

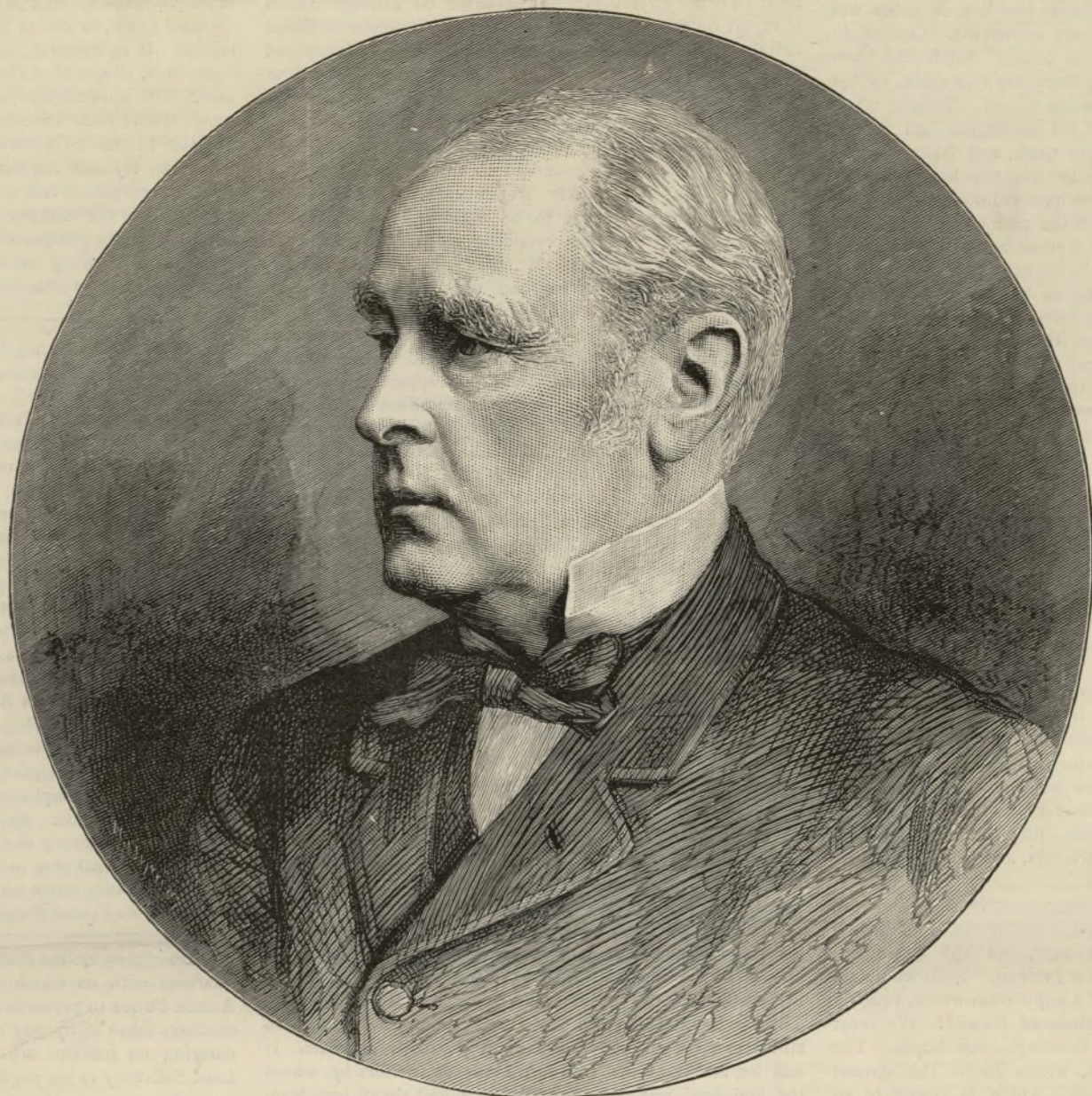
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

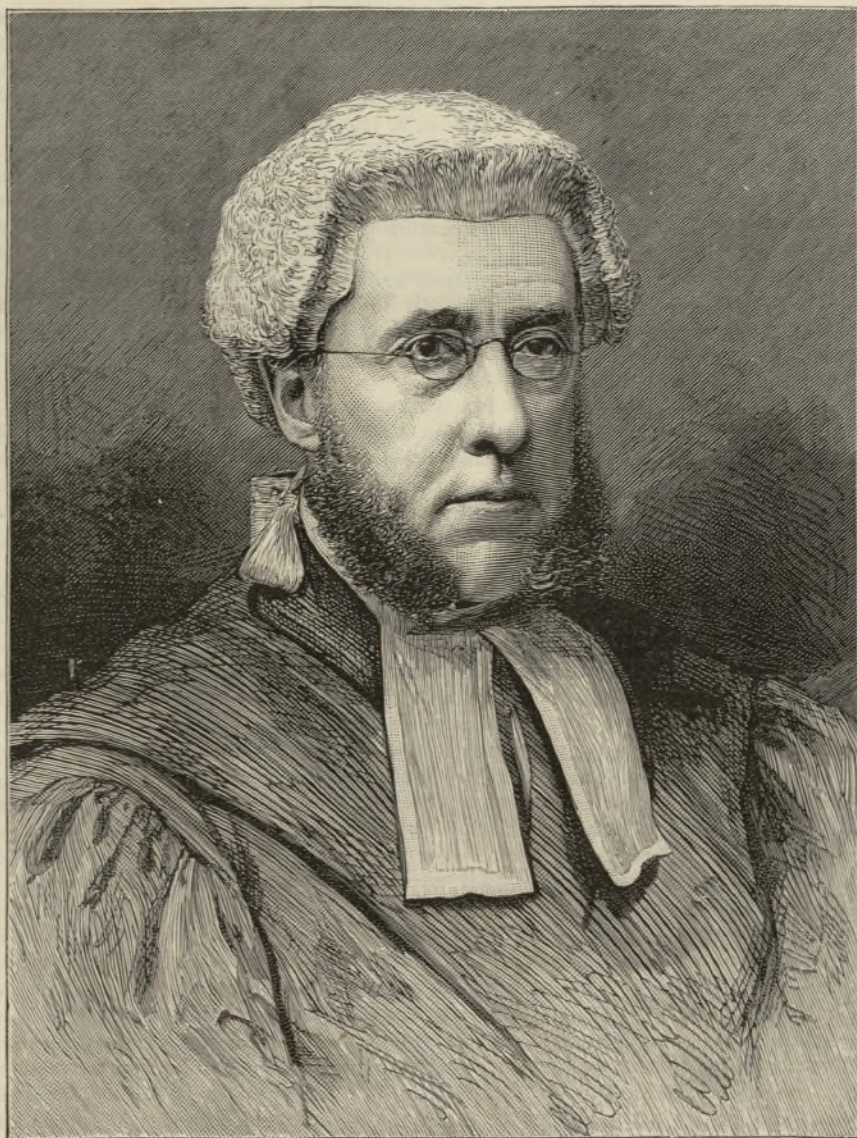
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888

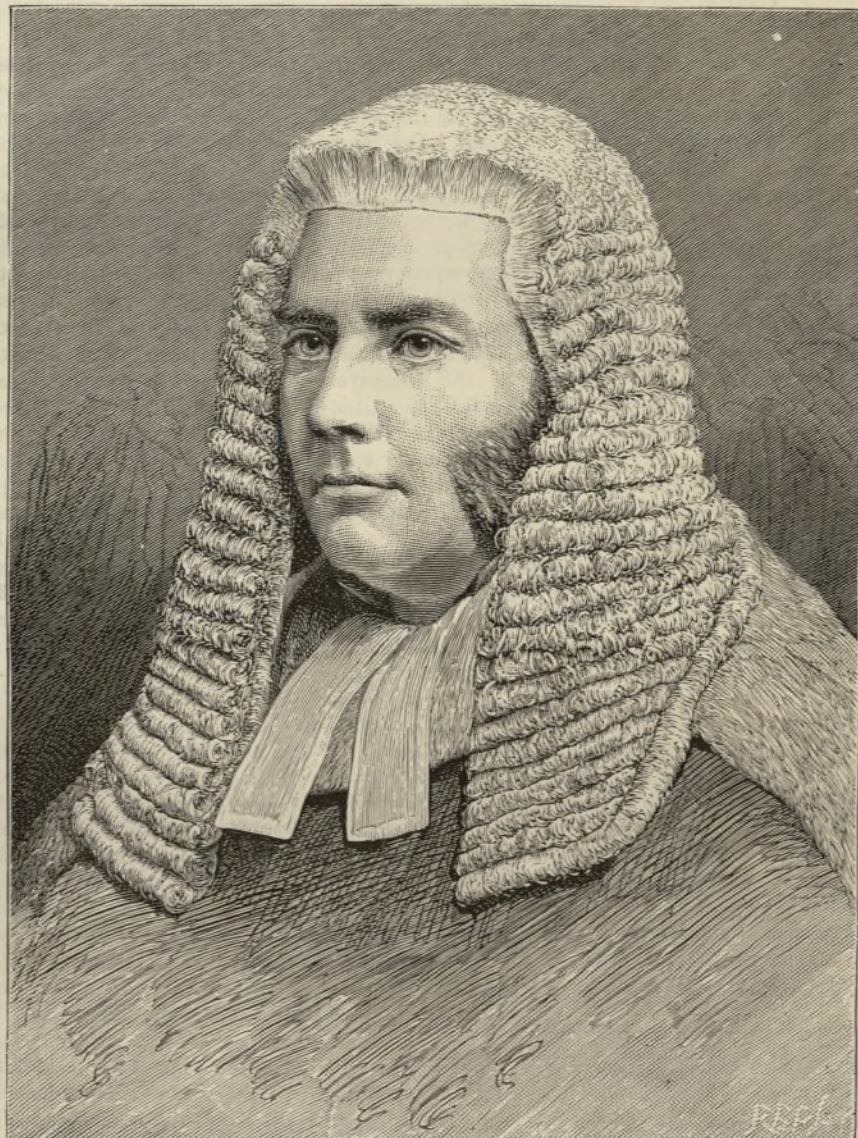
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THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES HANNEN
President



SIR JOHN CHARLES DAY



SIR A. L. SMITH
JUDGES

THE PARNELL COMMISSION—THE THREE

Topics of the Week

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.—It bodes ill for public decency when the Parnell Commission gets to its real work, that even the settling of preliminaries last Monday was followed by an outburst of partisan comments. One might have imagined that a sensational cricket match had taken place, so loud was the shouting from the two sides. What was there to justify this passionate noise? Nothing whatever. Sir James Hannen and his colleagues had merely drafted the programme of future work, and laid down the rules of, perhaps, the most singular trial that has ever taken place in England. Although the proceedings are supposed to be a continuation of those in the case of "O'Donnell v. Walter," the *Times* is now the accuser and Mr. Parnell and his party the accused. But it is of little consequence how the parts are allotted so long as the truth is arrived at. That is what the public desire; and it is satisfactory, therefore, to recognise that the Commissioners mainly concerned themselves with so arranging the machinery of investigation as to guard against the chance of any miscarriage. Even if one side or the other were to withdraw, the Commissioners would still go on seeking to discover the truth by all means within their power. There is no reason, however, to fear that either accuser or accused will draw back from the lists; both seem heartily disposed to fight the quarrel out to the bitter end, whatever that may be. It is well that this should be the case; better still that Mr. Parnell's champions in the Press should admit the perfect impartiality of the Commissioners when settling the preliminaries. Whether this amiable mood will last remains to be seen; perhaps it may, now that nothing is to be gained by throwing mud at the Judicial Bench. It is to be hoped, too—perhaps rather to be hoped than expected—that Mr. Egan and the other important witnesses who are now in the United States will cross the Atlantic in compliance with their old friends' urgent request. There would be very grave objections to taking their evidence by commission, and since Sir Charles Russell asserts that their testimony is of vital importance to his clients, they cannot hold back without injury to their own characters, and perhaps to those of the accused.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—The elections for this body will be held in January next, and the result will necessarily be watched with great interest. Shall we obtain a representative body worthy of a population which, roughly speaking, equals that of the whole of Ireland? We must confess that our misgivings outweigh our hopes. The Metropolitan Board of Works, which forms the closest parallel obtainable to the Council which is about to be chosen, has accomplished much excellent work in its time, although latterly, and not altogether undeservedly, its reputation has become tarnished. But it will be said that the Board of Works affords no proper analogy, because it was not chosen directly by the ratepayers, but was the creation of the several Vestries. In reply to this objection, however, we may venture to ask whether, if the ratepayers had themselves chosen the members of the Board of Works, they would have chosen as efficient and capable men as the Vestries chose for them. It is easy to sneer at Vestrymen, but it is certain that in a case of this sort they acted under a sentiment of responsibility to the public, which sentiment, judging by electoral experience generally, is, as regards individual voters, only found among a conscientious and intelligent minority. Then, as regards the Vestrymen themselves, whatever their faults and shortcomings might be, they were the nominees of the ratepayers whose duty it was to elect them. And what was the attitude of the ratepayers on the occasion of Vestry elections? Why, an attitude of the most utter apathy. Numbers never voted at all, and numbers of others voted in blissful ignorance as to whether A, B, or C was the best man for the post. The chief reason for this apathy is the vast extent of London, the social isolation of men from their neighbours, and the fact that nearly all the more wealthy and intelligent ratepayers do their business miles away from their homes. Nevertheless, in spite of the fears engendered by these undesirable facts, it is quite possible that the *prestige* of the new County Councils may induce men of superior calibre to come forward as candidates. But will that superiority be maintained? The history of the London School Board is not encouraging in this connection. Members of mark were far commoner at the outset than they are now, when the novelty of an Educational Parliament has worn off. There is, too, a worse evil which we have not hitherto mentioned. The County Council Elections may become trials of political strength. If so, the chief aim of the wirepullers on either side will be to elect staunch Salisburians or Gladstonians, hot partisans will be preferred to practical men of business and jobbery, extravagance, and inefficiency will be the inevitable result.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—There is a far from unpleasant prospect that President Cleveland's exasperating Retaliation Bill will not become law after all. It was passed by the House of Representatives almost unanimously, the Republican minority not venturing to oppose a measure

which seemed to deal a blow to Canada, and through Canada to England. Time, however, brings reflection, and it is probable that the Bill will be rejected by the Senate, in which the Republicans have a small majority. Senator Sherman, who, after Mr. Harrison, is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has made another powerful speech against the Bill on introducing a resolution to substitute for it an order directing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to report on the relations of the United States with Great Britain. The President and the Democrats were supposed to have incurred some unpopularity by their acceptance of the Treaty so ably negotiated by Mr. Chamberlain, and when the Senate, purely as a party move, rejected it, Mr. Cleveland calculated on "dishing" the Republicans through the Retaliatory Bill, which promised to inflict much injury on Canada. But the astuter Republicans, represented by Senator Sherman, decline to be "dished," or to restore popularity to the President by aiding to pass his Bill in the Senate. At the same time Mr. Sherman, while approving a measure that might strengthen the President's candidature, makes a very high bid of his own for popularity. He will have nothing to do with the Retaliatory Bill; on the contrary, he wishes to tender to the Canadians freedom of trade and of intercourse. But this apparently amiable course of proceeding he recommends, not from any love for the Canadians, much less for Great Britain, but with the view, he assures his fellow-citizens, of paving the way for the incorporation of Canada with the United States, by tightening instead of destroying the commercial tie which still connects them after a fashion. Senator Sherman has baited his hook very skilfully so far as concerns his own countrymen, whom, if anything could reconcile to a provisional policy of peace and amity towards Canada, it would be the prospect of annexing the Dominion, with all its magnificent material possibilities. The realisation of his dream, if he really has dreamt it, of annexation, is, of course, out of the question. But as his resolution is so worded as to involve a delay of action on the Fisheries Question until after the Presidential Election, which would be an obvious gain to the cause of peace and quietness, its adoption by the Senate would be welcomed both in Canada and in England.

MAJOR BARTTELOT'S DEATH.—Those prophets of evil who predicted that the rescue of Emin Pasha would prove a far more difficult matter than amateur geographers supposed, are justified by the event. The greatest of all modern explorers has disappeared for more than a year, and his most trusted lieutenant has lost his life while going in search of his leader. Although Sir Samuel Baker and many other African experts endeavour to exculpate Tippoo Tib from the assassination of Major Barttelot, public suspicion still fixes upon the ex-slave-king as *particeps criminis*. It was he, at all events, who furnished the carriers by whom the foul deed was done, and he recruited them, too, from a tribe bearing an especially evil reputation. Nor is it without significance that the Arabs who formed Major Barttelot's fighting force ran away as soon as he was murdered, and made for Yambuya, instead of shooting down the assassins, as they would have done had it been an Arab chief who was murdered. But whether it was long-premeditated treachery or merely a chance quarrel which brought about the tragedy, the second expedition has collapsed, while we know absolutely nothing about the first, except that it plunged into the wilderness some fourteen months ago, and vanished. It is quite possible, however, that Mr. Stanley may be alive, and slowly making his way towards Wadelai. Sir Samuel Baker reminds the public that on one occasion, he and a large party disappeared for more than two years, and actually had their destruction reported in the papers. If Mr. Stanley was deserted by his porters, he would necessarily be compelled to move at a snail's pace, if he moved at all. It counts for much that those who ought to be able to judge best make light of the idea of the expedition having been crushed by the native tribes. They affirm that had this calamity happened, information would certainly have reached either the Congo or Zanzibar. We may, therefore, continue to hope that Mr. Stanley will turn up some day, probably in a wholly unforeseen quarter. Of Emin Pasha, there is no fresh news, a fact which goes some way to justify the conjecture that he and the mysterious "White Pasha" are one.

CONTINENTAL PROSPECTS.—The Poet Laureate's dictum that "the individual withers, and the race is more and more," has certainly been falsified of late years as regards European politics. At this moment some half-dozen highly-placed personages hold in their hands the issues of Peace or War; and the public would willingly exchange a score of the most admirably-composed leading articles for the cylinders of a phonograph which should record the conversations which Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky have been holding at Friedrichshuh. Not that any special crisis appears imminent at the present moment; still, the conditions are so volcanic that no one would be surprised at a sudden outburst. It is scarcely likely that Bulgaria will venture to proclaim her independence, as such a step would afford Russia a pretext for legal interference, of which she would not be slow to avail herself. The approaching visit of the King of Roumania to Vienna indicates another minor adhesion to the Austro-German alliance, and so far helps to block the advance of Russia towards Constantinople. In

France, as regards the stability of the Moderate Republic, matters seem more hopeful than they were some time back; Boulangerism has receded, while President Carnot, by showing himself about the country, and by his unobtrusive little speeches, has won golden opinions among the solid men of Normandy. His predecessor would not have fallen so disastrously as he did if his personality had not remained so utterly unknown. By the way, in a letter recently published, General Corte, an Italian Senator, gives France some sensible advice. It is, however, so far as the annexed provinces are concerned, advice of a kind which is easier to give than to take. The self-restraint would have been almost miraculous which would have induced a sensitive, high-spirited nation like the French to show no outward signs that they ever meant to try and reclaim Alsace-Lorraine. At the same time, the perpetual talk of *la revanche* has undoubtedly been a godsend to the military party in Germany, who have thus been enabled to postpone domestic reforms, and to persuade their much-enduring countrymen to sustain the continuous burden of gigantic armaments.

AUSTRALIA AND THE CHINESE.—The latest phase of the anti-Chinese movement in Australia is disagreeable and menacing. "Chinamen," as the Sydney correspondent of the *Times* pithily puts it, "are not only boycotted on shore, but they are boycotted at sea." For a considerable period the owners of inter-colonial vessels have been compelled to give up employing Chinamen. The Seamen's Union at Sydney are now going a step, and a very long step, further. They are insisting that Chinamen shall not be permitted to be sailors or stokers on board even foreign vessels which trade with Australia or touch at its ports. What is also ominous is that the New South Wales Government is described as favouring the demand of the labour organisations of the colony, that in the next contract there shall be inserted a clause prohibiting the employment of Chinese on board any ship, whatever its nationality, trading with Australia. The Chinese Exclusion Bill, which, after having passed Congress, President Cleveland is reported to have decided on vetoing, does not go so far as this, and the relations of China with the United States are much less complicated and important than those of England with China. By the annexation of Upper Burmah England has become the neighbour of China, and whether the Tibetans shall give us more or less trouble in the future may depend very much on the course adopted by the Pekin Government. Fear of Russia, hatred of France, and resentment at the feeling which prompted the Chinese Exclusion Bill of the Americans, incline the Chinese to cultivate those friendly relations with us which it is the interest of England as an Asiatic Power to preserve and strengthen. The violent proceedings taken at Sydney to extrude Chinamen from vessels entering its harbour are of course calculated to embarrass Lord Salisbury in his negotiations with the Pekin Government for a convention regulating Chinese immigration to Australia. Democracies in a state of excitement are not given to listen to reason, otherwise the Australian working classes would see that the Mother Country has to remember not only their supposed interests, but her own as an Asiatic Power. The relations between the Mother Country and such colonies as the Australian must, if their connection is to subsist, be regulated by the principle of give and take. It was because the Australians were supported by England, and had its might to fall back upon, and not from any terror inspired by their defiant attitude, that the Government of the French Republic made concessions to them in the matter of the New Hebrides. An independent Australia, left to its own naval and military resources, might find it a dangerous experiment to outrage the four hundred millions of the Celestial Empire.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SCHEME.—Like all that proceeds from Mr. Chamberlain's busy brain, his new scheme for settling the Irish Question is marked by great cleverness. But, somehow or other, it leaves a sense of void in the reader; the argumentation, ingenious as it is, does not bring conviction that the Irish people would settle down for evermore were this remedial plan carried into effect. Nor is it easy to see how there would be less danger of a general refusal of Irish farmers to pay interest on money advanced to them on Irish guarantee than under an indefinite extension of Lord Ashbourne's Act. The dishonesty would be the same in the one case as in the other, and we doubt, therefore, whether the farmers would be restrained by consideration for the resources of their native land. We are quite at one with Mr. Chamberlain in advocating a generous expenditure on railways and other reproductive works; England still owes a heavy debt to Ireland for crushing her industries by fiscal burdens, and she could not pay it in a better way than this. As Mr. Chamberlain reminds us, the experiment of State-constructed and State-guaranteed public works has been tried in India on a prodigious scale with almost complete financial success, while it cannot be doubted for a moment that they have immensely improved the economic condition of the Indian population. Another point on which we cordially agree with the Radical-Unionist leader is that some means should be devised for throwing open to Irishmen a larger field of ambition in their own country. But, after all this and many other things were done, there would be no peace until the land question was finally settled. What the dishonest Irish farmer dislikes and fights

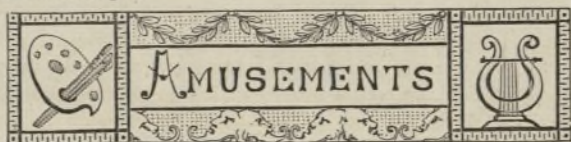
against is having to pay anything for his holding: he covets it free of all charges, and he shouts for Home Rule because he believes it would give him his heart's desire. No doubt there are many who have not yet accepted this revolutionary view of the rights of property; but it is spreading, nevertheless, and that, too, among farmers who could well afford to pay a fair rent. Nor would it die out even if the charge on the land were called interest instead of rent: it would be so much to pay, and therefore objectionable.

