

# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 987.—Vol. XXXVIII.  
Registered as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888

TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE SIXPENCE  
By Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



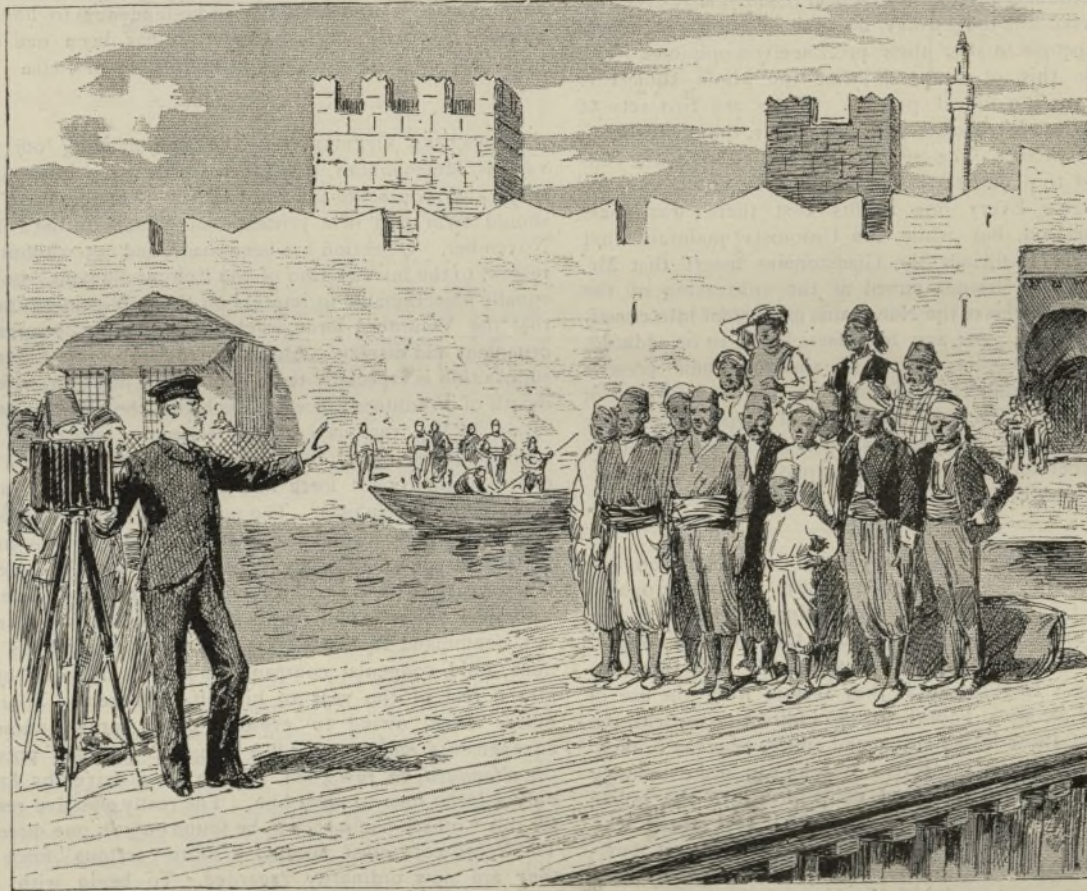
HE IS VIEWED WITH INTEREST, NOT UNMIXED WITH AWE, BY THE NATIVES ON LANDING



AND ENDEAVOURS TO EXPLAIN THAT HE WANTS TO TAKE A GROUP OF THEM



IN WHICH TASK, AND IN GROUPING THEM ARTISTICALLY, HE RECEIVES ABLE AND VALUABLE ASSISTANCE FROM AN INTELLIGENT SOLDIER



THIS BEING SATISFACTORILY ARRANGED, THE DOCTOR CRIES "STEADY!" AND THE WHOLE THING IS DONE



CURIOSITY TO SEE THE INTERIOR ECONOMY OF THE CAMERA THEN PREVAILS



AND OUR DOCTOR THINKS IT THE BEST PLAN TO RETURN QUIETLY TO THE BOAT WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA"—V. OUR DOCTOR TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH AT RHODES

