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THE PRINCE DRINKING THE WINE OF THE COUNTRY WITH THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN PRINCE AT BULINAC, A VILLAGE NEAR BELLOVAR



DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM BELLOVAR

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AUSTRIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Topics of the Week

THE TIBETAN CAMPAIGN.—Lord Dufferin's "little war" seems likely to develop into a struggle of very respectable dimensions. Utterly routed as the Tibetans were in the fight at the Jelapla Pass, it would be premature to assume that they will now sue for peace. They suffered defeat previously, but the only result was a more obstinate resistance than ever. We have now on hand very much the same sort of enterprise that the French found themselves burdened with in their Tonquin adventure. They, too, beat the enemy in the field, but their victories were barren of result, because he could always fall back and renew the conflict as soon as he had received reinforcements. This is exactly the position of affairs on the Sikkim frontier. Colonel Graham, having received orders to adopt a forward policy, is moving into Tibet, and, as he advances, the enemy will no doubt retire. But, with the terrible rigours of the Tibetan winter close at hand, it seems very doubtful whether he will be able to do much more than the famous French King, who "marched up a hill, and then marched down again." Nor is it only from the climate that he will meet with embarrassment. The roads are, by all accounts, of a most primitive description, while supplies of food are rarely to be obtained. It might easily happen, therefore, that a too-prolonged advance would end in the destruction of the British force by cold, starvation, and their attendant demoralisation. On the other hand, were Colonel Graham to retire after a mere promenade on Tibetan territory, the ruling junta at Lhasa would spread the story that the rulers of India had fled before the mighty warriors of the Grand Lama. Yet even that would be better than risking a repetition of the awful disaster to our troops when they were caught by winter in the Khyber defiles. It is an ugly tangle, from whatever point it may be regarded—one of those troublesome complications which so largely detract from the glory of Empire. Even the most insane Anglophobist on the Continent will hardly charge England with coveting the possession of such a veritable white elephant as Tibet. Yet that is the direction in which we are being driven, and this advance of Colonel Graham may prove the first step towards annexation.

FREDERICK III.—According to Prince Bismarck, the Diary which has created so much sensation in Germany during the last few days is "apocryphal." Few persons, however, have taken this judgment quite seriously. That the Emperor Frederick had revised his journal is probable enough; but there is no reason to doubt that the extracts which have been published were written by him, and that they appear substantially in their original form. The editor of the *Rundschau* is a serious man of letters, and would certainly not have printed a document of this kind had he not possessed absolute proof of its genuineness. The part of it on which public attention has been chiefly fastened is that which relates to the creation of the German Empire. Hitherto this has been regarded as the work of King William and his great Minister. According to the Diary, King William was for some time strongly opposed to the idea; and Bismarck held that the moment had not come for realising it. The Crown Prince alone saw that there was a magnificent opportunity for the completion of German Unity, and he did not rest until the task was accomplished. Some public writers seem to be of opinion that if this statement of the case is accurate we can attribute to Prince Bismarck only a subordinate place among the founders of the new Reich. There could not be a greater mistake. To Prince Bismarck will always belong the honour of having conceived the vast schemes, the fulfilment of which rendered possible the elevation of the King of Prussia to the Imperial Throne. If he had not guided Prussian policy, the Crown Prince would never have had the chance of which he was so prompt to take advantage. At the same time, the revelation which has now been made will undoubtedly secure for the late Emperor a much higher position as a statesman than he himself seemed to claim. It conclusively shows that he was a man of far-seeing intellect and resolute will, and that he must be classed among the foremost of the modern benefactors of his country. The fact that he wished to create not merely a military Empire, but an Empire of Liberal tendencies, will probably have a great effect on the fortunes of the German Liberal party. The knowledge that the ideas of the Liberals were also the ideas of the Emperor Frederick can hardly fail to strengthen their hold over large and powerful classes of the German people.

CORONERS' INQUESTS AND THE DETECTION OF CRIME.—In the case of the late horrifying murders in Whitechapel, some persons have alleged that the Coroner's Court exceeded its legal functions by making an unnecessarily exhaustive inquiry. There can be no doubt that occasionally such a complaint as this is well founded. Where there is a prisoner in custody on suspicion of having committed the murder, it is manifestly absurd, although the practice is common enough, for precisely the same evidence to be given day after day both before the police-magistrate and the coroner. In such a case the Coroner's Court has sufficiently done its duty when it has ascertained the cause of death, and, as Mr. Rowland

Williams aptly remarks, has preserved the evidences of the crime, if any exist. In the case, however, of the Whitechapel butcheries, matters were altogether different. No one was arrested against whom sufficient evidence was adduced to warrant his examination in a police-court, and therefore the Coroner's Court afforded the only legal machinery available for collecting sworn evidence which might assist the police in their search for the criminal. As regards the action of the police, there is a tendency in some quarters to sneer at the efficiency of our detective arrangements because the person or persons by whom these terrible crimes have been committed are still at large. But surely this is very unreasonable, seeing that the police are men, like ourselves, possessed of no preternatural powers. Murderers who escape immediate seizure are usually ultimately captured, either because there has been some previous acquaintance between them and their victim, or through their attempts to dispose of the plunder they have acquired. But so long as it was supposed—and not unnaturally—that the Whitechapel murderer was actuated by a simple lust for homicide, it was plain that he might escape without leaving any serviceable clue behind him. The medical evidence, however, throws a different light on the matter. It seems pretty certain that this forlorn creature, Annie Chapman, was killed for a mercenary motive—a motive resembling, yet even exceeding in atrocity, the villainies perpetrated by the notorious Burke and Hare sixty years ago.

MR. O'BRIEN'S THREATS.—The public will hail it as a happy augury of a return to the decencies of political strife that the outrageous harangue of Mr. William O'Brien to the Luggacurren tenantry has been received with ominous silence by the Gladstonite Press. There is a line, it is clear, beyond which partisanship will not go in applauding incendiary utterances, and this gentleman has passed it. Even after every allowance is made for the excitement of the occasion, the threats he made use of towards Lord Lansdowne admit neither of excuse nor extenuation. "We will track him all the world over; if the arm of Ireland was long enough to reach him in Canada, it will be long enough to reach him in Hindostan as well." Such was the menace flung out before an assembly of 4,000 or 5,000 excitable people. How could Mr. O'Brien make sure that among those who listened to his virulent denunciation none would place a terrible interpretation on his language? It will be in the public memory, if not in Mr. O'Brien's, that "tracking all the world over" used to mean, in the Home Rule vernacular, something very like the tracking of a victim by a Redskin. Carey, the informer, was tracked to South Africa, and slain; previous to that, jurors who had dared to return honest verdicts were habitually "tracked" until an opportunity of killing them presented itself. Mr. O'Brien, we feel assured, had not the slightest intention of dropping a murderous hint of that sort. It was merely an idle piece of empty vapouring, of a kind to his foolish pretence that the Plan of Campaign had compelled Lord Lansdowne to sell off his plate. But good intentions matter nothing; any one who uses language calculated to incite ignorant and reckless people to commit murder must be held responsible for the consequences. The extraordinary thing is that these furious demagogues do not perceive the deadly harm they do to their own cause by this intemperance of denunciation. They cannot be so dull as to imagine that it will popularise Home Rule on this side of St. George's Channel. If that be their purpose, their leaders cannot too soon clap muzzles on Mr. O'Brien and his like. That summary process might tone down their barking a little; it is not required to prevent them biting.

CYPRUS.—At the time when Cyprus was practically annexed by England, it was supposed by some ardent politicians that a step of enormous importance had been taken. The idea was that we were to promote civilisation in Asia Minor, the inhabitants of which, the public were assured, would be stimulated to fresh hope and courage by the spectacle of the prosperity of the Cypriots under British rule. Unfortunately, this dream is as far from fulfilment to-day as it was ten years ago. We have exerted no influence whatever over Asia Minor, and even the Cypriots have benefited less by our system of government than might have been expected. Mr. Chacalli, in his recent letter to the *Times*, no doubt considerably underrated the results achieved in the island. Not only have the people of Cyprus secured, as he admits, impartial justice; there has also been some progress in the making of roads and bridges, and in the execution of works of irrigation and maritime works. Still, our "record" in these matters is poor in comparison with what it might have been, and the Cypriots do not scruple to express dissatisfaction with our inactivity. The explanation is that the tribute to the Porte absorbs annually a great sum which in other circumstances would be applied to the development of the resources of the island. This burden cannot for the present be got rid of; but it is not unfair that we should be asked to bear a larger share of it than we have hitherto borne. We retain our hold over Cyprus for our own purposes, and ought not to grudge the cost of the advantages which its possession is supposed to confer upon us. If England contributed a fixed proportion of the tribute, estimating her obligations in a liberal spirit, there can be little doubt that Cyprus would soon be in a flourishing condition, for much native capital would thus be set free for the encouragement of wine-making, fruit-growing, and other remunerative industries.

EXPLORING ONE'S NATIVE LAND.—The railway is a most convenient apparatus for taking us from one place to another, but (especially when the trains are fast) it only gives us a glimpse of the surrounding country. Few men, probably, as far as their avocation helps them, are more ignorant of the nooks and corners of rural England than our commercial travellers, who cover annually some twenty or thirty thousand miles of rail, but whose stopping-places are chiefly confined to the large cities. Gradually, travellers for pleasure noted the inferiority of the railway-carriage to the old mail-coach as a sight-seeing cogn of vantage, and so, for those who were not content with pedestrianism pure and simple, various substitutes were discovered. Some went on horseback; others hired a carriage and horses, driving leisurely from place to place; others improved on this by adopting the showman's caravan, thus avoiding the necessity of hotel accommodation; others explored our rivers, either in a house-boat on the larger and deeper streams, or in canoes which could be navigated on very shallow waters. But the chief revolution was effected by what may be called the revised version of the ancient hobby-horse. Roads which had become grass-grown, and inns which were falling into disuse and decay, are now once more restored to bustle and traffic, owing to the cheerful invasion of scores of wheelmen and wheelwomen. But the most original feat of pleasure-locomotion is one recently recorded in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A lady and gentleman who had been accustomed to go from London to Scotland (they had a country house in the Island of Arran) by rail, resolved to do it in more primitive fashion. Accordingly they, and their six children, the eldest twelve years, the youngest twelve months of age, with two maid-servants, walked from London to Glasgow, the only vehicle they took with them being a perambulator for the baby. They purposely went a circuitous route, they always made Sunday a day of rest, and they performed the distance, five hundred miles, in five weeks and two days. They carried no umbrellas, yet, though the weather was wet, they caught no colds; they thoroughly enjoyed the trip; and they feel that they know their native country better than they ever knew it before. After this experience we may expect that next summer our main roads will be alive with babies in perambulators.

THE AFGHAN CIVIL WAR.—The fact that the mission of Mr. Durand to Cabul is postponed if not countermanded has plenty of signification for those who read between the lines of such announcements. It means, if we mistake not, either that the Viceroy prefers to wait to see the upshot of Ishak Khan's revolt, or that the Ameer does not care to have an English witness of the straits to which he is driven. In either case, we have practically a confession that matters are more equally balanced between the two sides than the Ameer's bulletins make it appear. It is quite possible that his troops have gained the reported successes in the field, but whether these "victories" were of any real consequence remains open to conjecture. The same may be said of the great achievements with which Ishak Khan is credited by the St. Petersburg Press. That he did start a contingent of his forces for the Bamian Pass, to open the way to Cabul, is proved by independent evidence. Nor is it unlikely that he has many adherents in the Royal Army, or that numbers of recruits are flocking to his standard. For the last year or two, his authority has quite overshadowed that of the Ameer in Afghan Turkestan, and the local tribesmen would consequently believe that they were "backing the winning horse" by joining the rebel camp. The real *crux* of the whole affair does not lie, however, so much with the number of men as with the power of money. Here Abdurrahman Khan should have a great advantage over his rival. The Ameer not only draws a considerable revenue from his kingdom, but is in receipt of a substantial subsidy from the Indian Government. Unless, therefore, Ishak Khan has some accommodating friend north of the Oxus to furnish him with the sinews of war, he cannot afford to play a waiting game, as he would be sure to be beaten at that. He must either fight a decisive battle or count upon his troops melting away under the dissolving influence of the almighty rupee. Even were he to seek refuge in Badakshan, as he is reported to have done, the enraged Ameer's vengeance would follow him there swiftly enough.

GERMANS AND ENGLISHMEN IN EAST AFRICA.—Englishmen have no right to complain of the energy displayed by the Germans in making preparations for the relief of Emin Pasha. Of Mr. Stanley nothing whatever is known, and the expedition which was to have gone in search of him has been broken up by the assassination of Major Barttelot and the death of Mr. Jameson. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that the Germans should wish to take into their own hands the task of aiding their heroic countryman. We must not, however, forget that in this enterprise they have other objects than those directly relating to Emin. They desire, as they frankly explain, to establish permanent communications with Wadelai, so that it may become a great centre of German influence and trade. It is far from certain that from the point of view of the natives this extension of German authority would be beneficial. The recent fighting on the Zanzibar Coast, and the troubles which have sprung from it, seem to indicate that our new rivals in these regions intend to adopt very high-handed

methods in the assertion of their supposed rights. It is not however, only the native population which is concerned. Our own interests may be directly and most inconveniently affected by this expedition. If it is successful, we shall be practically excluded from the country to the west of the Victoria Nyanza, and shall have much difficulty in holding our own even in the districts leading to the head-waters of the Nile. It is said that an expedition to the interior is being organised by the British East African Company, and that much of the work of preparation has already been done at Zanzibar by Mr. Edmunds, who served for some time under Mr. Stanley in the Congo State. If this is true, the Germans may even yet be prevented from doing us serious harm. But the Company have no time to lose if they wish to keep open the road to Central and Western Africa.

MR. DILLON AND THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.—The Irish Government are fully justified in punishing those men—all the more because they are men of education and influence—who incite their more ignorant fellow-countrymen to break the law; but the penalty inflicted does not produce very satisfactory results. The culprit undergoes a brief term of imprisonment without the degrading and unpleasant accompaniment of hard labour, and receives all the honours of martyrdom. Moreover, since they were accused—albeit most unjustly—of murdering Mr. Mandeville, the Government have been nervously afraid lest any political prisoner should fall sick and die on their hands. This no doubt accounts for the premature release of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Blane. Mr. Gladstone, during his unregenerate days in 1882, acted with greater boldness and decision. In fact, he imitated the policy of King Bomba much more closely than Mr. Balfour has ever done. But, then, at that time his repressive measures were upheld, not only by his own partisans, but by a loyal Opposition; whereas the present Government is assailed, not only by the Parnellite phalanx, but by nearly 200 Separatists representing British constituencies. As for the effect of these imprisonments, they evidently cause no repentance in the offenders. Mr. Dillon boasts that he comes out of gaol "a hardened sinner," and he proceeds to justify the Plan of Campaign as energetically as ever. He frankly admits that the Plan works by inspiring terror, for he speaks of "the terror caused by its success;" he rejoices over the quantity of land which, owing to its action, is now lying unoccupied and uncultivated in Ireland; and he declares that the sum hitherto wrested from the landlords is only an instalment of what may be hereafter obtained by boldness and perseverance. Meanwhile, a letter from Messrs. Hussey and Townsend of Cork, in Wednesday's *Times*, gives a good practical illustration of the perils which encompass all land-transactions in Ireland. Nothing would do Ireland so much good as a liberal investment of English capital; it would be far better than any Government grants; but no capitalist who was not a born idiot would venture his money in a country where dishonesty and robbery are publicly declared to be patriotic virtues.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.—That the great French commander who has just passed away possessed military capacity of almost the highest order, even his bitterest critics admit. Both in Mexico and at the beginning of the Franco-German campaign, there were occasions—the fierce fight at Gravelotte, to wit—when his tactical dispositions showed real genius. How was it, then, that with all this talent he suffered himself to be cooped up with the *élite* of the French Army in a frontier fortress? That he could have got away after Gravelotte is not to be disputed. But in what plight, at what loss, and with how little chance of being able to stem the torrent of the Teutonic invasion! In this case, it is especially easy to be wise after the event. But Marshal Bazaine had to deal with the facts of the present, not of the future. If he remained at Metz, either the German advance would have to be stopped, or Moltke would be compelled to leave behind such a large proportion of the invading host as would dangerously attenuate the body pursuing MacMahon. It is by no means certain that this strategy of Bazaine's would not have worked out successfully had the Emperor placed a competent garrison in Paris, and, leaving the capital to defend itself, had retired until joined by sufficient reinforcements. But the ill-fated advance to Sedan upset all calculations; it was an effort dictated by political considerations, not by the rules of war, and the disaster which ended it could scarcely have been avoided. Bazaine has been blamed for not breaking out at this critical juncture. Two questions here present themselves. Had he the power to cut his way through the cordon of heavily-armed entrenchments surrounding Metz; and, even if he had succeeded, would not the Germans have clung to his skirts, and forced on a decisive battle long before he was in touch with the Emperor? As for the final capitulation, it is not easy to see what advantage the "traitor" would have gained for his country by leading out his demoralised troops to be slaughtered by the victorious Germans.

WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.—Every one has heard of the good work done in the East End of London by the colony of University men at Toynbee Hall. The work of the Women's University Settlement in Southwark is not

so generally known, yet in its own way it is not less deserving of public recognition. This institution originated in a discussion which took place rather more than a year ago in a society at Cambridge, where papers about the condition of the poorer classes of the capital were read by Mrs. Barnett, of Whitechapel, and Miss Grüner, late of Newnham College. The result of the discussion was that an association was formed by Newnham and Girton Colleges; and this association was soon joined by Somerville and Lady Margaret Halls, Oxford. Miss Grüner consented to act as head-worker, and a house suitable for the purposes of the society was taken in Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road. The objects of the association are "to promote the welfare of the people of the poorer districts of London, more especially of the women and children, by devising and advancing schemes which tend to elevate them, and by giving them additional opportunities for education and recreation." Attention is especially devoted to the pupil teachers of Board Schools, who are taken occasionally to the National Gallery, and invited to reading parties, dancing classes, and debates; and children are taught to play games, and entertained by means of magic-lantern lectures, and in many other ways. The Settlement has also formed a branch of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Although the society is called a University Association, any one who pays a subscription of five shillings or makes a donation of three pounds is admitted a member; and a cordial welcome is given to all who are willing to take part in the practical work of the Settlement. Workers are urgently needed, and we cannot doubt that many good women will be glad to associate themselves with so excellent an enterprise. They will find full details on the subject in an interesting article by Constance Ashford in the current number of *The Pioneer*, or they may communicate directly with Miss Grüner, at 44, Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

CONTINENTAL STUDY OF ENGLISH.—An Austrian commercial journal gravely rebukes its countrymen for sending to English readers circulars and advertisements composed in defective English, and plaintively asks whether such announcements can possibly serve the purpose for which they are intended. We venture to think that they will serve their intended purpose uncommonly well, for the idle reader is always willing to be amused, and while he would pass by without regard a correctly-worded announcement, he fastens with delight on the statement that "Mr. N. is ordered to founder a filial house in your place," and he naturally feels an interest in "wax tapers, smooths and adorned," or in "original cloth hats at moderated cost price." It is to be feared that such specimens as these of "English as she is spoke" will soon be improved out of existence. Multitudes of Continental waiters take service in England at nominal wages, just for the sake of acquiring our language. This is chiefly for the benefit of the annually increasing horde of American tourists, who have no time to learn any foreign tongue, and the melancholy result is that at the present day on the Continent, unless we quit the beaten tracks, we have no opportunity of airing our painfully-acquired vocabulary of French, German, and Italian. Everybody knows us for a "rosbif," and treats us as such, and we end by letting them have their way. The fact is that pleasure-talk in a foreign tongue is easier than business-talk. When you prattle to an agreeable neighbour at the *table d'hôte*, it matters little if you fail to understand all that he or she says; but when you ask some complex question about railway trains or money-exchange, and get a rapid reply in a full-flavoured local *patois*, you are sometimes constrained to ask for the assistance of the friendly and multi-lingual waiter.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the GLASGOW, IRISH, and ITALIAN EXHIBITIONS, THE NEW GALLERY, and the SAVOY GALLERY see page 348.