A SALT SYNDICATE.—Salt is produced more abundantly and of better quality in England than anywhere else. The price is so moderate that the poorest consumer scarcely feels the cost of the quantity which is necessary for his domestic consumption, and, besides the amount which is used for curing purposes and for various manufacturing processes, a large surplus remains for export, which is chiefly sent to India, where, owing to the fact that the food of the natives is principally of a vegetable character, salt is even more necessary as a condiment than it is in this country. The same race of ingenious speculators who recently organised a copper "ring" have duly noted these familiar facts, and have come to the conclusion that there are fabulous profits to be made out of a salt monopoly. It is alleged that the syndicate in question has already gained possession of the Cheshire salt-works, which form the main sources of supply, that the Durham and Worcestershire mines will presently join the combination, and that then the wholesale price of salt will be advanced from half-a-crown to ten shillings a hundred-weight. This practically means, when the extra profits of middlemen and retailers are included, that the consumer will have to pay about six times as much for his salt as he now does. This is truly a formidable prospect, and, if the expectations of the sanguine projectors were fully carried out, might produce most serious consequences. To say nothing of the inconvenience caused to the home-consumer, the export trade to India would be simply killed. The impoverished Indian peasant, who already feels keenly the burden of the salt-tax, would never be able to pay the enhanced price, and he would resort to foreign sources of supply, or would return to the primitive method of evaporating his favourite condiment from the waters of the sea. Such an advance in price, however, if likely to be permanent, would stimulate inventive energy at home, and the syndicate would soon learn that salt can be obtained from various other sources besides the brine-springs of two or three favoured counties. Our conclusion, therefore, is that even if the "ring" can manage to establish its desired monopoly, it will have to go to work very warily, and be content with a modest advance on existing rates, or it will infallibly discover that it has killed the goose for the sake of the golden eggs.

OUR PARISH REGISTERS.—There have been less acceptable contributions to the newspaper literature of the "silly season" than the correspondence in the *Times* on the decay and destruction of parish registers, and the best means of preserving what remains of them. The statements and suggestions are none the less welcome that those who make them seem quite unconscious that they are only re-telling a very old story. Nearly forty years ago Mr. Downing Bruce, in a letter to Mr. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, described in some detail the ravages which time and the wanton carelessness, and worse, of their custodians had made in those "short and simple annals," not of the poor only, but of the noble and wealthy. In one case, mentioned by him, a friend who was making researches into the history of Yorkshire, and who wished to inspect, in the parish registers of South Otterington, the entries previous to the eighteenth century relating to the families of Talbot, Herbert, and Falconbridge, found that the volume containing them had been sold by the parish clerk for waste paper, and that much of it had been burned "to singe a goose." Mr. Bruce's pamphlet attracted some attention, and was followed by the suggestions, which have been recently reproduced, for placing either the originals or transcripts of the extant parish registers of the country in the Record Office, or some public institution in London, where they would be taken care of, and might be consulted. Nothing came of these schemes, and nothing, it is to be feared, will come of them until some central authority is empowered and provided with funds to execute them, and this is a consummation more to be hoped for than expected. But a beginning might be made in a less difficult way. Nearly all the clergymen and others who have been writing on the subject to the *Times*, seem not to know that a little before the opening of the sixteenth century the ecclesiastical authorities arranged for having copies of the parochial registers periodically made in the diocesan registries. Some, perhaps many, of these exist in a more or less perfect condition, and on several occasions they have been successfully utilised in actions-at-law to correct and supply entries falsified or mutilated for fraudulent purposes in the original parish registers. The Dioceses of England are far less numerous than its parishes, and what would be an arduous enterprise in the one case would be comparatively a simple one in the other. Subscribers in the Dioceses where these registers are extant might surely be found to defray the expense of making transcripts of them. A suitable local habitation for them in London would follow as a matter of course.

RUSSIAN TRADE AND FINANCE.—It shows how supremely necessary a period of quiescence is to Russia, that this year's abatement of war alarms has already exercised a most beneficial effect on her financial and commercial condition. Trade is increasing by leaps and bounds, the rouble is worth twenty-five per cent. more than it was in last March, railway receipts have expanded considerably, and all the southern ports are in full swing of business. No doubt, the prolific harvest partly accounts for this sudden access of prosperity, but it would have produced very much less effect had the air been full of warlike breathings. Nor would the Finance Minister be preparing the way for the issue of a new loan, as he seems to be doing. His manipulations of the financial strings are of such a complex character that his exact purpose is a matter of conjecture. It is the belief, however, of experts that he will shortly bring forward some scheme—based on borrowing—for establishing a permanent equilibrium in Russian finance. His predecessor, M. Bunge, essayed that Herculean labour, it will be remembered, on more than one occasion, and even got so far with it as to make a fair enough show—on paper. But the unhappy elasticity of expenditure which characterises Russian finance invariably converted the estimated surplus into a huge deficit. It must be admitted, however, that M. Bunge never had such a favourable opportunity as the present. If the Czar could only be induced to cease, for a time, the construction of railways which do not pay their working expenses, and if he would further set a good example to his neighbours by reducing his overgrown army, Russia might become thoroughly solvent in a very short time. But without retrenchment under these heads, no recovery in trade, no agricultural prosperity, no financial legerdemain however clever, can long keep her head above water. The wonder is that it did not go under long ago. We doubt whether any other country in Northern Europe could have stood the terribly exhausting process of balancing accounts by borrowing for so many years, and be able at the end of them to present such a spectacle of solid strength as the great Muscovite Empire does to-day.

CULINARY NOMENCLATURE: GERMAN versus FRENCH.—It is said of Prince Bismarck that once, in a more than usually severe fit of anti-Gallicanism, he resolved to substitute German for French in his diplomatic correspondence with foreign Powers. He began by inditing a despatch in German to Prince Gortschakoff, who, the story runs, paid him back in his own coin by replying to him in Russian. From this attempt to effect a linguistic revolution in diplomacy it seems rather a descent that Bismarck's Imperial master should be substituting for *menu* its German equivalent on the dinner-tables of his palaces. If the announcement to this effect, made by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, should prove to be correct, the world will be curious to learn the next step taken by the Emperor William in the execution of this singular design. The *Speise-Karte* of most days will present him with formidable difficulties. At the very outset, to find purely German equivalents for such words as *cotelette* and *sauce* will tax the ingenuity of the scholarly experts whom the Emperor is doubtless taking into his confidence. When His Majesty has to explain in German to his guests that the viands set before them are *à la Maintenon* or *à la Soubise*, he and his advisers may find themselves in as great straits as was the late Mr. Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, who, writing an English Grammar from which every word not of Saxon origin was to be excluded, on coming to deal with what the ordinary English school-child knows as degrees of comparison, found himself reduced to describe them as "pitches of suchness." No doubt, however, there are many dishes to which French names are unnecessarily attached and which have genuine German equivalents. If the Emperor William restricted himself to Germanise these, his task would be easy, and not irrational. Indeed, there is no reason, except the supposed necessity for following a fashion, why at English dinner-tables a *menu* should not be called a bill of fare, or why cutlets should figure as *cotelettes*, and boiled potatoes as *pommes de terre au naturel*. But if the Emperor is really and truly bent on abolishing the use from the national language, of all words borrowed from French, and even, it is said, from all non-German languages, he is undertaking an enterprise which must be futile, and which is not a little absurd. To go no further than one great German writer and one great German book, Jean Paul Richter would require to be partly re-named, and the title of Kant's epoch-making work be metamorphosed, to gratify the Imperial zeal for the purity of the noble and expressive German tongue.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the GLASGOW, IRISH, and ITALIAN EXHIBITIONS and the SAVOY GALLERY see page 344.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

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Preceded at Eight by LESBIA. Classical Comedy in One Act by Mr. Richard Davey. Lesbia—Miss Beatrice Cameron.
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The New and Beautiful Songs highly received with the most enthusiastic applause. The Inimitable Comedian,
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It is now proposed to found a SCHOOL FOR ARTISTS, who will be instructed in the different methods of producing Black and White Drawings, most suitable for Engraving on Wood, or for the different processes now employed for illustrations here, and on the Continent.

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1. Each candidate (who must not be more than twenty-five years of age), will be required to send to the DIRECTOR of "THE GRAPHIC," 190, Strand, W.C. (with stamped and addressed envelope for their return), a Set of Original Sketches of FIGURE SUBJECTS.
2. They may consist of either scenes of actual events, portraits from life, drawings from animals, or humorous sketches.
3. Studies from Still Life, the Antique, or Landscape sketches cannot be received.
4. The Candidate must state his age and address, and mark outside the packet, "Drawings for Competition."
5. No Premium will be required. The students will be chosen according to the merit of the drawings submitted, but after selection they will have a fortnight's trial before being definitely accepted.

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NOTE.—It will save correspondence to state that the remuneration depends entirely on the industry and capability of the Students, but there is no doubt that a large field of employment is open for clever artists in illustrating different publications, and that the yearly incomes at the present time derived from this source range from two hundred to two thousand pounds.

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Dep.	Dep.	Arr.
Sept. 24—9.10 a.m.	9.20 a.m.	7.40 p.m.
" 25—9.10 "	9.20 "	7.40 "
" 26—9.10 "	9.20 "	7.40 "
" 27—9.10 "	9.20 "	7.40 "
" 28—10.5 "	10.10 "	8.20 "
" 29—10.5 "	10.10 "	8.20 "

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY," XVII., from the Picture by C. E. Perugini, exhibited in the Graphic Gallery.

NOTICE.

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HOUSE IN WHICH THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH STAYED AT BELLOVAR



THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING AT VIENNA



THE GRANDE PLACE, BELLOVAR

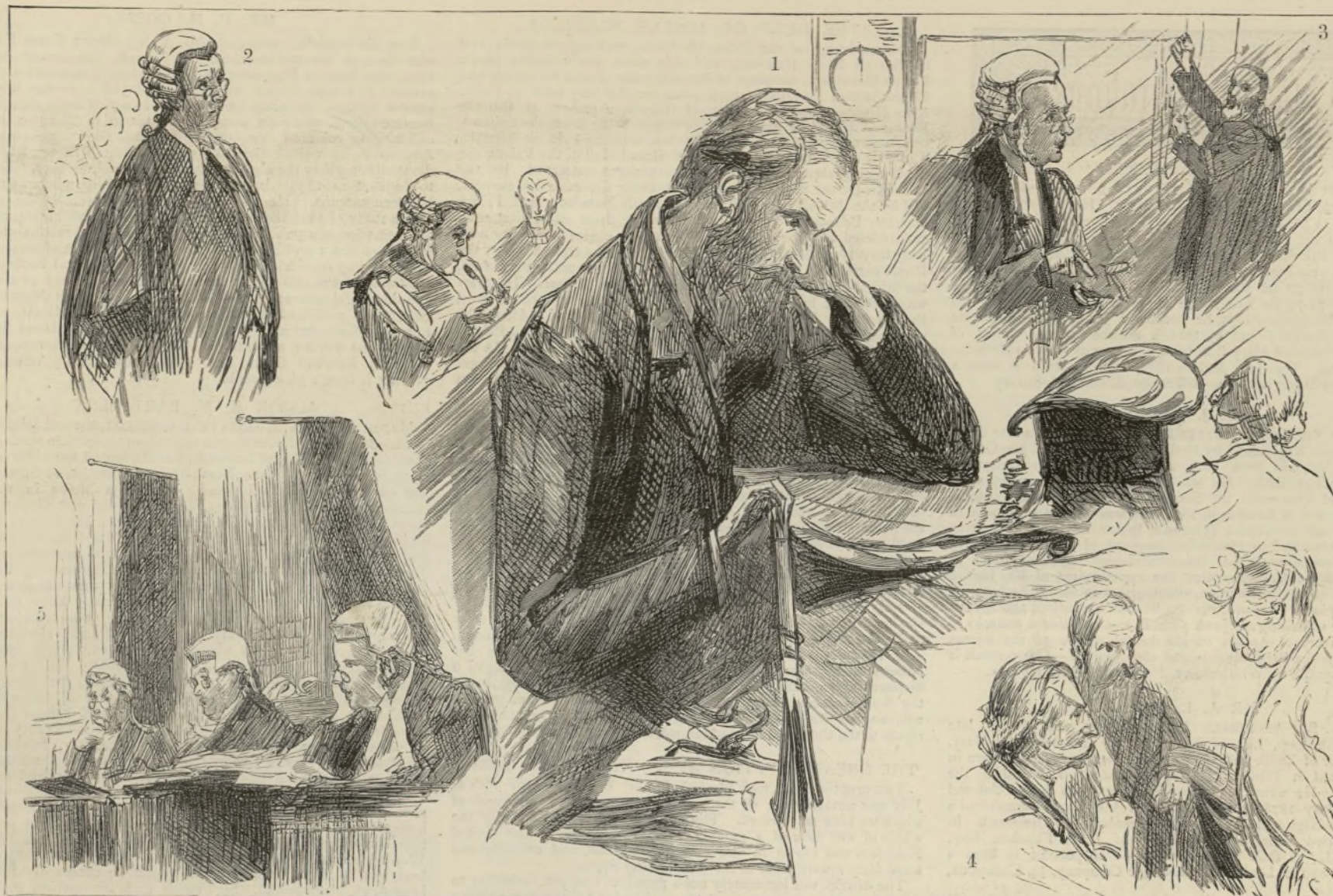


HOUSE IN WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES STAYED AT BELLOVAR

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRIA
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DEVONSHIRE PARK, EASTBOURNE
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES



1. Mr. Parnell in Court
2. Mr. Graham (Counsel for the *Times*) up.
3. Sir Charles Russell (Counsel for the 85 Members) up—Too much light on the subject
4. Mr. Parnell, his Solicitor (Mr. George Lewis), and the *Daily News*
5. The Bench

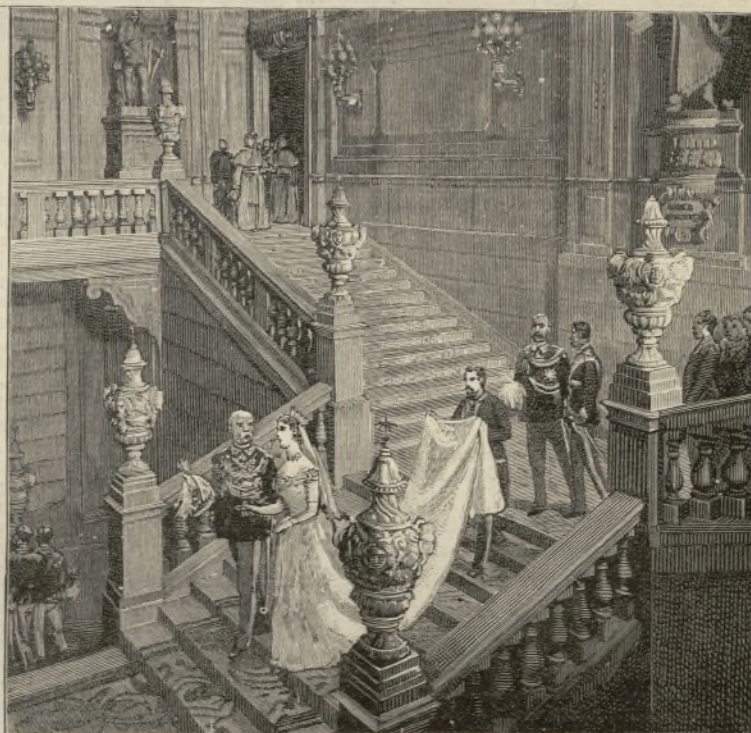
THE PARNELL COMMISSION
THE PRELIMINARY SKIRMISH—SKETCHES IN COURT ON THE OPENING DAY



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE PRINCE OF NAPLES AND THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, DRIVING TO THE FLOWER FESTIVAL.



THE CEREMONY IN THE SINDONE CHAPEL—CARDINAL ALIMONDA PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION
THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF AOSTA (BROTHER OF THE KING OF ITALY) AND HIS NIECE, PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE, AT TURIN



THE KING OF ITALY ESCORTING THE BRIDE TO HER CARRIAGE



SIR JAMES HANNEN

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES HANNEN is a son of the late James Hannen, Esq., of Kingswood, Surrey. He was born 1821, was educated at St. Paul's School and Heidelberg University, and was called to the Bar in 1848. In 1853-5 he was Agent on the part of Great Britain in the Commission for the settlement of certain claims which were outstanding between this country and the United States; in 1868-72 he was a Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench; in 1872-75 he was Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce; in November, 1875, he became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature; and in 1881 a member of the Court of Appeal. He married Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Nicholas Winsland, Esq. This lady died in 1872.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Byrne and Co., Hill Street, Richmond, Surrey.

SIR J. C. DAY

THE HON. SIR JOHN CHARLES DAY, eldest son of the late Capt. John Day (49th Regiment), by Emily, only daughter of Jan Casper Hartsinck, Esq., was born 1826, and educated at Fribourg and Downside College, Bath. He was called to the Bar in 1849, went the Home and afterwards the South-Eastern Circuit, he became a Q.C. in 1872 and a Bench in 1873, and was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice (Queen's Bench Division) in June, 1882. He is married to Henrietta, daughter of J. H. Brown, Esq. It will be remembered that the Gladstonians in the House of Commons made a dead set against the appointment of Mr. Justice Day on the Parnell Commission, alleging that (although he happens to be by religion a Roman Catholic) he was prejudiced against the Irish people, and citing as proof of this some pertinent remarks of his at the Liverpool Assizes on the brutal nature of the crimes committed by the Irish denizens of that seaport.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham.

SIR A. L. SMITH

THE HON. SIR ARCHIBALD LEVIN SMITH, son of the late Francis Smith, Esq., J.P., of Salt Hill, near Chichester, by Mary, only daughter of Zadik Levin, Esq., of the same place, was born in 1836, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the Bar in 1860. He went the Home Circuit, and was Junior Counsel to the Treasury 1878-83, in which latter year he was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice (Queen's Bench Division). In 1867 he married Isabel, eldest daughter of J. C. Fletcher, Esq., J.P. and D.L., of Dale Park, Arundel.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside, E.C.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRIA

On Sunday week the Prince of Wales, attended by his equerries, Major-General Ellis and the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt-Wilson, arrived at Vienna on a visit to the Emperor of Austria. As the Prince was travelling incognito there was no official reception, but he was welcomed by the two officers who had been appointed to attend upon him during his stay, Colonel Prince Louis Esterhazy and Captain Count Breda, and by Mr. Phipps, the First Secretary to the British Embassy. The Prince drove to his quarters in the Grand Hotel, when he was subsequently visited by the Emperor and Prince Rudolph, whom he received in the uniform of the 12th Regiment of the Austrian Hussars, of which the Emperor not long since appointed him the Colonel. In the evening the Emperor gave a gala banquet in honour of the Prince, and next day the Prince left Vienna with the Emperor and Crown Prince Rudolph to attend the military manoeuvres in Croatia. Kreutz was reached on the Wednesday morning, and the Royal Party then drove to Belovar, being warmly greeted throughout the route. At Belovar there was a reception by the Archduke Joseph, as Chief of the Hungarian and Croatian Honveds, and at the close of the ceremony the Emperor conducted the Prince of Wales to his quarters, which consisted of apartments on the first floor of the "County House," as it is styled—the largest building in the town—the Emperor himself residing in the house of the Lieutenant of the County. Later in the day the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince were present at a grand popular *fête*, the peasants dancing their national dance, in the evening a banquet, concert, and torch light procession took place, and next day the manoeuvres began—two columns, an invading and defending force, being engaged. The operations lasted two days, the result being that the Eastern or attacking force was compelled to retreat—*absit omen!* On Saturday the Prince went with the Emperor to Gädöllö, and had a day's deerstalking, on Monday he witnessed some Honved manoeuvres at Tapio, subsequently going to Pesh, and thence on a visit to Count Festetics. To-day (Saturday), he would come back to Vienna, and the week after next go to inspect his regiment (12th Austrian Hussars) at Gyöngyös. On October 10th, the Prince will visit the Crown Prince at Györgény for some bear shooting.

SOUTH OF ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT

THIS annual Tournament took place in the early part of the month in the grounds of Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. The original Challenge Cup for Gentlemen's Open Singles was won absolutely by E. W. Lewis last year. Another Challenge Cup, value fifty guineas, to be won four years in succession, or five times in all, was presented for competition on this occasion by the Duke of Devonshire. For this there were thirty entries, as against forty-one last year. In the final round A. G. Ziffo beat H. F. Barlow by three sets to one. Of this contest an excellent instantaneous photograph was taken by C. and R. Lavis, Terminus Road, Eastbourne. The engraving, however, which we here publish is from a drawing made on the spot by Mr. G. Du Maurier, and represents the final round of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Doubles, where H. S. Barlow and Miss Bracewell beat T. S. Campion and Mrs. Hillyard by three sets to love.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

THE Special Commissioners appointed to investigate the charges made against certain Irish members of Parliament and other persons, in the course of an action, "O'Donnell v. Walter and Another," began their sittings on Monday, in Probate Court No. 1, at the Royal Courts of Justice. The Commissioners are, Sir James Hannen (President), Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, while the Secretary to the Commission is Mr. Henry Cunynghame. Admission being only obtained by tickets, numbered to correspond with seats allotted in the Court, there was no crowding or inconvenience, the general public being admitted to the gallery, which accommodates about fifty persons. Among the Irish M.P.'s present were Mr. A. O'Connor, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. T. P. Gill, Dr. Fox, Mr. T. Quinn, Mr. H. Campbell, and (later in the day) Mr. Parnell. Sir C. Russell and Mr. Asquith represented Mr. Parnell and his colleagues; the Attorney-General (who was not in Court), with Mr. W. Graham are the counsel for the *Times*. The sitting was merely preliminary, and was adjourned in the afternoon until October 22. Further particulars will be found in our "Legal" column.

THE DUKE OF AOSTA'S MARRIAGE

THE marriage of the Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain and brother to King Humbert, with his niece, the Princess Marie Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of his sister the Princess Clotilde and Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, took place on Tuesday week at Turin. King Humbert and the Queen of Italy were present, as also the King and Queen of Portugal (the latter being the Duke's sister), the Duke of Oporto, and Prince Jérôme and the Princess Clotilde. The civil ceremony took place in the Grand Hall of the Palace, the deeds being signed by the chief personages concerned, by the witnesses for the bridegroom, Generals Della Rocca and Menabrea, and by the bride's witnesses, Prince Louis Napoleon and Prince Charles Bonaparte. The bride wore a dress of white satin embroidered with the Napoleonic bees and eagles in silver, and a long Royal mantle of white and silver. After the civil ceremony the Royal party went in procession to the Sindone Chapel in the Palace, the bride being conducted by her father, Prince Jérôme. The Mass was performed by Mgr. Alessio, and the benediction pronounced by Cardinal Alimonda, the Archbishop of Turin. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom left for the Duke's Palace, the bride being conducted to her carriage by the King. In the afternoon the people of Turin celebrated the event by a grand Flower Festival, to which they invited the bride and bridegroom and all the Royal guests. The Via di Po was most gorgeously decorated for the occasion, and the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele was one brilliant mass of flowers, garlands, and streamers. Twenty thousand seats had been erected for the spectators, as it was intended that a procession of gentlemen in sixteenth-century costumes, with bands of music, and with pages strewing flowers, should pass before the Royal and bridal party. The Duke and his bride drove thither in a gorgeous procession, escorted by 700 cavaliers in costumes of the period of Louis XV.—the three sons of the Duke being dressed as Marshals of Savoy—and on reaching the Piazza left their carriage, and were conducted to a lofty structure erected in the form of a colossal basket of flowers, at the summit of which was a platform for the Royal personages, above whom floated a captive balloon entirely covered with roses, and inscribed with the initials of the bridal pair. The marriage is essentially popular in Italy from political reasons, and is said to have been a genuine love match. The Princess, who is twenty-two years of age, resembles her father's family rather than that of her mother—her face being of a distinctly Bonapartist type, and in certain aspects resembling that of the first Napoleon when young. The Duke is forty-three years of age, and on his acceptance of the Crown of Spain renounced all rights to the throne of Italy which might eventually accrue to him.