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD



## Topics of the Week

**THE PARNELL COMMISSION.**—On Tuesday the *Times* devoted sixteen columns, and on Wednesday fourteen columns to the report of the proceedings of this court of inquiry. The other morning newspapers, in proportion to the smaller amount of space at their command, gave up fully as much to this subject. The conductors of these able journals ought to understand their own business, but it is just possible that they overrate the capacity of the public appetite for this species of intelligence. Moreover, in a few days the great House of Commons at Westminster will assemble for its autumn deliberations. The records of Parliamentary loquacity will then be added to the daily chronicle of the Parnellite investigation, and if both are given with the conscientious and merciless fulness which has hitherto been the fashion, the morning papers will, for a large class of their purchasers, become simply unreadable. Of course, during the inquiry, some unexpected or sensational revelations may be made on which the public will fasten with avidity, but the mass of the evidence adduced can scarcely fail to be lacking in novelty. In fact, all the more salient features of the case have long been accessible to the public in the form of the *Times* pamphlets entitled "Parnellism and Crime," which can be bought for twopence. As regards the public advantage likely to accrue from this Commission, we see no reason for abandoning our original opinion that the Government would have done better to let Mr. Parnell and his allies seek their own remedy against the alleged libels of the *Times* in the ordinary way. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the investigations of the Commission will produce any useful practical result. However able and impartial the judges may be, their decision will induce very few people to alter their preconceived opinions. The reason for this, of course, is that the whole subject is infiltrated with political passion. There are two sets of charges against Mr. Parnell and his friends, the one general, the other specific. The general charges concern the connection of the Parnellites with the apostles of violence and outrage. Every one admits that there was some such connection, but while the Unionists maintain that it was a guilty alliance, the Gladstonians assert that Mr. Parnell and his friends aimed at the conversion of the law-defying Jacobins of the Nationalist movement into constitutional agitators. Are any fresh facts likely to be adduced, which will cause either party to abandon their present belief? The specific charges refer to the authenticity of certain letters. Here any evidence of importance must necessarily be that of apostates from the Parnellite camp, and will, therefore, be scornfully repudiated by Mr. Gladstone and his adherents.

**INCOME-TAX IN FRANCE.**—Much dissatisfaction has been expressed in France with regard to the proposed income-tax; and, no doubt, as we in England know to our cost, it is an extremely disagreeable tax to have to pay. The burden would press even more heavily in France than it does here. Englishmen, if they abstain from the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquors, pay no indirect taxes, with the exception of those levied on tea and coffee, whereas Frenchmen, thanks to their protective system, can make scarcely any kind of purchase without contributing to the public revenue. It is not surprising, therefore, that those who would be liable to the new charge cry out against it somewhat vehemently. The plain truth, however, is, that more revenue must somehow be obtained; and no one has shown how it can be better secured than by means of an income-tax. Unpleasant as this tax is, it has some very decided advantages. Allowing for exceptions, it affects as a rule the classes who are put to the least inconvenience by the demands of the State; and—what is hardly less important—of all forms of taxation it is the one which makes citizens most anxious to see that the national income is not frittered away in useless expenditure. It is said that in France the tax would not be collected fairly; that every Government would take good care, through its agents, to cause the heaviest burden to fall upon its opponents. If that be so, the obvious answer is that the French people, who have their political destinies in their own hands, ought to adopt measures which would secure a more civilised administrative system. The opposition of the well-off classes may suffice to defeat the present financial proposal; but it is certain that an income-tax—and a heavy one, too—will soon become inevitable, if a sum of more than thirty millions sterling is to be voted for the completion of the national defences. If France finally abandoned the idea of a war of revenge, there would probably be no real necessity for this tremendous outlay.

**THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.**—Rarely has a titular distinction been better deserved than that which the Queen has just bestowed on her representative in India. His promotion to the rank of Marquis adds nothing to the place which Lord Dufferin has made for himself in the world. Just as when John Lawrence was given a handle to his name, people still thought of him as the rough, strong, capable John, who stood up like a bulwark against the Indian