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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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EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
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" 2—9.30 "	9.35 "	10.5 "
" 3—10.30 "	10.40 "	10.30 "
" 4—11.5 "	11.10 "	11.45 "
" 5—11.50 "	11.55 "	12.10 midnight
" 6—7.5 "	7.10 "	6.35 p.m.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRIA

THE Prince of Wales, as we described and illustrated last week, arrived at Bellovar with the Emperor of Austria and the Crown Prince Rudolph on the 12th inst. Next morning they rode out to the manoeuvres of the Thirteenth Army Corps, which were taking place under the superintendence of the Commander, Baron Ramberg. The main idea of the manoeuvres was that an Eastern army

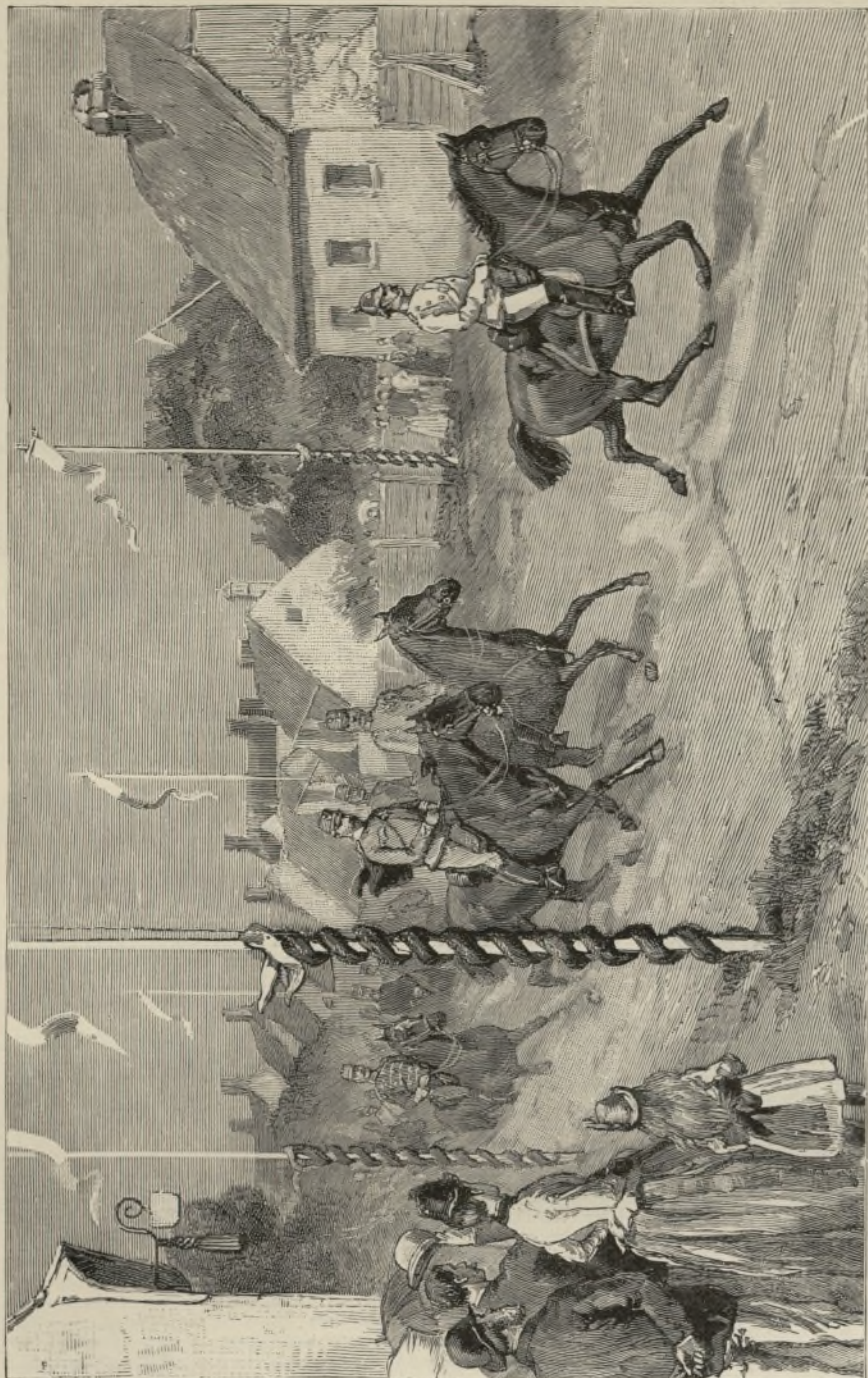


A MAN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' HUNGARIAN HUSSAR REGIMENT

under General von Keinart was advancing upon Agram and Bellovar from Bosnia, and that it was opposed by a Western or Defending Force under General von Korwin. The Emperor and the Prince of Wales, with the Crown Prince and the Archdukes William and Otto, remained for some time on a plateau, whence they could watch



A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA"—I, LISBON



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND THE PRINCE LEAVING FOR THE MANŒUVRES AT BELLOVAR



INFANTRY MANŒUVRES AT GRDŽEVAC



WATCHING THE ARTILLERY ATTACK AT BULINAC



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE SEVERIN ROAD, NEAR BELLOVAR

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AUSTRIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

all the evolutions. The Prince of Wales rode by the Emperor's side all the morning, and manifested the greatest interest in the proceedings, which included some brilliant cavalry charges, and especially one of the Landwehr cavalry. The Prince warmly congratulated General von Henesberg, the Inspector-General, to whom, the Emperor had declared the Landwehr cavalry owed its efficiency. About noon the Prince dismounted at Bulinac, where four artillery batteries had been stationed, and remained for some time watching



GENERAL ADVANCE OF HUNGARIAN INFANTRY, SEPT. 13

the firing. He was much interested in the rapid manœuvring of the pieces—an instance of which is mentioned by the *Times* correspondent, who states that from the moment when a battery rode up to its position to that when the first shot was fired, only one minute and forty-eight seconds elapsed. In the afternoon the Emperor and the Prince returned to Bellovar, where a State banquet was held in the evening. The manœuvres were continued next day, and resulted in the defeat of the invaders, the Prince being again present.

A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA"

I.—SKETCHES OF LISBON

A PLEASURE cruise to the Mediterranean, the Grecian Archipelago, and the Bosphorus, calling at ports of interest in the Holy Land, Egypt, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Greece, not to mention Italy, Spain, and other countries nearer home, has become familiar to the portion of the British public that has perused Mark Twain's work "The Innocents Abroad and the New Pilgrims' Progress;" and of the popularity to-day of such a comprehensive excursion there can be no doubt, judging by the fact that the steam-yacht *Victoria*, which left Tilbury on February 4th last, on such a trip, had the entire number of her cabins engaged, and could have booked more voyagers had her accommodation permitted.

In the space of seventy-five days, no less than nineteen foreign ports were visited, and from these places expeditions inland, too numerous to mention, were made to cities famous in history—Biblical and otherwise—and for classic associations. And for those who desire to see much in a short space of time, in comfort, and in English society, the route adopted by the *Victoria* recommends itself strongly.

The steam-yacht *Victoria* is a handsomely-built and fitted boat of 1,804 tons register, and 1,500 horse-power, has a speed of 14½ knots per hour, is steered by steam, fitted with water ballast, and carries a steam-launch for the use of passengers whilst in harbour, and is lighted by electricity throughout.

The daily routine on board at sea is much the same as on a first-class mail steamer. The day commences with the matutinal cup of coffee between the sheets, and ends with yarns in the smoking-room or music in the ladies' boudoir; the interim, it is needless to say, being filled by the consumption of large breakfasts, tiffins, kettledrums, and dinners, and the usual amount of peering through binoculars, and the pursuit of deck games which are all in turn deserted and neglected when port is made, and the cry is "Who's for the shore?"

The *Victoria's* first port of call outwards was Lisbon, the run to the Mediterranean being thus pleasantly broken. The subjoined illustrations of the Portuguese capital are from sketches by our artist, Mr. Arthur M. Horwood, who went the round trip, and from photos. The centre design represents one of the principal squares in Lisbon, Praça Dom Pedro, sometimes called the "rolling" square owing to its peculiarly unique pavement of black and white stone laid in waving lines, that are calculated to promote dizziness in promenaders. A street-corner sentry is one of the common objects of the Lisbon streets, his chief duty appearing to consist in carefully scrutinising the occupants of the numerous tramcars as they pass, so as not to omit by any chance giving the prescribed salute should the eyes of one of his fiercely-moustached officers—whose name is legion—glare from the interior. These trams which traverse the city in all directions are constructed with a view to the heat of the climate, being mostly of the open build, without sides, merely a roof supported by posts. The Rua do Ouro is one of Lisbon's busiest thoroughfares; in fact its Oxford or Regent Street. In Black Horse Square, which opens on to the Tagus, most of the principal Government offices are situated; and the sketch of the portly dame selling lottery-tickets is a familiar figure beneath its colonnade. The fish girl is a specimen of the juveniles who in the streets in the morning are to be met at every step nimbly trotting along under their huge fish baskets, and shrilly proclaiming their piscine stock in trade.

SLAVE-TRADERS AND SLAVE-RAIDERS

See page 343.

THE DUKE OF SPARTA AND HIS BETROTHED, PRINCESS SOPHIA OF PRUSSIA

THE Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, is the eldest son of the King and Queen of Greece, and is just twenty years of age, having been born at Athens on July 21, 1868. His betrothal to the Princess Sophia of Prussia has excited no surprise, as the event had been expected for some time past. The Duke is well known in Berlin, for he has spent some time amongst German students and Prussian officers, and last spring constantly accompanied the present Emperor of Germany on frequent occasions when he rode home from the drill ground. He was also the only foreign Prince present at the wedding of Prince Henry and Princess Irene, on May 24th, and it was on that occasion that the first intimation of the engagement was made. The Princess, his fiancée, is two years his junior, having been born at Potsdam on June 14th, 1870, and is the third daughter of the late Emperor Frederick and the Empress Victoria, Crown Princess of England. On her last birthday, the day before her father's death, he is stated to have said to her, "Remain pious and good as you have always been hitherto. This is the last wish of your dying father." The engagement has been most favourably received throughout Germany, both for social and political reasons, and the *North German Gazette* prophesies that "the union is calculated to widen and strengthen in a most satisfactory way the friendly relations of our Royal Family with several other Princely Houses." In Eastern Europe, however, the union is regarded with some apprehension, as so close an alliance with Germany is thought to foreshadow the realisation of the Greek dreams for territorial

aggrandisement at the expense of Bulgaria and the other States of the Peninsula. This feeling is still further strengthened by the report that the Czarewitch is likely to be affianced to Princess Margaret of Prussia, a younger sister of the Princess Sophia.—Our portraits are from photographs:—the Duke of Sparta, by Solon Dathis, 42, Rue Vivienne, Paris; Princess Sophia, by Fritz Leyde and Co., 59, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

THE NEW BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF CHESTER

THE See of Chester having been rendered vacant by the translation of Dr. Stubbs to the See of Oxford, Lord Salisbury nominated to the See of Chester the Rev. Canon Francis John Jayne, who, since 1886, has been the Vicar of Leeds in succession to the Rev. Dr. Gott, transferred to the Deanery of Worcester. During his short tenure of this appointment, the Canon won both popularity and esteem among the people of Leeds. He was born in 1844, was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and took a first class in Moderations, and a first class in *Literæ Humaniores* and in Law and History in 1868, in which year he was elected a Fellow of Jesus College. He was Senior Hall Houghton Greek Testament Prize-man in 1870, in which year he was ordained, and became curate at St. Clement's, Oxford. He was a Tutor of Keble College from 1871 to 1879, when he was appointed Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. He was Whitehall Preacher in 1875—7, and Select Preacher at Oxford in 1884.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Heslop Woods, 12, Kelsall Street, Leeds.

THE NORTHERN MEETING AT INVERNESS

THE great fashionable gathering of the year in the Highlands celebrated the centenary of its institution on September 20th, at Inverness. The weather was delightful, and the gathering was one of the largest that ever assembled on pleasure within the Highland capital. In June, 1778, a meeting was held at Inverness, at which it was resolved to form an Association with the view of holding "an annual meeting of gentlemen, ladies, and their families, extending over a week, and that for the purpose of promoting social intercourse." At that time Highland games were not thought of, and the amusements consisted of dinners, balls, and a public breakfast each morning. After the experience of a year or two it was resolved to have only two dress balls, the company assembling on the other evenings in ordinary dress to play cards and dance. The gentlemen of the meeting wore a gay uniform, according to the practice of the time, and the stewards wore badges. About 1810, horse-racing was added to the programme, but, after a while, was discontinued. The present Highland games were established about 1840, and have been carried on with the greatest success ever since. In honour of the centenary, the Committee of Management prepared an unusually attractive programme, the prize-money, with the expenses, amounting to about 400l. The ball in the evening, which was attended by about six hundred ladies and gentlemen, was the largest and one of the most brilliant that has yet been held. Most of those attending the meeting were present.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. George M. Paterson, 14, Brandon Street, Edinburgh.

THE FLOODS AT COMO

THE heavy rains which seem to have been pretty constant throughout Europe have caused the waters of the Lake at Como to overflow. The driving wind and swollen mountain-torrents had succeeded in flooding with six feet or more of water all the quarters fronting the Lake. Our illustrations, from sketches by Mr. J. Y. Dawbarn, show several of the scenes, some not devoid of humour. He writes:—"Our portly friend on the left of one of the pictures, who until lately has been complacently watching the trouble of his compatriots, has now the pleasure of wading up to his knees in search of his refractory hat. A barge, *servizio pubblico*, was speedily started by an enterprising native to secure his countrymen's stray soldi. Craft of every kind are to be seen, from the raft with two boxes and a board to the lake-steamer, waiting for their customers unable to reach them. The disaster is everywhere taken most good-humouredly, the visitors especially enjoying it; though the long faces of their hosts tell that they, at any rate, have fears for the consequence. It is twenty years since a similar flood took place, and even then it was not so deep as to reach the cathedrals and cloisters, as in this instance. The sight of the principal church and its surroundings only approachable by water is not often to be seen, and we hope for the sake of the good people of Como that they at least may be spared this novelty for many years to come." Our sketch of the flooded hotel at Bellagio is from a sketch by Mr. W. Royle.

INCORPORATION OF CHELMSFORD

THERE were great rejoicings in Chelmsford on September 16th, in honour of the Charter of Incorporation which the Queen has granted to the town. The Incorporation movement was started in Chelmsford eighteen months ago by Mr. Arthur J. Furbank, a solicitor, who a few years previously came to the town from Hastings. At first the movement met with considerable opposition from the larger ratepayers, but by degrees the majority of the inhabitants adopted Mr. Furbank's views, and, after an inquiry by the Privy Council Office, the Queen granted the petition.

The Charter was brought from London by a deputation, in a saloon carriage specially provided by the Great Eastern Railway. On arrival it was carried through Chelmsford (the main thoroughfares of which were gaily decorated with bunting and evergreens), escorted by a procession half a mile long. The procession included three bands, mounted police, a troop of Hussars, a guard of honour composed of the Chelmsford Volunteers, 1,500 school children, fire brigades with engines, members of Friendly Societies wearing regalia, Mr. W. J. Beadel, M.P. for the Chelmsford Division, and the Mayors and Corporations of other Essex boroughs. After perambulating the principal streets the procession returned to the Corn Exchange, where Mr. Furbank (the Acting Town Clerk) read the Charter amid enthusiastic cheers. The school-children then, accompanied by the bands, sang the National Anthem. After the reading of the Charter, Mr. F. Whitmore, the Provisional Mayor, entertained a large party of ladies and gentlemen at afternoon tea; in the evening there was a dinner at the Corn Exchange; and at night the streets were brilliantly illuminated with the electric light.—Our engravings are from photographs by T. E. Everard and F. Spalding.

NOVELISTS OF THE DAY

See page 351

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Mr. George Macdonald, Mr. Edmund Yates, and Mr. W. Clark Russell, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Miss Helen Mathers, Mr. James Payn, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, by Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; Miss Thackeray, by Russell and Sons, Hill Road, Wimbledon, S.W.; Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, by Greene, 69, New Bond Street, W.; Mrs. T. A. Trollope, by Tuminello, Rome; Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Thomas Hardy, by Fradelle and Young, 216, Regent Street, W.; Capt. Hawley Smart, by Window and Grove, 45A, Baker Street, W.; Mr. B. L. Farjeon, by Sarony, 37, Union Square, New York, U.S.A.; Mr. H. Rider Haggard, by Mailli and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.; the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, by Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.; Mr. J. H. Sturges, by Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. R. E. Francis, by Martin, Cheltenham; Mr. D. Christie Murray, by Ganz, 28, Rue de l'Equer, Brussels; Mr. R. L. Stevenson, by Hawker, Bournemouth; Mr. F. W. Robinson, by Wheeler, 56, Holloway Road, N.; Mr. W. Black, by Lombardi, 113, King's Road, Brighton; and Mr. Buchanan from a steel engraving.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 349.

MOUNTED INFANTRY AT ALDERSHOT

IT has now been determined by the War Office authorities that a Mounted Infantry Regiment shall form part of the Cavalry

Division of the First Army Forces, and in the Field Army Tables recently issued with the Army Orders, the establishment, arms, and equipment of this regiment have been most carefully worked out, and laid down in print. Nothing appears to be more complete.

The Regiment is to consist of eight strong companies, with a detachment of two machine guns. Each company is so organised as to be complete in itself, and to be self-contained in much the same way as is carried out in the organisation of a battery of artillery. This is very sound policy, as in this manner either one or more companies can be mobilised or detached away without difficulty.

The sub-division of the Mounted Infantry company into four small divisions appears to be most sound in principle, and a step in advance of any system which exists in our Army.

To show that this Mounted Infantry regiment does not exist only on paper, we need only recall to our readers the paragraphs which appeared in all our contemporaries upon the excellent and thorough manner in which the training of the first two companies had been carried out at Aldershot in February and March last. The course of training which those companies underwent is represented as having been, in its way, of a most complete and valuable nature.

Two months may seem a short time in which to teach untrained men to ride and manœuvre, but the Mounted Infantry detachments consist of men specially selected for their efficiency as infantry soldiers in shooting, discipline, and drill, consequently a rough knowledge of riding, and a thorough insight into a practical system of stable management and interior economy, is all that remains to be learnt. However this may be, certain it is that the standard of excellence arrived at by the two first companies, viz., the Light Infantry company and the Royal Rifles company, was the object of general remark in March last.

No doubt the idea of combining in the same company the detachments of regiments because they have identical regimental traditions, is a sound one.

The remaining companies which compose the regiment will be trained during the autumn and winter. By this arrangement there will, at the end of March, be a complete regiment of Mounted Infantry, trained, clothed, equipped, and ready for service, consisting of about forty-five officers, and over 1,000 men.

The expenses will be comparatively small, as beyond the small outlay for clothes, equipment, and extra pay for men during training, the country will have nothing to finance. The horses are temporarily lent during the slack season by the Cavalry, and therefore no extra expense is incurred on their account.

The training of the Mounted Infantry thus originated will before long give a mounted infantry force which is likely in the not very distant future to exercise an important change upon the military resources of this country.

We have no auxiliary force of cavalry, or mounted men, worth calculating, except the Yeomanry, numbering only 9,000. Mounted Infantry, if introduced into the Volunteer Forces in a manner similar to that now recognised for the First Army Corps, might give this country at the least possible expense to the country a proportion of mounted men of which they are entirely destitute.

The dress of the men is that of their respective regiments, with Bedford cord breeches and puttees.

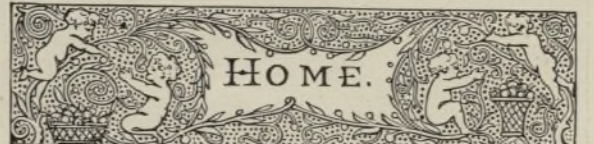
The ammunition is carried in a bandolier over the shoulder, and the rifle in a Namaqua bucket attached to the cantle of the saddle on the off side.