THE GREAT ERUPTION AT MOUNT BANDAI, JAPAN

THE eruption that took place at Mount Bandai on the 15th of July was certainly one of the most appalling natural upheavals of which we have any record. The whole of the upper half and the whole of one side of a mountain larger than any in the United Kingdom was blown in one mass into the air, and overwhelmed some forty square miles of the surrounding country.

The district was fortunately not a populous one, yet, according to the latest estimate, 500 souls have perished. All these must have had the life crushed out of them in a moment, for one of the most notable features of the scene of destruction is the abrupt way in which the piles of *débris* and rivers of hard mud and boulders are outlined, so that a village has been either buried beyond all hope of ever seeing the light of day again, or has been left untouched—except for the wind and dust, to be mentioned hereafter—according as it was within or without the bounding-line. In the case of one village, half has been within the line, half without. The latter half stands untouched, the former half is so deeply buried that the efforts of as many men as can be concentrated on the work for twenty days has resulted in the uncovering of only a few houses. The number of injured was comparatively small.

The eruption can scarcely be called "volcanic" in the sense in which the word is commonly understood. It was simply a steam explosion on a scale that would make all the boiler explosions that were ever recorded as nothing if they were united in one great explosion. The very wind, or concussion from it, has blown completely down villages at a distance of five or six miles from the crater, and has uprooted forests of trees at like distances.

The force was not exerted vertically, but at an angle, so that the destruction is all on one side of the mountain, and so that the ghastly opening or crater that is left under the position of the peak of the mountain has high vertical sides in one direction, but a comparatively gentle slope on the other. From openings in the bottom of this crater steam blows off with a bellowing sound that can be heard some miles off, and rises in dense masses to the clouds of the sky overhead.

The general direction in which the *débris* has been thrown is northwards, but there is a strip of land between two main fields of devastation that has remained unburied. There are two villages on this, and most of the inhabitants of these have escaped. They appear to have been stupefied with terror. The ground shook, there was an awful noise; the shaking increased till it was impossible to stand it, and many became sick; then there was darkness, and generally a state of affairs that they cannot even try to find words to describe. The darkness was caused by great quantities of dust, which were carried into the air by the steam. This dust was hot as it fell, and scalded many. It is supposed to have smothered some.

Our illustrations are from photographs taken on the spot a few days after the eruption, and may give some idea of the nature of the calamity, although, in truth, nothing but a visit to the place itself can give a full conception of the terrible scene of devastation.

The first is taken from the upper edge of the crater. About a thousand feet below the steam can be seen issuing in all directions. It is possible, through it, to discern faintly the devastated country for a distance of six or seven miles.

The next two show the steam issuing from the ground. They are taken from the bottom of the crater.

The fourth is taken in the crater at about half-a-mile from the actual issuing steam. It shows the way in which the boulders are piled one on another over a large area of ground. There is an appearance somewhat as if snow had fallen to a depth of some inches. This appearance is produced by the dust already mentioned. This covers everything in the crater to a depth of some inches, and everything around the mountain to a less thickness. In some directions the dust has been carried many miles.

No. 5 is a view of one of the villages that have been thrown down by the wind only. The people are working at the re-erection of their dwellings, but in a somewhat listless way.

The last picture is a general view of the mountain, or of what is left of it, from a distance of about six miles from the issuing steam.

The loss to the survivors is very great. As already stated, several villages have been entirely demolished by wind. Large numbers of mulberry trees, used for silkworm cultivation, have been destroyed by the wind and the hot dust; but the greatest loss has occurred through the blocking of a river by the *débris*. This has stopped the supply of water absolutely necessary for the cultivation of rice. To a Japanese peasant the loss of his rice crop is the loss of his only means of living. It is satisfactory to be able to report that various appeals made to the charitable have met with a prompt response.—The photographs from which our engravings have been executed were taken by Mr. W. K. Burton, of the Imperial University, Tokio, Japan. Mr. Burton has also furnished the foregoing particulars.

MR. P. H. GOSSE

THE distinguished zoologist, Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., who died at his residence, St. Marychurch, Torquay, on August 23rd, was born at Worcester in 1810, and early removed with his parents to Poole, Dorset, where he displayed a strong taste for natural history. In 1827 he went out in a mercantile capacity to Newfoundland, where he occupied his leisure in collecting insects and making coloured drawings of them and their transformations. Afterwards he visited Canada and the United States, where he devoted himself to the study of zoology and entomology, returning to England in 1839. In 1844, he visited Jamaica, where he stayed eighteen months. He afterwards devoted himself to the microscopic study of the British *rotifera*, and took a prominent part in the formation of a public and private collection of marine animals. Mr. Gosse was a prolific author, and a mere catalogue of his writings would occupy considerable space. Besides his natural history compositions, he was also the author of a number of works of a sacred and historical character, the latest of which, "The Mysteries of God," was published only four years ago. Mr. Gosse was an earnest and devoted student of the natural history of Great Britain, and his loss will be much felt in many circles. He leaves an only son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the well-known literary critic.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

MAJOR E. M. BARTTELOT

MAJOR EDMUND MUSGRAVE BARTTELOT, the sad intelligence of whose murder while leading an expedition to ascertain traces of Mr. Stanley reached England last week, was the second son of Sir Walter Barttelot, member for the North-Western Division of Sussex, and was only in his thirtieth year. He was a Major in the 1st battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and had served with distinction in the Afghan and Egyptian Campaigns. When Mr. Stanley started on his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, Major Barttelot accompanied him, and was left in command of the advanced post at Yambuya Village, at the Aruwhimi Falls. When leaving the Falls on his march forward, Mr. Stanley left a letter of instructions in which he paid a warm tribute to the personal qualities of Major Barttelot, and expressed his utmost confidence in him. This confidence was not misplaced. For a weary year Major Barttelot waited and watched at his post, and when, in April last, reports began to arrive, through deserters, that Mr. Stanley had met with disaster and was reduced to serious straits, he determined to organise a great expedition for the purpose of following his chief's track, and if possible of taking him relief. Major Barttelot accordingly, with the help of Tippoo Tib, organised a party of some six hundred men, including two white men, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Bonny, and over a hundred trained and armed Zanzibaris. A telegram now tells us that Major Barttelot was shot dead on July 19th by Manyema carriers, and that the head Arab and his men fled, and made their way to Stanley Falls. Mr. Jameson, however, had also reached there, and arranged with great promptitude for another expedition to proceed with all possible despatch. With regard to the cause of the murder nothing is actually known here, and in Major Barttelot's last report he speaks highly of the head Arab, Muni Somai. Sir Francis de Winton writes that "the Manyema are a tribe considerably to the South, from which, no doubt, Tippoo Tib obtained a supply of porters or carriers to fulfil the contract he entered into with Mr. Stanley. They are a wild tribe, and attempted Livingstone's life on more than one occasion, when he was journeying between Tanganyika and Nyangwe." He calculates that the sad event took place somewhere between the 28th and 29th degrees of east longitude, and about the 2nd degree north latitude, as Major Barttelot was about thirty-nine days' journey from Yambuya.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Wane, 82, George Street, Birmingham.

THE CASTLE OF ALBRECHTSBURG

THE Castle of Albrechtsburg, which, it is stated, the Empress Frederick may probably purchase or rent for a residence, is situated on the right bank of the Elbe, a little above Dresden. It commands a splendid view, and belongs to Count Hohenau—a morganatic cousin of the late Emperor Frederick.—Our illustration is from a photograph.

THE OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE CENTENARY EXHIBITION

WE described the main features of the opening of the Melbourne Centenary Exhibition last week, so that we need only refer to the subject of our illustration, which is from a sketch by Mr. G. R. Ashton, and which represents the ball given by Sir Henry and Lady Loch at Government House on August 7th. This ball, at which the various Colonial Governors and their wives were present, was the great event of the Exhibition week, which was characterised by an unceasing round of festivities. Balls, banquets, concerts, and excursions of all kinds to the interior were bountifully provided for the guests, some by the Governor, some by the Exhibition Commissioners, and others by the President of the Legislative Council and the Speaker of the Assembly. As for the Exhibition itself, it was kept open all day till 10 P.M., but, if we are to believe the *Times* correspondent, there was a great paucity of paying visitors. As the Exhibition has cost 250,000*l.* it is beginning to be feared that it will scarcely prove a financial success, and that the surplus of next year's Budget will be seriously encroached upon to make up the deficit.

THE NEW TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY TO SAMARKAND, III.

CONTINUING our description of the Transcaspian Railway from Merv, where we left it last week, one of our illustrations represents the construction of a bridge near Samarkand. These bridges are very simple, are lightly built of wood, and are only intended to be temporary, as they will be replaced by more solid structures as time goes on. Another illustration shows the head of the line as it was being pushed forward to Samarkand, the rails then being laid, thanks to the energy of indefatigable General Annenkoff, at the rate of four miles a day. "These rails, by the way," the Rev. Dr. Lansdell (to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings are taken) writes, "have been transported, some of them, 2,000 miles from St. Petersburg, through various canals to the Volga, and then across the Caspian, while others were brought by the Don, Black Sea, and Baku. So again the sleepers were brought from the forests of Northern Russia at such a distance that, whereas at the place of growth they cost but 7*d.*, their value was multiplied fivefold by the cost of carriage. A constant stream of material had to be kept going in summer, and for the winter provision was so carefully made that no delay occurred through the freezing of the Volga." As we depicted last week, General Annenkoff was ever to the front in his special train as the work progressed. In making a cutting considerable use was made, as we show, of donkeys to carry off the *débris* as it was excavated. Harking back on the line we give another illustration of the Turkoman stronghold of Geok Tepé, so valiantly stormed by Skobelev, and which shows on a larger scale than in a previous engraving the Turkoman entrenchments and pits in which they vainly endeavoured to shelter themselves from the withering fire of the Russian rifles, and where so many gallantly met their deaths in the final onslaught. This Turkoman Plevna is built over a river stream brought from the mountain a short distance off, and which waters the oasis lying at the foot of the range. The *Times* correspondent, who has recently traversed the line, considers that had the Tekkès

possessed a single European adviser during the siege of 1880-1, they would not have neglected to dam up all their canals, and by thus overflowing that part of the stream which led into the Russian camp, the latter with all its trenches would have been completely swamped. In this predicament, if the Tekkès had furthermore accompanied this manœuvre with an energetic sortie, the Russians would, in all probability, never have been able to get their horses and guns or themselves out of the mire. Dushak, shown in another illustration, is the most southern station of the line, and is the point from which a line would branch off to Afghanistan. It lies about midway between Askhabad and Merv, and is a comparatively short distance from Sarakhs, whence the line could be carried through the Heri Rud to Herat. Thence, with little difficulty, the line could be taken to Quetta and India, thus connecting our Eastern Empire with Europe by a direct railway.

TYPE OF BEAUTY, No. XVII.

THE best compliment we can pay to Mr. Perugini is to say that if he is able to produce the original of the picture which he has painted with such skill and tenderness, and persuade her to enter herself for the Beauty Show at Spa, we, if allowed to serve on the jury, will unhesitatingly class her A 1.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 325.

A FIELD DAY AT ALDERSHOT

"MY first sketch," says our artist, "shows the crowd gathered at the top of the principal military street to see the spectacle. At least nine-tenths of the crowd, as far as I could see, consisted of soldiers, and lots of the civilians appear to have been military also, from the medals they displayed. In the next, the Cinque Port Artillery Volunteers are crossing the Canal—an engineer stands on or about the bridge, reminding the troops every now and again to 'break their step.' Various small boats with ladies in them came up from somewhere, intending no doubt to go to the Review by water. Some carried their boats across at every bridge—there were several. I don't think ladies could very well be seen on the Canal at any other time. On this occasion it was literally one mass of soldiers, out of uniform, though all dressed exactly alike, in their own innocence, or otherwise. The runaway horse, evidently the charger of an officer of rank, ran the whole way back to town from the Long Valley."

NOTE.—A correspondent informs us that the Russian bridge over the Oxus, 6,230 feet long, is not the longest in the world, the Tay Bridge being 10,800 feet, the Forth Bridge (when finished) 8,296 feet, and the Moerdyk Bridge in Holland 8,529 feet. These lengths are given in Whitaker, 1888.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN made an animated and vigorous speech on Wednesday at a crowded meeting at Bradford, in which he recapitulated the strong points of the Unionist position. He showed the immense danger that would have been incurred if Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill had become law. It was a measure that was abandoned by its framer, who had publicly surrendered what he formerly declared to be its vital provision—the withdrawal of the Irish members from the Parliament at Westminster; yet Unionists were being abused by the Gladstonians for having opposed a policy deserted and discredited by its author himself. Mr. Gladstone had not substituted any new policy for that which he had thrown overboard. He had enshrined his proceedings in mystery, and his followers, ignorant of his intentions, took refuge in vague generalities. The proceedings and declarations of the Parnellites in Ireland, which the Gladstonians were defending, had for their object an agrarian revolution which would result in the confiscation of all property, and in the disintegration of the United Kingdom. Mr. Chamberlain detailed all that had been done to redress every possible grievance of the Irish occupier, and to bestow on him every possible indulgence. He forcibly contrasted his position with that of a Bradford working man, who, if he papered his rooms, or made any other improvement in his house, found it go to the landlord; who, unlike the Irish tenant, could not, if he thought his rent excessive, go to a Court and have a fair rent fixed; and who must pay the rent demanded or turn out, while the Irish occupier who could prove that he was unable through misfortune to pay his rent was allowed by the Court to defer paying it, and then to pay it by instalments. Irish evictions were simply got up by the National League to produce an effect on English readers of the accounts given of them. Before the public meeting a conference of North of England Liberal Unionists was held, at which were read letters of sympathy and approval from Lord Hartington, Lord Derby, and others. An important and significant resolution was adopted, recommending the substitution of the title "National Liberal Union" for that of the "National Radical Union," the body under whose auspices the Conference was held.

ACCORDING to a communication from the Local Government Board, not very authoritatively expressed, "it would seem" that an elector may not give more than one vote for one candidate for a county-council, but that he may "apparently" vote for one candidate. Further, "it appears to the Board" that a woman is not entitled to be elected a county-councillor.

LORD CHURSTON, presided on Tuesday, at Brixham, in Devonshire, at a public meeting to arrange for a local celebration of the bi-centenary of the landing of William III. in Torbay on the 5th November, 1688. It is also proposed to erect a statue on the spot where he first placed his foot on British soil. Of the 1,000l. required for this purpose, 400l. has been already subscribed by the Duke of Portland, Lord Clinton, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord Reay, and others. The Prince of Orange, Lord Macaulay wrote in his History of England, "landed where the Quay of Brixham now stands. The whole aspect of the place has been altered. Where we now see a port connected with shipping and a market-place swarming with buyers and sellers, the waves then broke on a desolate beach, but a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the centre of that busy wharf."

IRELAND.—Mr. John Dillon, M.P., was unconditionally released from Dundalk Gaol on Tuesday by order of the Lord-Lieutenant, acting on an official medical report that, regard being had to his constitutional delicacy, further confinement would injuriously affect his health. In the evening, from the door of his residence, Mr. Dillon briefly addressed a congratulatory crowd, assuring them that he was more determined, if possible, than ever, to carry on the struggle in which they were engaged.—On being sentenced to three months' imprisonment without hard labour for inciting to resistance to bailiffs, as previously mentioned in this column, Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., behaved very creditably. Instead of abusing the Bench and Mr. Balfour, as is customary in such cases, he said that while he himself had, he considered, done his duty, the magistrates had also done their duty in sentencing him, and instead of seeking to evade

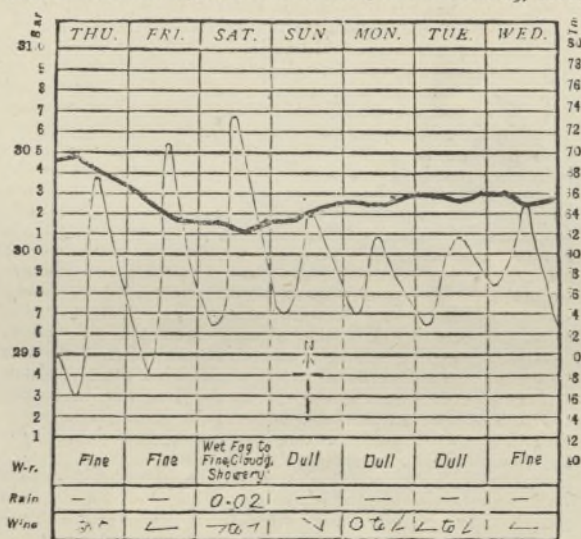
or delay the punishment which he had courted, he announced his intention not to appeal.—The Nationalists, being sadly in want of a grievance, have bethought themselves of a certain "Tom Moroney," who has for some time been a prisoner in Kilmainham Gaol. He was committed for contempt of Court, because he refused to give evidence respecting the disposal of his property when made a bankrupt by his landlord, to whom, under the Plan of Campaign, he had refused to pay rent. By a simple submission, purging himself of contempt, Mr. Moroney may walk out of Kilmainham Gaol whenever he pleases, but prison agreeing very well with his health, he prefers to remain there, and to pose as a martyr. To demand his unconditional release, a demonstration was held in the Phoenix Park on Sunday, when Mr. Sexton, M.P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., made speeches of the usual violent and declamatory kind, in the course of one of which "Tom" was proclaimed to be "the grand old man—of Kilmainham."—A Cork shop-keeper, named Farrell, had the audacity to purchase at a public auction the grazing of a farm, from which a tenant, owing two years' rent, was evicted in May. A public meeting having been summoned for Sunday at Inniscarra, to denounce Farrell for his iniquity, the authorities very properly proclaimed it. The Mayor of Cork attempted to hold the meeting, but was prevented by the resident magistrates, who were supported by a considerable body of mounted and other police.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Coleridge disclaims any intention of censuring the First Lord of the Treasury for declining to continue to the widow of Mr. Matthew Arnold her husband's pension, or any portion of it. Mr. Smith, he says, acted no doubt upon grounds which had seemed to him sufficient, and he would indeed be sorry if any intending subscriber to the Arnold Memorial Fund should be deterred from subscribing through disapproval of Lord Coleridge's letter to the *Times*, which was commented on in our columns last week.—A great salt trust, with a capital of three millions, has bought up all the salt works in Cheshire, and is negotiating for the purchase of those in other counties. The operations of the Trust, it is expected, will raise the price of salt.—An anonymous admirer of the late and "good" Lord Shaftesbury has offered to give 120l. towards the fees required by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the erection of a statue of that peer-philanthropist in the Abbey, provided the balance of the 250l. required is raised without delay.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his 49th year, of the Earl of Mar and Kellie, a representative peer for Scotland; of the Rev. Daniel Evans, a non-residential Canon of Bangor Cathedral, formerly Vicar of Carnarvon, who received in 1877 a Lambeth degree for his services in defence of the Church in Wales, and was the author of a popular hymn and of a number of works in Welsh; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. John O. Hill, formerly Chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, and Head Master of Monmouth Grammar School; on his seventieth birthday, of the Rev. Frederick Pendleton, Rector of St. Sampson, Guernsey, formerly British Chaplain at Monte Video, and afterwards at Florence, who, when in the Argentine Republic, benevolently aided some Vaudois emigrants to a settlement in the Banda Oriental; in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. George W. Petter, one of the original partners in the publishing firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, from an active connection with which he withdrew when, in 1883, it became Cassell and Co., Limited; in his forty-eighth year, of Mr. John Macrae, Procurator-Fiscal of Orkney; in his 83rd year, of Mr. Joseph Ewings, late one of H.M. Inspectors of Factories; at the early age of twenty-nine, of Mr. Arthur Buchheim, son of Professor Buchheim, of King's College, London, and late a scholar of New College, Oxford, for some years mathematical master in the Manchester Grammar School, a very promising mathematician, and Member of the Council of the London Mathematical Society, to the "Transactions" of which, and to various mathematical journals, he was a contributor; and, at New York, of Mr. Richard A. Proctor, of astronomical celebrity, of whom we shall shortly give a portrait and memoir.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1888.

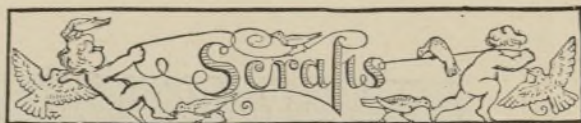


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (19th inst.). The first line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this week the weather has varied from fine and warm conditions at first to dull skies and cooler air subsequently. Very little rain has fallen, and fogs have been prevalent during the early morning hours. Pressure at the beginning of the period was highest to the Eastward, and lowest to the Westward and Northward of our Islands, with light Easterly airs over the greater part of England, and Southerly breezes in the West and North. The weather was very fine and warm in most places by day, but at many of the inland stations in Scotland and England temperature fell sharply, and to a rather low point, by night. After Saturday (15th inst.), the distribution of pressure continued mainly of an anticyclonic character, the highest readings of the mercurial column stretching from our Islands in an East-North-Easterly direction towards Russia. No very material changes in the winds occurred, and (locally) the weather remained fine, but on the whole dull and gloomy skies set in with a decided diminution in temperature. At the close of the week the barometer was rising steadily, while the sky had again become clear in most places. Temperature (owing to the cold nights) has been below the average. The highest readings have reached 70° at some of the Irish and Scotch Stations, while they have exceeded that value at several places in England, the highest reading of all (74°) being registered in London. The lowest values varied from 35° to 37° in many places.

The barometer was highest (30.50 inches) on Thursday (13th inst.); lowest (30.13 inches) on Saturday (15th inst.); range 0.37 inch. The temperature was highest (74°) on Saturday (15th inst.); lowest (45°) on Thursday morning (13th inst.); range 29°. Rain fell on one day Saturday (15th inst.) to the amount of 0.02 inch. Greatest fall on any day 0.02 on Saturday (15th inst.).

A RAILWAY FROM VISP TO ZERMATT is the latest Alpine line to be constructed. The line is already marked out, and follows closely the bridle path along the side of the mountains. It is to be narrow gauge, without cog-wheels, and will cross the Visp torrent five times; the curves will be rather sharp, and there are to be six tunnels; the length will be twenty-eight miles.



FIFTY THOUSAND CARRIER PIGEONS, flown together, are to form one of the sights at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition.

THE EIFFEL TOWER is to be painted a dusky red; numerous colours were tried before this decision was made, but none proved as satisfactory, one effect of this hue being that at sunset the tower will assume a golden sheen. The height of the tower is now over 462 ft., and it takes the workmen twenty-five minutes to ascend or to descend from their place of labour.

CLASSICAL STATUES OF THE LATE EMPERORS WILLIAM AND FREDERICK, together with their consorts, have been placed over the portals of the Royal Palace of Berlin. The Emperor William is represented as Jupiter, the Empress Augusta as Juno, Emperor Frederick as Mars, his chin being shaved, as he wore it in early life, and the Empress Victoria as Minerva.