Mutiny, so the minds of men will always remember the new Marquis as the Lord Dufferin who, whether in Canada, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, or elsewhere, showed the highest gifts of statesmanship. Nor is his Indian career less worthy of note in that respect. He had the courage of his convictions throughout. When circumstances rendered the annexation of Upper Burma necessary he spoke the word, and it was incorporated with the Indian Empire; when other circumstances called for the strengthening of the North-West frontier, he did not hesitate a moment, but sanctioned the enormous expenditure, although the Indian finances were by no means in a robust condition. In both of these matters, and in many others, Lord Dufferin showed himself a strong man, who, once having recognised his duty, would not be turned from it by all the powers on earth. At the same time, he has shown a considerable gift for finesse in matters of domestic policy. Young Bengal is wild with him for having taken the Mahomedan community by the hand, charging him with a Machiavellian design of creating hostile relations between that creed and Hindooism. Whether the Viceroy was actuated by any motive of that sort, it is impossible to say. Quite apart from it, he had cogent reason to befriend the Mahomedans. They are of the same faith as the great warlike races to the north of Hindostan, and it was his interest, therefore, to win their favour for British rule. Nor has this policy been without fruit. During his Viceroyalty, Afghanistan has drawn much closer to India and much farther apart from Russian influence, a process likely to be emphasised by the Ameer's crushing defeat of Ishak Khan. That victory was snatched out of the fire, it appears, by the help of the arms supplied to the Ameer by the Indian Government, while Ishak Khan, even if not assisted by Russia, certainly had her good wishes. The chief blemishes on the Dufferin administration have been the miscalculation of means to ends in Upper Burma, the augmentation of the salt duty, and a tendency to hazardous finance. On the whole, however, it has been one of the most brilliant Proconsulships in the history of India.

**VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.**—The commanding officers of various Metropolitan Volunteer Corps were quite right to refuse the proposal of the Lord Mayor Elect that their forces should form part of a processional parade on the Ninth of November. Objection has been made, and not without some reason, to the introduction of the "circus element," but it is equally objectionable to impress on the public mind the idea that the Volunteer force is chiefly useful for purposes of ornament and display. Anything tending to intensify such a supposition is especially to be deprecated just now, when the dearth of Volunteer officers is such that the effective organisation of the various corps is seriously imperilled. The reasons for this dearth of Volunteer officers have been more or less distinctly set forth in numerous letters which have appeared on the subject. The post of a Volunteer officer is one which entails a good deal of expense (for the rank and file prefer to be commanded by "swells"), while at the same time it is productive of no small personal inconvenience. The ideal Volunteer officer (at all events in the rural districts) far prefers a command in the Militia, where he gets all his work done, amid congenial company, in one solid month, having all the rest of the year to himself. Whereas a Volunteer officer must, owing to evening drills, forego numerous engagements, and often, as "A Volunteer Captain" puts it in the *Standard*, be rewarded, after a long drive, by finding only a dozen men to meet him. The really effective remedy for this "officer-famine" will be found only in one direction. The Volunteers must become a more "serious" force than they are now ordinarily regarded. To begin with, they should accept the recent proposal of the Government, and agree to be called out, like the Yeomanry, "whenever an order for the embodiment of the Militia is in force." The more thoroughly they can prove that they are genuine defenders of their country, fully prepared for invasion if it should occur, the more ready will their countrymen be to bestow on them the social status appertaining to real soldiers.

**WOMEN AND THE COUNTY COUNCILS.**—The question has been raised whether by the terms of the Local Government Act women are not eligible as members of the new County Councils. It is improbable that this question can be properly answered in the affirmative, but we may safely say that the Legislature would not have acted unwisely if it had given women the power which some of their champions are now claiming for them. The most important part of the work of the Councils will relate to finance, and they will succeed or fail exactly in proportion as they display prudence in the control of the resources at their disposal. Now, women are more accustomed than the majority of men to look closely into small details of expenditure, and to see that in daily purchases they get their money's worth. This experience has led to excellent results in many a Board of Guardians and School Board; and it would have an equally good effect in the County Councils if women were permitted to take part in their work. Fortunately, the right of voting in the election of the members of these Councils has been freely conceded to women, and we may hope that they will take full advantage of the opportunity which has been provided for them. There are signs that the elections, so far as male voters are concerned, will take place on strictly party

lines. For many reasons this is to be regretted, and female voters will do good service if they insist upon supporting only those candidates who seem to them most likely to be fitted for the particular duties that have to be discharged. Women will naturally devote attention chiefly to the interests of their own sex and of young children, and their aim ought to be to keep those interests steadily in view, no matter what may be the general politics of the men who claim their suffrages.