THE FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, NEWCASTLE UPON-TYNE

THIS hospital, which has been erected at the entire cost of Mr. John Fleming, of that city, in memory of his late wife, was opened by Lord Armstrong on September 26th. The building lies on the east side of the town, nearly opposite the site of last year's Exhibition. It provides accommodation for sixty-two children, together with the necessary nursing staff, resident medical officer, and matron. The accommodation for patients occupies the whole of the first floor, in the centre of which is a large day-room for convalescents. The ground floor is occupied entirely by the administrative department, and there

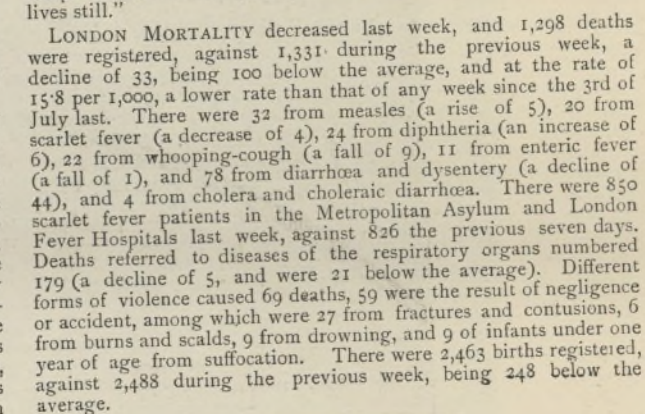
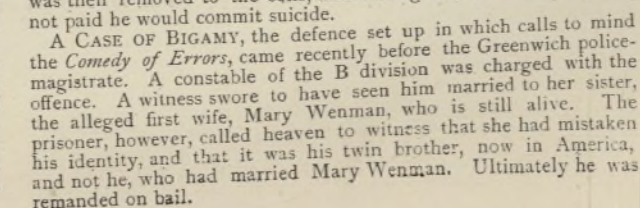
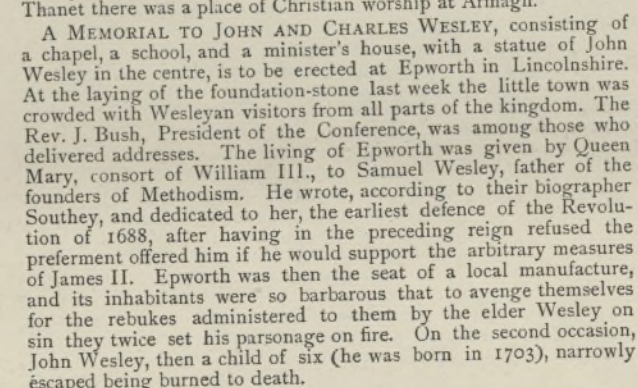


is a large dining-hall, kitchen, and laundry at the back of the buildings. The dormitories for the nurses and servants are on the second floor. The ventilation and drainage are on the most approved principle, most of the floors are of marble concrete, and the walls of the wards are finished with salt-glazed bricks to a height of three or four feet. The site of the Hospital comprises about three and a-half acres, and is laid out with paved and grass playgrounds. The building has been erected from the designs, and under the superintendence, of Messrs. John S. Quilter and George Wheelhouse, architects, of 10, Brunswick Square, London. The style adopted is that of English domestic work during the sixteenth century. Red brick and stone are the outside materials employed. The entire cost, including the land and furnishing complete, is about 20,000l.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Chamberlain made a long and stirring speech at a Unionist meeting on Wednesday, held after a conference there of the Midland Liberal Unionists. The Duke of St. Alban's presided. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain attributed the troubles of Ireland to the determination of the members of the Irish party, which he called a "kept party," to continue to earn the wages which they received from the Irish leaders in the United States, who would not pay them unless they did their utmost to make the government of Ireland impossible. One very telling portion of the speech was that in which he disposed of the charge that the Unionists had not passed an Arrears Bill which would have prevented evictions and made the Plan of Campaign useless. He showed how, through the successful opposition of the Nationalist M.P.s themselves, his scheme for cancelling arrears of debt due by the Irish tenant not only to the landlord, but to the usurer and the shopkeeper had been rejected because the usurers and the village shopkeeper were the main supporters of the League.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lord Craighill, a Judge of the Scotch Court of Session, who, as Mr. John Millar, was Solicitor-General for Scotland in the Conservative Government of 1867 and 1874; of the Rev. Dr. Flood, originally a surgeon in Leeds, who entered the Church, was appointed successively to the livings of Beaminster, Dorsetshire, the benefice of St. Matthew's, Leeds (he held it for twenty-eight years), the Vicarage of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, London, where he succeeded Canon Duckworth, and the living of Dinton, Bucks, which he held at his death; in or about his forty-sixth year, by drowning at Kingussie, N.B., of Dr. Claude Taylor, the much respected Nottingham surgeon; in his fortieth year, of Mr. Frederick T. Gammon, who succeeded Mr. T. B. Smithies as editor of the *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, &c., and was well known in connection with the Sunday School Union, and similar organisations; in his fifty-seventh year, of Dr. Robert H. Mair, editor for twenty years of "Debrett's Peerage," and of kindred works; and in her seventy-ninth year, of Mrs. Hull, one of the oldest and most valued of all the Queen's domestic servants, who entered the Royal Household as nurse when the Prince of Wales was only a few years old, and had afterwards the care of all the Queen's children.



occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week was at first fine, warm, and dry generally, but after Saturday (22nd inst.) became less settled, with lower temperatures and rain in many places. During the greater part of the time a large anticyclone stretched from the Westward of our Islands away to North-west Russia, while low-pressure systems were shown in the extreme North and South. Light airs prevailed very generally, and blew from between South and West over the Northern half, and from North-east over the Southern half of the United Kingdom. Heavy fogs or mists were very prevalent by night all over the country, but the weather was brilliantly fine, and the air warm by day in most places. At one or two Scotch Stations, and over Central Ireland, by day in most places, the minimum thermometer fell to below 40°. After Saturday (22nd inst.) some changes in the distribution of pressure took place, the anticyclone being shifted up into two systems by Sunday (23rd inst.), one lying over our Islands, and the other over Germany, while subsequently the centre of highest pressure was found off the North of Scotland, and shallow areas of relatively low values were shown over France. Fog continued to prevail, the sky became cloudy, temperature fell somewhat—most in the North, and rain set in at a few places, but no material change in the winds occurred, except that they drew more into North, and freshened slightly. At the close of the week a large anticyclone had again been established over and to the Eastward of our Islands, while the rain had again subsided considerably, and frost was shown by the ordinary shaded thermometer at Nairn on Wednesday morning (26th inst.). The highest maximum temperatures of the week have slightly exceeded 70° (more than once) at one or two Inland Stations over England.

The barometer was highest (30·35 inches) on Thursday (20th inst.); lowest (29·29 inches) on Monday (24th inst.); range 0·06 inch.

The temperature was highest (70°) on Friday (21st inst.); lowest (47°) on Saturday (22nd inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on two days. Total fall 0·22 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·18 inch, on Tuesday (25th inst.)



"Creeping up through the long grass, gliding through the encompassing belt of forest, selecting, no doubt, a time when most of the fighting-men are absent fishing or hunting, the slave-raiders suddenly pounce on the doomed village, which they rapidly encircle.

The loud discharge of their guns paralyses the inhabitants with terror, and the panic is doubtless added to by the firing of the thatched huts. The few men who attempt an ineffectual resistance with their spears and clubs and bows and arrows are pitilessly shot

down. The women, the boys, and such youths or young men as are easily overpowered, are speedily secured; their hands are usually tied behind the back, and their necks are invested with the heavy forked sticks which the slave-raiders have previously cut and brought

with them on the backs of their donkeys or their slave-porters. In addition to these wooden yokes, the slaves are frequently tied together by long twisted liana cords, made of the tough bush-creepers. The little children are rarely tied, except with their

heart-strings, for their attachment to their mothers, and the mothers' determination not to be parted from their children, combine to carry them along with the slave-caravan—as long, that is to say, as their poor little legs can bear them."

A SLAVE RAID IN CENTRAL AFRICA
DRAWN BY H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.



IN GERMANY much interest has been aroused and controversy excited by the publication in the *Deutsche Rundschau*—a monthly review—of some extracts which professed to be taken from a diary kept by the late Emperor Frederick when Crown Prince during the Franco-German campaign. In this diary the Emperor had noted down in a brief incisive fashion the leading military and political incidents of the day, and now the world hears for the first time that German Unity and the final consolidation of the Empire by the proclamation of William I. at Versailles was not so much due to the initiative of Prince Bismarck as to the persistent urging of the Crown Prince himself. The latter indeed had a serious difference with the great Chancellor, who as well as the King had grave doubts and fears as to the feelings of the other German States on the subject—it being especially feared that Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria would thus be thrown into the arms of Austria. Ultimately the Chancellor appears to have yielded, and to have practically compelled King Louis of Bavaria to write the now historic letter offering King William the Imperial Crown by the threat that if the King did not take this step the North German Parliament would do so. The Crown Prince's Liberal ideas were constantly to the fore; in one place he writes, "My uppermost thought is how, when peace has been restored, the liberal development of Germany shall be carried out;" and again after the proclamation, "I shall have a strong hold over the now united nation, because I shall be the first sovereign who unreservedly adheres to Constitutional Government." With regard to the actual campaign the late Emperor gives a simple account of the chief incidents, relates how he was opposed to the bombardment of Paris, details the leading features of the surrender of Napoleon, and only the closing sentence of his journal contains any new fact—but that fact is new and important. After the internment of the French Emperor in Wilhelmshöhe, he writes, "Napoleon is trying to effect a quiet rapprochement to us, a moderation of the peace conditions, on promise of a common war with England." As might be expected, the authenticity of the diary has at once been challenged. Prince Bismarck himself is stated to have pronounced it to be "apocryphal," while his organs, without categorically pronouncing it a forgery, question the accuracy of its statements. The *North German Gazette*, after stating authoritatively that the diary was published without the knowledge of the present Emperor, adds, "As for the text of the alleged diary, it contains such serious errors of time and fact, according to the recollection of those who are concerned in the events referred to, that its genuineness must be doubted." The sale of the *Deutsche Rundschau* has also been prohibited. Up to the present, however, the Empress Frederick, who would undoubtedly be the best authority in the matter, has taken no steps to impeach the authenticity of the diary. Moreover, according to one statement, a portion of the Crown Prince's diary during the Prusso-Austrian campaign of 1866 is now to be published.

Other GERMAN topics have been the recent manoeuvres, which, conducted under the Emperor's supervision, have been highly successful; the Emperor's journey southward to Munich, Vienna, and Rome, which he began on Tuesday by going to Detmold; and the various German enterprises in Africa. First and foremost of these comes the so-called Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, which is being organised on a large and important scale, and will be led by Lieutenant Wissmann. Exclusive of native carriers, he will have five hundred armed men under his control, and will endeavour to establish communication between Wadai and the East coast, by means of *etappen* or stations. The Expedition, however, has manifestly a far wider scope than that of carrying succour to Emin Pasha, and this is made still more evident by the fact that Lieutenant Wissmann proposes to journey from the coast not by the direct way through Masailand, but by way of the Unyamwezi country. In this manner the Expedition will start southwards of the zone acknowledged to be under British influence, will establish a chain of stations behind the zone, dividing it from the Congo region and extending northwards so as to secure communication with the Nile and the Soudan. In this manner, the English zone will be completely hemmed in, and doubtless in the future be debarred from all trading in the interior. At present, however, the Germans are decidedly not prospering in their East African ventures. The Usambara chiefs have revolted against the German Company, and at Bagomoyo the coast tribes and the German *employés* came into open conflict, so that the German Admiral on the 23rd inst. landed an armed force and killed 150 of the natives. At Kilwa, two German officials and their three servants were murdered on Saturday by some insurgents, who then seized the town and re-boasted the Zanzibar Sultan's flag. Owing to the ill feeling against the Germans, all Europeans—for the natives make no fine distinctions as regards the various nationalities—are in imminent danger, and a general exodus is contemplated from the districts bordering on the German concessions. The reasons for the German unpopularity are alleged to be the inexperience of the Teuton in colonisation, and the general tendency of his officially-trained mind to carry matters with a high hand, rather than by methods of gentle persuasion.

Indeed, African affairs as a whole cannot be said to be in a satisfactory condition. At Suakin the rebels remain in the same position as last week, and appear to have constructed admirable earthworks in the face of a heavy fire from the water forts and from H.M.S. *Gannet*. They have even succeeded in mounting field pieces and in shelling the town, and have secured the most important wells, thus in a great measure cutting off the water supply from the town. Reinforcements have been ordered to Suakin from Egypt, and General Grenfell will also proceed there, while several war vessels have been despatched to assist in shelling the rebel positions, as well as a condensing ship for the supply of fresh water. In Egypt the insufficient Nile will cause a loss to the Government of 250,000*l.* Turning to Central Africa, the bad news of Major Barttelot's Expedition has been enhanced by the death of Mr. Jameson on August 17 at Bangala. The expedition was broken up by Major Barttelot's death, and the Manyema were disbanded. Mr. Bonny was in charge of the loads at Yarocombi, close to Stanley Falls, but many loads and men were missing. As for Mr. Stanley, nothing has been as yet heard either from or of him. In South Africa it has been announced that Zululand is to be definitively retained as a British possession, and that the Imperial Government have offered to annex Bechuana Land to the Cape free of expense.

In FRANCE the death of Marshal Bazaine, who died at Madrid on Sunday, at the age of seventy-seven, has excited little more than passing comment, the general feeling being that expressed by the *Temps*—"Bazaine died on the day when the court-martial found him guilty. A person who has survived such a condemnation does not belong to history." In Spain, however, where the Marshal has spent the last twelve years of his exile, and where he has been exceedingly popular, much sympathy is expressed at his death, and he is pronounced to have been a political victim. The funeral took place on Monday evening at the Cemetery of San Justo, the remains being followed by his son, a corporal in a crack Spanish regiment, and some other relatives and friends; General Martinez Campos being amongst the latter. Madame Bazaine is in Mexico,

where she went some time since to look after some property. Of late years Marshal Bazaine's health has been materially declining. He broke his leg a short time ago, and heart disease subsequently declared itself. "He took little care of his personal appearance," writes the *Standard* correspondent, "he grew a long greyish beard; his sight became impaired; in fact, he seemed such a wreck in his solitude and old age that Spaniards pitied him."

Of French news proper, there is little of any outside interest. The well-known historical and Oriental artist, M. Boulanger (no relation to the warrior-politician of that name) has died suddenly at the age of sixty-four; the strike of the workmen at the Eiffel Tower came to an end last week; there is serious agitation amongst the clerks of the Postal and Telegraph Office owing to the harsh treatment by the Government of some of their colleagues; and three noteworthy monuments have been unveiled. One of these, a statue to Danton, erected at Arcis-sur-Aube, has been appropriately unveiled by M. Lockroy, who assured his audience that he was proud to express his admiration for Danton. A second is to the revolutionary hero, Baudin, inaugurated at Nantes by the Minister for Public Works. The third monument is in the cemetery at Amiens, to the memory of Captain Vogel, who was killed in the defence of the citadel in the Franco-German War. M. Goblet performed the ceremony, and read his hearers a lecture on the lessons taught by the "blind policy which led us into irreparable disasters," on the all-importance of never handing France over to one man, and on the necessity for healing the internal divisions "which are the sole cause of our weakness." The Chambers will reassemble on October 9th.

In EASTERN EUROPE, Greece has sent Turkey a sharply-worded Note, owing to Kemal Bey, the Governor of Scio, having seized a Greek sponge-fishing vessel, and has generally shown a disposition to harass the Greek fishermen. In view of eventualities, the Greeks are getting their war-vessels ready for a naval demonstration. In Bulgaria no little apprehension is expressed at the forthcoming Greek, German, and Russian matrimonial alliances, as it is feared that Macedonia will be eventually handed over to the Greeks, and not added to the domain of Prince Ferdinand.

From INDIA comes the gratifying news of a decided victory over the Tibetans, whom Colonel Graham attacked on Monday in the Jelapla Pass, completely defeating them, and capturing their camp. He at once continued his advance, and marched into Tibetan territory upon Rinchingong in the Chumbi Valley. The Tibetans are stated to have lost 400 killed and wounded, the only casualties on our side being ten wounded—nine Sepoys and Colonel Bromhead, who lost his right arm. In AFGHANISTAN matters still appear to be in a very unsatisfactory condition, and though the Ameer reports that his troops are still advancing, and that Ishak Khan has fled into Bokhara, the truth of this last statement is doubted, as the mission to Cabul has been postponed at his request. The Black Mountain Expedition will soon begin work, and General McQueen has left Simla to assume the command. He is to have a free hand both in carrying out the details of the Expedition and in settling the permanent basis for the conditions of peace. Another little punitive expedition is in prospect, as the Naga tribes beyond the Dikha River have once more broken out, and raided two villages under British control.

In the UNITED STATES the yellow fever epidemic has caused a panic along the Mississippi, extending from New Orleans to Louisville. Strict quarantine is observed against all infected places, and the running of many trains to Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Southern Kentucky has been abandoned. Some cities are surrounded by a frontier-line of armed volunteers, who warn off all persons attempting to pass this cordon. One refugee, who left a train at Durant, Kentucky, was shot dead by a quarantine guard. The Postmaster at Cairo, in reporting the stoppage of the railway-traffic, adds that "the country below is in the hands of a howling mob." People are now praying for a frost, which it is expected would check the advance of the epidemic. Mr. William Warren, the well-known comedian, died last week.



THE QUEEN has taken her usual drives in the Highlands during the past week, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Castle, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating; and in the evening Earl Cadogan dined with the Queen. On Monday Her Majesty, with Princess Alice of Hesse, visited Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick at Invercauld; while Prince Henry of Battenberg drove to Glen Muick and joined Mr. Mackenzie in a grouse drive. On Tuesday the Archbishop of Canterbury and Miss Benson, who are staying at Braemar, dined with Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales had capital sport last week near Kesztely, in Austria, and, shooting from the shore of the Balaton Lake, bagged a hundred waterfowl and wild ducks, and was equally successful in partridge and hare shooting. On Saturday the Prince returned to Vienna, and in the evening, accompanied by Crown Prince Rudolph, went to the Theatre an der Wien to see the *Zigeuner Baron*. On Sunday the Prince attended Divine Service at the chapel of the British Embassy; after which he entertained the Crown Prince Rudolph and Archduke Otto at lunch at the Grand Hotel. On Monday the Prince received General Lawton, United States Minister, and called on the King of Greece at the Hôtel Imperial, subsequently lunching at the British Embassy, and dining with the Crown Prince Rudolph, who accompanied him to the theatre. On Tuesday the Prince entertained the King of Greece at lunch at the Sacher Garten in the Prater, and in the afternoon dined with the Archduke Wilhelm at his Palace on the Ringstrasse, and on Wednesday was to have started for Eisenherz to shoot chamois with the Crown Prince, but owing to the heavy rain remained at Vienna. On Friday and Saturday (to-day) the Prince was to go to Budapest, and remain till Monday, when he will inspect his Hussar regiment at Miskolc, in Hungary, and leave next day, 2nd October, for Bucharest, on a visit to the King and Queen of Roumania, at Sinaia. The Prince will subsequently go on a bear-hunting expedition to Transylvania with the Crown Prince Rudolph, and will not return to England before the 15th of October. The Princess of Wales and her daughters left Gmünden last Saturday, and travelled to London *via* Cologne, arriving at Marlborough House on Monday, having crossed from Flushing to Sheerness in the Royal yacht *Osburne*. The Princess and her daughters left London on Wednesday evening for Abergeldie, where they will be joined by the Prince of Wales on his return to Austria.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Volo last week, and left for Malta. Next month the Duke and Duchess will return with the British Mediterranean Squadron to the Piræus, in order to take part in the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the accession of King George.—Princess Christian is at Wiesbaden, undergoing treatment for her eyes. Prince Christian is at Berlin, and their daughters at Darmstadt.—Princess Louise, with Lord Lorne, will be the guests of Lord and Lady Armstrong, at Craigside, near Rothbury, in November, when the Princess will open Durham College of Science, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Princess and Lord

Lorne will also visit the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle. Princess Louise is at present staying with the Duchess of Edinburgh, and will return to England at the end of next month.



NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE FESTIVAL.—The popularity of musical festivals appears to be spreading, although by many provincial music-lovers it is claimed that the Festivals do a certain amount of harm, by centreing the musical interest of the locality in some great triennial event. The latest to enter the list is the North Staffordshire Festival, which will be held at Hanley on October 11th. At present it is only the germ of a Festival, or a sort of trial proceeding, intended to lead up to a regular festival two years hence, when a new cantata (*Fair Rosamund*), libretto by Mr. Desmond Ryan, and music by Dr. Swinnerton Heap, will be produced. During the present year the Hanley folks have contented themselves with allaying local jealousies, and from among the numerous excellent choral societies in the vicinity collecting a Festival choir. Each voice was tested separately, and out of the large number of candidates who presented themselves about 350 have been selected. An orchestra, too, has been gathered, largely from local sources, and by way of start two performances will be given—one of *Elijah*, with Mesdames Valleria and Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel as soloists; the other programme being miscellaneous, with a new concert overture by Mr. Algernon Ashton, by way of novelty. The gentry of the neighbourhood have subscribed a heavy guarantee-fund, and the concerts will be held in the Victoria Hall, a building which will hold 2,500 people.

THE "CORSIKIAN BROTHERS." A new melodramatic opera on this subject was produced at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, and it is said to be the first attempt which has been made to treat the popular drama in serious operatic fashion. If the opera did not prove altogether so serious as Mr. Charles Bradberry, its librettist, and Mr. George Fox, its composer, intended, the blame must largely be laid on the interpreters. The unfortunate band had obviously not had sufficient rehearsals, and apparently they were not even provided with the proper "cues" and *tempi*. More than one false start was the consequence, and this doubtless disconcerted some of the individual vocalists. The chorus too, although picked from the Italian Opera, could hardly be expected to properly study a work which they expected to sing only once, and accordingly in some of the most ambitious situations, such for example as the reconciliation of Orlandi and Colonne in the first *finale*, the affair resulted in confusion. Mr. Fox should likewise be counselled to abandon his extraordinary recitatives, and to restore the dialogue, when his many melodious solos will be accorded a better chance. The libretto keeps closely to the original drama, which Charles Kean first, and Mr. Henry Irving has since, made popular, but the book is necessarily shortened for operatic purposes, and a love-duet between the unlucky Louis and the heroine has been introduced. Madame Bauermeister sang the music of the heroine, and Mr. George Fox, who is a baritone, himself undertook the *dual rôle* of the twin-brothers Fabian and Louis dei Franchi. The part of the villain Chateau Renaud accordingly fell to a tenor, Mr. Bernard Lane; while Mr. Douglas Cox was Montgiron, Mr. Pyatt a sonorous-voiced judge, and Miss Clara Leslie a pretty Clara. Madame Lanner's ballet ladies assisted, and Mr. Few conducted.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden will close about a fortnight hence, but meantime they still attract large audiences. The programme on Wednesday was of the usual "classical" sort, the term, however, being more strictly applied to the instrumental works than to the songs. The symphony was that of the late Hermann Goetz, which is always heard with pleasure, and the overture was Weber's *Oberon*. Mr. Carrodus played the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, and Miss Dora Bright performed the solo part in her own pianoforte concerto in A minor, which was originally produced at one of the students' concerts at the Royal Academy of Music. The vocalists were Miss Whitacre, Madame Scalchi, and Mr. Lloyd.