ANOTHER AND SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT has been made to swim the Rapids of Niagara. Charles Percy, of Toronto, started in a small boat, which, after passing the first rapids, capsized. Being an expert swimmer, Percy managed to keep himself afloat through three miles of raging water, his body being terribly dashed about. He was brought to shore at the Devil's Pool by a Lewiston fisherman, and, although badly wounded by the rocks, which severely battered his body, he is expected to recover.

RED-TAPISM IN MILITARY MATTERS is not confined to Pall Mall. The following story comes from India:—"At an up-country station in Madras, in the absence of the Major commanding a battery, a parcel of new swords for the men arrives. The Captain in charge tests them, and returns about seventy as defective. Promptly the Department assents to the verdict, but proffers a bill for 30l. The swords had already passed all the prescribed tests, and the officer had no right to test them on his own account." It is said that the money was paid.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS prevail in Paris, despite its claim to be the centre of modern civilisation. A woman, whose child was suffering from meningitis, consented to try an old wives' remedy, and she accordingly allowed a pigeon to be killed on the little patient's head, in belief that the malady would be absorbed by the pigeon's flowing blood. The doctor in attendance learned to his surprise that the practice is by no means uncommon, and that one woman in the Halles sells on a daily average ten or twelve pigeons destined for this singular sacrifice.

TEETOTALISM is certainly not a virtue much practised in Flanders. A newspaper published in a poor part of Flanders states that the daily consumption of a working man (not a drunkard) there, includes—at 5.30 A.M., a "worm-killer;" at 8 A.M., an "eye-opener;" at 11 A.M., a "whip;" at 2 P.M., a "digester;" at 5 P.M., a "soldier;" and at 7.30 P.M., a "finisher." His regular yearly expenditure for drinks, without counting extra libations on festive occasions, amounts to 8l. 15s., a rather important item in a family budget of from 32l. to 48l. a year.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ELBRUZ, in the Caucasus, was successfully made last month from the eastern side by Baron Ungern Sternberg, who states that he started at eleven, crossed the glaciers of Irtikhat, Atrium, and Djelkaoughenkes, hitherto deemed impassable. At an altitude of 15,200 feet he discovered an enormous crater. After spending three nights on the mountain at the successive heights of 9,000, 14,760, and 17,840 feet, he passed through a terrific snowstorm. Breathing was not attended with any difficulty, and he descended on the southern side between Azau and Terek.

THEODORE HOOK was born just one hundred years ago this day (Saturday). His grave lies immediately beneath the chancel window of Fulham Parish Church, marked only by a plain upright stone, which simply records his name, age, and date of decease. A correspondent suggests, "that many of those who have found amusement in his novels, recently re-published in a cheap form, would doubtless be willing to subscribe a small sum to provide a more fitting memorial of Theodore Hook's last resting-place." Perhaps the churchwardens would receive subscriptions.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,331 deaths were registered, against 1,316 during the previous seven days, a rise of 15, being 77 below the average, and at the rate of 16.2 per 1,000. These deaths included 27 from measles (an increase of 1), 24 from scarlet fever (a rise of 5), 18 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping-cough (a fall of 1), 12 from enteric fever (a rise of 1, and 8 below the average), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 122 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 9), and 1 from choleraic diarrhoea. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 184 (a rise of 36, and were 2 above the average). Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,488 births registered, against 2,475 the previous week, being 217 below the average.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S MILITARY SURPRISES keep his troops well on the alert. When he recently turned out the Potsdam garrison at a moment's notice, he arrived first at the Hussar barracks at 4.30 A.M. attended by a single aide-de-camp, and peremptorily bade the regiment assemble immediately on the parade ground at Bornstedt. Then William II. rode round to all the various barracks, gave the same order, and hotly censured the picket at the Brandenburg-gate because they were without a drum. Having roused the whole force, the Emperor stationed himself on the parade-ground, watch in hand, to time the arrival of each detachment. Meanwhile, the barracks were in perfect turmoil. Many of the officers had gone off to Berlin, not being on duty, and those in command dreaded severe reprimand for delay and for not bringing in their regiments well-equipped. Two hours and a-half after the first alarm all the garrison were on the parade-ground, and being joined by the Spandau forces, summoned by telephone, the troops manœuvred for several hours under the critical eye of their untiring Monarch.

CLEANING THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The recent murders have no doubt put London in a state of nervous excitement, and many people are on the *qui vive* for a discovery. It may have been this which attracted a number of idlers to the above operation, for they stood fringing the stone basins, and waiting patiently, as the turbid waters drained off, for what might be revealed. And what was there? A layer of black slime, in which reposed old bottles, hats, pieces of rope, a dead kitten, and some cans. But the eyes of the London *gamin* are sharp, and they saw many articles which they recognised as treasures, and which, by the aid of long bent pieces of wire, they secured, such as marbles, small boots, balls, fragments of toys, and certainly one undischarged revolver cartridge. A naturalist would have discovered greater treasure in the colony of snails on the sides, and the water-beetles which scuttled away among the slime. It was not what *was* there, but what *might* be there which attracted the elder loafers. It was possible that a murderous knife, a stolen cash-box, or a revolver might have been hidden beneath the water, and they came to see. But there was nothing of this kind, and the amateur detectives had to retire unrewarded, save by a very evil odour from the refuse.



A VILLAGE BLOWN DOWN BY THE WIND



STEAM ISSUING FROM THE GROUND

The water in the foreground is a small pond at the very bottom of the crater. The water is of a grey colour. It is fed by two small streams, that can just be seen. The cliffs that are seen through the stream are the walls of the crater, and are about 1,000ft. high (from the water) at the highest point.



GENERAL VIEW OF WHAT IS LEFT OF THE MOUNTAIN

The distance to the steam is about seven miles; to the base of the mountain three or four miles. The foreground is a confused mass of mud and boulders.



PILE OF BOULDERS THROWN UP BY THE ERUPTION

The dust that has fallen like snow on the stones is of a lightish grey colour. The cliffs around run to about 1,000ft.



VIEW FROM THE UPPER EDGE OF THE CRATER

The pool in the foreground is about 40ft. below the camera, and 50 yards away. There is a little steam coming from it. The distant steam is about three-quarters of a mile off, and about 1,000 feet down. It rises till it joins the clouds. The country can be seen faintly through it for about six or seven miles.

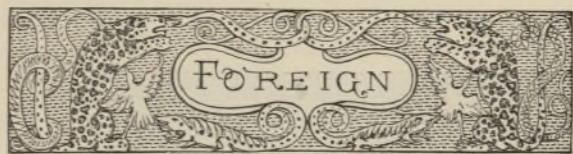


VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CRATER

The cliffs seen through the steam are about 1,000ft. and those to the side about 700ft.

THE GREAT ERUPTION AT MOUNT BANDAI, JAPAN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE OCCURRENCE



THE visit of Count Kalnoky to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh has excited much comment both in GERMANY and AUSTRIA, despite the announcement that the visit had no special political significance. At the present phase of the European situation, however, it is felt that an interview between the two principal statesmen of two leading Powers of Europe cannot fail to bear some important result, and this result, it is confidently prophesied, will be to still further cement the alliance between those two Powers. The Government Press, it is true, keeps discreet silence on the matter, but the way of the wind is shown by an article in the *Cologne Gazette*, in which Russia is told very plainly that Germany will not sacrifice the Austrian alliance for her friendship. "Certainly," remarks the writer, "Russia will always find a place at our table, but she must not make her entrance into the hospitable German house dependent upon our showing the door to our best friends. For, on the one hand, confidence in the sincerity and trustworthiness of Russian policy has sunk in Germany to a very low ebb, while, on the other hand, the idea that Germany and Austria must stand together shoulder to shoulder has become an absolute article of faith with the German public." The Count arrived at Friedrichsruh on Tuesday, being met at the station by Prince Bismarck, and would stay until Friday. The remaining German news of the week mainly relates to the military manoeuvres, in which the energetic young Emperor has been taking part, at Müncheberg, and in which two army corps, numbering altogether 60,000 men have been concerned. The Emperor has several times taken personal command of one of the army corps, and last week was adjudged to have scored a brilliant victory. On Tuesday, however, he was forced to retire, by a skilful movement on the part of his antagonist, General von Pape, but retreated to a position so naturally adapted for defence, and materially strengthened by entrenchments, as to be considered impregnable. The final battle was fought on Wednesday, and in the evening the whole of the infantry were detained and dismissed to their respective garrisons—the railway on this occasion being expected to accomplish three times the work required of a main strategic line in time of war.

IN AUSTRIA also Imperial military manoeuvres have been the order of the day, and the Emperor has witnessed various strategical operations, at which, as we relate elsewhere, the Prince of Wales attended as his guest. At Bellovar the Emperor, however, took the opportunity to administer a severe rebuke to Bishop Strossmayer, the leader of the Nationalist party in Croatia, who had sent a telegram to the committee of some religious festivities at Kieff, in which he prayed for "blessings on the universal mission which God had designed Russia to fulfil in the world." Considering the Pan-Slavist and anti-Austrian views with which Russia is just now credited, the message was considered eminently disloyal, and when the Bishop came to the *levée* at Bellovar, the Emperor, addressing him in a loud, distinct voice, declared that he had heard with astonishment of the telegram. "At first," he continued, "I would not believe that a subject of mine had written such words; but to my great regret I have learned that you did write them. You do not seem to be aware of what a culpable step you have taken against the Church and the State." The Bishop simply answered, "Your Majesty, my conscience is clear," whereupon the Emperor turned his back upon him, and the Bishop left the room. The Bishop has not only offended the Emperor by his Pan-Slavist agitation, but has displeased the Pope, and has been summoned to Rome to explain his conduct. He will probably receive a sharp Papal rebuke, especially as, in his anxiety to promote a reconciliation between the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, he is a warm advocate for the introduction of the Orthodox Russian Rite into the Roman Catholic Churches of such Slavonic countries as Poland, Croatia, Upper Hungary, and Bohemia. In the last-named State the Czech Home Rule agitation is on the increase—the malcontents desiring that the Emperor should be crowned King of Bohemia, and that the kingdom should enjoy a separate political existence under the Hapsburg Crown—such as has been accorded to Hungary.

IN RUSSIA the Strossmayer affair has naturally excited much comment, and the Emperor's rebuke is severely criticised, his action being denounced as a painful indication of a course of policy which is calculated to wear out the patience of Russia, and to increase the antagonism already existing between the Slav and German elements in the Austrian Empire. Finance, as ever, is the crucial question in St. Petersburg, and the Czar has now by a special Ukase sanctioned the issue of paper-money "as the necessities of the currency may require," on condition that the issue shall be guaranteed by the deposit of gold which belongs to the State Treasury in the Imperial Bank. The Minister of Finance has begun with an issue of fifteen million roubles. This new guaranteed issue is, however, in no way to affect the promise of gradually withdrawing the old unguaranteed paper, amounting to two hundred and sixty-six millions, which was issued during the Turkish War.

IN EASTERN EUROPE Bulgaria is very quiet, both politically and socially, save for some excited newspaper articles on the Macedonian question, and now that Serbia and Roumania are holding official relations with Prince Ferdinand's Government, it is hoped that the more important Powers will ere long recognise the Prince's rule—for it is surmised that neither Belgrade nor Bucharest would have ventured upon such a step without having obtained due sanction. On Sunday, the Bulgarian Finance Minister, M. Natchevitch, was shot at at Rustchuk by a man named Kisseloff, whom he had discharged for misconduct from the Diplomatic Service. The Minister, who is one of the chief leaders of the Conservative party, was only slightly wounded. In SERBIA the King's divorce suit has been set down for trial on November 22nd, but it is stated that the German and Austrian Ministers, with the Secretary to the Austrian Legation, have gone to confer on the matter with the King to Gleichenberg, where he is now staying. There is a Ministerial crisis. Mr. Christitch has resigned, and will probably be replaced by M. Jovan Ristitch. The Queen at present is at Bucharest, where she has been cordially greeted by the King and Queen of ROUMANIA. King Charles has received another mark of Austrian friendship in the form of a special invitation to Vienna on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor.

IN FRANCE President Carnot has concluded his tour through Normandy, and has returned to Fontainebleau for a short rest before undertaking a second journey—this time farther south, to Lyons and Dijon. His visit to the north has been an undoubted success. He has been everywhere cordially greeted, and though there have been a few counter cries of *Vive Boulanger*, they have in no way contributed to lessen the warmth of his reception. The only noteworthy political item this week is a letter from Don Carlos, *à propos* of the recent unveiling at Sainte Anne d'Auray of a monument to the late Comte de Chambord. The Spanish Pretender models both his style and his aspirations after those of Henry V. Remarking that Spain and France would be astonished if he kept silence on such an

occasion, he likens himself to the Comte de Chambord for "having understood as he did the grandeur and the holiness of the Royal House which has been confided to me by the Salic Law, and the ten centuries' history of my race." After asserting that "with more respect for treaties than Europe, which has twenty times violated them," he adds "I belong to Spain; I do not claim a double and legitimate crown." He declares that "like the august departed in France I am in Spain the King of all the national liberties, but I never will be the King of the Revolution." He winds up with the bombastic peroration that "How many princes of my name have recognised triumphant usurpation! Let it be so. A day will come when they themselves, or their descendants, will reverse my memory. I shall have preserved for them inviolable the right of the Bourbons, of whom I am the chief—a right which will be extinguished only with the last offspring of the race." The reference to "other princes" is a hit at the Orleansists; but they will scarcely suffer, either politically or in prestige, by this *réchauffé à la Chambord*.

IN PARIS there is a strike of the workmen at the Eiffel Tower, who are offered, but decline, a rise of wages and a buffet on the first storey, where food would be sold five per cent. cheaper than below. Another noteworthy strike has been that of the bakers at St. Ouen, where the municipality have ordered the price of bread to be lowered. The bakers thereupon shut up shop; but, finding that the mob were inclined to break their windows, and, what was even more serious, that the Paris bakers were offering to supply bread at even a lower rate than that fixed by the authorities, they have reopened their establishments, and contented themselves with addressing a protest to the Prefecture of the Seine. What with the protection duties and the bad harvest, bread riots are not unlikely to occur during the forthcoming winter, and there is already some talk of suspending the duties on corn. The only theatrical novelty is a gloomy drama at the Odéon, *Le Crime et le Châtiment*, founded on a Russian novel, which has been dramatised by MM. Paul Ginisty and Hugues Le Roux. The Rev. Dr. Isidore, Grand Rabbi of France, died on Saturday.

IN INDIA the latest reports from Afghanistan are somewhat conflicting, though the Ameer reports that his troops last week captured Kamard Fort held by the rebels, and amongst other prisoners captured the father-in-law of Ishak Khan. Two columns of the Ameer's troops by late advices were marching upon Ishak at Khanabad. Accounts from Russian sources, however, give a glowing account of Ishak's popularity, and of his determination to march upon Cabul. Under all circumstances it is probable that the proposed Cabul Mission will be indefinitely postponed. From the Thibetan Expedition there is little news save for a small affair between a patrol of Goorkhas and a foraging party of Thibetans, in which two of the enemy were taken, and one killed. The heavy rains continue, rendering any advance difficult, and in the meantime the Thibetans are busily fortifying the Natula Pass. The Black Mountain Expedition is to be officially known as "The Hazara Field Force," and all preparations are being vigorously pushed forward. The destination will probably be Takot, which was not reached by the expedition of 1868. From Burma, where there have been heavy rains and floods, comes the gratifying news that there has been a falling-off during the last fortnight in the number of disturbances. At Htigyaing in the Shwebo district, Lieutenant Beavor, R.E., was found murdered in his bed.

IN THE UNITED STATES on Tuesday, Senator Sherman made a vigorous speech in the Senate upon his resolution advocating closer relations with Canada. He declared that the retaliation proposed by President Cleveland was really a retaliation against the United States, prophesied that the Bill would not pass the Senate, and asserted that the true policy of the Government was to tender to Canada freedom of trade and intercourse, and to make that tender in such a friendly way that it should be an overture to the Canadians to become part of America.—Yellow fever is still raging in the South, and a hundred and twenty cases occurred in Jacksonville on Tuesday.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—IN SOUTH AFRICA Undabuko, Dinizulu's uncle, has surrendered to the British, and is now in custody.—AT SUAKIM there has been some heavy firing by the rebels, who number 500, and who have thrown up entrenchments and earthworks at a distance of 1,000 yards from the water forts.



THE QUEEN continues her daily drives round Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and Prince Albert Victor, and during the past week visited the Lion's Face Ballater, and to the Linn of Muick. On Saturday, Sir Maurice and Lady Fitzgerald lunched at the Castle, and the Rev. Dr. MacGregor dined with the Queen. On Sunday, Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Castle, the Rev. Dr. MacGregor, minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiating. The Duchess of Albany and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein drove over from Birkhall to attend service, and remained to luncheon with Her Majesty. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough and Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill lunched at Balmoral on Monday, and Earl Cadogan dined with the Queen in the evening, when Captain Walter Campbell arrived at the Castle, and Major-General Sir H. Ewart took his leave. The Queen has presented an engraving of herself, bearing an inscription signed by herself, to Miss Emily Faithfull.

The Prince of Wales is still in Austria, his movements are given in "Our Illustration" article. The Prince will return to London early next month, and join the Princess in Scotland. The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, were present at the close of last week at a *soirée dansante* given by the Duchess of Cumberland, at Gmunden, and on Wednesday went to a garden party given by the Queen of Hanover. The Princess and her daughters will return to England next week, and after a short stay in town go to Aberfeldie.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with Prince George of Wales and Prince Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Salonica last week.—The Empress Victoria will visit Princess Henry of Prussia at Kiel at the end of this month. She is expected in England early in November, after which she will visit Berlin, and subsequently go to Italy for the winter. It is stated that Castle Kronberg, in the Taunus Mids, has been bought by the Emperor William for 25,000*l.* for the use of his mother. The Queen of Spain has conferred on the Duke of Edinburgh the Order of the Golden Fleece, and has delegated the investiture to the Prince of Wales.

The marriage of the Crown Prince of Greece with Princess Sophia of Germany will not take place before next year. Princess Sophia has already begun to study the Greek language. The official announcement of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia to the eldest daughter of the King of Greece will shortly be made.

The christening of the infant son of Prince Waldemar of Denmark and the Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, took place last week.



THE OPERA.—Although the travelling companies directed respectively by Mr. Carl Rosa and Mr. Augustus Harris will not appear in London this autumn, yet it seems that the metropolis will not entirely be deprived of Italian Opera. A continental *impresario*, Signor Lamperti, has secured Covent Garden for four weeks, and he will open with an Italian company, probably on or about the 27th prox. The prospects of such a scheme cannot of course be determined until the official prospectus is issued, but if hackneyed compositions are avoided, and the works are adequately rendered, there is no reason why the enterprise should not prove successful.—The Russian Opera Company, who have been playing opera in their native tongue in various provincial towns in the North and Midlands, have recently added to their repertory Tchaikowsky's *Maschpa*, which had not previously been heard in this country. A brief season in London has been projected for some time past, but the management have not yet succeeded in finding a suitable theatre.—The proposed visit, next year, of a German Operatic Company, directed by Herr Hoffmann, of Cologne, has been abandoned, the manager requiring a higher guarantee than Mr. Augustus Harris was willing to grant.

THE COMING CONCERT SEASON.—Most of the arrangements for the forthcoming concert season are now practically complete. We first mention the dates of the chief serial concerts, and then append such brief details as we have been furnished with.—The Crystal Palace Saturday concerts will take place from October 13th to December 15th, and from February 9th onwards. Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, November 7th to April 19th. Popular Concerts, November 12th to December 22nd; January 7th to April 15th. London Symphony Concerts, November 20th to February 19th. Ballad Concerts, November 21st to March 13th. Novello's, December 6th to April 9th. Royal Academy Students', December 21st to July 27th. Strolling Players', December 15th to May 4th. Bach Choir, January and February. Otto Hegner Recitals, January and February. Philharmonic Concerts, March 14th to June 22nd. Richter, May 6th to July 8th. Sarasate Concerts, May to July. Concerts have also been fixed for the Heckmann Quartet, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Essipoff, Herr Stavenhagen, Mr. Ambrose Austin, Mr. Cusins, and others. The Sacred Harmonic Society have, as yet, secured no dates.

The Royal Choral Society have put forward a splendid programme, which includes Mozart's *Requiem*, November 7th; Cowen's *Ruth*, November 28th; Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, December 15th; Benoit's oratorio *Lucifer*, January 16th; Mancinelli's *Isaiah*, (first time in London), and Barnby's *The Lord is King*, February 20th; besides Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Messiahs (twice), *Redemption*, *Elijah*, and Berlioz's *Faust*.

The director of the London Symphony Concerts will this year rely upon classical and modern masterpieces instead of novelties, and will make his programme almost exclusively orchestral, soloists being employed only when the work requires their assistance. The orchestra will be maintained at its old strength, but a feature will be made of cheap prices. The shilling public will be cultivated, and those who like to subscribe for ten concerts will have reserved seats at the extremely moderate charge of three shillings per concert. Moreover, the analytical programmes will be abolished, but Mr. Henschel will have books of words distributed gratuitously.

A most interesting series of programmes has also been drawn up by Mr. Manns for the thirty-third series of Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace. The first ten of these programmes will include Hamish McCunn's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and overture, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," Dr. Parry's *Judith*, Schubert's Twenty-Third Psalm, Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, Mackenzie's *Benedictus* for violins and wind, and *Twelfth Night* overture, a "Festal" symphony by Henry Gadsby, Grieg's *At the Cloister Gate* and "Autumn" overture, an unfamiliar symphony by Goldmark, works by Moszkowski, Godard, and others, and of course a large selection of standard symphonies, concertos, and solos played by Madame Essipoff, Misses Janotha, Bauer, and Marie Douglass, Messrs. Hartvigson, Marsick, Wolff, and Ondricek, and songs undertaken by eminent artists. After the New Year novelties by Mr. Prout (an overture), Mr. McCunn (a cantata, *Kilmenny*), and Dr. Bridge, with Berlioz's *Faust* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony, are promised.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL (from *Our Special Correspondent*).—Continuing our notices of the Hereford Festival we have to record a successful performance given in the Cathedral on Wednesday evening last week of two parts of Haydn's *Creation* and other things. The choir aisles were on this occasion thrown open to the poorer classes at a shilling a head, and the attendance (1,700) was the largest of the Festival.

Thursday morning was devoted to less familiar works, and, as is usual in such cases at Hereford, the attendance dropped. We have more than once noticed Cherubini's noble *Mass* in D minor, when it was given by the Bach Choir, and twice at the Worcester Festivals, and further details are therefore unnecessary. The choir, owing doubtless to sufficient rehearsals, sang far better than usual.

Mr. Cowen's *Song of Thanksgiving*, performed for the first time in England, followed the *Mass*. Written for the opening of the Melbourne Exhibition, the *Song* is a fine, broad piece of choral work, the two principal sections of which are divided by an effective chorus, sung unaccompanied. Next came Dr. Hubert Parry's splendid choral *Ode* "Blest pair of sirens," which we noticed when it was produced by the Bach Choir last year. The programme concluded with Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley's cantata *St. Polycarp*. The work was composed as far back as 1854, and the music for the soloists is accordingly now hopelessly out of date. Not so, however, the choruses, some of which are veritably dramatic, while two more are admirable specimens of that double fugal counterpoint, examples of which every Mus. Doc. is required to give in his Degree "exercise." The miscellaneous concert in the evening was chiefly remarkable for the magnificent singing of part songs by the Leeds Choir under their own conductor, Mr. Alfred Broughton. The Festival ended on Friday with a performance of the *Messiah*, a chamber concert being given in the evening.