**THE MANITOBA COMPLICATION.**—The Canadians are such eminently cool and sensible people that we may hope they will find a way of arranging a compromise with Manitoba over the railway question. Just at present, the dispute unquestionably wears a very grave aspect. Both sides are sufficiently in the right to justify a certain degree of obstinacy. The Manitobans declare that they will not be shut out from access by the cheapest routes to the best markets for their cereals. This looks a reasonable demand enough; every country has a natural and inalienable right to suit its own requirements as to the means of transmission of its produce. But the Dominion Government contends that the monopoly of traffic granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway has conferred immeasurably more benefit on Manitoba than on any province in the federation. Without this costly line Manitoba would still be waiting for the plough to break up its rich soil, and inasmuch as the monopoly was part of the bargain with the constructors of the line, it is argued that no province now has a right to repudiate the obligation of using the Canadian Pacific in preference to all others. This, too, is a fair and reasonable contention. But there is another side to the question, which entirely overshadows all economic arguments. What if the Manitobans, exasperated by what they considered unfair coercion, were to elect to throw in their lot with the United States? The Dominion Parliament would, no doubt, refuse permission, but perhaps Brother Jonathan might give encouragement to the Manitobans to hoist the star-spangled banner. Relations are so strained between Canada and the United States over the Fisheries Treaty that such a serious complication as this would be might easily assume a form calling for English intervention of a more or less warlike sort. Happily, only a small minority in the Dominion wish to join the neighbouring Republic; even the French Canadians, half-hostile as they are to British rule, have little yearning to become Yankeeised. We may hope, therefore, that this miserable railway-war will be amicably settled by some give-and-take compromise.

**ALARMIST RUMOURS ON THE CONTINENT.**—As regards anything like a genuine brotherhood among civilised nations, the world is little, if any, better off than it was in the eighteenth century. It is true that war was then the rule and peace the exception; but, *per contra*, the armies were small, and composed of professional soldiers; the campaigns were conducted in a leisurely manner, winter fighting being rare; and, except in districts actually occupied by hostile armies, civilian existence went on much the same whether the Temple of Janus was open or shut. Whereas, in modern wars, two nations in arms are hurled against each other, and, though the conflict is brief, the damage inflicted, owing to the complexity of modern social arrangements, is far less easily repaired. Then, as for expense, modern peace, being really a condition of armed uneasiness, is more costly than war was in the days of Frederick the Great. Every panic, too, which occurs, such as that of last winter about the movements of Russian troops on the Austrian frontier, is made the excuse for increased armaments. A similar scare has occurred within the last few days. It may mean nothing, yet it affords a strong proof of the fact that the arbitrament of peace and war is vested in the hands of some half dozen personages. It is, indeed, sad to think how small has been the progress of genuine freedom on the European Continent during the last century. This tardy advance is chiefly due to the revolutionary excesses which, from time to time, have been committed in the name of liberty. This anarchical element still exists, and causes quiet citizens to prefer the autocracy of a few responsible persons, who may usually be trusted not to plunge into war recklessly, but who, in their turn, are swayed by the aspirations and animosities of large masses of ignorant men.

**DUTCH INDEPENDENCE.**—Two or three weeks hence the Dutch people will celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the deliverance of their country from the supremacy of France. In the ordinary course of nature the Throne of Holland will by and by be occupied by a young Queen; and it may be that the Dutch wish to take the present opportunity of warning some Powers that when that time comes they do not intend to allow any of their rights to be invaded. It is difficult to believe that such a warning is really needed. France might take Belgium if she had a chance; but she would hardly care to involve herself in an endless series of troubles by seizing Holland. As for the Germans, they would no doubt be delighted if Holland volunteered to become a part of their Empire. They would scarcely dream, however, of forcibly annexing the country. The truth is, the Dutch have always displayed so much energy and determination in the defence of their liberties that they have inspired their powerful neighbours with a wholesome dread



of undue interference with their affairs. They are one of the pluckiest peoples in the world, and command universal respect. In all modern history there are few more fascinating pages than those which record their splendid struggle with Philip II., and afterwards with Louis XIV.; and we ourselves have never forgotten what was implied by the famous broom which Tromp caused to be fastened to his masthead as he sailed up the Channel after the defeat of Blake. It is not in war only that they have shown an indomitable spirit. Their country itself may almost be described as a manufactured article; and they alone have hitherto been able to compete with the English as a colonising race. A nation like this is not in much danger of losing its independence, nor will its spokesmen, we may be sure, indulge in idle vapouring during the approaching celebration.