"CARINA."—A new comic opera, bearing this title, was announced at the Opéra Comique on Thursday of this week. We reserve notice of the music, which is from the pen of Madame Julia Woolf, a lady who in 1848-9 was "King's Scholar" at the Royal Academy of Music, and who has since often figured as a composer. The libretto is based upon Damanian's *Guerre Ouerle*, the original of Mrs. Inchbald's last-century play, *The Midnight Hour*. This pleasant story tells how a young lady, against her wish, is to be married to a rich Cuban, whom she has never seen. But a younger and more acceptable lover comes along, and her uncle, the General, gives his consent to their union if the young man will abduct the lady with her own consent before midnight. The young gallant is discovered when he is brought in in a box, but feminine ingenuity outwits the General, and the lady ultimately escapes in the clothes of her confederate.

THE OPERA.—There is nothing fresh to record about the Italian Opera in London, except that Signor Lamperti's season at Covent Garden is not likely to begin till the last week of next month. The production of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera is now imminent, for the last *matinée* of *The Mikado* is announced for to-day (Saturday), and the new work will be given on October 3rd. The authors have rightly put their foot down upon certain enterprising journalists who threatened to print some of their lyrics; although we understand that the story already given of the peasant girl who marries a State prisoner, and afterwards unwittingly makes love to her own husband, is correct. But, although Mr. Gilbert once said that the scene would be laid in the Tower of London, he has, it is said, since changed his mind.—Mr. Augustus Harris's Provincial Opera Company, with Mesdames Rolla, Trebelli, and MacIntyre at its head, will give a performance of *Carmen* at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, and will, on October 8th, begin the tour at Glasgow. For his London season Mr. Harris has engaged Signor Arditi as joint conductor with Signor Mancinelli.—The Carl Rosa Company will this week conclude a successful season in Ireland; and will next week return to England, opening at Plymouth on Monday. They have been unable yet to produce Halévy's *La Juive*, owing to the illness of Miss Groll. The titular character will, however, now be undertaken by Miss Fanny Moody, and Madame Gaylord has reinforced the troupe.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Little Josef Hofmann is again ill, it is said of pleurisy, and his projected tours in England and America are once more postponed till next year.—Madame Patti will return to Buenos Ayres in March, having entered into a fresh contract to give thirty-two operatic performances there from April to July, at a minimum of 1,250*l.* per night. The actual receipts of the last Transatlantic tour exceeded 75,000*l.*, of which Madame Patti took a little more than half.—Mr. Herkomer, the artist, is composing a new opera to a libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett, for performance at Bushey.

SLAVE-RAIDING AND SLAVE-TRADING

In that brilliant sketch of the history of the human race which the late Winwood Reade published under the title of "The Martyrdom of Man," he dwells at considerable extent on the effect which the African slave-trade has had on the world's history. He points out the influence it exercised over Egyptian, Phœnician, Persian, Roman, Byzantine, and Saracenic politics; how it was the cause of ancient Egyptian beads being found to-day in the black, vegetable soil of Dahomé and Ashanti; how it caused an almost prehistoric trade to spring up between Persia and the East Coast of Africa; and how it affected in turn the action of Carthage, Rome, and Byzantium in Africa, and attracted the followers of Mohammed to the "land of the blacks." Then he goes on to describe the result of the importation of the negro-slaves into America, beginning with the first cargo landed by Sir John Hawkins in the West Indies, and concluding with the War of Secession in the United States. To any one newly interested in the subject of the slave-trade, who cares to know the carefully-formed opinion of a writer who conscientiously and practically studied Africa in Africa, and who scrupulously avoided sentimentality, I should advise the perusal, or the re-perusal, of Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man."

The complete suppression by Great Britain of the maritime transport of slaves from Africa to America, and the almost universal abolition of slavery throughout America have, during the last twenty years, considerably altered the aspect of the slave-trade in Africa. While the numbers of slaves yearly procured from the sources of supply in the heart of Negroland have, perhaps, slightly increased rather than diminished, the exportation of negroes from Africa has greatly lessened.

Nearly all the slaves procured are disposed of within the limits of the African continent, and a relatively small proportion are smuggled over to Arabia, Persia, Turkey, and Syria across the Red Sea or round the Persian Gulf, a few are transported to the Comoro Islands and the west coast of Madagascar, and some, it is alleged, find their way to the Creole planters of Réunion.

Nevertheless, as regards the actual transmarine exportation of slaves from Africa, we may congratulate ourselves on its almost total extinction. The African slave-trade is entering upon its final phase. Extinguished in America, almost stamped out in the West of Asia, confined more and more within the limits of the Dark Continent, the slave-trade rages for the moment more fiercely than ever.

Each year the slave-traders and raiders, who are mainly the Mohammedans of the North, Centre, and East, penetrate farther and farther into the nooks and corners of untraversed Negro Africa. Nearly every fresh journey of European explorers brings to light the sudden and lamentable appearance of these pitiless man-hunters with their donkeys and horses and camels, their long clothes, their guns, their prayers, rites, diseases, and vices in regions of the bow and arrow and the spear, where the happy naked negroes have hitherto led an untroubled, bucolic existence, innocent of vice, ignorant of fanaticism, and tolerably free from disease and corruption. It is not long after the advent of the slave-traders that a change takes place in what may hitherto have been described by the enthusiastic African explorer as an African Paradise. If the tribe is a strong and populous one, and too powerful when united to be overcome by even a compact force armed with guns, the insidious Mohammedans will select one chief among many, supply him with arms, and bind him and his sub-chiefs to their interests with handsome presents, and then induce him to break up the brotherhood of the tribe and attack and enslave their unsuspecting neighbours. So civil war is waged in the land, and whilst the natives are mutually slaying and devastating, the wily Arabs busily collect their required number of slaves.

Or they are too impatient and too strong to care to delay in bringing about this state of anarchy. The native community whence they desire to procure their slaves appears too weak to resist a determined onslaught. Creeping up through the long grass, gliding through the encompassing belt of forest, selecting, no doubt, a time when most of the fighting-men are absent fishing or hunting, the slave-raiders suddenly pounce on the doomed village, which they rapidly encircle. The loud discharge of their guns paralyses the inhabitants with terror, and the panic is doubtless added to by the firing of the thatched huts. The few men who attempt an ineffectual resistance with their spears and clubs and bows and arrows are pitilessly shot down. The women, the boys, and such youths or young men as are easily overpowered, are speedily secured; their hands are usually tied behind the back, and their necks are invested with the heavy forked sticks which the slave-raiders have previously cut and brought with them on the backs of their donkeys or their slave-porters. In addition to these wooden yokes, the slaves are frequently tied together by long, twisted liana cords, made of the tough bush-creepers. The little children are rarely tied, except with their heartstrings. Their attachment to their mothers, and the mothers' determination not to be parted from their children, combine to carry them along with the slave-caravan—as long, that is to say, as their poor little legs can bear them.

The Arabs are not generally cruel to the children. The children, as young and tractable ("tameable") subjects, are, from self-interest, looked after with a certain amount of solicitude; and if their mothers cannot carry them, and they cannot keep up with the caravan, they are placed on the backs of the beasts of burden. I have in this way seen Jumba Kimemeta, a great slave-trader of Eastern Equatorial Africa, transporting a considerable number of slave-children to the coast. The very young babies are generally left behind, unless the mother when captured has her infant slung to her back; and after a slave-raid has taken place, amid the smoking, blackened ruins of the houses, and the trampled maize-fields, you may see here and there, among the stiffening corpses of the men, and the crouching, dazed, inarticulately-moaning old women, a fat, dimpled baby, who, already forgetful of the horrors it has scarcely understood, babbles to itself, as it traces with a forefinger the widening flow of its father's blood, or whimpers, in a desultory manner, as it vaguely misses its mother.

Some such scene as this slave-raid I have tried to picture for you on another page. The accessories of the scene and the types of Arab and native are taken from my East African sketches, but the surroundings and the character of the participants in these dramas are very similar throughout the slave-hunting grounds of Central Africa; and what you see here depicted might as nearly represent the slave-raids of the Mohammedan Fulas and Hausas in the Western Soudan, of the Arabs, Nubians, and Abyssinians in the Nile Basin, as of the Arabs, Baluchis, and Arabised negroes on the Upper Congo, the Upper Zambesi, and in the region of the Great Lakes.

Whether the slave-traders obtain their slaves by raiding, by promoting civil strife, or, vicariously, by purchase from native chiefs, whom they have taught and tempted to do the raiding for them, the true horrors of the slave-trade commence with the journey towards the coast or the trading-depôt. During the first few days of the march the loss of life among the slaves is almost fifty per cent. The weakly who fall down by the way-side, and are insensible to blows and exhortations to rise, are either shot or stabbed then and there, or are left to die of starvation and thirst, and the repeated bites of hyænas. The progress of the caravan, indeed, is attended (as I have myself seen) with a skulking following of hyænas and jackals, and a bolder troop of vultures and Marabou storks.

Following in the track of Swahili slave-traders in East Africa (to the south of Kilima-njaro), I have on several occasions come across the half-eaten bodies of dead slaves, with the slave-sticks

still attached to their necks; and three slaves I picked up and restored to health, whom I found at the last stage of exhaustion and still bleeding from hyæna-bites. One of them, a bright, intelligent boy, named (by the Arabs) "Songoro," a native of Karagwe, gave me, when he came to speak Swahili, a vivid description of how, when he was abandoned by the Arabs and the night came on, the whining hyænas would amble round him, occasionally making a snap and a tearing bite at his limbs and then scurrying off, frightened at their own temerity. This boy had the calf of one leg quite eaten away by the hyenas, and it was wonderful that he recovered from his wounds. He afterwards returned with us to the coast.

At the first convenient halting-place that offers on their route—such a place as Taveita or Tabora, Nyaŋgwe, Kano, Kuka, or Timbuktu, the slave-traders stop and rest and re-arrange their caravan. Here they weed out the weakly and diseased who are not likely to repay them for further transport, and these infirm—to check any temptation on the part of others to "malingering"—are killed and thrown into the bush, where you, who may be following the slaves, are led to discover their remains by the horrible effluvia they cause, and the maddening howls and squabbles they give rise to at night among the hyenas and jackals. Here, also, they proceed to mutilate a large number of the boys, in such a brutal and unskillful manner that not a few die in lingering agony from the effects of the operation. I have seen those who have thus perished and have been left behind, dying or put out of their misery by a departing slave. Indirectly, the Mohammedan East is responsible for these horrors. Did not Turkey, Arabia, Persia, Morocco, Tripoli, and Egypt require to keep up the supply of sexless guardians for their harems, there would be no motive for the mutilation of these unhappy negroes, and the large percentage of loss it occasions to their captors or purchasers. But the value of those who survive is immensely increased, as all who have travelled in Barbary, Turkey, Egypt, and Persia can affirm.

I cannot do better to epitomise this brief, crude sketch of the horrors of the slave-trade than by quoting a few lines from an incisive article by Mr. Oswald Crawford in this month's *Nineteenth Century*:—"While the dominant, colonising nations have thus touched Africa so lightly, bringing with them but little of their higher influences, nearly the whole of the vast interior has been pierced in every direction, and brought into ever-recurring contact with slave-hunting hordes of the most avaricious, brutal, and relentless fanatic religionaries of which the world has had experience. It is chiefly because of this long-continued malign influence that the African negro has been so miserably belated on his road to advancement. A somewhat superior race has come near him, indeed, but not to subjugate and amend; not to mix its blood with his, as other conquering nations have used to do; not to impart laws, customs, and manners superior to his own; but to harry and torment, to enslave, to carry into captivity; to burn villages, and scatter and confound and slaughter the dwellers in the land."

The map with which I have accompanied this article is intended



to show the present sources of supply and routes of distribution of slaves in Africa. It will be seen by this that slave-trading and raiding are not only confined to the East Central part of Africa. The slave-trade flourishes nowhere more than to the south of Lake Chad, at the back of the Cameroons, and within the great bend of the Niger. The Abyssinians enslave the Gallas, and the negro tribes of Berta and Burun. The Portuguese half-castes convey numbers of slaves yearly from the Empire of the Muata Yanvo to the Portuguese plantations on the Kunéné, and the Kwanza in Angola, where, it is true, the Portuguese Government nominally frees and protects them, but where no attempt, to my knowledge, is made to punish their enslavers.

Northern Africa, principally Morocco, Tripoli, and Fezzan, and to a lesser degree, since the establishment of French rule, the south of Tunis and Algeria, contain the markets at which the slaves procured from the Niger Basin, the Binue, and the Shasi are sold. The slaves from this region of the Western Soudan must necessarily cross the Sahara either to Morocco or the Tripolitan, and, as may be imagined, many perish by the way. Timbuktu, Murzuk, Ghadames, Taflet, and the city of Morocco are great distributing centres for the north of Africa. The slaves obtained from the Nile Basin—such of them, that is to say, as are not retained by the Mahdi as followers—find their way into Egypt (lately in much decreased numbers), and across the Red Sea into Arabia.

The great bulk of the slaves which are brought down to the coast from the Upper Congo and the lakes are bought up by the Arab, Swahili, and Hindoo planters on the Zanzibar littoral, and do not quit Africa, nor run the risk of being recaptured and set free by British cruisers. A small but steady supply crosses the Mozam-

bique Channel to Madagascar and the Comoro Islands, and a determined effort is made from the coast between Pangani and Cape Guardafui to despatch cargoes of slaves to the Persian Gulf to supply Oman, Persia, and Turkey, but, as may be imagined, very few of these Arab dhows manage to elude our gunboats, and land their freight at its destination.

What is to be done to put a stop to slave-trading and raiding? Cardinal Lavigèrie, in burning words, and with all the enthusiasm of a man who is in earnest and deeply moved, proposes a new International Crusade to drive the Arabs out of Africa. But he seems to forget that the Old Crusades did not succeed in ousting the Arabs and Turks from the Holy Land, and that they produced excessive wickedness among the crusading nations. Unless his modern Knights Templar are prepared to settle down in, and administer the lands in Central Africa, from which they have driven the Mohammedan slave-raiders, the New Crusade will simply be productive of useless butchery and devastation, and most certainly of the same international rivalry and bickering that occurred under the Old Crusades. The French Crusaders will accuse the English of deriving undue advantage from their joint victories, the German will tread on the toes of the Belgian, the Italian will jostle the Frenchman, the Spaniard will stand sullenly apart, and the Portuguese be accused all round of complicity with the enemy. No; we can only hope to suppress the slave-trade by each European Power doing independently its duty in that part of Africa which it claims to influence and govern. And it must be remembered that on paper, on the political map, almost the entirety of Africa is now divided among the nations of Europe. Morocco is practically the only remaining autochthonous African State that can be considered independent, uncontrolled, and ungarrisoned by European troops.

We, the British, may safely leave France, Belgium, Germany, Portugal, Italy, and Spain to extend their rule and crush out the slave-trade in those portions of Africa which have recently come under their political influence, and devote ourselves exclusively to the suppression of this scourge in those vast territories which have fallen to our share. In the existing British Colonies in Africa, I need hardly say, the slave-trade is extinct, but quite recently three great British trading corporations have undertaken to administer lands on the East Coast, in the Lake Region, and in the Western Soudan, where the trade rages at its hottest. The task of its suppression to which they have honestly applied themselves is one which will need much money, much bravery, and much patience to bring about its accomplishment. Let those therefore among us whose disgust with the ravages of the Mohammedan slave-trade, and whose desires to bring about its cessation are genuine, and not actuated by the object of obtaining a pleasant publicity for their refined clamour, see if they cannot co-operate in their procedure with the three British trading companies who are in the field, and who would know how to turn to practical utility what would otherwise prove a sentimental and useless crusade. But if they are not to devote either their money, or their knowledge, or their persons to the cause, let them hold their peace.

H. H. JOHNSTON

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—Seabreeze added to her laurels on Saturday by winning the Lancashire Plate at Manchester—the richest stake ever run for. Twenty-four runners came to the post. The winner started at 5 to 2; Ayshire, who secured the second money of 1,000l., at 5 to 1; and Friar's Balsam, who but for being interfered with might have got nearer than sixth, at 9 to 1. As it was, Le Sancy secured the third place. Seabreeze has now won more than 23,000l. for Lord Calthorpe. On the first day of the Meeting the Lancashire Nursery Handicap Plate was won by Mr. H. Hall's Quartus. This was such an extraordinary improvement on his previous form that the Stewards instituted an inquiry, and reported the matter to the Jockey Club. Morebattle won the Palatine Welter Handicap Plate and Fallow Chat the De Trafford Welter Handicap. Next day, Goldseeker added another win to his credit in the September Handicap. Grafton was second, and Kingfisher third. Evergreen won the Breeders' Foal Stakes, Whistle Jacket somewhat tardily set about getting back some of the 3,600 guineas paid for him as a yearling by winning the Salford Plate, and Sea-Shell secured the September Plate. On Saturday, besides the big

event already noticed, there was no race of importance. Engaddi won the Eglinton Nursery Handicap.

There was some good sport during the three days' racing at Ayr last week. Horton won the Ayrshire Handicap Plate from a field which included such well-known performers as Briar-Root and Tommy Tittlemouse; Zigzag, King James, and Miss Sykes each won a couple of races; Duke of Marlborough rivalled Whistle Jacket's performance by securing his first victory; and Reverie won the Ayr Gold Cup.

The First October Meeting at head-quarters began on Tuesday, when several of the cracks were successful. Donovan easily beat his solitary opponent in the Buckenham Stakes, Ayshire comfortably secured the Tenth Great Foal Stakes from Grafton and Subitron, and Rêve d'Or defeated a moderate field in the Thirty-Ninth Triennial. Donovan scored again next day in the Hopful Stakes, Grafton won the Fortieth Biennial, and Cedar the Granby Plate. The principal event, however, was the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, and in this Sir R. Jardine's Wise Man was first, Sandal second, and Maiden Belle third. F. Barrett rode three winners, which once more put him at the head of the winning jockeys' list.

For the Cesarewitch Trayles had at the time of writing superseded Kenilworth as favourite, while for the Cambridgeshire Minting was displaced by Danbydale.

CRICKET.—Seldom has the season ended with a better match than that between Surrey and the Australians. Played on a good wicket in beautiful September weather, it was keenly contested from start to finish. Bonnor (87 and 13) batted best for the Australians, who thoroughly deserved their victory, while M. Read



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THE PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GERMANY
Betrothed to the Crown Prince of Greece



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Bishop-Designate of Chester



THE BALL



THE HIGHLAND GAMES

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NORTHERN MEETING AT INVERNESS, SCOTLAND

ONE OF THE HOTELS, BELLAGIO



SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE, COMO



THE SQUARE FACING THE QUAY, COMO

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SQUARE, COMO

THE INUNDATIONS IN NORTHERN ITALY



THE PROCESSION FROM STONE BRIDGE TO SHIRE HALL

THE PROVISIONAL TOWN CLERK (MR. A. J. FURBANK) READING THE CHARTER

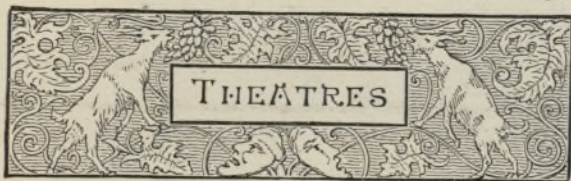
THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF CHELMSFORD

(57 and 32), and Wood and Beaumont, who made a most surprising stand in the first innings, did best for the county. This was the Australians' nineteenth victory. Fourteen matches were lost, and seven drawn. McDonnell had an average of nearly 23, but none of the others reached the score, Bonnor and Trott being nearest. In bowling, Turner and Ferris have it all their own way. The former took no fewer than 314 wickets for 11 runs apiece, the latter 220 at an average cost of 14. Against the Australians, the best performance in batting is that of Dr. W. G. Grace, who has an average of 30 for 18 completed innings; while in bowling, Briggs, Attewell, Peel, and Lohmann have all done well, the first-named having the astonishing record of 61 wickets for less than 8 runs apiece. In the English averages for all first-class matches, the little Lancashire professional has taken 160 wickets at a cost of 10 apiece. Lohmann has 209 for 11 apiece, and Peel 171 for 12. In batting, Mr. W. W. Read with 36, Dr. W. G. Grace with 32, and Abel with 31 have done best.

FOOTBALL in the South began on Saturday last, but no important matches were played. In the League matches played on Saturday Everton were beaten by Aston Villa, and West Bromwich Albion by Blackburn Rovers. Preston North End, however, defeated Bolton Wanderers, and so remain the only club which has won all its matches. The Canadians beat Sunderland.