NOTES AND NEWS.—There will shortly once more be quite a plethora of comic opera. Madame Wolff's *Carina* will be produced at the Opera Comique on the 27th, and it will be followed (probably on the 29th) by the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy, and afterwards by *Nadji* at the Avenue, *Paul Jones* at the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Cellier's new work at the Lyric, and Signor Tito Mattei's *Grand Duke* at some other theatre.—A one day's "North Staffordshire Musical Festival" will be experimentally held at Hanley on the 11th prox., under Dr. Swinerton Heap of Birmingham. The choir and the greater part of the orchestra will be drawn from the locality, and *Elijah* will be followed by a miscellaneous concert.—Little Joseph Hofmann is cured again, and will sail next month for a tour of the United States.—The deaths are announced of Tito Ricordi, the Milanese music publisher, aged seventy-seven, and of Mrs. Seguin, once a famous operatic vocalist (it is said she sang at the Queen's Coronation) aged seventy-four.—Little Otto Hegner will return to England in January for a tour of London and the provinces.



DR. JESSOPP'S LETTER TO THE *Times* on the "restoration" of Cossey Church (commented on in our columns a fortnight ago) has elicited a considerable correspondence on that particular case, and on the law and practice of church restoration generally. Some light has incidentally been thrown by it on the impunity with which the work of so-called "restoration" has been performed in the absence of the faculty the granting of which the law nominally requires before alterations in the structure of a church can be legally effected. Where a faculty has not been procured and yet alterations have been made, "the only remedy for those aggrieved," according to a correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself "A Country Rector," is to bring every case of illegal restoration into the Chancellor's Court where redress is certain. "But," he adds, and this seems very important, "there is this difficulty, that when the clergyman is the chief offender, as he is in nine cases out of ten, no proceedings can be taken against him without the sanction of the Bishop, which is rarely, if ever, given."

THE PROVISION OF USEFUL PUBLIC WORKS in the metropolis is one of the chief objects promoted by a new body calling itself the London Workmen's County Council Committee. Replying sympathetically to a communication from them, and expressing a desire to converse with them on their programme, Cardinal Manning says:—"The experience of the last five years has made me almost hopeless. They who are chiefly responsible either do not know our state, or will not act."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The sum collected at last week's Hereford Musical Festival on behalf of the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Fund fell little short of that collected at the corresponding Festival three years ago: being 800*l.* now, against 813*l.* then.—Miss Gordon, the late General Gordon's sister, has been visiting Manchester Cathedral and inspecting the window selected for the Gordon Memorial, which, it is understood, will be placed there before the meeting of the Church Congress.—An appeal is being made for 3,000*l.* to preserve from imminent destruction the famous old Abbey at Croyland, which is not only interesting as a specimen of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture, but is the only parish Church in the borderland of the Fens.—Monsignor Persico, the Pope's envoy, preached, and afterwards imparted the Papal benediction to a crowded congregation at the Franciscan Church, Peckham, on Sunday morning last.—The annual assembly of the Congregational Union is to be held next week at Nottingham. On Tuesday, the President for the year, the Rev. Dr. Bruce of Huddersfield, will deliver his address.—Mrs. Sheridan Knowles, widow of the well known dramatist, has bequeathed 1,000*l.* each to the Pastors' College in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to the Midnight Meeting Movement (Red Lion Square), and to the Stockwell Orphanage for Boys (Clapham Road).



SIGNS of the commencement of the winter season are already upon us. To-night (Saturday), DRURY LANE opens with the spectacular, historical, romantic drama *The Armada, a Romance of 1588*; and, on Monday, the new COURT Theatre will fling wide its doors with Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of that diverting piece, *Les Surprises du Divorce*. These constitute in themselves a substantial beginning. On Monday, the VAUDEVILLE re-opens with *Joseph's Sweetheart*. The new opera by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan which is to succeed *The Mikado* at the SAVOY is also in a forward state of preparation. Meanwhile, the GLOBE is preparing to open on October 2nd with *The Monk's Room*, by Mr. John Lart, which has had a trial at a morning performance, and is now to be sustained by an exceptionally strong company; and Mr. Rutland Barrington will assume the responsibilities of management at the ST. JAMES'S on the 13th, when Mr. Grundy's comedy, *The Dean's Daughter*, founded on Mr. Phillips' novel of that name, will be played for the first time.

A little introductory piece, written by Mr. Richard Davey, and entitled *Lesbia*, was produced at the LYCEUM on Monday evening, unfortunately with no great success. Mr. Davey's theme is a lover's tiff in the days of ancient Rome. In brief, his *Lesbia* is the famous heroine of Catullus's epigrams, with the difference that it is the lady who here has to complain of faithlessness of her poet-lover, he being supposed to have proposed marriage to an antiquated Roman lady for the mere sake of her enormous wealth. Mr. Davey's *Lesbia*, who is constant and true, and really quite an exemplary personage, brings her rather contemptible admirer to book at last by feigning grief over the death of her famous sparrow, and declaring that had it been Catullus who had died she could have borne the loss. This is too much for her faithless lover, who, having got wet through in a thunder shower outside, is enabled to reflect with more coolness on his matrimonial project, and to sue in turn to his mistress for forgiveness. The lack of action in the little piece was against it; still more was the lack of sincerity in the performance of Miss Beatrice Cameron and Mr. J. T. Sullivan. The author's commonplace lines, however, did not help it much. We fear we must add that the gallery, being unversed in Latin poetry, were so far from feeling respect for *Lesbia's* sparrow that they appeared to regard the whole business of his pretended decease and his mistress's feigned grief as silly and impertinent. Hence, as Scrub expressed it, they "laughed consumedly," and were manifestly entertained in a very different way from what the author intended. Here we may note that Mr. Mansfield, though contemplating an early change in the bill, is still enacting the dual part of Hyde and Jekyll with all that imaginative power that renders his performance so remarkable.

Kleptomaniæ, a farcical comedy by Mr. Mark Melford, which, after a preliminary performance at a *matinée*, is promoted to the evening bill at the STRAND Theatre, is a harmless piece of drollery in three acts. Exception has been taken in some quarters to the taste of the author in "making fun" out of the "distressing malady" of Lady Blair, who has an unconscious habit of "annexing" unconsidered trifles; but kleptomaniæ is at least as lawful a subject for mirth as habitual drunkenness, which farce-writers are permitted, nevertheless, to turn to account without serious rebuke. There is such a thing as being too nice in these matters; and we are strongly of opinion that this observation applies to the censures that have been applied to Mr. Melford's production. Lady Blair's propensity, being perfectly well known and understood, occasions no very serious disaster; while the efforts of her family to keep it from her knowledge, as well as from that of Dr. Andrew Smalley, a middle-aged College Don, and a suitor for the hand of the lady's daughter, are productive of a quick succession of genuinely comic situations. The part of the Professor, in Mr. Edouin's hands, is extremely amusing. In other respects the piece is satisfactorily, though not particularly, well acted. Miss Susie

Vaughan's Lady Blair would certainly be more convincing if that actress could contrive to endow the sketch with some little suggestion of flighty extravagance. Apart from Mr. Edouin's clever sketch of character, the best pieces of acting are those of Mr. C. S. Fawcett, Mr. Albert Chevalier, Miss Lillie Bryer, and Miss Madge Johnstone. For the indispensable burlesque afterpiece the management have furnished up the late Mr. Byron's *Aladdin*, which has been provided with new songs, music, and scenery, together with extra dances and interpolated allusions to topics of the day. Thus modified it brings in the services of Miss Alice Atherton as the boy Aladdin, "the wonderful scamp," and, indeed, gives employment to the whole strength of the company. For those who have a taste for this bright and frolicsome, though rather empty, form of entertainment, *Aladdin* at the Strand seems to be well suited.

"THE JODRELL" is the oddly-sounding name under which the hitherto rather unfortunate NOVELTY Theatre is to open, renovated and redecored, about the end of next month. The explanation is that it has been taken by Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell, the amateur actress and a connection of the Duke of Marlborough's family, who has lately exhibited an intention to adopt the stage as a profession. Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell has wisely adopted a determination to abolish fees and other kindred nuisances which are still cherished by some old-fashioned managements.

The National STANDARD Theatre in Shoreditch is to be sold by auction. It is stated to be capable of holding 4,200 persons, which is more than is claimed for Drury Lane. So vast a building is, of course, calculated to destroy all the finer qualities of acting; but these vast suburban houses cater for local audiences, who do not look for subtlety but rather for coarse strong effects.

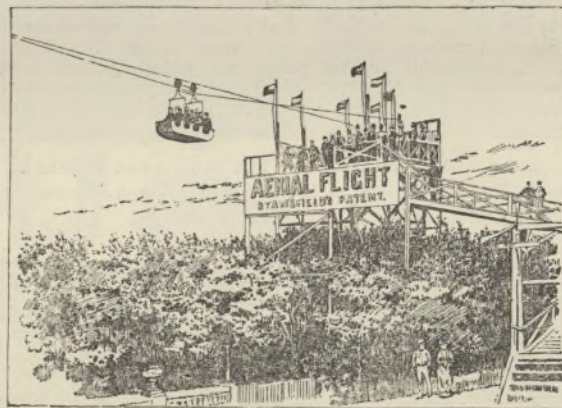
During her forthcoming provincial tour Miss Mary Anderson will appear in Miss Ellen Terry's original part of the heroine in Lord Tennyson's poetical drama *The Cup*. Her proposed appearance in *The Falcon* also seems a more doubtful venture. The Boccaccian story of the poor nobleman who cooked his favourite bird rather than confess his inability to feed his guests is decidedly better adapted for reading than for the stage, as it proved when this little piece was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

It will be remembered that in his recent valedictory speech at the close of his management of the ST. JAMES'S, Mr. Kendal announced an intention of producing a new play by Mr. Pinero "in the provinces." The piece, which bears the title of *The Weaker Sex*, will be brought out in Manchester on the 28th inst.

THE AÉRIAL FLIGHT

ON Monday, the 10th instant, several persons were injured at Blackpool on the occasion of an "aerial flight," an invention which is intended to rival the switchback and toboggan, and which, it is asserted, gives the sensation of ballooning without danger. A wire rope gave way, and a car in which were seated four men and three women, was dashed to the ground from a height of about thirty feet. Only one of the party was seriously injured, and he is progressing satisfactorily. Mr. Stansfield, patentee and manager of the "Aerial Flight," sends the following account of the cause of the accident:—

"The sole cause of the accident was the breaking of an iron shackle which fitted over one of the anchor posts at the south end. The fracture was due to a flaw in the iron not visible on the outside, but now showing clearly at the points of fracture. To this shackle



THE START

one end of the main cable was attached, with the result that when the former broke, the cable slackened down, causing the loaded car to descend rapidly in an oblique direction to the ground, and in so doing it came in contact with the first part of the terrace wall projecting to the right, as shown in the photo. The car usually passes over this part of the wall at a height of seven or eight feet. Had



IN MID-COURSE

there been no wall, there would have been no serious injury done to any of the passengers, as the car would simply have run along the ground upon the wheels fixed in the base of it, which are visible on the photo. The height of the 'Aerial Flight' at the starting platform is forty feet, and on the landing stage twenty-five feet. The total length of the flight is 600 feet.



THE TURF.—At Doncaster on Thursday last week Goldseeker scored his third victory during the meeting by winning the Portland Plate. Castlenock and Nina were his nearest opponents. Grafton won the Scarborough Stakes for Sir George Chetwynd, and Hugo

the Wharnclyffe Stakes for Mr. Childwick. Both the last-named scored again next day, Grafton taking the Doncaster Cup, and Hugo the Westmorland Stakes. The most important event, however, was the Park Hill Stakes. Briar-Root and Zanzibar were among the half-dozen which came to the post, and the latter, on the strength of her forward running in the St. Leger, was made favourite. Neither she nor the Oaks winner could obtain a place, however, and the winner turned up in Mr. C. Perkins's useful filly, Belle Mahone. Rada walked over for the Doncaster Stakes. As usual, a large number of yearlings were disposed of during the week. Good, but not extraordinary, prices were paid for many of them. Mr. Douglas Baird gave 2,800 guineas for a colt by Bend Or—Tiger Lily; Mr. W. Low 2,600 for Gold Wing, a filly by St. Simon—Crucible; Lord Penrhyn 2,500 for a filly by Fitz-James—Briony; Mr. R. Marsh 2,250 for Merry Monk, a colt by Rosicrucian—Bonnie Katie; and Captain Machell 2,000 exactly for a colt by Rosicrucian—Nameless.

There was racing at Leicester on Tuesday and Wednesday. On the first day Padua won the Bradford Plate and Pillery the September Plate, while Miss Maud secured the Village Nursery Handicap from Blood Royal and half a dozen others, and Mainbeam won the Welbeck Selling Plate, Blood Royal again being second. Mainbeam scored again next day in the Mapperley Selling Plate, and altogether his owner, Baron C. De Tuyl, must have done well, for his Pelham divided the Quorn Welter Handicap with Mr. G. Haughton's Arundel. Ilfra won the Glen Plate, and Carnival the Midland Nursery Handicap. At Ayr, on Wednesday, the only event of importance was a Nursery Handicap Plate, won by Mr. D. J. Jardine's colt by Fitz-James—Amabel.

Stuart, the best three-year-old in France, and, possibly the best in the world, broke down while at exercise last week. Consequently the Prix Royal Oak at the Paris Meeting, on Sunday, fell an easy prey to Galao. Dauphin won the Omnium.

Fullerton, it seems, should not have been included in the Cesarewitch acceptances. The weights have consequently been further raised 9 lbs. all round. Minting has been backed at a ridiculously short price for the Cambridgeshire.

CRICKET.—With the third match between the Australians and Surrey this week the season will be over. It is quite pleasant to be able to record a Colonial victory. On Wednesday the Cornstalks (thanks chiefly to a fine innings of 84 played by Lyons, who has come out in a surprising manner of late) defeated a strong batting, but somewhat weak bowling, eleven of the South of England by nine wickets. This only made up, however, for a second severe defeat experienced by them against Shaw and Shrewsbury's Eleven last week. In the first innings against the bowling of Briggs and Lohmann they could only put together 35, but did better in the second.

The Parsees have left us after a more successful season than usual. They won eight and lost eleven of their thirty-one matches. Next year will probably see them here again.—At Hastings the South beat the North by a few runs after a closely-contested game.

FOOTBALL.—The struggle for the League Championship bids fair to produce some very interesting matches. At present, West Bromwich Albion, Preston North End, and Everton lead with two victories each. The Canadians were beaten by Scotland on Wednesday. Their score now stands four wins, three defeats, and two draws.

CYCLING.—Mr. F. J. Osmond, of the Brixton Ramblers, rode a mile in 2 min. 31 4-5 sec. last week, thus breaking Furnivall's record. He also won the Five Miles Scratch Race at the Kildare B.C. Meeting, for the second year in succession, and so secured the Cup. W. Wood, of North Shields, won the Twenty Miles Professional Championship on Saturday. Howell was only third.



AS PRESIDENT OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSION on "Parnellism and Crime," Sir James Hannen at its preliminary meeting on Monday gave a luminous account of the scope of its inquiry, and of the course of procedure to be followed. These elucidations and the decisions of the Court on various points which were debated by the counsel for the accusers, Mr. Graham, in the absence of the Attorney-General, representing the *Times*, and for the accused, Sir Charles Russell appearing for the Irish parliamentary party, have been received with expressions of the utmost satisfaction by the very organs of party opinion which had not hesitated previously to throw doubt on the impartiality of the Commission as likely to be prejudiced against the Parnellites, and to carp at the terms of the reference to the Commission. The rules of procedure and evidence which prevail in the Superior Courts of Justice are to guide the inquiry in the first instance. To facilitate this the Commissioners decided that the inquiry should formally open by the counsel for the *Times* tendering evidence in support of the charges made by the Attorney-General when defending that journal in the action for libel brought against it by Mr. O'Donnell. The proceedings on Monday closely resembled those before a Judge at Chambers in an ordinary action. One of the keenest contests between the respective counsel arose out of an application by Sir Charles Russell, and opposed by Mr. Graham, that the *Times* should be ordered to "discover" all documents in its possession bearing on the charges brought by it. This application was probably made in part, at least, in order to find out whether the *Times* has in its archives more letters than those to which it has given publicity, purporting to be signed by Mr. Parnell and others. This point was decided against the *Times*, which, however, was granted its application for a similar discovery to be made by the Parnellites, the Court reserving to itself the power to order an inspection of the documents disclosed. The *Times* was also ordered to give definite particulars of the charges which it purposes to substantiate. An application by Sir Charles Russell to have Patrick Egan examined by commission in the United States was provisionally refused, and that for the liberation of Mr. Dillon on bail needs no further reference since his unconditional discharge. The inquiry will be formally opened on Monday, October 22nd, to which day the Commission adjourned.

MR. BERNARD G. WILSON, the solicitor who defended Galletly and two others at the trial of the Regent's Park murder, has been committed at the Marylebone Police Court for writing a letter, signed with his name, and published in a local newspaper, seriously impugning the conduct, at and before the trial, of the two youths, Cleary and Brown, who gave evidence for the prosecution. It was urged by the defendant's counsel that the letter was a fair comment on a matter of public interest, and therefore privileged. The magistrate, however, ruled that privilege could only be claimed by the members of newspaper staffs, and not by a private person, especially when he was a solicitor who had been engaged in the case. The defendant was liberated on his own recognisances.

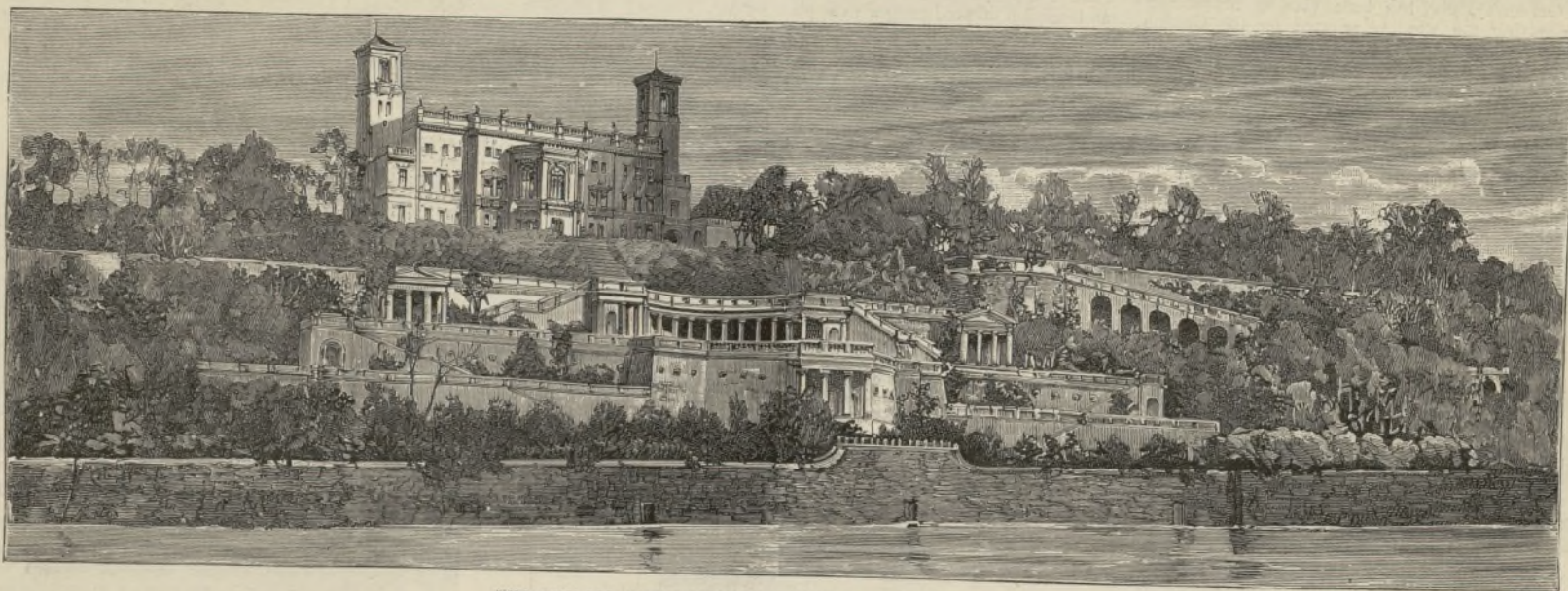
BLINDNESS IS GREATLY ON THE INCREASE in the United States having risen 140 per cent. within the last decade. Now there are over 50,000 blind people in the country, and their enforced idleness is estimated to have caused the nation a loss of 5,000,000*l.* last year.