**THE COAL STRIKE.**—The prolonged dispute between masters and men in the great coal industry has unhappily culminated in hostilities. How far the strikes will extend, it is impossible to say as yet. But it seems certain to be of sufficient magnitude to create more or less scarcity of coal at the very season of the year when that commodity is most in request. Already the market price has risen considerably, both for manufacturing and household descriptions. The advance would have been much larger, but for there being enormous stocks on hand. These reserves will, however, soon be exhausted, and unless Belgium come to the rescue as she did at the time of the great coal famine, the consequences may become very serious. Although our staple manufacturers are not working on such a narrow margin as a year ago, none of them are in a condition to enhance the cost of production. It follows, therefore, that dearer coals will restrict production, and thus narrow the area of employment. This will chiefly hit the upper grades of the working-classes; the lower will feel, even more poignantly, the effect of the strike in the dearer fuel. An advance of a few shillings per ton makes little difference to middle-class householders—not such a difference, that is, as to sensibly diminish their comforts. But to people who buy by the hundred weight or half hundred weight, such a change in the market rate represents a real calamity. The petty dealers who supply these small quantities do not content themselves with adding so much extra as they have been compelled to pay; if they did only that, even the poor would not feel very hardly hit. What the middleman too often does is to double the increase, and his customers, being poor calculators, believe him when he declares that the sum he sticks on is a fair proportion of the increase of the wholesale price. It would be a work worthy of British philanthropy to undertake the supply of fuel during the winter in the poorer districts at cost price. Organisation and a small amount of capital are the only things required to render the effort successful. The working classes would become customers quickly enough when they discovered that they got good coals for 20 or 30 per cent. less than they had been accustomed to pay for dust and rubbish.

**A CHANCE FOR BATTERSEA.**—We have repeatedly called attention to the project for the establishment of great Polytechnic Institutes in the southern districts of London. Thanks to the wide liberality of the Goldsmiths' Company, ample provision has been made for an Institute at New Cross, but two more are wanted—one in Battersea, and another in Newington. There is at present a splendid opportunity for the purchase of exactly such a building as is needed in Battersea. The Albert Palace, which has wholly failed to fulfil the expectations of those by whom it was built, may now be bought, with the grounds in which it stands, for a sum of about 60,000*l.*, and all who are competent to form a judgment in the matter are of opinion that it would serve admirably as a People's Palace. Some changes would have to be made in it, of course; but these could be effected without any very alarming expenditure. That an Institute of this kind would do much good, and be highly appreciated in the district, there can be no doubt. The people themselves are the best judges in the matter, and in meeting after meeting they have shown that they have set their hearts on getting this great building as a centre both for intellectual training and for wholesome recreation. A general hope has been expressed that one of the City Companies may come forward, and do for Battersea what the Goldsmiths' Company has undertaken to do for New Cross. We do not know whether the hope is likely to be realised, but we are confident that any Company which may take this course will not only do a solid service to the community, but win golden opinions for itself. The City Companies may, if they please, become as popular as any old institutions in the country. Not even the most destructive Radical would wish to injure them if it became obvious that they were eager to take advantage of every favourable chance of promoting the common welfare.

**LOFTY HOUSES AND LIFTS.**—A representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently been interviewing a gentleman from New York, who is interested in the manufacture and sale of "elevators;" and this practical genius not unnaturally looks forward to a good time coming, when all London houses will be at least five or six storeys high (there are some in New York of fourteen storeys), and will all be provided with a lift. In the case of these very tall dwellings

the lift becomes not only indispensable for those who live in the "sky-parlours," but is also profitable to the landlord, who, by means of its beneficent aid, can let his upper apartments at as high a rent as his lower ones; in fact, the former are preferred in America, on account of the increased amount of light, and the absence of noise and dust. Already we are advancing in this direction, as the erection of sundry lofty piles of buildings in various parts of the metropolis will show. The gentleman above referred to ingeniously states that his lifts are perfectly free from danger, but with equal candour he admits that the lifts of certain other makers are not so, in fact, that there are "scores of elevator accidents;" and he tells a grisly story of "a huge hydraulic ram" which failed to act, and which dashed the occupants of the car against the top of the shaft. Such anecdotes as these make us feel chary about introducing lifts into model lodging-houses, and dwellings for the poorer classes generally; where it would scarcely pay to keep a trustworthy attendant for this duty, and where mischievous boys (and also mischievous adults) are sure to swarm. Still, it might answer, if we could be sure of getting the right kind of elevator; and it would certainly be a boon to hard-worked or delicate men and women to be saved from climbing up several flights of stairs.