ATHLETICS.—Two new records were made on Saturday. At the London Athletic Club Meeting E. H. Pelling ran 250 yards in 24 4-5th secs., beating all previous performances, both amateur and professional; and at Barrow Tom Ray surpassed himself by pole-jumping 11 ft. 8 1/2 in.

SWIMMING.—J. Nuttall won the Hundred Yards Amateur Championship on Monday in 1 min. 6 1/4 sec. (record). This was his third successive victory, and he has now won the Cup outright.



DRURY LANE was reopened on Saturday evening with Messrs. Hamilton and Harris's new romantic picturesque drama, *The Armada, a Romance of 1588*. The play has been furnished with picturesque scenery and brilliant historical tableaux even beyond the point to which a Drury Lane romantic drama is expected to go; nor are we disposed to complain that the modern fashion for turning set scenes inside out has given way on this occasion to the old-fashioned expedient of "carpenters' scenes." For the most part these are comic scenes between the popular Mr. Harry Nicholls in the character of Jenkin, a runaway prentice turned sailor, and other personages who belong to the same category of low-comedy performers. Once only have the authors dispensed with this resource, in favour of a little interlude in the third act, wherein, after letting fall and then raising the heavy drop-curtain of crimson velvet, a "Chorus" is introduced in the person of Miss Maud Milton, attired after the model of an allegorical figure of Fame. In this interpolation, which recalls the introduction of the Chorus in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Pericles*, Miss Milton speaks a stirring rhymed address to "the England of To-Day," midway in which the curtain is again drawn back to exhibit a living tableau representing, with minute accuracy, Mr. Seymour Lucas's popular picture of the historical "Game of Bowls" on Plymouth Hoe. It would be long to tell of the remarkable succession of scenes which the joint labours of the artists, Messrs. Perkins, Kautsky, Ryan, and Hicks, aided by the stage-manager and his little army of coadjutors, have brought to bear on the illustration of the play. They are, in all, some sixteen in number. Of these, necessarily the most exciting is the great episode of the battle off Calais, in which the roar and confusion of the cannonade, and the movement of the great Spanish galleons in the ruddy glare of the English fire-ships, form quite a triumph of illusion. Next to this in magnificence, but in a quieter way, is the splendid final scene of Elizabeth's triumphant entry into old St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day. The room in the palace of Don Alvarez, in Cadiz, the scene of the revels at the Queen's Court at Greenwich, interrupted by the news of the advent of the Armada, the Cross at Charing with Whitehall in the distance, and the scene of the *Auto-da-fé* in the Grand Square at Cadiz are also notable efforts contributing much to the historical colour and effect of the play. As for the story of *The Armada*, it mainly concerns the spiriting away of an English maiden by a profligate Spanish nobleman, and her rescue by her lover and the valiant crew of his little brig from the fangs of the Inquisition in Cadiz, just as the order was given to light the faggots—did really interest the audience. Old playgoers felt young again as they beheld Mr. Leonard Boyne as the chivalrous and devoted lover and patriot Vyvyan Foster alternately make love and hurl defiance in the most picturesque attitudes; they were stirred again with reminiscences of boyish delight when they saw him and his handful of sea-dogs mowing down, in spite of tremendous odds, the Spanish pikemen in the public square of Cadiz, and defying all the powers of Church and State, both spiritual and physical, as they bore away the English maiden in the hideous garb imposed upon sorceresses condemned to the stake. The domestic romance, it will be seen, is not part and parcel

of the historical setting, but it is sufficiently associated with it to derive colour and interest from it. It is greatly assisted by the touching dignity and spirit of Miss Winifred Emery's impersonation of the heroine. Thirty-one actors and actresses in all figure in the list of personages, without, of course, reckoning the *personæ mutæ* of the drama. Among these Miss Ada Neilson, who makes a wonderfully stately portrait of the Queen in her high collar and richly brocaded, bejewelled, and bedizened garments, moved apparently with some difficulty, and spoke her historical speeches with more dignity than grace. A mention is also all we can give of other prominent performers, including Miss Edith Bruce, Miss Kate James, Mr. Luigi Lablache, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Stewart Dawson, Mr. Victor Stevens, and Mr. Calhaem. *The Armada* was unquestionably successful, and it bids fair to be one of the most prosperous pieces produced under the present management.

The pretty little COURT Theatre, which since the untimely death of Mr. John Clayton has been completed near the site of its predecessor, opened on Monday evening under the management of Mrs. John Wood, with the adaptation by Mr. Sydney Grundy of that immensely diverting piece *Les Surprises du Divorce*. Unfortunately the peace and good will which should reign on such occasions was seriously disturbed by the just discontent of the paites at the arrangements on the descending staircase leading to the pay-box. Here, owing to the narrowness of the way, the steepness of the descent from the level of the street, and above all the erection of a stout wooden barrier on the landing below, the heat and squeezing were so great that serious consequences were probably only averted by the actual breaking down of the barrier under the accumulated pressure, and the rush pell-mell for seats, which were appropriated without ceremony, and we believe in many instances without payment, by the advanced guard of the besiegers. The unhappy consequences of this mishap was that the paites were in ill-humour, as they took care to show during a considerable portion of the evening. Mr. Charles Thomas's comedietta entitled *Hermine*—a piece of no great dramatic substance, in which a little story is unfolded relating to French life in the period of the Directory—experienced under these circumstances rather unfair treatment; nor was it till *Mamma*, as Mr. Grundy calls his adaptation, was well under way that the ferment completely subsided. Under these untoward conditions, the performers were visibly ill at ease; but the drolleries of the piece fairly overcame all disadvantages, and brought the evening's entertainment to a highly successful termination. We have already described the story of *Les Surprises du Divorce*, apropos of its performance in French, in Paris and in London. Mr. Grundy, in transferring this story to English ground, has ingeniously got over the difficulties arising from the circumstance that our law does not accord divorce for mere cruelty and incompatibility of temper, though these are recognised as aggravating circumstances. The play is full of comic situations, and of these none of the drollery has evaporated in the hands of the adaptor, from the opening till the grand climax is reached in the exquisitely droll scene wherein the persecuted Pontifex and his friend, as the last chance of ridding himself of their persecutors, pit the old beau, who already deplores his infatuation, against the terrible mother-in-law till another scene of face-slapping and fainting all round has prepared the way for a second resort to the good offices of Sir James Hannen. Mr. Hare's sudden irruption into the domain of farce is, as might be expected, rather a clever *tour-de-force* than a brilliant success; but the nervous irritation of Pontifex and his terror at the sudden apparition of his old tormentor are brought by him into strong relief, and his whole performance afforded genuine amusement. Mrs. John Wood's mother-in-law was equally successful; though the actress relies mainly on her habits of exaggeration and extravagance, and certainly brings to the part no subtlety of humorous characterisation. These shortcomings, however, may be attributed to the disturbing influences of the excitement of the evening, as may Mr. Arthur Cecil's partial failure to impart force and spontaneity to the promising part of the old beau. The young ladies of the cast deserved well of the audience. Miss Filippi was bright and amusing in the character of the twice divorced wife; and Miss Annie Hughes displayed a very piquant grace in the part of Mrs. Pontifex No. 2. The part of the naval captain fell to the share of Mr. Charles Groves, who plays it in rather too breezy and blustering a fashion for so small a stage. Mr. Eric Lewis, on the other hand, gives a high degree of finish to his moderate yet diverting impersonation of the young gentleman whose function it seems to be ready at all times with the friendly aid of the Divorce Court to take an undesirable wife off the hands of a dissatisfied husband. We have only to add that the new theatre, with its cream, crimson, and gold decorations, looked pretty under the glow of the incandescent electric lights, and the Badoura lamps suspended here and there. It is one of the smallest—if not the very smallest—of London houses, for it will only seat eight hundred persons. It is not, however, likely to be the less popular on that account; for its lines of sight are good, its seats roomy and comfortable, and its internal arrangements generally—if we except the rather narrow and tortuous entrances and approaches—all that could be desired.

A new play, entitled *A Fair Bigamist*, brought out at the ROYALTY last week, demands only a passing notice. It proved to be a poor and conventional piece, whose shortcomings were not redeemed by any special merit in the performers.

The autumn season at the theatres is commencing in good earnest. To the re-opening of DRURY LANE and the opening of the new COURT we have now to add, among houses that have thrown wide their doors, the VAUDEVILLE with *Joseph's Sweetheart*,

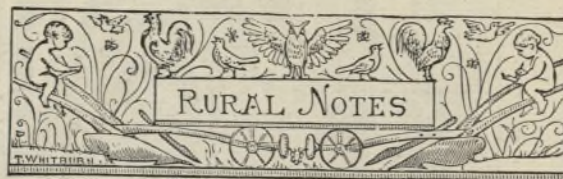
the OPERA COMIQUE with the new English comic opera entitled *Carina*, and (on Monday next) the AVENUE which, under the direction of Mr. H. Watkin, revives *The Old Guard*.

"Mummer Worship," as it is now called, is stated to be the subject of the new comedy entitled *Anthos Anthony*, written by the German poet Oscar Blumenthal, and brought out by him at his new Lessing Theatre. The satire on the fashionable patronising and pampering of actors and actresses is said to be very successful in amusing Berlin audiences.

On Monday next, Mr. Richard Mansfield, who plays in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* this evening for the last time, will appear at the LYCEUM, for the first time in this country, in his famous part of the Baron Chevalier in *A Parisian Romance*.

The new play, in which Mr. Wilson Barrett designs to play the part of the hero, is entitled *The Good Old Times*.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will produce Mr. Pinero's play, *The Weaker Sex*, in Manchester this evening.



SEPTEMBER sunshine has been a wonderful relief after the almost unparalleled dreariness of July and August. Not only could everybody enjoy the fine weather doubly—in itself, and in the sense of contrast—but there was also a deeper feeling that the imperilled harvests of the country were being safely secured, with such advantage as a favourable harvesting can afford. The exact measure of this advantage is difficult to ascertain, and it is probable that too great a hopefulness may now manifest itself. The wheat crop is deficient in quality, barley shows few bright malting samples, but there is compensation in bulk of the crop; oats alone are a good yield per acre, and even they weigh lightly and the grain is not well-nourished. It is largely in the crops still to come that hope lies for potatoes, now that disease has been checked by the cessation of rain; swedes, mangolds, and turnips should all be a good yield, and there is also a fine aftermath of sweet and nutritious hay.

HOP-PICKERS are now busy in the "English vineyards," but the yield is everywhere deficient, and it is estimated that 200,000 cwt. will have to be imported from abroad. The home crop, this year, is reckoned at 300,000 cwt. and reserves at 200,000 cwt.; a year's estimated wants at 700,000 cwt.

SCOTLAND has no hops to pick, but the harvest of oats is proceeding very actively, being nearly finished in the Lowlands, and about beginning in Sutherland and Ross. From Aberdeenshire, we hear that an extraordinarily heavy crop is expected; and, although this is an exception, still the general yield of oats in Scotland is over an average.

MARGARINE is being extensively sold as butter under warranties given by foreign shippers. The Act says that the dealer "must show to the satisfaction of the Court before whom he is charged that he purchased the article in question as butter, and with a written warranty or invoice to that effect." The fraudulent think that this secures them, as American or Dutch shippers can "warrant" the stuff as butter. We fancy, however, that they will find an English Court quite deaf to the claims of warranty except where the warrantor is himself a person within the jurisdiction of the Court,—in other words, that a warranty by a foreigner is not a warranty at all within the meaning of the Act. But even if the law as it stands should prove to have a flaw in it, there is happily an autumn Session.

DAIRY FARMING.—Mainly, it is believed, through the admirable arrangements of the Working Dairy at the Newport Show of the Bath and West of England Society, Welsh farmers are now taking an active part in the general advance towards improved dairying. But few of them, it is said, had seen cream separators at work before they attended the Show, where the Dairy Supply Company, who had charge of the Working Dairy, worked the Laval Separator by hand, and also by steam power. The cream-raising contest, too, introduced other methods than that of centrifugal separation and the demonstrations of butter-making on the best system. The lectures were given in Welsh as well as in English, a piece of trouble which seems to have had its reward even beyond anticipation.

VENISON is sometimes very prime this season, and a fat buck is now hanging in a London purveyor's shop, the dead weight of which fine animal amounts to 35 stones of 8 lbs.

AGRICULTURAL LECTURES.—To many who are preparing their sons for an agricultural career, but for purposes of other branches of education, or for home reasons, must keep them in town, it will be worth observing that a course of agricultural lectures will be delivered at the City of London College, Moorfields, on Tuesday evenings at 7 P.M. during the winter months, from October to April inclusive. Professor Bernard Dyer, the well-known analytical chemist, is the lecturer, and the Science and Art Department have approved both of the series and of the arrangement of lectures. Various prizes are offered by City Companies in connection with the lectures. We imagine that papers will be set the students, the questions being taken from the lecturer's notes.

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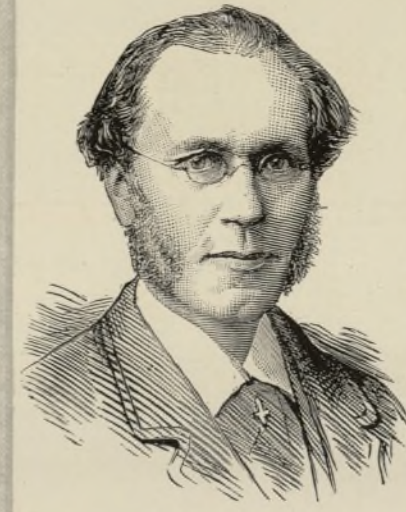
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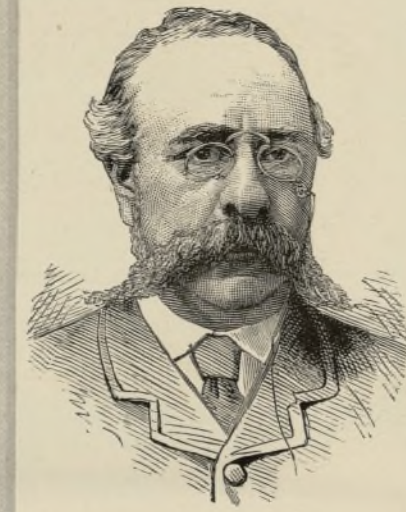
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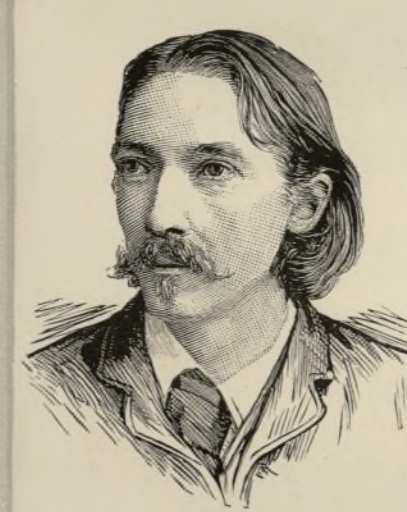
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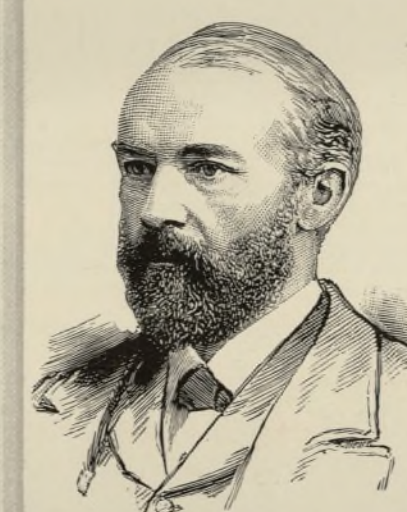
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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"You're a deal older than the child. There's a great disparity."

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE day after the party at Garnet Lodge Mrs. Dobbs was surprised by the announcement from her old servant, Martha, that Mr. Bragg was at the gate, and would be glad to speak with her if she was at liberty.

"Quite at liberty, Martha, and very happy to see Mr. Bragg. Now what can he want?" said Mrs. Dobbs to the faithful Jo Weatherhead, who was in his usual place by the hearth.

"Something about the house in Friar's Row?" suggested Jo.

"Ah! I suppose so. Though I don't know what there can be to say. However, it's no use guessing. It's like staring at the outside of a letter instead of reading it. He'll speak for himself."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bragg had alighted from the plain brougham which had brought him from his country-house; and, walking up the garden path, and in at the open door, presented himself in the little parlour.

"I hope you'll excuse my calling, Mrs. Dobbs. You and me have met years ago."

"No excuse needed, Mr. Bragg. I remember you very well. This is my brother-in-law, Mr. Weatherhead. Please to sit down."

Mr. Bragg sat down; and he and his hostess looked at each other for a moment attentively.

Mr. Bragg was a large, solidly-built man, with an expression on his face of perplexity and resolution mingled together. It is a look which may be often seen on the countenance of an intelligent workman whose employment brings him into conflict with physical phenomena—at once so docile and so intractable; so simple and so eternally mysterious. This expression had long survived the days of Mr. Bragg's personal struggle with facts of a metallic nature. In his present position, as a man of large wealth and influence, he had to deal chiefly with the more complex phenomena of humanity; and very seldom found it so trustworthy in the manipulation as the iron and lead and tin and steel of his younger days.

Mrs. Dobbs marked the changes wrought by time and circumstances in Joshua Bragg. She remembered him—he had even been temporarily in her husband's employment, at one time—in a well-worn suit of working clothes, and with chronically black fingernails. She saw him now, dressed with quiet good taste (for he left that matter to his London tailor), with irreproachably clean hands—on which, however, toil had left ineffaceable traces—and a massive watch chain worth half-a-year's earnings of his former days.

"You're very little changed in the main, Mr. Bragg. And the years haven't been hard on you," said Mrs. Dobbs, summing up the result of her observations.

"No; I believe I don't feel the burthen of years much; not bodily, that is. In the mind, I think I do. You see, I've come to a time of life when a man can't keep putting off his own comfort and happiness to the day after to-morrow. Which," added Mr. Bragg thoughtfully, "is exactly where young folks have the pull, I think."

"That's queer, too, Mr. Bragg!" remarked Jo Weatherhead. "Putting off your own comfort and happiness seems a poor way to enjoy yourself, sir."

"Ah, but what you only mean to do, always comes up to your expectations; and what you do do, doesn't!" rejoined Mr. Bragg, with a slow, emphatic nod of the head.

"Well, but as to 'feeling the burthen of years,' that's putting it too strong," said Mrs. Dobbs. "You have no right to feel that burthen yet awhile. Why you must be—let me see!—under fifty-three."

"Fifty-three last birthday."

"Ay; I wasn't far out. Lord, that's no age! I might be your mother, Mr. Bragg."

"I'm glad to hear you say so!—I mean, I'm glad you don't think me too old—not quite an old fellow, in short."

"No; to be sure not!"

Mr. Bragg was silent for fully a minute. Then he said: "Well, whether I'm quite an old fellow or not, I'm too old to trust much to the day after to-morrow. So, if not inconvenient, Mrs. Dobbs, I should like to say a few words to you, about a matter that has been on my mind for some little time."

"Certainly, Mr. Bragg. I'm quite at your service."

Mr. Bragg looked slowly round the little parlour; looked out of the window at the tiny garden; looked at Mr. Weatherhead; finally looked at Mrs. Dobbs again, and said, "It's a private matter."

"I had better go, Sarah," said Jo. "I shall look round again at tea-time, and he made a show of rising from his chair, very slowly and reluctantly."

"Oh, perhaps you've no call to go away, Jo. I have no business secrets from my brother-in-law, Mr. Bragg. He is my oldest and best friend in the world."

Mr. Bragg rubbed his chin slowly with his hand, and answered with a certain embarrassment, but quite straightforwardly, "It's a matter private to me."

After this Jo Weatherhead had nothing for it but to take his departure, and to endeavour to calm the fever of his curiosity with tobacco.

Mrs. Dobbs remained alone with her visitor, wondering more and more what could be the subject of his proposed communication. Her thoughts, in connection with Mr. Bragg, persistently hovered about the house in Friar's Row. But his first words scattered them in wide-spread confusion.

"Your granddaughter, Miss Cheffington, tells me that she is not going to Glengowrie Castle this autumn, Mrs. Dobbs."

"Why—no—I believe not," answered Mrs. Dobbs, looking at him curiously.

"In that case I don't think I shall go there myself. I'm no sportsman. I always feel lonely in a house full of strangers. And, besides—I was invited particularly to meet Miss Cheffington."

Mrs. Dobbs preserved her outward composure; but something seemed to whirl and spin in her brain; and, although she kept her eyes fixed on Mr. Bragg, she saw neither him nor anything else in the room for several seconds.

"I was asked through Mrs. Griffin. You may have heard speak of her?"

Mrs. Dobbs made an affirmative movement of the head. She could not have articulated a word at that moment to save her life.

"Mrs. Griffin is a well-meaning lady. But she's a lady who now and then gets out of her depth, along of not—what you might call minding her own business. But she always means to be kind. And the best of us make mistakes."

"Ah, that we do!" assented Mrs. Dobbs, huskily.