MR. P. H. GOSSE
Born 1810. Died August 23, 1888

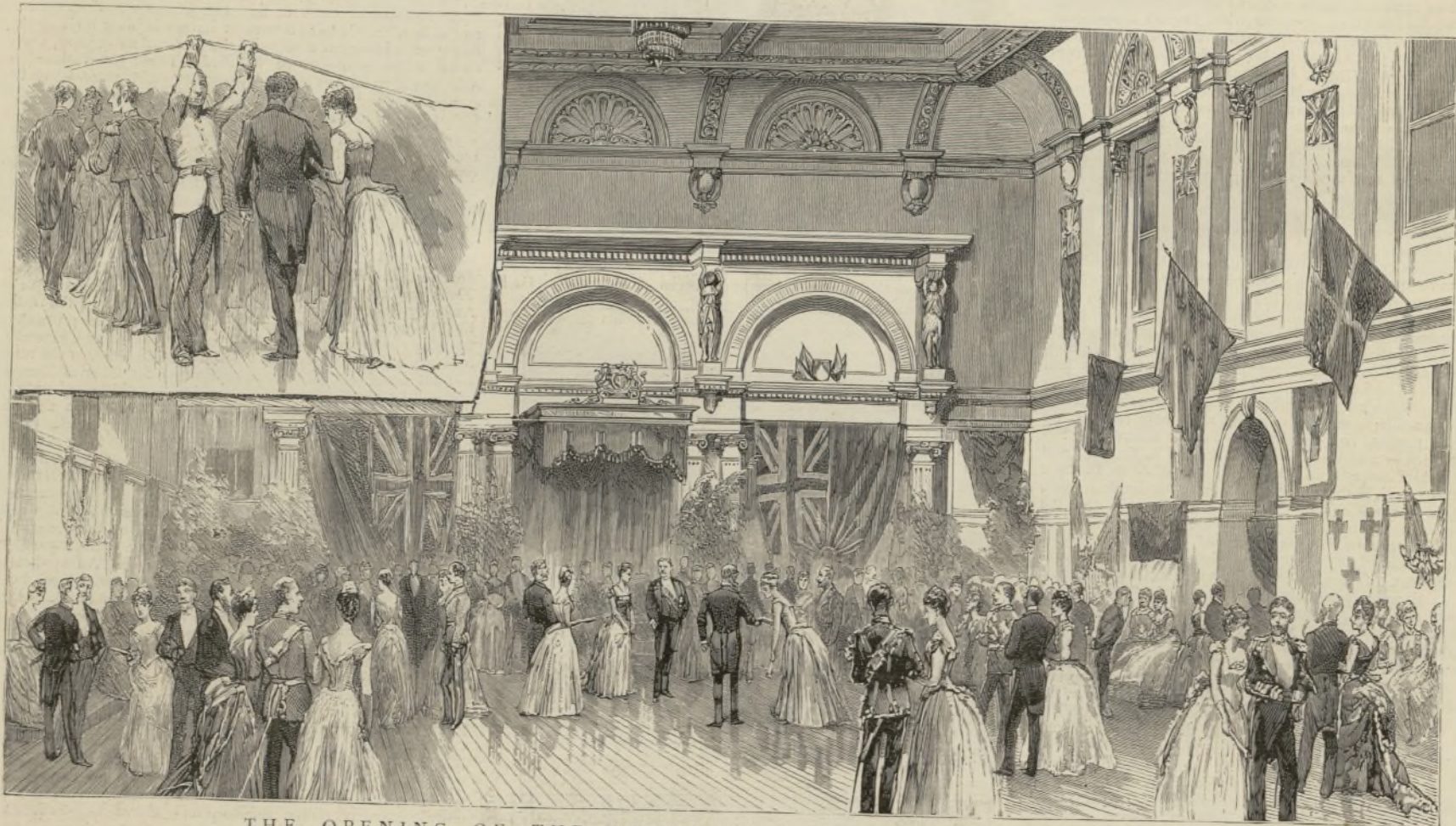


MAJOR E. M. BARTELLOT
Born 1859. Assassinated July 19, 1888



THE SCHLOSS ALBRECHTSBURG, ON THE ELBE, NEAR DRESDEN
The probable Future Residence of the Empress-Dowager Frederick of Germany

AN ORDERLY RAISING THE ROPE
FOR DANCERS TO PASS



THE OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
THE BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE



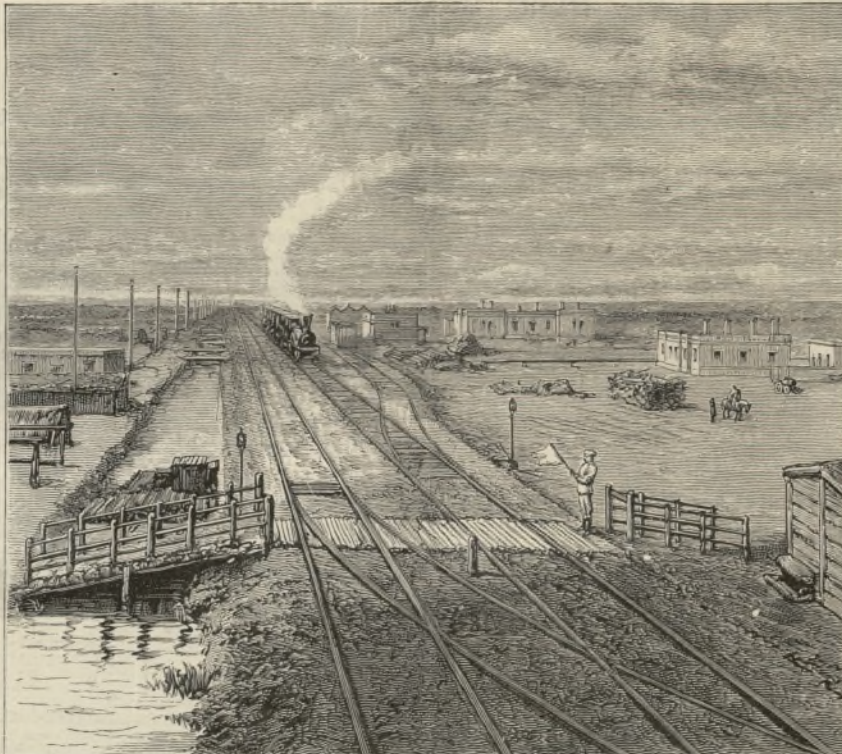
TEKKÉ FORTRESS OF GEOK TEPÉ, SHOWING THE HOLES IN WHICH THE TURCOMANS HID THEMSELVES FOR PROTECTION FROM THE RUSSIAN MISSILES



MAKING A CUTTING—ASSES TAKING AWAY THE EARTH IN PANNIERS



RAILWAY DEPÔT



STATION AT DUSHAK, THE FURTHEST POINT SOUTH, WHENCE THE LINE MAY BE CONTINUED TO THE AFGHAN FRONTIER



AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE—LAYING THE RAILS AT THE RATE OF FOUR MILES A DAY



CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE NEAR SAMARKAND

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA, III.
VIEWS ON THE NEW TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY FROM THE CASPIAN SEA TO SAMARKAND

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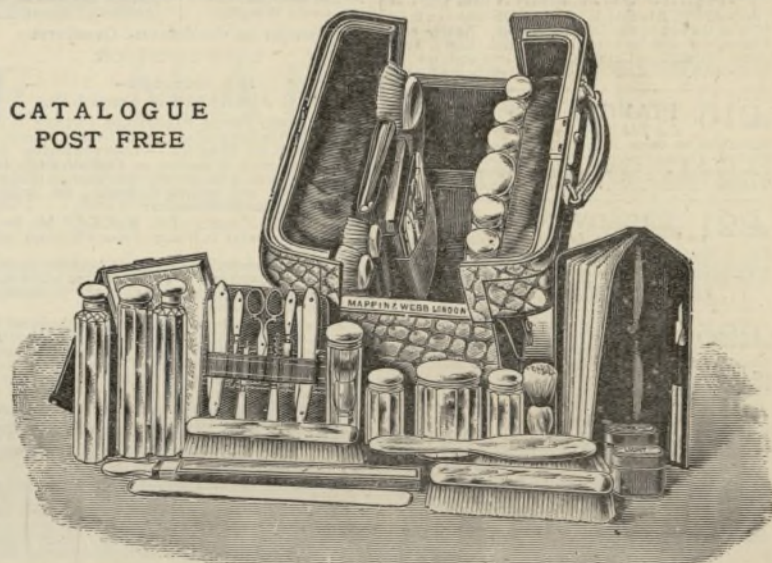
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Then Clara uplifted her pure, clear voice, and sang.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

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

CHAPTER XXI.

LIKE the fairy Pari-Banou's magic tent, which could shelter an army of ten thousand men, and yet was capable of being folded into the smallness of a handkerchief, what one calls "the world" shrinks and stretches to suit the individual case. Into the world of Polly and Patty Piper Lord Castlecombe and his family sorrows entered not at all. They might occasionally be viewed afar from the tent door; but even that distant recognition was not vouchsafed to them now, when the great event of the musical party absorbed the attention of the two sisters.

In addition to Miss Clara Bertram and Mr. Cleveland Turner, the occasion was to be graced by the presence of Signor Vincenzo Valli. He was on a visit to a noble family in Mr. Sweeting's neighbourhood, and had volunteered to accompany that gentleman and his protégé to Miss Piper's party. This honour, like other honours, was somewhat of a burthen as well as a distinction. The programme of the evening's performance, so carefully and anxiously arranged beforehand, must be modified to suit Signor Valli; who, if he condescended to sing at all, would do so only in accordance with his own caprice. And this would probably occasion difficulties; since, although Miss Bertram's amiability might be reckoned on, Mr. Cleveland Turner took a more stiff-necked view of his own importance, and would not be disposed to yield the *pas* to Valli. Still Miss Piper had no cowardly regrets on hearing of the distinction

which was to befall her. She rose to the occasion, and was prepared to undergo with a Spartan smile almost any impertinence from the popular singing master.

"I ought to understand how to manage artists, if anybody does," said she, remembering the many cups of tea she had poured out for that irritable genus in old times.

But the crowning interest and glory of the evening to her would be the performance of an air from *Esther*, which Miss Bertram had promised to sing. The Misses Piper had invited her to visit them at first from disinterested kindness; the young singer being tired with the work of the season, and in need of rest and change of air. Under these circumstances, both the sisters were too thoroughly gentlemen to hint at her singing for them. But Clara Bertram, casting about in her mind for some way to show her gratitude to the kindly old maids, had herself proposed to sing "something from *Esther*." And the offer was too tempting to be refused.

The composition selected was of the most infantile simplicity, and could have been learned by heart in ten minutes. But a copy of it had been sent to town a fortnight ago for Miss Bertram to "study." And Mr. Simpson had been supposed to be "studying" the accompaniment for an equal length of time. In fact, the performance of the air from *Esther* was the original germ out of which the musical party at Garnet Lodge had been developed.

Clara Bertram arrived in Oldchester the morning before the great day: partly in order that she might not be over-tired, and partly to

give the opportunity for a rehearsal of the air with Mr. Simpson. "Oh, I'm sure we need not trouble Mr. Simpson," Clara began, thoughtlessly. "It is certain to go all right." But Miss Polly would not allow such a lax view of responsibility.

"Excuse me, my dear," she said, "but the music of *Esther* is not quite a drawing-room ballad. Not that you will not sing it charmingly—perfectly! There is no doubt about that. But there is a certain breadth—a certain style of phrasing, necessary for sacred music. It is most important that the accompanist should understand your *reading* of the air. Indeed, I am anxious to hear it myself. I have my own idea as to the proper rendering of the opening phrase, 'Hear, O King, and grant me my petition!' But I shan't say a word until I have heard you. Your idea may be better than mine! Ha, ha, ha! Who knows? 'Hear, Oh King, and grant——!' My own notion would be to begin softly—almost *solito voce*—in a timid manner: 'Hear, O King; and then to rise into a *crescendo* as the strain proceeds, 'and grant me my PETITION!' But I won't say a word. You must sing it as you *feel* it."

May was, by special favour, admitted to the rehearsal. She had called to see Clara Bertram on the afternoon of her arrival, and was ushered into the long, low, old-fashioned drawing-room, where she found Miss Piper seated at one end of it, amid a wilderness of rout-seats, and Mr. Sebastian Bach Simpson at the piano, near to which Miss Bertram was standing.

"Oh, it's dear May Cheffington!" said Miss Piper, who had

turned round sharply at the opening of the door. "Yes, yes; come in, my dear. Not at home to anybody else, Rachel! Not to anybody, do you hear? Now come and sit down by me, my dear. She is going to try 'Hear, O King.' Very glad to see you; you are so sympathetic, and such a favourite with Clara! There now, don't make her talk! Nothing worse for the voice than talking. Come and sit down."

May was, indeed, scarcely allowed to exchange greetings with her friend, who whispered smilingly, "We'll have our chat by and by." Then Mr. Simpson struck up the first chords of the symphony, and there was breathless silence. He had not played three bars, however, before Miss Piper jumped up and ran to the piano.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Mr. Simpson, for offering a suggestion to sound a musician as yourself, but don't you think a little more stress might be laid on that chord of the diminished seventh? It prepares the way, you see, for the pleading tone of the composition. *Le-da, de-da*—like that! Oh, thank you! *Quite* my meaning. Please go on."

But Mr. Simpson did not proceed far without receiving another "suggestion."

"A little more force and fulness, don't you think, in that resolution of the discord? I should like a richer effect."

"I don't know how to make it richer," rasped out Mr. Simpson. "It is the simple common chord, just four notes—C, E, G, C. I sounded 'em all. I can play the bass as an octave, if you think that'll be any richer."

"Oh, thank you! Yes, I really think it will. You see *Esther* was scored for full orchestra, and the composer's ear hankers after the instrumental effects. But that octave in the bass is a great improvement. Many thanks!"

And in this fashion the symphony was at length got through.

Then Clara uplifted her pure, clear voice, and sang. May listened in delight. Surely Miss Polly must be enchanted! Even Mr. Simpson's hard visage relaxed, as the thrilling notes rose in sweet, pathetic pleading. When they ceased, he wheeled round on the music-stool, and exclaimed with the most unwonted fervour, "It's the loveliest soprano voice I've heard since your great namesake, Clara Novello's. Some of your notes remind me of her altogether. Not that I expect to hear anything *quite* like her. Let the Bright Seraphim, on this side of Paradise."

May turned to Miss Piper. But, to her astonishment, Miss Piper's face did not express unmingled delight. There was some slight and indefinable shade on it.

"Well, I do think that is most beautiful," said May.

"Do you, my dear? Do you really?"

"Why, how is it possible to think otherwise, Miss Piper? No one could, surely!"

"Well, it is very kind of you to say so, my dear; and, to be frank, it shows a power of appreciation not quite common at your age. Of course it would be affectation on my part, at this time of day, and with my reputation behind me, to say I am surprised. But I am gratified, very much gratified. And don't you think Miss Bertram did her part delightfully?"

May looked at her blankly, unable to say a word in reply. Fortunately, no reply was needed, for Miss Piper bustled up to Clara and thanked her, and praised her. But still her manner fell decidedly short of its usual cordial heartiness. At length, with many apologies and flowery speeches, she begged that the air might be repeated, if Clara were sure it would not tire her; and, this being at once conceded, she asked, hesitatingly, "And would you mind if I offered a little suggestion? Just a hint!"

"Certainly not, dear Miss Piper! I will do my best to carry out your idea."

"Oh, that is so sweet of you! Thank you a thousand times! If Mr. Simpson will kindly oblige us once more—? Now, you see, it is just here, on that G in alt, where the voice rises on the words, 'Grant, oh, grant me my petition!' The word 'grant,' according to my original conception, should be given with a sort of wail—not, of course, an unmusical sound; but just with a tinge of sadness expressive of the then miserable and depressed condition of the Jewish nation; and, at the same time, with a tone—an *underlying* tone, as it were—conveying the latent hope (which really was in Queen Esther's mind all along, you know) that by her efforts brighter days might yet be in store for them. You feel what I mean?"

"I will try my best," answered Clara, gently. And then she sang the air again—precisely as she had sung it before.

"Now," cried Miss Piper, jumping up and clapping her hands in an ecstasy of triumph, "it is *perfect*—absolutely perfect!"

She poured out unstinted thanks and compliments to both singer and accompanist, observing to the latter that this recalled the great days of the public performance of *Esther*, and that she considered Miss Bertram's rendering of "Hear, O King," far superior to that of the well-known vocalist who had sung it originally. "But then, you see, she could not, or would not, take a hint. Consequently—although, of course, she sang the notes perfectly—she never fully mastered my conception. Now a word has been enough to show Miss Bertram the inner meaning of my music; and she interprets it in the most *exquisite* manner."

Before going away May contrived to have a few words with Clara Bertram in her room.

"It is such a pleasure to hear you sing again," said May. "How I wish Granny could hear you!"

"Will not your grandmamma be here to-morrow evening?"

"Oh, no," answered May, colouring. "Granny does not go out to parties. She does not belong to the class of the ladies and gentlemen who come here. Her husband was a tradesman in this town. But she is the finest creature in the world. And she has more real dignity than any one I know."

"Your grandmamma lives here? But then—how is it?—your mother is not a foreigner?"

"A foreigner? Good gracious! No. My mother was Miss Susan Dobbs. She died years ago, when I was a little child. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I fancied—Valli said something about having known Madame Cheffington abroad."

"That was possible. My parents lived abroad for years. My father is on the Continent now. I and the two little brothers before me were born in Belgium."

"Oh! I suppose that must be it," said Clara, slowly. "Valli talks at random sometimes."

"Signor Valli talks very much at random if he ever said my mother was a foreigner. By the way, do you know he is to be here to-morrow evening?"

"Yes; so I hear."

"You do not hear it with rapture, apparently."

"No; I do not like him very much."

"He likes you very much, if appearances may be trusted," said May, laughingly.

"He is always making love to me after his fashion. That is why I do not like him."

Clara spoke gravely, but with her habitual serenity. There was something in her manner which seemed to be akin to her voice; something clear, but not cold: a crystal with the sun in it.

"Oh, that is hideous, isn't it?" cried May, with eager fellow-feeling. "When people want to marry you, and you shudder at the bare idea of marrying them."

"I don't think Valli wants to marry me," answered Clara, calmly. "Indeed, I believe he feels a great deal of hostility towards me at times. He is never satisfied unless his pupils will, more or less,

flirt with him—a kind of philandering, which I object to. Besides, it wastes one's time. But he has been spoiled more than you would believe by fashionable ladies. I suppose you never read much of George Sand's writings?"

"No," answered May, opening great eyes of wonder.

"Nor I, except 'Consuelo,' and the sequel to it. I read them for the musical part, which is wonderfully good. Well, in the 'Comtesse de Rudolstadt' there is a certain Monsieur de Poelnitz, of whom it is said that *en qualité d'ex-roué il n'aimait pas les filles vertueuses*. It always seems to me that Valli, in his quality of philanderer, dislikes women who won't flirt, whether he wants to flirt with them himself or not."

"How odious! How despicable!"

"And yet he has his good qualities. He is very faithful and generous to his family, and sends a great part of his earnings to them in their little Sicilian village."

Then, seeing that May still looked very much shocked and astonished, Clara added, in a lighter tone, "But let us talk of something more pleasant. You were speaking of your grandmamma. If you think she would like it, I should be so glad to go and sing to her at her own house."

"Like it! Of course she would like it! And I scarcely know how to thank you as you ought to be thanked, for fear of sounding like Miss Piper!"

Clara smiled. "Miss Piper and her sister are both very kind to me," she said.

"Yes; but I wish Miss Polly wasn't so ridiculous. Of course, her music is poor and silly. It is only your beautiful singing that makes it sound well. But then you could make 'Baa, baa, black-sheep' sound well! And then to hear the outrageous, conceited nonsense she talks—! I wonder that you can endure it so meekly. I couldn't!" answered May, with the trenchant intolerance of her eighteen years.

"Oh yes; you could, under the circumstances. I am only too glad to give the kind old lady any pleasure. And she is *not* so outrageously conceited—for an amateur. But now I fear I must turn you out, much as I should like you to stay. For Miss Piper sent me upstairs to lie down; and if she finds I am not doing so, I shall have to drink another cupful of Miss Patty's excellent beef tea, which is so strong it makes me feel quite tipsy!"

CHAPTER XXII.

ON the following evening Garnet Lodge wore a brilliantly festive appearance. Miss Polly was dressed betimes. An unprecedented variety of geological specimens adorned her wrists and fingers, and hung over the bosom of her lavender satin gown. She was walking up and down the drawing-room, surveying the rows of empty rout-seats, full three-quarters of an hour before the earliest guest could be expected to arrive. She was strung up for the great occasion; but, although excited, she was not apprehensive. Miss Patty, on the other hand, was very nervous. "I am a little anxious about the jellies, Polly; and about that new waiter from Winnick's. But I could face all that, if it wasn't for 'Hear, O King.' To think of hearing it again, after all these years! I'm afraid it will upset me. I'll take a back place near the door, for I'm sure to cry, but then I can slip out if necessary."

"You need not be ashamed of your tears, my dear Patty. Very probably you will not be the only person powerfully affected."

"Well, I don't know. I don't remember that anybody cried when *Esther* was brought out at Mercers' Hall," returned Miss Patty, thoughtfully.

The first persons to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. Amelia was resplendent in a new pink silk gown, which seemed to magnify her florid proportions, and made her a conspicuous object from every part of the room. She was beaming with delight; and her gratification at finding herself in Garnet Lodge under the present circumstances was so frankly and exuberantly expressed, as to cause some mortification to her husband.

"This is, indeed, a memorable evening, dear Misses Piper," she began. (For Patty had by this time joined her sister in the drawing-room.) "I was telling Bassy that he ought to feel himself honoured by being selected to officiate—if I may so express it—at the pianoforte, on this extremely interesting and auspicious occasion."

"The honour is to me, Mrs. Simpson," answered Polly Piper politely.

"There (turning suddenly round with such vehemence as to sweep down a rout seat with her pink silk skirts)! What did I tell you, Bassy? Whatever may be the opinion of certain persons enriched by manufactures—and yet, after all, what should we do without manufactures? How many of us would be capable of dealing with the raw material? Blankets, for instance: take a sheep!—But still I always say to Bassy, 'Believe me, the *real* gentry acknowledge and revere the position of the Fine Arts.'"

"Now, Amelia, hadn't you better mind what you're doing?" said Mr. Simpson, setting the fallen rout seat on its legs again. She irritated him occasionally, but he admired her smart gown very much nevertheless; and thought she looked remarkably well in it, and "quite the lady."

Other guests arriving now claimed the hostess's attention. And presently Clara Bertram, in her simple black evening dress, came into the room. Then appeared Mrs. Martin Bransby on the arm of her stepson, and bearing excuses from her husband, who was not feeling well enough to come out that evening. Her appearance called forth ejaculations of admiration from Mrs. Simpson, which, however exaggerated they might sound, were quite sincere. Mrs. Simpson gave utterance to a kind of prose rhapsody on the subject of Mrs. Bransby's dress; and then, bowing graciously to Theodore, said, "And Mr. Bransby, junior, too! When I had the pleasure of unexpectedly, and, indeed, fortuitously, meeting him the other evening at the house of a mutual friend, I remarked that he was paying Miss Piper a high compliment in abandoning Thetis" (the good lady probably meant Themis) "for the seductions of Apollo. But we are told, on the poet's authority, that 'music hath charms to soothe the savage.' Not, of course, that the epithet is applicable in this case. Quite the contrary." Then, turning her glistening spectacles on the young man, she playfully added, "But, in addition to the magic of the lyre, we have what Hamlet—if I mistake not—so eloquently characterises as 'metal more attractive': a collection of youth and beauty which might really, without hyperbole, be termed a bevy."

"That is an intolerable woman," muttered Theodore, between his teeth, as he conducted his stepmother to a seat.

"Oh, poor Simmy!" remonstrated Mrs. Bransby. "She is a good creature. But to-night she is in what Bobby and Billy call one of her 'dictionary moods.'"

Rapidly the room filled up. Besides many other Oldchester notabilities with whom this chronicle is not concerned, there were present Major Mitton, Canon and Mrs. Hadlow (the latter bringing May under her wing), Owen Rivers, who came alone, Dr. Hatch, and Mr. Bragg.

Mr. Bragg, after paying his respects to the ladies of the house, and standing for a few minutes in his silent, forlorn-looking way, went up to May, and said, "Will you come and have a cup of tea, Miss Cheffington? They say hot tea cools you. That seems strange, don't it? But I believe it's true. Rule of contraries, I suppose."

May did not wish for any tea; but she saw Theodore Bransby hovering in the distance, and she accepted Mr. Bragg's proffered arm almost

eagerly. She rather liked Mr. Bragg. His slow, quiet, common-sensible manner was soothing. And she knew enough of his unostentatious good works in Oldchester to have a considerable esteem for him.

He piloted May into the dining-room, where tea and coffee were being served; and where the new waiter from Winnick's was, so far, conducting himself in an exemplary manner.

"Have one of those little cakes, Miss Cheffington? They look very good."

"No, thank you."

Mr. Bragg provided May with a cup of tea, and then took one of the little cakes himself. "They eat uncommonly short," said he with strong, though quiet, approbation. "All the eatables seem good."

"Not a doubt of it. Miss Patty is a wonderful housekeeper."

"Now do you suppose she made those little cakes herself?"

"I cannot tell. But I am sure she could if she chose. She makes excellent cakes."

"Ah! I remember her giving me some very good ideas about a beefsteak pudding. I tried to make my cook do one according to her receipt. But it didn't answer," said Mr. Bragg with a sigh. Presently he remarked, as he slowly stirred his tea round and round, "This is a bad job about Mr. George Cheffington."

"Yes; I am very sorry for Lord Castlecombe."

"Ah, your uncle—or great-uncle, is he?—I'm not much of a hand at remembering the ins and outs of families—is hard hit. But he bears up wonderfully, to outward appearance."