**IMPURE LITERATURE.**—It is a wholesome sign of the times that men of all parties are joining in a crusade against the dissemination of foul literature. The Lord Chancellor, a robust Tory, takes his stand on this platform by the side of Mr. Samuel Smith, an equally robust Liberal; Unionist joins hands with Separatist, and both together call upon society to extirpate the abomination. That is easier said than done, as its purveyors know right well. Where is the line to be drawn between what is decent and what is not decent? As every schoolboy is aware, the classics are by no means free from impurity; while, among standard English works, not a few might be named which abound with grossness and dirt. Take the old English dramatists and novelists, for instance, and how many of them could be read out in decent society without causing a general skedaddle? But to attempt to shut off the whole of such otherwise admirable literature as this from the present and succeeding generations would be a most fruitless endeavour. Before carrying the crusade any farther, therefore, it would be well for those engaged in it to arrive at some definite idea of what they mean by impure literature. There are, no doubt, certain works about whose atrocious character no doubt is possible. But not very remote from these are others where the nastiness is somewhat better veiled; and so it goes on from bottom to top, by gradual steps, until the unsullied summit is reached. How, then, could we logically or fairly prosecute the publishers of one class of gutter fictions without extending the same treatment to all who touched the unclean thing, however slightly? And, if the net were made wide enough to catch both tritons and minnows, it would, indeed, be an evil thing to belong to the publishing trade. While offering these remarks, we entirely agree that the Legislature ought to do, or try to do, something to stop the wholesale demoralisation of the nation by what the Lord Chancellor stigmatised as "putrid filth." The noxious deluge has now spread to India, where some of the native papers are loud in their condemnation of the Governmental apathy which permits such a poisonous flood to spread over the land. Society itself is chiefly to blame in the matter. Were it to "boycott" every publisher who put a dirty book in circulation, and were the newspapers to agree to refuse advertisements of such works, the evil would soon abate.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "A HOLIDAY BY THE SEA," the other, "AN IRISH BEAUTY."



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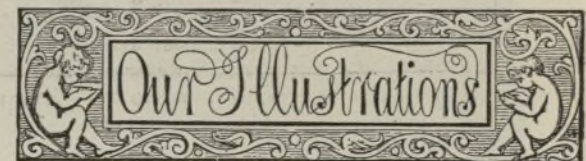
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#### CRUISE OF THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA," V.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT RHODES

DR. E. SLAUGHTER, of Kingstown, Ireland, the attentive and courteous doctor on board the *Victoria*, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and when the vessel touched at Rhodes he took his camera ashore with him. He found it difficult to explain to the natives that he wanted to take their likenesses, until a Turkish soldier kindly intervened, and helped the doctor to arrange a group and keep them quiet while the plate was being exposed. The wary Turk, however, declined to have his own physiognomy thus immortalised. When the operation was over, Dr. Slaughter had to make his way back to the boat through an excited, yet playful, mob, and some degree of firmness and good-temper was needed to enable him to embark without actual molestation.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. M. Horwood.

#### THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ITALY

We fully described last week the arrival of the Emperor William in Rome, and the enthusiastic reception he met with when he visited the Capitol, and also his visit to the Pope at the Vatican. One of our illustrations represents him leaving the Vatican, driving through the courtyard with his brother Henry in the carriage, which, together with the horses, had been sent from Berlin, so that the Papal susceptibilities might not be wounded by the sight of the Italian King's equipage and liveries. One of the chief spectacles during the King's stay in Rome was a grand military review. This took place on the 13th inst., at the camp at Centocelli. The troops numbered 33,000 men, and the manoeuvres were witnessed by some 100,000 spectators, amongst whom were Queen Margherita and the Duchesses of Aosta and Genoa in the Royal box. The Emperor William, who wore his white Cuissard uniform, took his stand with the King, the Prince of Naples, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Aosta at the saluting point for the march-past, and several times expressed to the King and to General Pallavicini, the commander of the troops, his admiration of their bearing, especially singling out for commendation the Alpine battalions, the Bersaglieri, and the mule batteries of mountain artillery. On Tuesday week the Emperor went with his host to Naples, where an