"Well, Mrs. Griffin is always telling me that my money—a princely fortune she calls it: but it's a good deal more than that, by what I can hear about princes—lays me under an obligation to marry again."

At the words "princely fortune" Mrs. Dobbs winced, and a deep red flush came into her face. But she answered quietly, "Wealth has its responsibilities, of course, Mr. Bragg."

"Yes, it has; and its troubles. But when all's said and done, it's pleasanter to be rich than poor. I've tried both."

"No doubt. Only—one may pay too dear even for being rich."

"Well, I should be sorry for any lady I married to consider that she paid too dear for being rich."

"Oh, I meant no offence, Mr. Bragg."

"There's nothing you may not pay too dear for, I suppose; except a quiet conscience. You may pay too dear for a wife. And

there's two sides to every"—he was about to say "bargain," but substituted the word "arrangement."

Mrs. Dobbs had taken up her knitting, and was twisting and pulling it with her fingers in a restless, nervous way. When Mr. Bragg made a pause, and looked at her, she said, "Of course, that's quite true."

He went on: "I make bold to hope, Mrs. Dobbs, that you'll give me credit in what I'm going to say, for having some serious reason, and not talking idly, out of pride and vanity;—in short, for not being what you might call a fool."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Bragg."

"Thank ye. On that understanding I may say, between ourselves, that Mrs. Griffin has mentioned to me several quarters where I shouldn't meet with a refusal in case I went to look for a wife. I couldn't have supposed it myself—at least, not to the extent it really does run to. But the fact has been brought to my knowledge, so that there's no possibility of making any mistake about it. More than one young lady—some of 'em titled, too," said Mr. Bragg, with an odd glimmer of complacency flitting for a moment like a will-o'-the-wisp above the solid *terra firma* of his native good sense. "More than one, and more than two, have been what you might call trotted out for me."

Mrs. Dobbs's fingers twitched and pulled at the wool on her knitting needles, and the muscles round her mouth seemed to tighten. But she said not a word.

Mr. Bragg continued,

"Now, perhaps, you think I have no business to take up your time with all this, when it's no concern of yours?"

Still Mrs. Dobbs did not speak; so he added,

"But it does concern you in a way."

She made a visible effort to say, quietly,

"Ah, indeed! How's that?"

But this time she was perfectly sure beforehand of what he was going to say.

"I'm coming to that in one moment."

Here Mr. Bragg paused, took out his handkerchief, and passed it over his face before proceeding.

"I mentioned that Mrs. Griffin sometimes gets out of her depth (with the best of intentions) when minding other people's business. She got a little out of her depth when attending to mine. She somehow took it for granted that I should be quite content to marry any lady of high family, who would look handsome in my diamonds and spend my money in the fashionable style. She was consequently a good deal taken aback when I offered some objections to one or two parties of her recommendation. But I managed to make her understand at last. Said I, 'Mrs. Griffin, I don't undervalue the honour; but I'm too old to wear a tight shoe for the sake of appearances.' The fact was, I did not feel myself what you might call *drawn* towards any of these young ladies. I couldn't fancy them sitting opposite to me at my own fireside with a kind look on their faces. Now, the reason I say all this to you," continued Mr. Bragg, laying his massive hand on the elbow of Mrs. Dobbs's chair, "is because there is a young lady that I *do* feel drawn towards—a young lady I've had opportunities of observing at home and abroad. And it was talking of this young lady that I said one day to Mrs. Griffin, 'Now, if you could find some one like Miss May Cheffington, who'd condescend to have me, I should think myself a very fortunate man.' She quite jumped at the idea."

"Jumped, indeed!" burst out Mrs. Dobbs, indignantly. "Then she took a most unwarrantable liberty. She could know nothing about Miss May Cheffington's feeling in the matter. What business had she to jump?"

"Nay, nay, my good lady! My good lady! You don't understand. She jumped at the idea on my account. Why, Lord bless me, you couldn't suppose—!" She told me at once that May Cheffington was the purest-minded and most unworldly girl she ever knew. "I remember her very words: for I couldn't help thinking at the time how queer it was that Mrs. Griffin should admire unworldliness so much."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Dobbs was greatly moved from her usual self-possession. She could not trust herself to speak, while Mr. Bragg was surprised, and somewhat offended, by her reception of what he had to say.

He had really, all things considered, very little purse-pride. But he had been accustomed for many years to be dumbly conscious of the power of his wealth, as an elephant is dumbly conscious of the power of his weight. And, for a few moments, he felt as the elephant might feel if he were subjected to the mysterious process which we hear of as "levitation," and suddenly found himself brushed aside like a fly. Mr. Bragg did not wish to bear down his fellow-creatures unduly by force of wealth. But wealth had come to be a large factor in his social specific gravity.

After a while, Mrs. Dobbs said tremulously, and by no means graciously, "Well, I don't see what I can do for you in the matter."

"I am not asking you to do anything for me, Mrs. Dobbs. I was not aware till last night that you were any relation to Miss Cheffington, or, leastways, I had forgotten it, for I believe I did hear of your daughter's marriage years ago. When I became aware of it, I thought you would take it as a mark of respect and goodwill if I came and spoke to you confidentially. But you don't appear to see it in that light."

Mrs. Dobbs turned round and offered him her hand, saying, "I ask your pardon if I have said anything to offend you. You don't deserve it; you are very far from deserving it. But I'm shaken; my nerve isn't what it was. I haven't been so upset since my poor dear daughter Susy ran away and got married." She was trembling, and her restless fingers were making sad work with the knitting.

"Well, well, there's no occasion for you to put yourself about, you know. I should like you to tell me just this—under the circumstances I think there's no objection to my putting the question—is there anybody else in the field before me?"

"N-no; I think not. I can't say."

"If the young lady has no other attachment," said Mr. Bragg, in his slow, pondering way, "I don't see why I should not be able to make her happy. What do you think?"

"You're a deal older than the child; there's a great disparity, Joshua!" answered Mrs. Dobbs, reverting, in her agitation, to the familiar form in which she had addressed him thirty years back.

"So there is, but that can't be helped; we must just reckon with it as so much alloy. There wouldn't be much romance—couldn't be; but a vast number of people get on very well without romance, and are useful and happy. I have some reason to believe," added Mr. Bragg, looking at her a little askance—for there was no knowing whether this fiery old woman might not take offence again—"that certain members of Miss C.'s family would approve."

Mrs. Dobbs answered with unexpected meekness. "There's no need to tell me that. And you mustn't suppose, Mr. Bragg, that I don't appreciate—that I don't know how the world in general would look upon your offer."

"Why, you see, it doesn't amount exactly to an offer. I thought I would talk matters over with you, and, what you might call, put the case. You see," said Mr. Bragg, placing the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, "for my part I could undertake that any lady who did me the honour to marry me should have steady kindness and respect. I wouldn't marry a woman I didn't respect, not if she was the handsomest one in the world and a Duke's daughter. Then" (placing his two forefingers together) "I ain't a bad temper, nor a jealous temper. Lastly" (here he shifted the forefinger of his right hand to the middle finger of his

left), "though I don't want to lay too much stress upon money, yet it's a fact that my wife, and, in the course of nature, my widow, would be a very rich woman."

"I suppose you know," said Mrs. Dobbs, leaning her forehead on her hand, and letting the knitting slide from her knees to the floor, "that May's father is alive?"

"Yes; I do know it. And I've got something to say to you on that score. And I'm sure you will agree with me that it is very desirable for Miss C. to have protection and guidance (I'm not speaking for myself now, you understand). Her aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, is a very genteel lady, with very high connections. But—quite between ourselves, you know—I wouldn't give much for her headpiece."

Mrs. Dobbs was looking at him eagerly, and scarcely allowed him to finish his sentence before she said, "But you have something to say about Captain Cheffington?"

"Well, perhaps you know it. If you don't, you ought to. He has been travelling about for years with an Italian opera-singer. She is with him now in Brussels. And people say he has married her."

Mrs. Dobbs clasped her hands together, and ejaculated, almost in a whisper, "Oh, my poor child!"

Mr. Bragg could not tell whether she was thinking of her daughter or her grand-daughter. Perhaps the images of both were in her mind.

"You had not heard of it, then? Ah! It's a bad prospect for Miss C."

"But is it true?—So many stories get about. It seems incredible to me that Augustus, so selfish as he is, should have bound himself in that way."

"I hear it confirmed on all hands. It's an old story now, and pretty widely known. But, look at it which way you will, it's an ugly, disreputable kind of business, Mrs. Dobbs."

She was silent for a while, sitting with her head sunk on her breast, and her hands clasped before her. Then she said, almost as if speaking to herself, "God knows! The woman may not be bad or wicked. How are we to judge?"

Mr. Bragg drew his hand away from the elbow of Mrs. Dobbs's chair, where it had been resting, and said, in a tone of solemn disapprobation, "I don't think there can be much doubt as to the character of the person, Mrs. Dobbs. I understand she became so notorious in Brussels through keeping a gaming-house, or something of that kind, as to call for the interference of the police."

"May I ask how this information reached you?" said Mrs. Dobbs, turning round and looking full at him.

Mr. Bragg hesitated for a few moments before answering. "It has come to me from various quarters. But the latest is an Italian singer, who has been chattering a good deal. He was at Miss Piper's. There's always a certain amount of risk in having public performers in your house. I don't encourage 'em myself—never did from a boy; and I think it a pity that Miss Piper does. Her sister and me are quite agreed on that point."

Mr. Bragg here pushed back his chair and stood up, "I should wish you to understand," he said, "that I should have thought it my duty to tell you this, feeling the interest I do in Miss C., quite independent of our previous conversation."

"I understand. Thank you."

"With regard to that conversation, you can, if you think it advisable, what you might call—*sound* your grand-daughter. I think that might avoid disagreeables for both parties. It can't be pleasant for a sensitive young lady to refuse an offer. And I don't mind saying that it would be extremely unpleasant to me to be refused. A man of my age and—well, I may say my position—don't like to look ridiculous. Of course you don't care much for my feelings: can't be expected to. But I think, on reflection, you'll see that by coming to you first in this way, I've also done the best I could to spare the feelings of Miss C."

With that Mr. Bragg shook hands with his hostess, and, quietly letting himself out of the house, walked to his brougham, and was driven away to the office in Friar's Row.

CHAPTER XXIV.

To one so habitually resolute, sagacious, and self-reliant as Mrs. Dobbs, the shock of discovering that she has been living under a delusion is severe. It is not merely mortifying—it is alarming. After her conversation with Mr. Bragg, Mrs. Dobbs felt like a person who, walking along what seems to be a solid path, suddenly finds his foot sink into a quagmire. The firmer and bolder the tread, the greater the danger.

She had not been conscious, until the disenchantment came, how much hope and pride she had lavished on the image conjured up in her fancy by Pauline's "gentleman of princely fortune." The image had been vague, it is true; but brilliant. All that she knew of Mrs. Dormer-Smith's pride of birth, her contemptuous rejection of young Bransby's suit, the importance she attached to introducing her niece into the "best set," and so forth, served to strengthen Mrs. Dobbs in all kinds of delusions. She had taken it for granted that the sort of person whom Pauline could approve of as May's husband must possess certain qualifications. She no more thought, for instance, of doubting that he would be a gentleman, than that he would be a white man. The "princely fortune" added something chivalrous to the idea of him in her mind, since he was ready to share it with portionless May. And now these airy visions had been rolled aside like glittering clouds; and the solid, prosaic, ugly fact presented itself in the form of Joshua Bragg!

Mrs. Dobbs sat for more than an hour after he had left her, with bowed head and hands clasped, scarcely stirring. For a while she could not order her thoughts. Her mind was confused. Images came and went without her will. Under all was a bitter sense of disappointment, and a vague disquietude for the future. At first she had dismissed the notion of May's marrying Mr. Bragg, as one too preposterous to be entertained for a moment. But by degrees she began to ask herself whether she might not be as mistaken here, as she had been in other undoubting judgments. Mr. Bragg was a man of probity, and—or so she had hitherto thought him—of excellent sense. Oldchester held many substantial proofs of his benevolence. Could it be possible that girlish May was willing to think of this man for a husband? Mrs. Dobbs tried to look at the matter judicially.

There were many instances of happy marriages where the disparity in years was as great as in this case. Who could be happier than Martin Bransby and his beautiful young wife? But this example had not the effect of reconciling Mrs. Dobbs to the possibility of May's accepting the great tin-tack maker. Martin Bransby was a man whom any woman might love:—well educated, clever, genial, of a handsome presence, and with manners of fine old-fashioned courtesy. There could be no comparison between Martin Bransby and Joshua Bragg.

No, no, no! Such a match would be a mere coarse bargain. The very thought of it was an outrage to May. And yet—the pendulum of her thoughts swinging suddenly in the opposite direction—she remembered that neither Mrs. Dormer-Smith, nor Mrs. Griffin, had so considered it. And was it not true what Mr. Bragg had said—that many people did very well without romance, and were useful and happy? Self-distrust, once aroused, became wild and uncontrollable. She fought against her better instincts; telling herself that she was a fool, and that the world was no place for story-book sentimentality. If May married this man she would be

safe from the gusts of fortune; she would be honoured and caressed (for it was clear that Society accepted Mr. Bragg without quail or question), and she would have boundless possibilities of doing good. This, surely, at all events, was a worthy aim!

At this point—just as after a conflict between winds and waves there sometimes comes a sudden calm and the serenity of sunshine—the turmoil of her mind was stilled all at once, and she saw clearly. She lifted up her head and said aloud, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Lord forgive me! I was arguing on the devil's side every bit as much as that poor creature, Mrs. Dormer-Smith. And without her excuse of knowing no better! The whole thing is plain enough. If May could bring herself to care for the man—and such unlikely things happen in that line that one daren't say it's downright impossible!—she'd do right to marry him; if not, she'd do wrong. And that's all about it."

Here, at least, was a firm foothold. And having struggled out of the quagmire, Mrs. Dobbs was able to consider the other subject of Mr. Bragg's talk with her—the rumour that Captain Cheffington had married again. If it were true, and, above all, if his new wife were such a one as Mr. Bragg had described, there was a new source of anxiety as to May's future.

As she was meditating on this point, Jo Weatherhead returned, eager to hear all about her interview with Mr. Bragg, and to impart to her something he had just heard himself. Mrs. Dobbs was glad to be able to feed Jo's hungry curiosity by telling him the reports about her son-in-law, since she could not betray Mr. Bragg's confidence respecting May. She found that he had been hearing a version of them from Mr. Simpson, whom he had met in the road. Valli's utterances at Miss Piper's supper table had already revived all kinds of obsolete gossip about Captain Cheffington.

"It'll be terrible for my poor lamb, if half the bad things they say are true," said Mrs. Dobbs, shaking her head.

Jo's private opinion was that Captain Cheffington's conduct, under any given circumstances, was pretty sure to be the worst possible. But he tried to comfort his old friend, as he had succeeded in comforting himself, by setting forth that her father's behaviour, be it what it might, could scarcely affect May's happiness very deeply, seeing that she had been entirely separated from him for so long. "And as to her position in the world, that you think so much of"—Mrs. Dobbs winced at this, and turned her head away—"why, I shrewdly suspect, Sarah, that a deal worse things than ever reached you and me have been known about Captain Cheffington in aristocratic circles this long time back. And yet Miranda has been received among the tip-toppest people as if she belonged to 'em. And there's her own great-uncle, the Lord Viscount Castlecombe of Combe Park, a nobleman notorious for his height" (Jo did not mean his stature), "has quite taken to her, by all accounts."

After some consultation, they agreed together that it would be well for Mrs. Dobbs to tell her grand-daughter something of the reports which were flying about, lest they might reach her accidentally, or, in a still more painful way, through malice, and find her unprepared. Moreover, Jo urged his old friend to write boldly to Augustus demanding an answer as to the truth of the statement that he had married a second wife. Mrs. Dobbs at length consented to do so, although she had little hope of eliciting the truth by those means. But Jo was strongly of opinion that if Captain Cheffington were not married he would be desirous, for many reasons, of repudiating the statement; and if he were married he might not be displeased at this opportunity of saying so, although pride, or indolence, or a hundred other motives might prevent him from making the opportunity for himself.

The communication was made to May when she came home from College Quad that afternoon. And, although greatly surprised at first, it did not produce so much effect as her grandmother had anticipated.

May had enough of the healthy, unquestioning veneration of a child for its parent to take her father on trust. And Mrs. Dobbs had always been careful not to lower Captain Cheffington in his daughter's esteem. But May did not—naturally could not—feel for him any of that strong personal attachment which is apt to look jealously on interlopers. She regarded him with a somewhat hazy affection, largely compounded of imagination and dim childish traditions. Some added tenderness sprang, perhaps, from the notion that "poor Papa" had been unfortunate, and that the world had treated him below his deserts.

After the first surprise was over, she said, "But why should he keep it secret? Wouldn't he have told you, Granny?"

"Perhaps not, May; I hear from him very seldom, as you know." "Very seldom—! Yes; but in such a case as this—! Perhaps, though, Papa thought it might hurt your feelings, on account of Mamma."

"Perhaps," returned Mrs. Dobbs drily.

"People are unreasonably sensitive sometimes, are they not? As for me, it never entered into my head to think of my father's marrying again. But now I do think of it, it seems to me that it would be a very good thing."

"Its goodness or badness would depend, of course, on—circumstances."

"I do really think more and more that it would be a good thing, Granny. Papa must have many lonely hours, you know. He likes Continental life best, to be sure. But still he is far away from his own country and his own people. It seems almost selfish in us not to have thought of it for him. Oh, I hope she is a nice, kind woman, who will be good to him and take care of him. I think I ought to write at once and assure him that I have no grudge in my heart about it. And I'm sure you have none either; have you, Granny dear?"

Mrs. Dobbs found it at once more painful and more difficult than she had foreseen to breathe degrading suspicions into this frank, pure mind. But it was necessary not to allow May to cherish what might prove to be disastrous illusions.

"It isn't all such plain sailing, May," she answered slowly. "I will write to your father, and you had better wait for his reply. We don't know that he is married at all. And if he is, we don't know that there's much to be glad about. They do say that the lady is not a fit match for your father."

"He is the best judge of that I should think," returned May. Then she added, her young face flushing with a generous impulse, "I dare say people may have said the same of my own dear mother."

"No, May. No one ever said of your own dear mother what is said of this woman."

There was a sternness in her grandmother's voice and face which startled the girl. "What do they say, Granny?" she asked quickly.

Mrs. Dobbs checked herself. "Oh, I cannot tell you exactly. There are lots of stories about. Some will have it that—her character is not quite blameless."

"Who dares to say so of my father's wife?"

"Hush! May. There's no need to call her your father's wife yet. Signor Valli says the person in question—"

"Signor Valli? Then I don't believe a word of it. Not one word. I know he talks wildly, and jumps at things. Why he told Clara Bertram that my mother was a foreigner, and that he had met her. So you see how accurate and trustworthy Signor Valli is." Then, after a moment, as if struck by a sudden thought, she asked, "Is she a foreigner?"

"I believe so."

"Then that is what he meant, I suppose."
 "It's right to tell you, May, that Signor Valli is not the only one who has heard disagreeable things."

"Oh, of course, they all baa one after the other! You have no idea, Granny, what foolish back-biting talk goes on among the people whom Aunt Pauline calls 'Society.' I've seen them roll a morsel of gossip over and over, while it kept growing all the time like a snowball—or a mud ball. And no doubt many people whom Aunt Pauline doesn't call 'Society' are as bad. A sheep is a sheep, whichever side of the hedge it is on," said this young censor, with fine scorn.

Mrs. Dobbs in her heart did not put implicit faith in the stories which reached her. The young and the old—when they are sound-hearted—are both prone to disbelieve slander; the young from innocence; the old from experience. For there is no lesson more surely taught by life than the evil lightness with which evil is imputed.

But with regard to these particular stories, unwelcome corroboration was given to Mrs. Dobbs by Clara Bertram. Clara carried out her proposal of going to sing at Jessamine Cottage. She went there one afternoon when May was absent at the Hadlows, and introduced herself. There were only Mrs. Dobbs and Mr. Weatherhead to listen to her; but she sat down at the old square piano—feebly tinkling now; but tinkling always in tune, like the conscientious ghost of a defunct instrument—and sang her best. Her audience, though limited, was highly appreciative; and she soon found that their applause was not given ignorantly.

Apart from the charm of her singing, Clara won their sympathies by her kindly, unaffected simplicity. She inspired trustfulness. One must have been blindly false oneself to doubt her truth. Mrs. Dobbs was moved to question her a little about Valli.

"Of course, you have heard this gossip about May's father?" she said.

"Yes. To say the truth, I almost hoped you might speak on this subject; and so I purposely came when I thought May would not be here. I hinted to her something that Valli had said to me. But I saw she knew nothing."

"I have told her. At least I have told her enough to prevent her being taken by surprise."

"I am glad of that. I think you have done very wisely."
 "This Signor Valli, now," said Mrs. Dobbs, musingly. "I suppose he tells lies sometimes, eh?"

Clara reflected for a moment before she answered. "In one way—yes. That is to say, if he hated you, and saw you give a penny to a beggar, he would impute some nefarious motive for the action, and say so without scruple. But I don't believe he would be likely to invent circumstances."