"Have you seen him, Mr. Bragg?"

"Yes; saw him o' Monday about some business. He's a keen hand at a bargain, is Lord Castlecombe. I don't know that I ever met with a keener."

"Poor old man!"

"Ay, that's what I say, Miss Cheffington. Keeness, and all that is very well, so long as you've got somebody to be keen for. But it's a dreary thing to be alone in advancing years. I feel it myself, though I'm, well, I dare say, nigh upon twenty years younger than his lordship."

There was a little pause, during which Mr. Bragg sipped his tea and ate another cake. Then he repeated, "It's a dreary thing to be alone."

"Are you alone, Mr. Bragg?" asked May, feeling that she was expected to say something. "I thought you had sons and daughters."

"Only one son, and he's away in South America—settled in Buenos Ayres years ago. He's a rich man already, is Joshua. I started him well, though I hadn't so much money in those days as I have now, not by a deal, and he's done well. And he married a lady with money—a Spanish merchant's daughter. No; there's no likelihood of Josh coming home to England to keep me company, even supposing I wanted him to."

Then ensued another pause. Then Mr. Bragg said, "I'm to have the pleasure of meeting you at Glengowrie this autumn, I understand."

"No; I have decided not to go. I have written to Mrs. Griffin to say so."

"Oh! What—on account of this death in your family?"

"No, I cannot say that. It would be mere pretence. I never saw George Cheffington in my life; and he was not a very close relation."

Mr. Bragg nodded approvingly. "That's a straightforward way of looking at it," he said. "But I'm disappointed you ain't to be at Glengowrie."

"Thank you. But my absence will not make much difference, I should say."

"I don't know. It might make a deal of difference," returned Mr. Bragg, speaking even more slowly than was his wont. "But where *shall* you be then?"

"Where I like best to be; here, with Granny."

"Granny?"

"My grandmother, Mrs. Dobbs. You must know her by name, at all events, for you are her tenant."

"What, old Dobbs, the ironmonger's widow?—begging your pardon."

May drew herself up with a proud movement of the head, which might have satisfied even the deceased dowager that there was a strong strain of the Cheffington nature in her. "There is nothing to beg pardon for, Mr. Bragg," she said haughtily. "You cannot suppose that I am ashamed of my grandparents."

"You've no call to be ashamed of them; but people don't always see things in the right light," answered Mr. Bragg, composedly.

"Yes; to be sure, now I come to think of it, Mrs. Dobbs's daughter did marry—Ah! Of course, Susan Dobbs was your mother! I never knew her to speak to; but I remember her. Uncommonly pretty she was, too. Why I might ha' known—! But, you see, your aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, never mentioned your mother's family."

At this moment Owen Rivers approached them. He said he had been sent by Mrs. Bransby to look for May; and, thereupon, carried her off to the drawing-room. Mr. Bragg remained behind, pondering for a minute or so. "To think of this girl being Lord Castlecombe's grand-niece and old Dobbs's granddaughter! Well, things do turn out queer in this world!" Then Mr. Bragg, also, repaired to the drawing-room.

The musical portion of the evening went off brilliantly. But the great success was undoubtedly Clara Bertram's performance of "Hear, O King!" She sang poor Polly Piper's bald and jejune phrases in a way which made such of the elder auditors as remembered its first performance ask themselves, wonderingly, if this were indeed the music they had listened to long ago. And she concluded with a *cadenza* so expressive and beautiful, that Mr. Simpson, raptly listening, very nearly omitted to play the final chords.

When the song was over, there was a burst of applause, and an unusually loud clapping together of kid-gloved palms. But, from the doorway, where he had stood to listen, Valli precipitated himself through the crowd like some swift missile; clearing his way, utterly regardless of intervening backs and shoulders, male or female, and, rushing up to Miss Bertram, he exclaimed, "*Divinamente!*"

"I am glad you are content," she answered, in English. But Valli went on volubly in his own tongue, "Content? No; content is not the word. I am enchanted. You sang divinely! Demon of a girl, never in all your life did you sing a song of *mine* like that! What possessed you?"

"Gratitude," answered Clara, quietly.

Miss Piper now came up and kissed her effusively. Composer and singer were soon surrounded by a little crowd, to whose polite exclamations of "Charming!" "Immense treat!" "Really delicious!" and so forth, Miss Polly kept replying, with lofty magnanimity, "Oh, but you must not attribute all the honour to me! I assure you that more depends upon the execution than you are, perhaps, aware of."

This first triumph had a subtle effect on Mr. Cleveland Turner. He was moved by it to play a dashing *valse de concert*, in place of a composition of his own, modelled on a great original, which he entitled "Twilight in the Gardens of Walhalla." It had been much praised in esoteric circles. But it was somewhat trying to the unregenerate ear: so much so, that a profane and flippant outsider had rechristened it "Feeding Time in the Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society." Mr. Sweeting afterwards mildly reproached his young friend for not having performed it, and thus doing something towards improving and elevating the taste of Oldchester.

"It's no answer, my dear boy, to say they wouldn't have liked it," said Mr. Sweeting. "No answer at all!"

But it is to be feared that Cleveland Turner had some depraved enjoyment of the applause which resulted from his lapse into heresy.

Signor Valli, determined not to be eclipsed in popularity, and utterly indifferent to the improvement of Oldchester's musical taste, made himself unprecedently amiable. He sang vivacious Neapolitan street songs, quaint Tuscan *stornelli*, pathetic Sicilian airs. And these tuneful productions were greatly relished by that vast majority of the listeners who had not progressed so far as to connect ugliness with righteousness—in music.

When Valli at length rose from the piano, Mrs. Simpson made a sudden plunge across the room, and presented herself breathlessly before him. He was in a group of persons, among whom were Mrs. Sweeting, Cleveland Turner, and Miss Piper. Amelia's round, plump face, was flushed by heat and excitement to a rose-pink hue, several shades deeper than that of her gown; and her spectacles glittered with a blank and baffling brightness.

"I cannot," she said, "quit this elegant scene of the Muses without offering my poor tribute to you, Signor" (which she pronounced "Senior"), "for the delightful addition your performances have contributed to refined enjoyment."

Valli looked up rather bewildered, and, not knowing what else to do, made her a profound bow.

"I trust," continued the lady, "that I may be allowed to congratulate you, Signor, in the harmonious words of our great poet, upon your 'linked sweetness, long drawn out'—not, I'm sure, that any one present considered for a moment that you were drawing it out at all too long!" And with a sweeping curtsy, in the performance of which she overwhelmed Mr. Sweeting's legs in a flood of pink silk skirt, and backed heavily on to Mr. Cleveland Turner's toes, Amelia withdrew, beaming.

At supper Valli was in high good humour. He had been presented to Mrs. Bransby, and was gratified to find himself placed beside her at the supper-table, she being incontestably the most beautiful woman in the room. Major Mitton sat near them, and pleased Valli by praises of his singing; a pleasure not at all diminished by his quick perception that the good Major had no knowledge whatever of the subject.

"It's a real treat, I assure you," said Major Mitton, "to hear a toon. I don't pretend to be a great connoisseur, but I can enjoy a toon. Ah, they may say what they please, but there's no music like Italian music, and nobody can sing it like Italians."

This led to some reminiscences of the Major's garrison life in Malta; and to the mention of the *prima donna* Bianca Moretti. Mrs. Bransby recognised this name as the name of the heroine of Miss Piper's story, told at her dinner party several months ago.

"Oh, you have heard the Moretti?" said Valli. "Yes; she could sing. By the way, I hear she is a kind of *marâtre*—how do you call it?—to that pretty Miss Cheffington."

"Miss Cheffington? Oh, impossible!"

"Pardon! Not at all impossible! I mean the young lady opposite, at the other end of the table, sitting between those two young men. I know one of them—the one with the blonde smooth head. I meet him in society. He is tremendously annoying—*noioso*—what you call a bore."

"That is Miss Cheffington, certainly. But you don't mean to say that Signora Moretti has married her father?"

"Oh, married! answered Valli, with a shrug. "She has been living with him for years; that is what I mean. I hear *la Bianca* has grown steady now. But she had a *jeunesse pas mal orageuse*."

Major Mitton tried to change the subject, glancing uneasily at Mrs. Bransby. But Valli was impervious to the hint. Not that he had any intention of outraging the proprieties, or any suspicion that he was doing so. Mrs. Bransby was not a *jeune meesse*. He had heard of English cant and hypocrisy long before he came to England. But he had been agreeably surprised to find them conspicuous by their absence in the section of London fashionable society which he chiefly frequented. So he went on narrating anecdotes of *la Bianca* and her adventures, until Mrs. Bransby rose, and quietly left the table. Upon this, Major Mitton and several other men drew closer to Valli. And the consequence was that, not only the mess table, but other circles in Oldchester were regaled the next day with some choice morsels of scandal, in which the name of Gus Cheffington figured conspicuously.

But whatever might be the subsequent results of that talk, Miss Piper's musical party had undoubtedly turned out a great success.

That night, when the sisters were alone together, they sat up for an hour discussing the events of the evening in a glow of pleasurable excitement. Every point was remembered and dwelt upon, but of course their interest centred in the song from *Esther*. "It was a real triumph, Polly," said Miss Patty. "There can't be two opinions about that. But—there, I thought I wouldn't tell you; but I can't help it—I overheard Signor Valli and that Cleveland Turner, whom I never did like, and never shall, speaking of 'Hear, O King,' in a sneering, slighting manner."

Quoth Miss Polly with a lofty smile, and laying her hand on her sister's shoulder, "My dear Patty, I am not at all surprised to hear it. I have had experience of artists, if anybody has, and in the best of them I have always observed one defect in judging my music—professional jealousy!"

(To be continued)



"A MISSING CHAPTER OF THE INDIAN MUTINY (Longmans) has a certain value in connection with the general history of the Mutiny, as the events with which it deals were not included in the Blue Book of the Mutiny which was presented to Parliament. The book deals with the events in the Meywar States, and it is the work of Lieutenant-General Charles Lionel Showers, who held the post of Political Resident during that fierce test of the English authority in India. General Showers has a good deal to say of the rise and progress of the Mutiny in his district, and he quotes a number of contemporary documents and despatches written by and to himself. He discusses, too, at some little length, the general question of British rule in India. Unfortunately, however, he does not possess the art of narrative. His facts are thrown together confusedly, and stirring incidents are dismissed in the briefest and baldest manner. The book, in short, is rather material for history than history itself; and only those who take a deep interest in the affairs of the Mutiny will be likely to persevere in it to the end, valuable as the book nevertheless is.

"Martyr Scenes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" is a series of etchings, with elucidatory texts, originally prepared by the late Mr. Edward Backhouse to illustrate his "History of the Church." They are now published separately in a large, well-printed book. The illustrations are mainly the work of Mr. William Bell Scott, by whom also they have been etched. They are of the kind with which all readers of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" are familiar: poor wretches burning at the stake, a girl having her hand burnt

by a candle, Nonconformists and Quakers going to the gallows, and so forth. As etchings these illustrations are of much merit.

How far the beef-tea method,—the method of stewing down and extracting the essence,—can be adequately and satisfactorily applied to the study of the life of a great man is a question inevitably suggested by the numberless "series" of books which continue to issue from the Press. These "Men of Letters," "Eminent Women," "Great Writers" Series, and so on: do they really contribute anything of value to the stock of human knowledge, or are they merely convenient as enabling the superficial reader to hide his ignorance? The question is an important one; and it touches generally upon the value of modern educational methods. Broadly speaking we think that books of the beef-tea order are of questionable value, inasmuch as they persuade the superficial person to think that he knows everything about a great man, when in reality he knows next to nothing, and because the reading of such books is apt to drive away, rather than to foster, any desire to study at first-hand the works of a great writer. In some cases, however, we willingly admit the educational value of such books. Here for example is a life of "Daniel O'Connell" in the "Statesmen Series" (W. H. Allen and Co.), edited by Lloyd C. Sanders. The book is by J. A. Hamilton, and it is valuable, because it is practically the only complete life of O'Connell in existence. Only by wading through all kinds of fragmentary biographies and reminiscences could the facts here set down have been discovered. The book, therefore, is much more an original work than the volumes usually are in "Series" of this kind. It is written, too, in a spirit of marked impartiality, the heat and prejudice of partisanship nowhere appearing, and with considerable literary ability. The book, indeed, is a rational and valuable work, which might be studied with much advantage by all those who wish to gain a clear impression of the character and public acts of the "Liberator." Of the "Prince Metternich" of Colonel G. B. Malletson as much cannot be said. It is almost impossible to give any clear view of Metternich and his policy within the limits of 200 small pages. Colonel Malletson has done his best, but the pages are knotty with facts which can be digested only with great difficulty by the student. With the general conclusion as to the value of Metternich's policy every student must agree.

"A Popular Summary of the Law Relating to Local Government," by George F. Chambers (Stevens and Sons, Chancery Lane), is an able and lucid guide to the new Local Government Bill which was the great legislative achievement of the late Parliamentary Session. Mr. Chambers has compiled other books of the same kind; but the intricacy of many of the provisions of the new Act makes it very difficult to place before the non-legal reader a clear exposition of its scope and objects. Mr. Chambers has, however, succeeded admirably. His book is both complete and clear. It is chiefly an exposition of the new Act, but wherever necessary he illustrates the new law by examples from the old, so that the volume contains a summary of the whole question of Local Government.

Another valuable legal handbook is "The Allotments Acts, 1887," by W. A. Holdsworth (Routledge and Sons). Mr. Holdsworth has done for these Acts much that Mr. Chambers has done for the law relating to Local Government; he has systematised and expounded it in a manner very easy for reference. A good index adds much to the value of the book.

In "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" (E. Plon, Norrit, et Cie., Paris), M. Henri Rivière has let loose upon paper all the vigour of a powerful imagination. The book is an album of "impressionist" pictures, conceived in a spirit of wilful eccentricity, and reproduced by the most fantastic methods of colour-printing. The saint is shown at prayer among wild blue rocks, and to him appears Satan, attired in evening dress of the modern Parisian cut. The Prince of Darkness leads the Saint to the markets, and tempts him with meats and vegetables. This is one of the most fantastic of all the pictures. Early morning light struggles through the glass windows of the market; the carcasses are purple, and over the stone floor wanders the poor naked Saint, with loin-cloth and aureole. Then he is tempted by a procession of fair women, by cards, by gold, by the sciences which place all existing forces at the disposal of man. But the saint will have none of them. The second part of the book shows procession after procession of women, all black or purple *silhouettes*, some of them carrying coloured flags. The Queen of Sheba herself beckons to the Saint from her luxurious Court; but he still resists, and finally a choir of angels carry him upwards and sing choruses of rejoicing over his triumphs. Suitable music accompanies each picture. It is a fantastic poem in music and colour, extravagant as a dream, but not lacking in cleverness of conception or vigour of execution. It is intensely modern and intensely French.

"Old and New Spain," by Henry M. Field (Ward and Downey), is a fresh and interesting book. Mr. Field is an American, but he expresses himself with a freedom from those Americanisms which are most distressing to the English ear. A good deal in his book has been described before; as, for example, the Cathedral of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova, the Alhambra, and so on. But even of these well-known places Mr. Field writes suggestively, and with originality, looking at everything with the eyes of a citizen of the New World. To our mind, the most valuable parts of the book are those on modern Spain. Mr. Field appears to have had good introductions, and he met many distinguished Spaniards. Chief among these, of course, was Castelar, of whom we have an excellent description. Castelar the orator has been often described, but Castelar the man is less known, and Mr. Field's account of him is very attractive. He is comparatively poor and lives simply, though, as President of the Republic, he had many opportunities of enriching himself. Never, says Mr. Field, has there been a suspicion of his honesty. Once Mr. Field heard Castelar speak in the Cortes, and his description of his oratory is excellently given. Of other Spanish statesmen, too, he gives carefully drawn pictures; and his chapters on the Queen and the young King are interesting and humorous. In the chapter on "Protestantism and Religious Liberty" are some pregnant remarks on a subject which has lately been forced to the front. Altogether, this is an excellent book, shedding much light on the affairs of a country which is probably less known to Englishmen than most others in Europe.

"Eighteen Hundred Miles on a Burmese Tat" by Lieutenant G. J. Younghusband, who calls himself "an ordinary British Subaltern" (A. H. Allen and Co.), is a gay and pleasant little book, amusing and unambitious. Having six months' sick-leave, the Subaltern determined on a journey through Siam and the Shan States, hoping to see curious people and places. He was well rewarded, and if the funny little sketches with which the book is adorned are anything like the originals, he must have encountered many curious types. The humour is here and there often a little forced; there is not much fun, for example, in nicknaming the servant Ananias, and another member of the party the Archbishop; but crude humour of this sort is usually to be looked for in amateur works of this class. The better part of the book consists in its description of the little-known country through which the travellers passed, and here there is much that is of interest. The country has to some extent been already made familiar by Messrs. Colquhoun and Hallett, but Mr. Younghusband naturally treats his subject with less gravity. There was danger in his journey at many points, but he came through it all unharmed by a lucky combination of audacity and humour. Many of his hints for travelling in rough countries will be useful to travellers making similar journeys.

IN A VIENNESE CAFÉ

My friend Vanderpump, who travels over the world with one eye closed, but the other open at full-cock, one day called my attention to the fact that there was as much difference between a Parisian *café* and a Viennese *café* as between a whisky-bar and a temperance drug-store. Vanderpump, being an American, draws his comparisons large, but they fill the mind better for that. The average tourist, journeying with both eyes languid from staring at a multitude of things, would not, at first sight, recognise much difference between two places, both having marble tables, velvet settees, newspapers, smoking customers, and refreshments *à libitum*. At most it might strike him that the Parisian waiter wears a white apron, while his Austrian colleague sports a swallow-tail coat.

But these are not the superficialities that arrest the probing eye of Vanderpump, an organ which is always fumbling for the hidden points of national divergencies. It must be added that, if Vanderpump keeps one eye closed, it is in order that he may shut out sights that might compare with too much advantage to the institutions of his own country. It is the fundamental "fixing" of our friend's creed that America is bad to beat. Thus, as he stirs a cup of Vienna coffee, he asks:

"Have you tasted the coffee at Delmonico's?"

No answer is required; the question is only put in the form of a poser; but the implication is that there is no *café* in the world like Delmonico's, just as the Mississippi "whips" the Danube, and just as Niagara makes "squash" of everything.

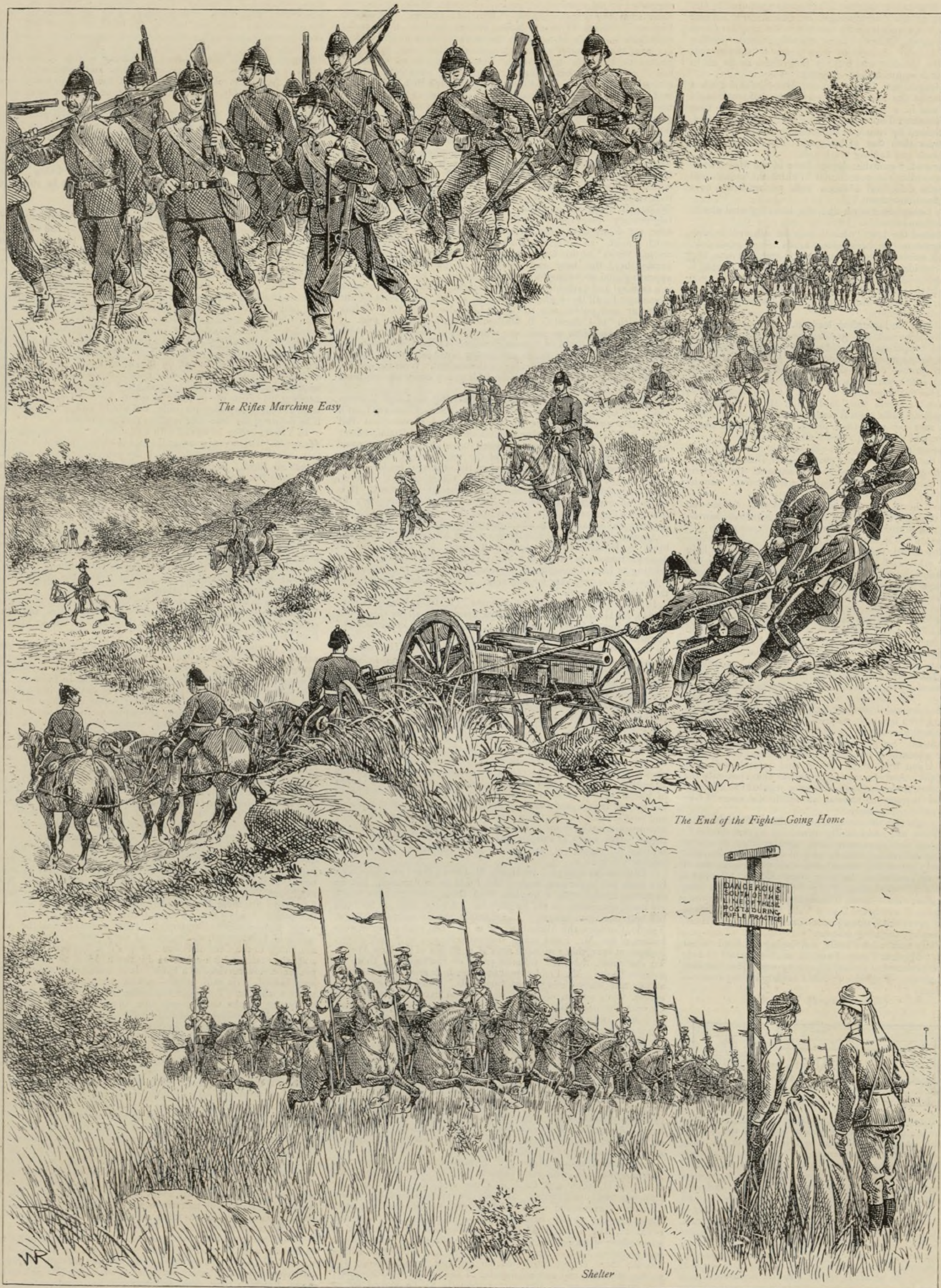
Well then, Vanderpump and I are seated at a *café* in the Graben, and the people around us are restoring themselves with black coffee, iced coffee, *mélange* (coffee and milk equally mixed), *bräu*, a mixture in which coffee predominates, *weiss*, in which the milk has the best of it, chocolate, hot milk with whipped cream at the top, cold milk, *milch gespritzt*, or milk and soda, and *sauer milch* (curds). "These Austrians," observes Vanderpump, "are kept so long to the feeding-bottle by a grandmotherly Government that they can't do without milk all their lives. Now in France, I guess, you have to run a *café* on liquor, or bust." So it is. The excitable Gaul drinks coffee with cognac, absinthe, vermouth, kirsch, anisette, kummel, curaçao, and so-called Madeira. He is always keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down. The waiter would stare at him if he called for milk, and would nudge another waiter if he drowned his *demi-tasse* in three tumblers of water.

In Vienna coffee is served with a tumbler of the cold, sparkling *Hochquelle Wasser*; as soon as the cup is empty, the waiter brings a tray with two other tumblers, and the genuine Austrian generally drinks all three. In doing this he whiles away at least one hour, sometimes two hours, reading the newspapers; and when he retires he pays about three-pence halfpenny, with a fee of two or three farthings (kreutzers) to the waiter. On a rainy Sunday afternoon you may see a whole middle-class family seated round a *café* table for hours. They glut themselves with rolls and newspapers, illustrated papers, comic papers, and their joint expenditure hardly reaches a paper-florin, which is 1s. 8d. The wonder is how the proprietor of the *café* can give so much entertainment for so little money. Vanderpump thinks the Austrian Government must be at the bottom of it—"running" the *cafés* as it does the tobacco-shops, the Opéra, and the Court Theatre.