A GENERAL VIEW



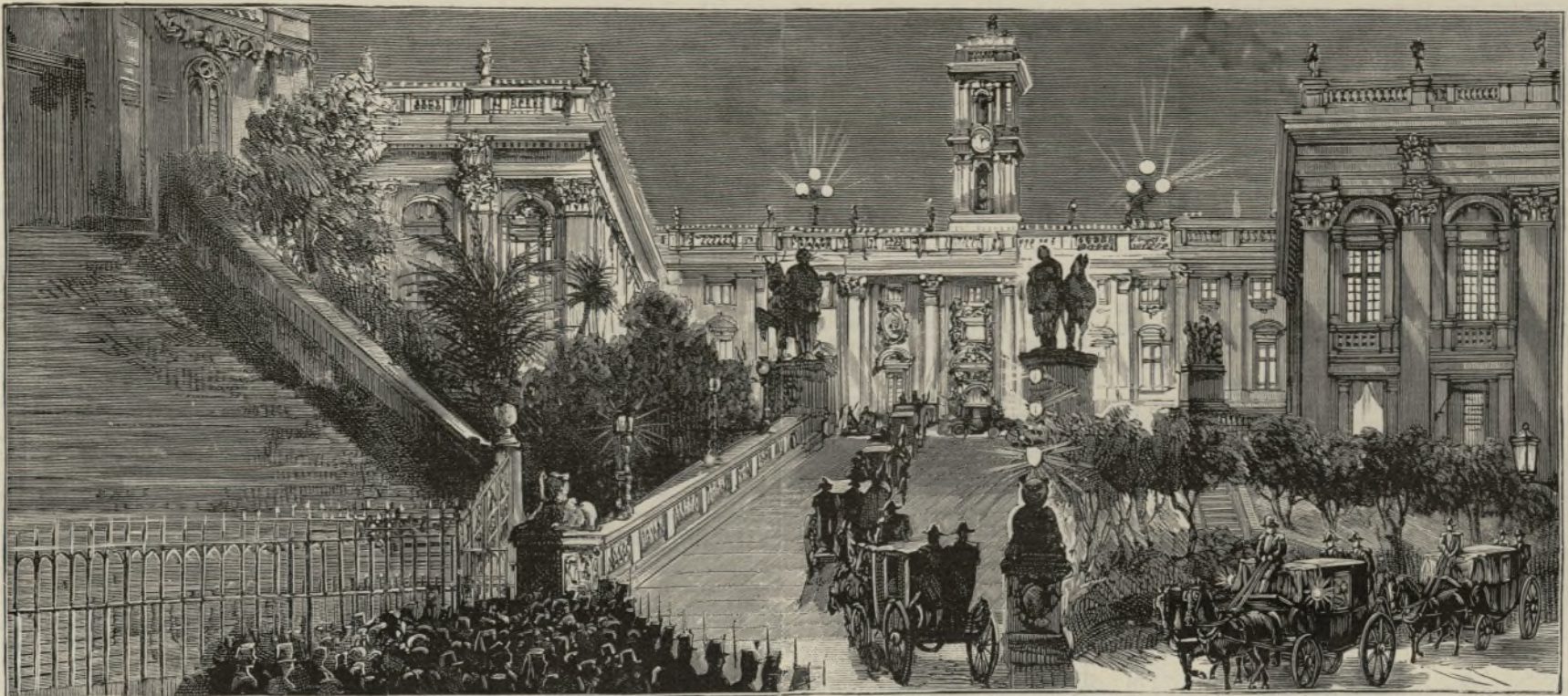
THE EMPEROR AND THE KING OF ITALY PASSING BETWEEN LINES OF LANCERS



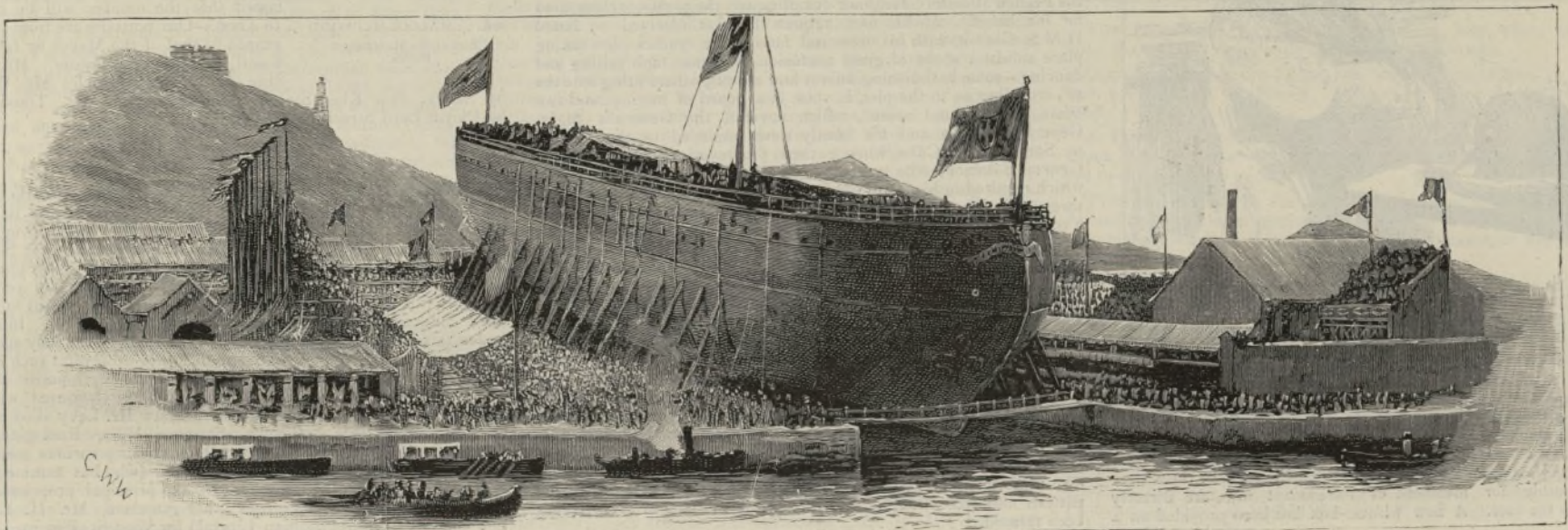
THE BERSAGLIERI PASSING THE SALUTING POINT