Then she went on to tell how Miss Polly Piper remembered a dreadful story about some gambling transactions; and how Major Mitton had furnished up his Maltese reminiscences; and how everybody found something to say, and not one good thing among them all.

Jo Weatherhead listened with a kind of dread enjoyment. So much curious gossip could not but be interesting; yet he wished with all his heart, for May's sake, that it were not true.

"I speak openly to you," said Clara; "but I am reticent about all this with other people. Pray believe that."

Mrs. Dobbs did believe it. Clara seemed to have become intimate with them all at once.

"May I come again?" asked the young singer as she took her leave.

"May you come! Will you come? I didn't ask you, because, when a person generously gives me one pearl of price, it is not my way to snatch at the whole string. Your time is precious; your voice is precious."

"Dear Mrs. Dobbs, your kindness is precious. Not that I am ungrateful for the kindness bestowed on me by—other people. But there is such a delightful feeling of homeliness here. And then, although you have praised me too much, I must say that you and Mr. Weatherhead are good judges of music."

"Well, I won't go so far as to deny that you might strew your pearls before certain animals who would value them less," replied Mrs. Dobbs.

As for Jo Weatherhead, he became so enthusiastic in Miss Bertram's praises behind her back, that Mrs. Dobbs laughingly declared he was in love with her. And perhaps he was, a little. Many more such humble innocent "loves" spring up and die around us every day, than we reckon of. They do not ripen into fruit, but simply blossom like the wayside flowers; and the world is all the sweeter for them.

When May came home that evening, she was delighted to hear of the favourable impression her friend had made; although she declared it was shabby of Clara to have come in her absence. May brought the news from College Quad that Constance had written home for a prolonged leave of absence, having been invited by the Duchess to accompany Mrs. Griffin to Glenowrie. "Canon Hadlow grumbles a little," said May. "But he will let her go. And I am so glad! I hated the idea of going; but Conny will enjoy it, and everybody else will soon find out that she is the right girl in the right place—which, I am sure, I should not have been."

"Mr. Bragg is not going to Glenowrie either, I understand," said Mrs. Dobbs, growing very red, and coughing to hide her embarrassment.

"No; Mr. Bragg and I are quite agreed in not liking that sort of thing. He says he feels lonely in a strange house; and so do I. If the Duke and Duchess were my friends, it would be different."

"Mr. Bragg has a good deal of sense, I think."

"Plenty of common sense."

"And—ahem!—and good feeling—don't you think?"

"What's the matter with your throat, Granny? Shall I get you a glass of water?—Oh, yes; he does a great deal of good with his wealth. Canon Hadlow was saying only this afternoon that Mr. Bragg gives away very large sums in private, besides the public subscriptions, where every one sees his name."

"Mr. Bragg was here the other day to speak to me—on business—no, no; I don't want any water! sit still, child. And I think you are a great favourite of his."

"It's quite mutual, Granny. Often and often, in London, I used to prefer a quiet talk with Mr. Bragg to the foolish chatter of smart people."

"Ay, ay! But 'smart people' need not be foolish, May."

"N—no; they need not. Only so many of them—especially the young men—seem to think it part of their smartness to put on a kind of foolishness."

Mrs. Dobbs looked wistfully at her grand-daughter. In that process of "sounding" May, which Mr. Bragg had recommended, and which Mrs. Dobbs was endeavouring to carry out, there arose this difficulty; the chords gave forth a full response to every touch; but who should interpret the meaning of the notes? Mrs. Dobbs had been accustomed to read May's feelings by swift intuition. She was now afraid to trust to that. Her interview with Mr. Bragg had upset so many of her preconceived ideas as to what could be considered probable, or even possible, in the matter of her grandchild's marriage, that her judgment seemed paralysed. And then to risk a mistake which should involve May's life-long unhappiness would be too tremendous a responsibility!

Measured by Mrs. Dobbs's unquiet thoughts it seemed a long time, but in reality less than a minute elapsed between May's last words, and her saying, "Talking of smart people, Granny, don't you think Aunt Pauline is sure to know the truth about Papa?"

"I cannot tell. There might be reasons why she should not have heard it, May."

"Well, at all events, I have been thinking that I will write to her and ask. If she does know, and is keeping her knowledge back from me for any reason—some of Aunt Pauline's mysterious dancing before deaf people, you know—that will make her speak out."

"I don't see why you should not write to her, if you choose, May."

Mrs. Dobbs had little doubt that Mrs. Dormer-Smith would be annoyed and perturbed by May's writing to her on the subject, whether the story of the marriage were true or false, and whether she herself had or had not heard of it. But Mrs. Dobbs was in no mood to shield Pauline from annoyance or perturbation.

"She and her 'gentleman of princely fortune,' indeed!" said Mrs. Dobbs to herself. "Why couldn't she say old Joshua Bragg?"

and then one would have known where one was."

So it was settled that May should write to her aunt.

(To be continued)

NOVELISTS OF THE DAY

ON another page will be found a group of novelists who may be regarded as typically, though not exhaustively, representative of English fiction at the present day. Some portraits will be looked for and missed; for a few authors of distinction have preferred to remain familiar to their admirers by their works only. And, including these, we think that the condition of the art represented should inspire all interest in it—and what man, woman, boy, or girl is not?—with a rested in it—national pride. When people talk of English fiction, it is too common to hear it said that "there were giants in those days," implying that there are none in these. But, however true it may be that another Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray has yet to come, it will be found that, comparing one period with another, our average quality stands immeasurably higher than at any former time. If the giants are wanting, the men have grown taller; and, indeed, it may be that some of our "men"—and women too—are not called giants only because it was so comparatively easy to be a giant or giantess "once upon a time." And then, for that matter, we have a number of younger writers, some of whom grow perceptibly taller year by year.

The most noticeable phenomenon of contemporary fiction is its frank return to the "story"—that is to say, the novel of romance, of incident, and of adventure. It has been said by an eminent American novelist that all the "stories" have been told; and that dictum he has taken as the foundation-stone of his own fiction. Very likely he is right: somebody has said much the same of jokes—that all jokes are variants of some seven-and-twenty, and that all these may be found in the Sanscrit. It is the same with plots of plays; the same with folklore: and all such criticisms are themselves but variants of a dictum of King Solomon.

The love story, the treasure story, the story of magic, the story of crime—what other stories are there? Sport, history, psychology are but their frames; and excellence depends less upon the nature of the subject than upon the skill of the painter. To judge from what is being daily written, our novelists, so far from finding, like the needy knife-grinder, a lack of stories to tell, are discovering the infinite number of ways in which every story can be told; so that, virtually, we need have no fear that the art of Scott, the greatest of all story-tellers, will pass away. He, also, rang the changes on but a few bells; but how innumerable were those changes! The return to his principle, if not to his method, is wholesome: it is the healthy and natural reaction from those studies in morbid psychology, and from researches in the cupboard where mere teacups and saucers are kept instead of skeletons, which at one time threatened to be overwhelming. Who has made the most brilliant and sudden rush to the front of recent years? A narrator of adventure, pure and simple, in the person of Mr. Rider Haggard, who has



MR. R. E. FRANCILLON

turned men and women into boys and girls again. That, also, is the secret of the more limited popularity of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson as distinguished from his greater merits; for, though it is his style and his literary charm that have deserved success, it is his gifts as a story-teller that have commanded it. And, if the list of English novelists be examined, it will be found—allowing for certain special exceptions—that those come first who, without regard to any other qualities, know best how to tell, not necessarily how to invent, a story. Such veterans in that art as Wilkie Collins, who really invented a new genre in "The Woman in White" and in "Armada," and as James Payn, so long only known as "the Author of 'Lost and Sir Massingberd,'" rise at once to the mind. Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Farjeon fall easily into the same category: so does Amelia B. Edwards, with "Barbara's History;" so does Miss Braddon, who, during a jubilee of fifty novels, has seldom strayed beyond the limits of a story; and so does Mr. Clark Russell, the best of all sea-novelists, dead or alive.

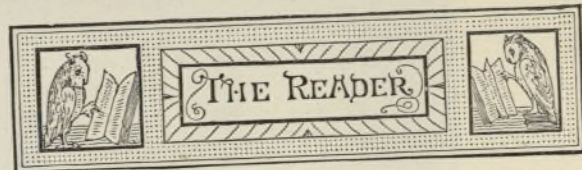
Of course a novelist is bound to be more or less of a psychologist. But some novelists use their psychology—such as those we have mentioned—by way of ornament; others throw their interest upon it, and use their story as a means of developing character. This does not imply that they are the less excellent as story-tellers, but that they are something more, by which we do not necessarily mean that they are something higher; for comparisons are odious, and it is not the purpose of these remarks to make avoidable comparisons of any sort or kind. Take away the story element, for example, from Mr. Thomas Hardy, and nothing is taken from his pictures of rural England as seen, at any rate, with his eyes and heard with his ears; or from Mr. Christie Murray, and the "Black Country" is with us

none the less. Individual, rather than local or typical, character, often with an element of the fantastic or grotesque, comes to the front in the real or imaginary portraiture of such story-tellers as Mr. R. E. Francillon and Mr. Baring-Gould. The full and inseparable combination of story-teller and portrait-painter is to be found in Mr. Blackmore, by whose side it is a humorous pleasure to place Mr. Anstey, who has used his fragment of that "Giant's Robe" of which we have spoken in turning character "Vice versa." Then there are novelists who, upon the groundwork of story, build some other superstructure than that of human nature pure and simple. The real heroes and heroines of Mr. Black are the mountains and the waves—not that we are forgetting "A Daughter of Heth," or many other charming women. Mr. Hawley Smart, again, substitutes sport, which is too complex a region for more than allusion; and another specialist in a different line is Mrs. Riddell, at once the psychologist and portrait-painter of the still more complex region known as the City. Still, upon the basis of the story rises at last the novel with a "purpose." Mr. George Macdonald and Mrs. Lynn Linton develop their exceedingly incompatible views of life in relation to the religion of love or law, while Mr. Walter Besant—since he has been left to run alone—has taken for the field of his mission the social problems of the day; problems which Mr. F. W. Robinson has done much to illustrate by means of characteristic portraiture. Nor does Mr. Robert Buchanan ever forget that fiction, at its highest, is something more than an art, and that one part of the novelist's business is to leave the world better than he found it—if he can. Among our younger writers, none is more popular than Mr. W. E. Norris. He is an admirable painter of the upper-middle class, and the vivacity of his dialogue is enhanced by a vein of good-natured cynicism.

Not all the members of our group, however, represent the story as the mainspring of contemporary romance. Mrs. Ritchie (better known as Miss Thackeray) and Mrs. F. E. Trollope have maintained the traditions of the fiction which looks for, and finds, its plots and stories in the inner lives of women—lives which in the hands of Mrs. Oliphant have at times passed the border-land which divides reflection and sentiment from tragedy and passion. Nor, while speaking of those who may be called the Psychologists as distinguished from the Narrators, is it possible to leave out the name of George Meredith, whose greatness as a master of the anatomy of minds and souls is only equalled by a singularity of style which alone keeps his genius from receiving its due meed of popularity. "Ouida," Miss Broughton, and Mrs. Reeves (Helen Mathers) must, despite their characteristic differences, be classed together, and, on the whole, in the school of portraiture. For they alike keep upon the surface of things, depending less upon depth or truth than upon brilliancy—in the case of the first upon extravagance which, strangely enough, not a few readers take seriously.

Of the appearance of what is called "Occultism" in quite recent fiction there is little need to speak. It is but a fashion; and, as it is already worn threadbare, will, no doubt, before long be forgotten. Indeed, though we have had so much of it in late years, it is really less English than American—an exotic, which supplies a very unsatisfactory substitute for our ancient witches, ghosts, and goblins. But was historical fiction a fashion also that it can count but one comparatively recent popular success—the "John Inglesant" of Mr. Shorthouse? We hope not, and we believe not; we feel sure that the taste which welcomed Scott, and Kingsley, and, in his degree, Ainsworth, is still among us, and only awaits any master who knows the "Open Sesame." We have dwelt upon romantic incident as the characteristic note of the fiction of our time; and that should cause a reaction in favour of that treatment of history which England invented and gave to a world which has constantly imitated her gift, but never surpassed it. For the rest, we have every reason for self-congratulation. Our fiction is still, in the main at least, wholesome as well as flourishing: its dangers do not take the form of disease. When impurities are found, they are certain—unlike the case of some other countries—to come from an inferior pen. The peril that clouds the future of the English novel is excess of quantity, and a consequent depreciation of the standard, to use a not inappropriate financial phrase. Construction, which seems to be instinctive in even the most inferior French story-teller, has been conspicuous by its absence among our very best; and the more the novel market is glutted, the less readers, and authors too, appreciate how all important, for every purpose, whether of instruction, of interest, or of amusement, is the art of putting a story together, so that it shall seem to tell itself in the most effective way. But, on striking a balance, innumerable masculine and feminine virtues will be found to outweigh all aesthetic shortcomings; and we may feel legitimate satisfaction on presenting our readers with a group of compatriots of whom any country might be proud.

Among those whom we have mentioned, Mr. Blackmore, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Anstey, Mrs. Oliphant, and Miss Braddon have preferred to remain invisible; while the silence of "Ouida" and Miss Broughton on the subject have obliged us to omit them also from the group. At the moment of going to press we are enabled to insert the portrait of Mr. Francillon, but the double-page group being already printed, the picture appears in this article.



"REYNELL TAYLOR" (Kegan Paul) was one of Henry Lawrence's "politicals"—that group of heroes through whom, rather than through civilians, he wisely elected to organise the Punjab and the North-West Provinces. If the world has heard less of him than it has of some of the rest, "his natural modesty and extreme reticence" are the cause. The world takes men at their own valuation; and Taylor never imagined that he was doing anything that called for newspaper praise or self-glorification, whether he was heading the cavalry charge and getting thrice wounded at Moodkee, or working with Lieutenant Edwardes at the "settlement" of Bunnoo, or leaving himself almost alone among the wild Wuzerees because every available man was wanted down south to try to stop the Mutiny. Like the rest of the little band which eventually saved India—and which included the Lawrences, Frederick Currie, Edwardes, and himself—Taylor scented the Mutiny from afar, and charged "the apathy of those in higher positions, which gave time to the whole country to rise," to God's making us mad because He intended to read us a severe lesson. But great and valuable as was Taylor's influence over the tribes among whom he was quartered, his public career alone would give us a very inadequate picture of the man. In private life, the sweetness of his nature comes out; and Mr. Gambier Parry, who never saw him but once, has proved himself a model biographer in what has evidently been a labour of love. Taylor belonged to a family of "Devonshire Worthies," not unrepresented in the stirring events of the last century. His father, a light dragoon, was Lord Minto's private secretary, and married, in Calcutta, a penniless Scotch lassie, Miss Petrie, who, after the fashion of that time, had been sent out to India. He was with the 10th Hussars at Waterloo; but he did not forget his Hindustanee; and, on his death-bed, when his son asked, "Kuch hooom hai, sahib?" (Any further orders, sir?), his



THE necessity for having Mounted Infantry as an integral part of our small Army has been at last thoroughly recognised. In all our recent campaigns, in South Africa, in Egypt, and in Burmah, Mounted Infantry have necessarily been employed to enable Infantry Soldiers to act with extreme rapidity and facility in the face of an active and ubiquitous enemy.

On every occasion the greatest success has attended the system, and it has been decided by the War Office that a Mounted Infantry Regiment shall, in future, form part of the Cavalry Division of the First Army Corps. The regiment consists of eight strong companies and a detachment with two machine guns. Each company is complete in

itself, like a battery of Artillery, and is sub-divided into four small divisions. In February and March last the first two companies of the new regiment (the Light Infantry Company and the Royal Rifles Company) were trained at Aldershot. The men were picked Infantry soldiers, and they rapidly acquired a knowledge of riding

and grooming. Other companies of the regiment will be trained at Aldershot during November and January, so that early next year the country will be in possession of a fully-trained regiment of Mounted Infantry, consisting of forty-five officers and over 1,000 men. The dress of the men is that of their respective regiments, with

Bedford cord breeches. The ammunition is carried in a bandolier over the shoulder, and the rifle in a bucket attached to the cantle of the saddle on the off side. The regiment has been placed for training under the command of Major E. H. Hutton, of the King's Royal Rifles, who commanded the whole of the Mounted Infantry in the Nile Expedition.

MEN OF THE NEW REGIMENT OF MOUNTED INFANTRY AT DRILL AT ALDERSHOT

last words were in the same tongue. As a work of art, Mr. Parry's book is well worth reading; some of Taylor's letters are admirable from this point of view, especially his account of how he was face to face with a tiger and missed him, "never having been taught to shoot in the dark!"

"Literary Curiosities and Notes" form the new volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock). Most of the book is taken up with accounts of libraries and book-clubs. The account of the various cathedral libraries and of that at Glastonbury (of which Leland has left such a magnificent record) increases our disgust at the brutal waste which accompanied the "Reformation." Under "parochial libraries" (fostered by Queen Anne's Act of 1708), we wonder no mention is made of the old clerical libraries, found in the "parishes" of Norfolk and other churches, and of those remnants of old monastic libraries still existing in a few grammar schools, e.g., at King's Norton, near Solihull. At the sale of Daniel's Shakespeare library (Canonbury Square), the 1623 folio, with Droeshout's portrait, was bought for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for 682 guineas, and the "Sonnets," which Narcissus Luttrell picked up for a shilling, fetched 215 guineas. In the Salisbury Missal is a curious collection of leonine verses on the months, and their physiological import. New ale and mead are to be shunned in June:

In Junio gentes perturbat medo bibentes,
Tum que novellarum fuge potus cervisiarum.

In October (the healthiest of months) you need less care in diet.

Quantum vis comede, sed non præcordia lade.

It is strange to find Mr. Murray in 1823 complaining of "that wretched compound called paper—which, when held to the fire, snaps like a bit of watchspring, and by which our beautiful Religion, our Literature, our Science are all threatened." Then, as now, "Societies" did some of the least satisfactory work; Mr. Murray adds, "I have a large Bible, 1816, never used, printed at Oxford, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, crumbling literally into dust. I sent specimens of this volume to the Bishop of Gloucester and to Mr. Wilberforce." Like glass-blowing, printing was an honourable profession, much affected by amateurs; and therefore it was long the custom for even plebeian printers to wear arms.

Lady Magnus's "Jewish Portraits" (Fisher Unwin) are reprinted from *Good Words*, the *National Review*, &c. We are heartily glad that "Heinrich Heine, a Plea" for him whose dying words were: *Dieu me pardonne; c'est son métier*, and Cromwell's friend "Manasseh ben Israel," &c., are preserved for future readers. "Charity in Talmudic Times" is a specially interesting paper; the maxim that "if a man and woman solicit relief, the woman shall first be attended to, her feelings of modesty being more acute," is at variance with received ideas on Eastern habits.

If one capable clergyman in every district would do for his own neighbourhood what the Rev. T. Parkinson has done in "Yorkshire Legends and Traditions" (Elliot Stock), we should be less at the mercy of idle story-tellers. Mr. Parkinson has gone to all sorts of authorities, from the chroniclers (it is a pity he seldom says which chroniclers) to Dixon's "Stories of Craven Dales" and the columns of the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Leeds Mercury*, &c. The result is a mass of tales new and old, including the romance of the Strid and Southey's "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," &c. By far the most interesting stories are those of the Civil War—some, e.g., his inveterate hatred to Sir R. Graham, of Norton Conyers, to Cromwell's discredit; others the reverse. Mr. Parkinson is member of several Societies, but he wears his weight of learning lightly—almost too lightly. Nowadays, even Lord Macaulay's fifth form boy asks for the genesis of a story.

Why should Mr. D. R. M'Anally, jun., go far to spoil the makings of a very good book by a system of phonetic spelling which wholly misrepresents any and every kind of Irish brogue? *Punch* is bad enough with his *oi* where the Irish *i* is thinner than the English; but *Punch* lives in Fleet Street; Mr. M'Anally not only has a Gaelic name, but professes to have traversed every county in the sister island, and to have been all the time in touch with the peasantry. There is truth in the following, but it is certainly obscured by the spelling: "Widdy wimmin are like lobsters, whin they want ketch holt, begob, they've no consate av lettin' go at all, but will shtick to ye tighter than a toenail, till ye've either to marry them or murder them; that's the wan thing in the end, fur if ye marry them ye're talked to death, an' if ye murder them ye're only dactinly hanged out o' the front dure o' the jail." Like "Through Green Glasses," "Irish Wonders" (Ward and Lock) makes the mistake of vulgarising the legend. "The Sexton of Cashel," for instance, would, in Carleton's hands, have been a too truthful tale of the hard side of peasant life; but we lose all patience when we read: "Phat does it matter about love, whin he's got more nor a hunderd shape? Shure, I wudn't give the wool av thim fur all the love in Clare." Mr. M'Anally's account of how the Monasterboice Round Tower was built is an instance of what we mean by vulgarising. We must say a good word for Mr. H. R. Heaton's engravings.