"I guess in these days *panem et circenses* reads 'coffee and cigars.' You must stop the people's mouths with cheap coffee and cheap smoke, if you mean to tax them as they do here, and so keep 'em from talking politics."

The Viennese certainly do not talk much politics. If great events occasionally cause public excitement, it all flows in undercurrents. There are no street newspaper kiosks, as in Paris; no bawling news-boys and flaming contents bills, as in London. The *cafés* take in about a dozen copies of each of the principal journals; and, in the afternoon, when the evening editions of these prints are out (little sheets of four pages), the waiter carries a bundle of these papers in his breast pocket and hands the customer one while he is taking his order. The customer falls to at once, sates his curiosity, then turns to his coffee and cold water and waits placidly for the appearance of the next edition. Why should he excite himself? He knows that the *Abends Ausgaben* of the *Tagblatt*, *Fremden-Blatt*, and *Extrablatt* come out at 2 P.M., that of the *Neue Freie Presse* at 4 P.M., and the *Sechs-Uhr-Blatt*, or extra special of the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung*, at 6 P.M. He has only to peruse these journals in the order of their publication and he will know as much as can be learned on that day; he will be aware, also, that his neighbour, by the same process of information, knows exactly as much as he does. As to the conclusions to be drawn from the day's news, each reader will take them from his favourite newspaper, and will deem it superfluous to discuss them with his neighbour. If the neighbour disagrees with him, why quarrel? Vanderpump says—"I reckon all these Austrians are afraid to talk aloud because of the police;" and there is some truth in that. Under the forty years' premiership of Metternich, when espionage was the mainspring of government, an unguarded word spoken in a *café* passed as quickly to the Central Police Office as if it had been telephoned; and the taciturnity contracted in those days, as a matter of prudence, now survives as a habit. It is considered unmannerly—and, indeed, it is still unsafe—to talk politics in any public place above a whisper. To begin with, officers and civil servants must always be on the Government side, and they form a good half of the population which frequents *cafés*. Every civil servant is, or hopes to become, a *Section's Rath*, a *Hofrath*, or a *Regierungsrath*, or he wants to be decorated with the "Iron Crown" or the "Francis-Joseph" Order. The merchant, the barrister, the professor, also aspire to official honours, and are, moreover, officers in the Landwehr or Landsturm. To that they are tied by the leg, if not by the tooth, to the War Office. Officialism is all-pervading, and the incautious word, although it might not be reported with evil intent, would be pretty sure to reach the ears of some patronage-dispensing Excellency, and would baulk the utterer in the realisation of his life's hopes. But if this inducement to silence were not enough, there remains the fact that men's opinions are known in Austria by their nationalities. The Germans have their convictions cut and dried, so have the Czechs, and likewise the Poles; and it is of no use for a German to think of converting a Pole, or for a Czech to dream of persuading a German. So no attempt is made in this direction—Poles, Germans, and Czechs sit lapping their milk and water side by side, but morally so far apart that the voices of each to each could not be heard across the gulf—which explains why those voices are silent.

Vanderpump remarks:—"I guess an Austrian spends half his time in bowing, and the other half in watching to see that he doesn't miss a bow." In a *café* this axiom finds illustrations enough. Officers in uniform are seated all about the room: a General enters, and up they stand, touching their caps, and bobbing the upper parts of their bodies with little jerks from the hips. An official, having the same rank as a chief clerk in an English Government department, stalks in, and there is an obsequious scrambling forward by lesser officials, whose greeting is: "Ich habe die ehre!" ("I have the honour!") "Ich empfehle mich!" ("I recommend myself!") "Ergebenster diener!" ("Your most obedient servant!") Vanderpump once asked a Viennese what was the precise value of "Ergebenster diener" in the scale of salutations. "We say that when we don't want to be too civil," was the mild answer. It is only fair to add, however, that the General and the Privy Councillor, who has the title



A FIELD DAY AT ALDERSHOT



THE ALDERSHOT "DERBY DOG"

CROSSING THE CANAL—"BREAK STEP"

A FIELD DAY AT ALDERSHOT

of "Excellenz," take their nourishment at the *café* with the same absolute *naïveté* as "their most obedient servants." The General calls for a *mélange*, helps himself to bread out of a little basket filled with delicious fancy rolls; and, having tucked a small napkin into his gold-laced collar, makes sop, and eats it as his nurse taught him to do forty or fifty years ago. He has not even outgrown the habit of making a mess with his food, for which his nurse so long ago reproved him. This assuredly is a sight that could not be matched in a Parisian *café*. General Boulanger, in his quest for popularity, never thought of going to the Helder every afternoon at four o'clock and eating bread and milk in full uniform. As Vanderpump says, "I reckon there's a good deal of the cow's temper in these good-natured Austrians; if you see one of 'em rile, you bet he's one of the sort that drinks *sauer milch*." R. B. J.

WHEELWOMEN

TEN years ago, the spectacle of a woman on wheels would have shocked Society, and caused an outcry from Mrs. Grundy so loud, and so long, that feminine courage must indeed have been robust could it have maintained a bold front against such a clamour.

Nowadays, it would be a very remote and antiquated corner of the country where the sight of a lady tricyclist could rouse any excitement from its novelty; and the numbers of riding-women throughout the kingdom has yearly so large an increase that a few practical hints on the subject will no longer be of interest to the few, but will appeal to a large section of the community.

For a long time, there was a vast amount of prejudice against feminine cycling, for two very strong reasons. First, it was looked upon with suspicion as a very distinct invasion of a purely masculine province; and, secondly, it was suspected of having deleterious effects upon the health and physique of women. However, women have proved that it is possible to be as ladylike and graceful in the saddle as out of it; and that a participation in manly pastimes does not necessitate a manly cast of mind or conduct; and the verdict of physicians has set at rest any doubt that cycling, undertaken with common sense and moderation, has anything but the most beneficial results upon a woman's physical health. Indeed, doctors are now prescribing tricycle exercise for their lady-patients with considerable ardour; and not only have many cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, liver, and nerve disorders been cured by the treatment, but dozens of women have experienced a return to robust health, strength, and spirits from a systematic use of this delightful medicine.

Tricycling is by no means an art difficult to acquire. It can be readily learnt by even those not intellectually gifted; and once the merely mechanical motions of pedalling and steering are mastered, a new world of enjoyment is unlocked for the novice. At first the attempts should be short, and a dismount should be made directly the first sensation of fatigue makes itself felt. Day by day this point will recede further into space, till the wondering wheelwoman finds herself covering, with perfect ease, distances which a little while back filled her with dismay in the contemplation. The only danger tricycling possesses for women is that which comes from careless riding, or over-indulgence in its pleasures. To ride beyond the point of healthful fatigue, or to over-exert the heart and lungs in hill-climbing, are as certain to lead to ill results as getting overheated at tennis and standing in a draught to cool; or as reducing a healthy waist of four-and-twenty inches to the dimensions of a wasp.

For a long time the great drawback to a more universal adoption of cycling by women lay in the fact that no special consideration for their needs was taken by the manufacturers of machines. A tricycle built to carry a man of twelve or thirteen stone weight, and generously provided with something which flatteringly called itself a dress guard, was supposed to be all that could be desired by the most exigent lady-rider; and that tricycling should have continued popular with my own sex, despite its sufferings on machines three times too heavy, and in no single respect suited to its requirements, speaks more in its favour than could be expressed by a whole volume of written praise.

Now, however, a happier state of affairs has begun. The manufacturers have, at last, grasped the idea that a woman requires lightness, safety, and ease in her mount; and the efforts which have been made to supply these needs have resulted in a class of ladies' tricycles so perfect, so light and graceful, so strong and convenient, that riding has ceased to be an exertion, and has become all pure joy.

Women, as a rule, looked askance upon the adaptation of the bicycle-steering principle to their machines. There appeared to be a lack of grace in the idea of a handle-bar; and a secret suspicion of awkwardness in mounting and dismounting. Practical proof, however, soon put these fears to rest; and the verdict of all experienced wheelwomen has been given in favour of the "Cripper"-type machines, which are undoubtedly the best make of tricycle for feminine, as they are for masculine use. A very little practice is sufficient to enable the rider to slip, swiftly and easily, into the saddle; and, once there, there is certainly no machine on which a woman looks so graceful and so much at home.

Tandem tricycles, which have altogether superseded the old side-by-side build of sociable, are growing yearly in popular favour. They are now constructed to carry two ladies, but have not been so widely patronised in this form.

Safety bicycles for feminine use have lately been introduced; and have attained to much popularity in the United States.

A woman should always make herself sufficiently acquainted with the mechanism of her machine to understand at once the nature of any damage done to it, and, if the injury be a simple one, to set it right. She should learn to oil and clean it; and those ladies who make a point of attending to their machines themselves are certain of having them cleaner, freer from oil, and in better condition than those of their sisters who leave them to less interested care.

Tricycles should be kept in a dry place, well covered from the dust; and, if dirty, should be cleaned at once on returning from a ride, before they are put away. A soft brush and duster will effect this in a couple of minutes, if only dust has to be removed; and the same process applied to mud will remove it readily, while still wet, when much greater pains will be required if it has once been allowed to dry on. Oil should be applied very sparingly, and all overflow carefully wiped off.

The plated parts, handle-bars, axle, &c. (I am supposing none of my readers injudicious enough to ride one of those almost obsolete machines which are bright all over), must be kept burnished with wash-leather, and, in case of growing dull from damp, should be lightly rubbed with rouge or plate-powder.

When the machine is to remain unused for any length of time the bright parts should be brushed over with vaseline or Friar's balsam. The enamel when worn or chipped can be renovated with one of the preparations specially manufactured for the purpose; but entire repainting and lining should be entrusted to a manufacturer, as it is beyond amateur effort. The driving-chain should be black-leaded, not oiled or greased; and the greatest care must be taken not to grease the brake-band, or the results may be fatal. Should oil or grease have invaded this important safeguard, a little powdered resin may be shaken in.

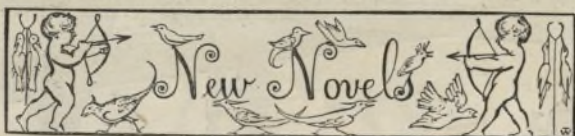
A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written upon the subject of costume; but practical experience will, after all, be the best guide. Elaborate and ingenious garments are worse than useless; a lady's dress on the tricycle should be as nearly as possible what is in ordinary fashion. The whole should be as light as is consis-

tent with warmth, and the effect as plain, simple, and business-like as is compatible with grace and elegance. It must be remembered that a lady should be so dressed as to be inconspicuous when in the saddle or out of it. A tailor-made gown is by far the best; of an ordinary walking length, with simple draperies well caught down to the skirt, leaving nothing to flutter in the breeze, or catch in the machine. Heather mixture or dark grey are the best for wear and appearance; and if, as I take it she will be, the lady-cyclist is a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, the neat C. T. C. flannel will provide her with the best material she can possibly use. Bright colours, artificial flowers, &c., are as out of place in a tricycle as they would be in hunting; and trim neatness is the one thing to be aimed at. The head-gear should be of a nature not to spoil with weather; not large enough to catch the breeze, yet with sufficient shade for the eyes. When I add that shoes should be worn, not boots; that gloves should be elastic enough not to cramp the hands as they grasp handle-bar or brake; and that sanitary woollen under-clothing has been proved the most healthful for its purpose; I can leave my readers to fill in the details of the picture according to their own taste and fancy, only adding that tight lacing and tricycling are deadly foes, and that no woman who indulges in the one can attempt the other.

The lady tricyclist will not long be content with a mere gentle ambling about on her three-wheeled steed: she will soon aspire to the real rapture of cycling—the tour. So many ladies now indulge in this delightful form of travel, both at home and on the Continent, that the way is well-paved for their sister-women, and touring presents no difficulties to deter them. I have already referred to the C.T.C., that great club of over twenty-two thousand members, which provides for the needs of the tourist by a settled rate of tariff at the inns and hotels on its lists, and by a system of officials throughout the country, who cheerfully offer advice and assistance to the touring member. Every lady cyclist should avail herself of the advantages of this institution, of which all particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, 139, Fleet Street, E.C.

A tricycle is quite capable of conveying enough luggage to serve for an extended tour, and in these convenient days of the parcels-post it is possible, anywhere throughout the kingdom, to be reinforced by a supply of things needful at various points upon one's journey. The daily distances on a tour of this sort should always be within one's supposed powers, and the novice should neither attempt too ambitious feats in the way of mileage, nor start upon her journey without at least some previous amount of training.

L. C. D.



ONE reason for the difficulty of writing a historical novel is that the attempt is a veritable passage between Scylla and Charybdis. In nine cases out of ten, the writer either spoils history for the sake of fiction, or else drowns his fiction in his history. The latter is the tendency of Mr. William Minto, as exemplified in "The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.). This is a very excellent, painstaking, and interesting historical study of Wat Tyler's rebellion, the importance of which Mr. Minto is very far indeed from minimising. In any case, whether he is carried away by his theme or not, it is a chapter of history of which few people know anything whatever; so that he has the advantage of a virtually fresh subject, eminently capable of picturesque and romantic treatment. The author regards the rebellion as no spasmodic outburst, but as a long-prepared and elaborately organised movement, conducted by men of great ability, having its roots in serfdom, and in the fanaticism of the Lollards. Not only for Wat Tyler, but for John Ball, Mr. Minto has the profoundest respect. While dealing with facts, and with his own theories of them, he is invariably interesting; and his historical portraits are admirable as essays. But his invented story is dull and stupid, and his fictitious characters are too obviously made to order. After Front-de-Bœuf, one cannot care about Sir Richard Rainham; and Ralph Hardelet himself only proves that there were self-conscious prigs in the days of Richard II, as well as in those of Victoria. It is a compliment, however, to say that Mr. Minto's talent for the presentation of history is greater than his skill in its invention. As a historical study, "The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet" is well worth reading; and it is an excellent piece of writing, besides.

"A Creature of Circumstances," by Harry Lander (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is the story of a young man who, after a brilliant career at a country grammar school and at the University of Edinburgh, makes the mistake of marrying for money without getting what he married for. His wife being dead, he preaches what he calls the philosophy of "Don't Care" and makes his living by writing penny dreadfuls for little boys and cheating at cards. More lucky, however, than "Don't Care," of the proverb, love for an exceedingly silly and mercenary young woman makes so far a man of him that he takes up with the philosophy of justifying the means by the end, applies his talent for swindling to the cause of virtue, tries to save a victim of *delirium tremens* from a fire, and finally settles down to domestic happiness and virtue as editor of a country paper. His adventures naturally bring him in contact, or rather in collision, with a great number of persons, mostly with a dim and distant suggestion of Dickens about them; by far the most ably portrayed being a "tribune of the people," with an imposing presence and a fine flow of words, who makes his daughter support him, and is a very accomplished humbug altogether. He would be more effective but for a general atmosphere of improbability which pervades the whole novel. It is told in the first person by a very foolish old gentleman, an uncle of the hero, whose senility is only too successfully rendered. The book is not without ability; but the impression it leaves is that of a tremendous battle with the air. Barring the demagogue, and his conventionally charming daughter, the characters are either phantoms or caricatures.

"Bledisloe; an International Story," by Ada M. Trotter (1 vol.: Alexander Gardner), is a quiet, domestic story of considerable promise. The idea is that of some American girls, very pleasant and attractive in every way, brought by family circumstances into the life of an English country house in a very quiet corner of Gloucestershire. Their impressions, and what came of them, are very agreeably told. It must be owned that the characters are a good deal more interesting than anything which happens to them, and that the characters themselves would not interest, but for the author's skill in making the most of little things, short of making too much of them, and for the brightness of her conversations. "Bledisloe" is altogether a kindly and sensible piece of work, likely to please readers who require a little quiet for a change.

"The Last Hurdle: A Story of Sporting and Courting," by Frank Hudson (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), is one of those multitudinous stories which are based upon the assumption that no Englishman knows anything about Ireland, and are written for Saxon enlightenment. It is the rule for an Irish novelist to write as if he were the discoverer of his own country, and as if he had been the first to find out what very few Englishmen require to be told. One is compelled to think, sometimes, that Irishmen, at any rate Irish novelists, take a pride in having their country misunderstood, and fancy that it gives her a certain superiority. But "The Last Hurdle," as its name denotes, is not only a story of love and evictions. It is also, above all things, a sporting novel of very much

the usual kind—so that altogether there is plenty of incident for a single quickly-read volume. The general effect is decidedly amateurish; but it is altogether well meant, and the serious way in which the author takes his own work is highly commendable, as well as occasionally amusing.

It is very exceptional to come across an ill-constructed French novel, however bad it may be in other respects. René Pont-Jest's "The Case of Dr. Plemen" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett) is, however, one of these exceptions; nor, on any ground, can it be considered as worth translation. Its theme, the liability of French criminal procedure to abuse by a possibly interested *Juge d'instruction*, does not, happily, come very closely home to the hearts and minds of ordinary English readers; while students of comparative legal systems will learn nothing which they did not know perfectly well before. In a way, as turning upon a mysterious crime, the novel may be classed among detective stories, but it is not very successful from that point of view, while its psychology is fanciful and strained. In short, "The Case of Dr. Plemen" is one of those novels with a purpose which, by the admission of improbabilities, tend to weaken their own cause.



THE VIADUCT PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Of the ultra-romantic school is "Love-Lit Memories," written and composed by the Marquis de Leuille and Clement Douglas, published in two keys.—There is spirit and go in a sea-song entitled, "Three Jolly Sailors," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Percy Jackson; it would make a great hit at a people's concert.—"The Thistle Quadrilles," by Edwin H. Prout, contain a well-chosen selection of Scotch airs; they will, no doubt, be great favourites at autumn carpet dances in country houses.—Of three sets of waltzes, "Charming," by Edwin Bogetti, is the prettiest; "Alexandra," by Leonard Gautier, is the next in order of merit; and "Sweet Lavender," by James Weaver, is the least danceable and original of the group, all three having very taking frontispieces of pleasing faces.

C. B. TREE.—A quaint little ballad of a rustic type is "Corydon and Phillis," words from *Cassell's Magazine*, music by Alfred Bishop.—"The City of London March" by Moritz Bamberger, is stirring and inspiring.—The same may be said of "The Continental Polka," by Arthur H. Harvey.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A pathetic song, with a sad ending, is "Many A Weary Mile," written and composed by Cyril Ward and Walter Fairclough (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—Two of Robert Burns' very dainty poems, "Sweetest May" and "Her Flowing Locks," have been prettily set to music by J. Jacques Haakman, for a voice of medium compass (Charles Woolhouse).—A tender little poem, by Lindsay Lennox, "The Sweet Old Time," has been charmingly set to music by Frank L. Moir; it is published in three keys (Messrs. Evans and Co.).—Admirers and singers of patriotic songs will find "Our First Line of Defence," written and composed by Edward Harper and Claude Sylvanus, very cheery and loyal (George White).—"Concone's Twenty-five Lessons," for the medium part of the voice, edited by Albert Randegger, form an excellent sequel to their predecessor, "Fifty Lessons for the Voice," by the same composer and editor, which have already made a world-wide reputation (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"The L.R.B. Waltz," by Captain J. A. Skene Thomson, is tuneful and danceable. The same may be said of "Nacht-schwärmer Waltz," by Robert Fels (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes); and of "Ubique Waltz," by Jago (Messrs. Ridgway Bros.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"RACQUETY RHYMES," by W. French and R. Orpen (Dublin. Mccreedy and Kyle), is the funniest book we have met with for ages, whether as regards letterpress or illustrations. It consists of a series of the old nursery rhymes, skillfully adapted to the mysteries of lawn tennis. Amongst the best are "Jack and Jill," "Tom, Tom," and "Jack Sprout," and for the pictures commend us to the upset tea-table and the man in the cucumber frame. Everybody with a stray sixpence ought to buy "Racquet Rhymes."

"Golden Showers," by A. Hanslip, with poems selected by Christine Forrest (Dean and Son), is excellent in design, though the coloured illustrations are rather garish. Of the others those which have pleased us most are "Early Spring," "Summer," and "Friendship." The poems have been well selected.

Had "The Invincible Armada," by S. Jefferson (Simpkin, Marshall) been really written, as the author says it is, "in heroic verse," it might possibly have been more readable. As a matter of fact, it is written in extremely prosaic blank verse, and is about as dull a diary of a worn-out theme as could well be imagined. A far more interesting contribution to this tiresome ephemeral literature is "A Muster Roll of Old Deptford Worthies" in rhyme, with short biographical and historical notes, by Nathan d'Ewe (J. D. Smith, Broadway, Deptford). We do not say that the poetry is sublime, but the notes are good, and at times interesting, and we sympathise heartily with the author in his appeal for the decaying monuments, notably that of the circumnavigator Shelvocke. And how much longer is it to be before Marlowe has his cenotaph?

We cannot profess to understand the bombastic preface to "Edith of Alveston: Part I," a legend and a pastoral in verse, by R. C. Spencer (W. Guilbert: Ryde), and if all the poem be like the sample, we really do not feel anxious to read any more of it. We should advise the author to write in future for his own amusement and that of his friends.

The title of "Elfin Music: an Anthology of English Fairy Poetry," selected and arranged, with an introduction by Arthur Edward Waite (Walter Scott) is somewhat of a misnomer, as several of the pieces are Scottish, and even Irish. However, the selection is a fairly decent one—where, by-the-bye, is "The Mermaid of Galloway?"—and the introduction will bear reading. But from what shockingly corrupt source did Mr. Waite get his version of "Tamlane?" It breathes the spirit of Bishop Percy from beginning to end.

AMERICAN DINNER TABLES GROW DAILY MORE ELABORATE. In some fashionable houses even the rolls of Vienna bread are tied with broad ribbon bows to suit the prevailing hue. Ice-cream is served in quaint devices, the latest topical shape being a toboggan sled, while another ingenious arrangement was a set of chessmen on pasteboard tables. Such expensive favours also are placed on the table for the guests that a comic mistake arose at a recent Baltimore banquet. The hostess possessed a large set of quaint and handsome salt-cellar—a wedding gift—and she set one to each guest. The servants propped up the *menu* cards by the salts, and when the party sat down to dinner one of the guests, taking up the *menu*, saw the salt behind it, and popped it into her pocket, supposing it to be a customary favour. One by one the others followed her example, to the utter dismay of the hostess, who saw her treasures coolly appropriated before her eyes. At the end of the dinner two guests had left their respective salts behind, and next day came a letter from a lady saying she had forgotten to take her favour, so would the hostess send it!

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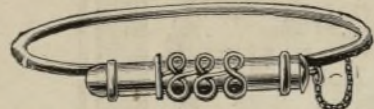
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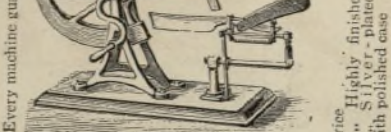
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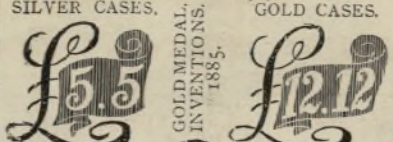
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