and exposed to the risks of passing trains. The invention consists of a spring attachment, so placed on a suitable support just below the inner surface of the rail that the flange of a passing wheel will depress it. This action completes the circuit of an electric bell, which may be placed, perhaps, half-a-mile away—the continuous ringing of which gives warning of the approaching train. The bell continues to ring until the train arrives at another point, when a similar attachment on the rail is depressed by the engine wheel, when the bell ceases to act. In this way any section of a railway can be so guarded that no train can remain upon it without giving audible warning at an advanced point of its presence and near approach. The invention should prove of great service under the conditions indicated.

T. C. H.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A VERY good collection, which will be welcome to many of the author's most genuine admirers, is "Poems, National and Non-Oriental, with some New Pieces," selected from the works of Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., &c. (Trübner). It is mere matter of fact that the great generality of British readers know little, and care less, about Buddha, and that to them a preponderance of Sanskrit in the matter is a great bar to the enjoyment of poetry, so that it was wise to cull, and embody in one volume, those poems which they can, and do, honestly enjoy, although the author declines to admit the accuracy of their objections. Perhaps the most important piece in some respects is "The Feast of Belshazzar," with which Sir Edwin gained the Newdigate in 1853; this is a decidedly fine specimen of the Prize Poem at its best. For "Hero and Leander" we do not care so much, though it has good passages, and the scene of the hero's death is effective; but who can hope successfully to tell this piteous story after Marlowe, and in his own metre, too? Where Chapman failed, a lesser man might well hesitate. "The Stratford Pilgrims," an old favourite, is, to our thinking, really the best thing in the collection, and next we should place the lovely pastoral "Nencia," translated from Lorenzo de Medici, and "The Epic of the Lion," from Victor Hugo. Another *morceau* from the great Frenchman, delicious for its tender humour, is "Jeanne," and, in short, all the translations are good, especially those from the Greek poets, as might have been expected. The pieces written on special occasions do not rise above the level of such productions generally, but we must not omit a word of praise for the graceful tribute to the memory of the author's great namesake, Matthew Arnold.

"Early English and Scottish Poetry, 1250-1600," is a volume which has long been a desideratum; it is described as being selected and edited, with a critical introduction and notes, by H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon (Walter Scott), and we may at once say that the editor has accomplished his task in a manner which leaves but little to be desired. There are slips, of course, as could hardly fail to be the case; for instance, the story about Lord Byron and the Brig of Balgonnie is not quite rightly given, and it is strange, at this day, to find any one speaking of the "Cook's Tale of Gamelyn," when it has been pretty conclusively shown that the fine old ballad was only inserted with a view to future utilisation of the story. But we are glad to note two points, viz., Mr. Fitzgibbon's recognition on monastic influence for the good as regards the revival of letters in the Thirteenth Century, and his trenchant and obvious comment on those who deny to Chaucer the authorship of some of his ascribed poems, viz., that if he did not write them, how comes it that the name of their real author—a man as great as himself—should so utterly have perished? We think that Lydgate hardly gets justice, and marvel not to find James I. of Scotland's "Hymn to the Virgin" amongst his selected works; also a more typical passage from the "Lytell Geste" might have been given—either the entrance of Sir Richard of the Lea, or Little John's exploits at the Sheriff's, would have been far better. The notes on the pronunciation of Early English are not satisfactory, especially as the diæresis is by no means always inserted where required, e.g., page 193.

There is little to be said about "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada," a "Tercentenary Ballad," by Robert Anslow (Elliot Stock). It is a rather ambitious attempt to imitate Lord Macaulay, but the writer is not perfect in his manipulation of the long ballad metre, and his verse has a tendency to degenerate into doggerel. We note that he considers the style of the Elizabethan prose writers—probably the most pure and perfect of all modern English—"rude and quaint."

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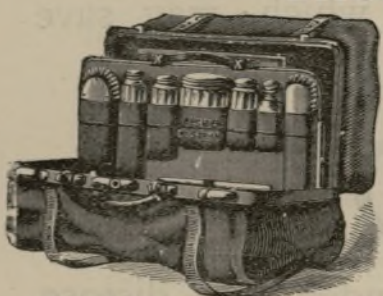
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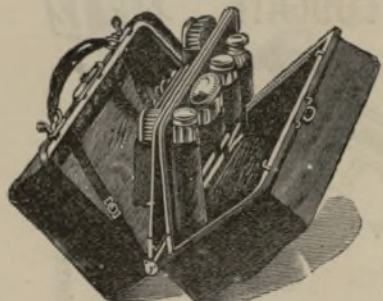
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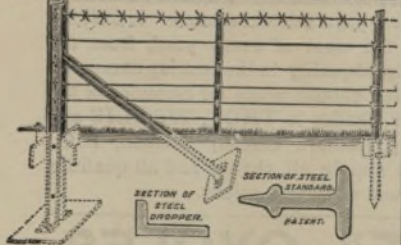


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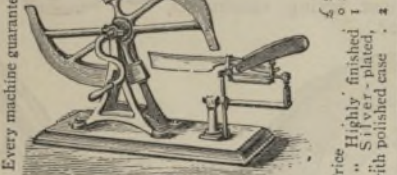


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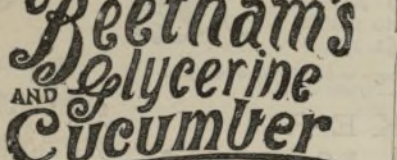
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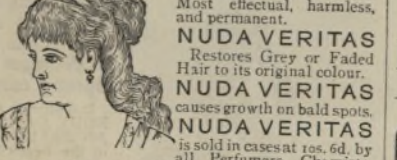


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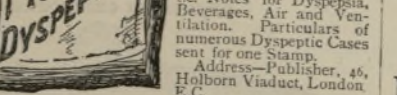
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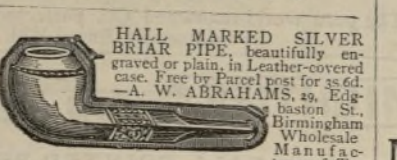
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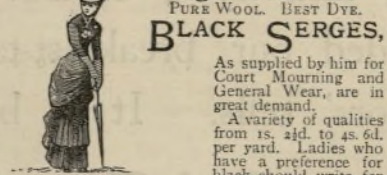
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