Very beautiful, too, are Mr. Wyndham Hughes's illustrations to "Via Lucis" (Elliot Stock), and very appropriate are Mr. Eales's meditations and the accompanying hymns, &c., among them Giles Fletcher's "Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates." The booklet, exquisitely got up, is a sequel to "Via Crucis."

Some of the political part of "Bulgaria Past and Present" (Trübner) has become wholly past since the book was published; but it is still true that "Austria-Hungary is very favourable to maintaining Bulgarian independence," and Mr. Samuelson is doubtless right in believing that "the sympathy of Hungary for Bulgaria is thoroughly real and disinterested." We are quite sure, too, that "our moral influence has been vastly lessened by our annexation of Cyprus and Burma, and our occupation of Egypt." Mr. Samuelson writes of Prince Ferdinand and Alexander as one who knows. The latter "assured him that before he abdicated he had received a formal promise from Russia that she would not attempt to interfere in Bulgaria's internal affairs;" but what the promise was worth he, whose Ministers Karaveloff and Zankoff were mere Russian tools, should have been able to judge. Mr. Samuelson's book is partly historical, describing the old Bulgarian Empires and the country under Turkish rule, partly descriptive, giving an account of Sofia, Timova, the rosefields of Kezanlik, &c.

Sir W. Dawson's "Geological History of Plants" and Professor G. Henslow's "Origin of Floral Structures" are Vols. LXIII. and LXIV. of the "International Scientific Series" (Kegan Paul). The frontispiece to the former gives a clear idea of the plant-world at various geological periods. Cycads, for instance, just represented in the Permian, were the trees of the Jura-triassic period; conifers, beginning in the Devonian, increased till, in the chalk age, they were the chief form of vegetation. Since then they have been diminishing. The name *Sequoia* (now represented only by two Californian species, one the "big trees") is from Sequoyah, a Cherokee, who, without any aid from white men, invented an alphabet. He and his tribe were in 1843 banished from Alabama to New Mexico. Dr. Tschudi persuaded Endlicher, who was making a synopsis of conifers, to dedicate this genus to Sequoyah. Naturally Sir W. Dawson is great on Laurentian plants (those lower forms of aquatic vegetation that love damp heat). In his appendix he gives Heer's latest results in the Greenland flora. Professor Henslow holds that Darwin thought too much of cross-fertilising, and did not assign importance enough to environment; "he failed to realise the fact that self-fertilisation predominates with the vast majority of hermaphrodite plants" (p. 312). The old evolutionists, Geoffroy St. Hilaire (1795), Lamarck (1801), and Matthew, who in 1831 gave a hint of "natural selection," relied chiefly on the conditions of

life, the *monde ambiant*, as the cause of change. Like them Mr. Henslow looks more to environment and less to Darwin's assumed "occult and inherent tendency to change." Thus when he watches a humble bee hanging on dependent stamens he thinks insects may be the *real cause* of many changes—the stamens may hang owing to the hereditary effect of the repeatedly applied weight of the bees. So nectaries may be due to constantly repeated punctures (p. 144), instead of being proved to attract insects and cause cross-fertilisation. This certainly asks less from imagination than the Darwinian theory. Apart from his theory Mr. Henslow's book is a very careful treatise on plant development.

In "The Life and Times of Queen Victoria," Vol. II. (Cassell), Mr. R. Wilson begins with the commercial crisis of 1857, and goes on to the Jubilee. The book, profusely illustrated, is full of many pleasant personal anecdotes, such as the Queen pulling the trigger of a Whitworth rifle at the first Wimbledon meeting; but it is none the less a very readable and instructive summary of contemporary history and politics. Mr. Wilson has strong opinions; he is not a Palmerston-worshipper—points out how that amusing statesman, after having been thrown into a fit of the gout by Prince Albert's death, paid his ceremonial visit at Osborne in green gloves and blue studs. He holds that the miserable Ashantee war was due to our repudiating the Dutch tribute to Coomassie, while in all other things accepting the Dutch position. He brings out (p. 602) the disastrous effect of the Lords throwing out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill; and he reminds us (p. 675) that in 1884 "The Times" jeered at Gordon as a madman, and bitterly attacked him and his policy. . . . No effort was wanting to embarrass him and the Ministry." He makes Sir Bartle Frere, "who had a bad record in India" (p. 564), wholly answerable for the troubles in South Africa. When we read so much about the Queen in Scotland we can't help thinking what an opportunity has been lost of doing likewise in Ireland.

The "New English Dictionary" (Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Frowde) begins, with C, its second volume. A few words, such as "bundy" (Scotch nickname for a kind of horse) and Buplever, proposed by Bentham for the "Hare's Ear" or "Through-Way," seem superfluous. Others, like Bunge-birds (for Franciscans) have a curious history (see Ward's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay"). Some, like bunt (the puff-ball), having once been in general use, are now only local. Some, like Burel's "Calicrat, that lytle thing," are *hap. x. legomena*, good for nought but to prove the thoroughness of the work over which Dr. Murray presides. The work even helps us to find out authors' errors; thus Sala ("Captain Danger") absurdly says, "The Don wore carcanets on all his fingers." The preface to Vol. I., printed at the end of B, reminds us how long (thirty years) the preparation was going on, and on what terms the Clarendon Press Delegates undertook to bear the expense of printing. The three and a-half million quotations have been made by volunteers (more than thirteen hundred) in this country and in the United States, &c. The size of the page and some other features were borrowed from Littré.

When some time ago we noticed "Flatland" (Seeley), we feared that such a clever satire on the absurdity of denying the existence of all save what presents itself to our own senses would glance off without piercing the triple breastplate of scientific narrowness. Dr. A. T. Schofield has picked up the arrow, sharpened it, and so aimed it that it can scarcely fail to get a lodgment between the joints of the materialist's harness. Metaphor apart, "Another World, or The Fourth Dimension" (Sonnenschein), is "Flatland" popularised. We are made to feel that for a dweller in the land of two dimensions solidity would be as inconceivable as space of four dimensions is for us; while, moreover, "till lifted into the dimension above us, we can never see the true shape or appearance of any being in our own." Spiritual-existence and mathematics are thus shown to be unexpectedly connected, and the analogy between "the world to come" and space of four dimensions is brought out in a very fascinating way, and those who read Mr. Schofield will be sure to take up "Flatland" as a sequel.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A song which will be often asked for is "Among the Passion Flowers," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Frank L. Moir; it is dreamy, as its name would suggest, and not lacking in healthy sentiment.—A simple and graceful ballad is "Day-Dawn," the words are translated from the French of Victor Hugo by Alice K. Sawyer, the music is by Florence Aylward.—Bright and cheery are both words and music of "The Old Wherry," written and composed by Edmund Jackson and A. H. Behrend; this song is published in three keys.—"Danse Humoresque," by Frances Allitson, is evidently the work of an inexperienced composer, who will probably do better in time to come.—No. 108 of "The Cavendish Music Books" is the "Eighth Pianoforte Album," and is certainly not the best of the series.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—At a very opportune moment, just as the oratorio season in London is about to commence, this firm has brought out a new edition of "The Creation" (Haydn), the pianoforte accompaniment arranged, and the whole edited, by G. A. Macfarren. This is known as "The Performing Edition." An exhaustive preface by the editor accounts for and justifies the alterations in the text made by his practical hand.—"Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis in G," by S. Claude Ridley, is a carefully-written and clever composition, principally in chant form (introducing three Gregorian tones), for voices in unison, with occasional harmony. Mixed choirs will find this a useful edition to their repertoire.—A song by the above composer, words by Frank W. Pratt, "Twas There We Met," is of a very commonplace type, in fact there is as yet no signs of the renewed vigour, looked for after a holiday, in this, and most of the vocal and instrumental compositions, from these and other poets and composers.—"After a While" is a ballad of a very feeble type, written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and A. L. Mora.—"Sunshine," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Berthold Tours, is a trifle better than the above-named song.—"Mine Alone," written and composed by Archibald Cameron and H. E. Warner is improved and strengthened by a violin *obbligato* accompaniment (*ad lib.*).—A pretty little love-ditty, words by Edward Oxenford, music by G. Percy Haddock, is "I Love You Best."—There is decided pathos in "Tiny Feet," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Morton Elliott; it will find favour with affectionate parents.—A graceful song, which will repay the trouble of learning by heart, and will surely please when well sung, is "L'Hirondelle, Mélodie pour Chant et Piano," musique de F. W. Davenport.—Most original of the above group is "Serenade" ("Dreaming"), words by James Wilkie, music by Walter Mitchell, F.C.O.; it is arranged as a solo, with a refrain in waltz time in the form of a two-part chorus and a four-part chorus; this song proved very effective when sung by Mr. Stedman's choir-boys.—S. Claude Ridley is determined to be in good time with his "Christmas Album" of pretty trifles arranged for his young friends; the little people will be charmed alike with the tasteful wreath of holly and mistletoe outside, and the merry tunes contained therein.—"La Bergère," *danse rustique* for the piano, by Warwick Williams, is a tuneful *morceau*.—There is little either to praise or to find fault

with in "Feuille d'Amour Polka," by Ernest Travers, "Come Back Waltz," by G. P. Haddock, "The Skating Schottische," by Albert Rosenberg, "First Violet Schottische," by Felix Burns, and "Punchinello" ("Danse des Folies"), by Celian Kottaun.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Two well-written sacred songs for the home circle are "He Will Forgive," words and music by Frank Moir, and "The Many Mansions," words by John Muir; music by Edith Cooke.—"My Heart's Beloved," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Frederic H. Cowen, does not show either poet or composer at their best.—Both words by John Muir, and music by Michael Watson, of "A Garden of Memories" are of more than ordinary merit; this attractive song is published in three keys.—The same may be said of "As Once We Met," written and composed by A. Horspool and Ernest Bucalossi; and "First in the Fight," words by D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Frederic Bevan.—Vocal duets are always welcome in the schoolroom, especially when arranged for soprano and contralto, and not overdone with difficulties. "Long Ago," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Ernest Birch, is no exception to the rule; it is a tuneful and easy duet which the most timid amateurs need not fear to essay.—"Chaline Gavotte," by Hamilton Clarke, is a very fair specimen of its school.



"DINAH'S SON" (1 vol.: James Clarke and Co.), is unlike any of L. B. Walford's former novels. It is a deeply religious work, with a very decided moral. The religion is of the uncompromising Scotch pattern, and the moral, that we are not too readily to give heed to any fancied divine call, unless we can prove that it is not the outcome of our own restless nature, craving for excitement, or wider sphere, and a new field of action; and unless we are very certain that no other work, nearer home, has been set us to do, which we have no right to forsake and neglect. "Dinah's Son" is the son by a first wife of a rich Scotch merchant, who has a large family by his second. The young man is the spring upon which the whole welfare of the family moves—adored by his father and by his half-brothers and sisters, and worthy of their homage. Altogether it would be impossible to find a happier family, or one fuller of noble aspirations. Unluckily, Dinah's son thinks he has a call to be a missionary in Fiji; and from his departure dates the retrogression of the household which it was his duty to rule and inspire. The gradual degradation is worked out very well. Finally, the merchant becomes a fraudulent bankrupt, and the second son a hopeless drunkard; the daughter marries a scoundrel. The missionary discovers his mistake, gives up his supposed mission, and returns to his real one. Of course there is a measure of exaggeration in all this, and the characters and incidents are obviously inverted and combined in order to suit the intended lesson: and one cannot help thinking that so weak-kneed a household would have gone to the bad, sooner or later, anyhow. But the story is a long way better than most novels with a special purpose, or obtruded moral. It is, at any rate, wholesomely suggestive, and there are quite enough persons to appreciate it, though its wide popularity is more than doubtful.

In his preface to "The Black Arrow, a Tale of the Two Roses" (1 vol.: Cassell and Co.), Mr. R. L. Stevenson tells how he has watched, with interest, with pain, and at length with amusement, the unavailing attempts of his "Critic on the Hearth" to peruse his story. We sympathise with the Critic on the Hearth. "The Black Arrow," so named from the colour of the arrows of certain outlaws engaged in a *vendetta*, narrates the adventures and hair-breadth escapes of a youth and a girl in the days of "Dick Crook-back," and was, we are told, written years ago for a particular audience. The audience cannot have been very particular if they liked it. It is irritatingly affected, being written in the sort of jargon which soldiers are conventionally supposed to have talked at the period—or rather at any period far enough back to call for some sort of quasi-historical colour. We should have imagined the particular audience to be the ordinary shilling-fiction public, were it not that this influential body does not care to go back so far as the Wars of the Roses. There is, as we have often pointed out, something unsatisfactory about the results of Mr. Stevenson's most ambitious efforts: this effort is, it is true, unambitious, but even more unsatisfactory than usual. Is he, also, learning the usual lesson, that a man with a name may publish—anything?

Mr. Fergus Hume calls his new story, "Madame Midas" (1 vol.: The Hansom Cab Publishing Company), a "realistic and sensational story of Australian life;" and, so far as the mining part of it goes, it is interesting enough, and amusing. Unfortunately, this is the smallest portion of the book, the rest being made up of the presentation of crimes and villainies in an exceedingly unattractive form. Of course, there is the regulation "surprise" murder, of which everybody in the story is suspected in turn, except, of course, the real perpetrator; and the detective who discovered the mystery of a hansom cab is re-engaged. The bad language, of which there is not so much as in the cab story, while still a great deal too much, is monopolised by a cockatoo. The general tone of the work is quite as vulgar as that of its predecessor, and the story reads as if it were written with a view to the melodramatic stage. The style in which it is written is beneath contempt.

If the author of "Molly Bawn" would always, as in the case of "The Duchess" (Hurst and Blackett), restrict herself to a single volume, she would be well advised. The advantage of condensation is certainly conspicuous in the present instance. "The Duchess" is a pretty Irish story with a charmingly unconventional heroine, whose father, a struggling Irish squire, also supplies a delightful sketch of character. Father and daughter are very poor, and some of the episodes of their poverty are very amusing—as when the squire feels obliged to wear the outgrown dress-suit of his youth to do honour to a guest, and his consequent troubles. The scene refreshingly recalls those far-off days when Irish novels contained a little fun. Of course, not even the authoress of "Molly Bawn" can keep clear of politics; but she deals with them sanely, taking the side of the people against those who inflame and mislead them. The story is told in the authoress's characteristically trivial style, but it is bright and lively, and, for once, there is not too much of it—an important consideration in the case of a tale by the author of "Molly Bawn."

Sarah Orne Jewett's sketches of New England life, published under the general title of "The King of Folly Island, and Other People" (1 vol.: Houghton and Co., Boston and New York), appear to be an application of the method of Mr. Henry James, jun., to characters and matters to which Mr. Henry James would certainly not condescend to apply them. Miss Jewett usually carefully works out certain characters; brings them into a situation, and there leaves them. She also analyses to the last microscopic extreme. The general impression left by the book is by no means a new one—that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers must, when not brought into immediate contact with outer civilisation, have relapsed into the condition of exceptionally uninteresting savages, given over to all manner of dreary and miserable superstitions, so that no sort of reaction is surprising. Of course, rural New England is supposed to be quaint and peculiar; and those who can appreciate its hideous dialect, verbal and mental, will enjoy Sarah Orne Jewett's illustration of it in both phases.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of *Figaro* (London).

DEAR SIR,—As a rule no one can treat advertisements for patent medicines with more indifference than I do, but I must say that the advertisement in the *Figaro* about three weeks ago so "fetched" me, that I at once sent for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Of course, I did not expect any "magical" effects, such as were described in the *Figaro*, but still I thought I would try the saintly Oil. For many years I have had stiff knees in the winter, and last year they continued stiff and weak all through the summer. This winter they have been worse than ever. I rubbed my knees with the Oil for a few minutes, but felt nothing, not even the warm feeling of hartshorn and oil, but shortly after I felt a tingling in each knee going deeper and deeper down for more than an hour, after which, to my amazement, one knee was quite cured, the other nearly so. A second application, the next morning, did for the ailment altogether. Now how do you account for this? Is it not almost magical? I am relating the wonder to all my friends, and advising them never to be without the patriarchal fluid.

I remain, yours sincerely, ARTHUR J. MELHUISE, 12 Old Bond Street, London, W.

[The above letter appeared in the *Figaro* on February 11th, 1883, wholly unsolicited by anyone. We believe there never was a remedy which has called forth such universal and spontaneous endorsement as St. Jacobs Oil. Its effects seem, as Mr. Melhuise says, "almost magical." People who have been crippled for years are permanently cured almost instantly by the use of this wonderful remedy.]

A MOST EXTRA-ORDINARY STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the *Wellington (Salop) Journal*.

DEAR SIR,—In your paper of the 20th of October I saw the account of what I considered a most extraordinary statement, wherein "Mrs. Mary Ann Foster, of 48 Greenfield Terrace, Gateshead, had been cured of rheumatism in the limbs in fifteen minutes by using St. Jacobs Oil." Now this statement of itself seemed incredible, but when the article stated further, that "for a long time her legs had been so stiff that she could not sit up in bed," that "the ligaments of her joints seemed to have grown together," and "that her case was considered hopeless," it seemed a miracle which I determined to investigate. I accordingly called on Mrs. Foster for the purpose of learning the truth. Judge of my surprise when that lady told me that every word was true. She said that for months previous to using the Oil she had been confined to her bed, suffering the most excruciating agony night and day, but that in fifteen minutes after the application she experienced relief from pain, that in less than a week she was up and about the house—a well woman. Mrs. Foster says this was more than twelve months ago, and she has not had any return of the disease. She is as well and strong as she ever was in her life, and (naturally) recommends St. Jacobs Oil to everybody—in fact, is a living advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil. I hand you these facts solely for the benefit of the public, believing that a remedial agent, possessing such wonderful power to conquer pain and relieve suffering, should be made known everywhere. I am glad to see that your journal, as well as the Press generally, is taking up the matter, which is quite right. From the foregoing it is quite clear that the Press throughout the country are moving in the right direction, by voluntarily publishing the testimony of thousands of people who have been cured by this most important discovery in medical science.—I remain, Yours respectfully, THOMAS HUTCHINGS, 46 Napier Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



FACTS.—The above statements are certainly entitled to the most serious consideration of every thinking man and woman. The names given are those of living witnesses. The statements are facts. They can be easily verified. Let the public make the investigation. Everyone will find, not only that these testimonials are genuine, but that ST. JACOBS OIL relieves and cures rheumatism, just as surely as the sun shines in the heavens. It acts like magic. It is simple. It is safe. It is sure. After the most thorough practical tests on invalids in hospitals and elsewhere, it received Six Gold Medals at recent International Expositions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It cures when everything else has failed. It has cured people who have been lame and crippled with pain for over twenty years. It is an external remedy. It goes right to the spot. One thorough trial will convince the most sceptical.

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Mr. John White, Consulting Chemist, of 97 Masbro' Street, Masbro', Yorkshire, writes:—"It gives me pleasure to report to you the following:—Mrs. Mary Healy, 4 Orchard Street, of this town, is an elderly lady, and one of my customers, who has for a long time been a confirmed invalid from rheumatism, and a combination of kindred ailments. To my knowledge she has tried all of the advertised remedies, and has had the best medical advice, yet she remained completely crippled, and suffered the greatest agony. Having known Mrs. Healy a long time, she being a near neighbour of mine, and knowing her to be completely crippled, as above stated, you may judge of my intense astonishment when she walked into my shop one morning, not long ago, apparently completely cured, free from pain, and able to walk as well as anyone. In answer to my astonished enquiry for an explanation, she reminded me that just twenty-four hours before she had sent to my shop for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The first application eased the pain, and after the third application she was able to walk; she declares that she is perfectly cured, free from pain, and 'that St. Jacobs Oil is worth a thousand pounds per bottle.' The object of her visit to my shop was to request me to communicate at once to the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil the facts of her case, and to ask them to give same, together with her full name and address, the widest possible publicity, in order that others who are similarly afflicted might be induced to try this wonderful remedy. This statement may seem to many like an advertisement, but to prove that it is not so, I will answer any communications addressed to me for further particulars, and Mrs. Healy will be only too happy to do the same, as we both consider the Oil invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia, and all cases where an outward application is indicated."

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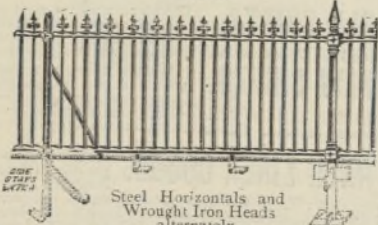


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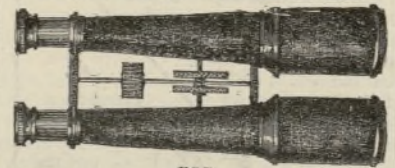


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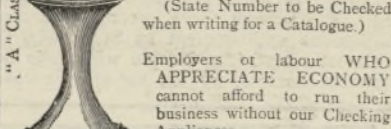
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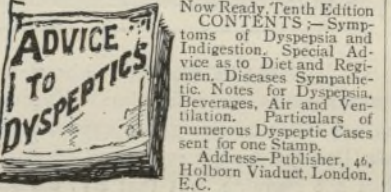
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