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ITALY  
THE GRAND REVIEW OF ITALIAN TROOPS AT CENTOCELLI





THE ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITOL



THE LAUNCH OF THE "RÈ UMBERTO" AT NAPLES BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND THE KING OF ITALY



THE EMPEROR AND PRINCE HENRY LEAVING THE VATICAN AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE POPE  
THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ITALY



enthusiastic reception awaited them, and next day a new ironclad, the *Rè Umberto*, was launched, and a grand naval review took place. This last addition to the Italian Navy is a formidable vessel, being 387 feet long, 13,000 tons register, and 19,500 horsepower. She will carry four 68-ton guns, thirty-six smaller guns, and ten mitrailleuses. Under full steam it is expected that she will attain a speed of nineteen knots. The usual ceremony of baptising and blessing the vessel by the Bishop of Castellamare took place, the Emperor waving his hat and shouting *Viva l'Italia* as the huge craft glided into the sea. After the launch, the Emperor and the King embarked on board the Royal Yacht *Savoia*, and steamed out to sea, where they could witness the evolutions of the fleet. A long array of war vessels then defiled past the yacht, each saluting as she steamed by with yards manned. Sixteen torpedo boats led the way, followed on the right by the ironclads *Lepanto*, *Dandolo*, *Duilio*, and *Affondatore*, and the cruisers *Galileo*, *Tripoli*, *Saetta*, *Sparviero*, and *Nibio*, the left line consisting of the cruisers *Ema*, *Bausau*, *Sironboli*, and *Vesuvio*, followed by a number of despatch boats and torpedo cruisers. The display occupied three hours, during the whole of which time the Emperor and the King remained on the bridge.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Henry Cumming.

#### THE PARNELL COMMISSION

THE first sitting (except for preliminary applications) of the Commission appointed under the Special Commission Act, was held on Monday in Sir James Hannen's Court. At one time there had been an idea of fitting up for the purpose a part of the great hall of the Royal Courts of Justice, but it was abandoned on account of the inconvenience which it would have entailed. The body of the



MICHAEL DAVITT ENTERS THE LISTS

Court was reserved for the parties concerned, their counsel and solicitors, and the representatives of the Press. A new and strong temporary gallery has been constructed in front of the permanent one, and two small side galleries have been placed over the corridors which form the entrances of the Court. Each gallery has two rows of benches, giving room for sixty people, and the seats in them were reserved mainly for members of Parliament who are directly interested in the case. A new witness-box has been provided on a



#### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS HUNGARIAN UNIFORM

THE Emperor of Austria recently created the Prince of Wales a Colonel in the Austro-Hungarian army as a special mark of friendship and distinction. The regiment to which the Prince has been attached is the Twelfth Hungarian Hussars, and dates from 1800, when it was raised under the title of Palatine Hussars. For the first fifty years of the century it was commanded by the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary. The Honorary Colonelcy had been vacant for some time, however, before it was bestowed upon the Prince, the actual commander being Ritter von Foresti. The regiment has taken part in numerous campaigns, in 1805 in Germany and Italy, 1809 in Poland, 1813 in Germany, 1814 in France, 1821 in Italy, 1848 and 1866 in Bohemia, and has lost on the battlefield nine hundred and forty-six men and fifty-seven officers. In 1814 the regiment was commanded by Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg, who, in consideration of his entry into Paris, received a Sword of Honour and two hundred guineas from the Corporation of London, the regiment being publicly praised by the Duke of Wellington on the occasion of a review. It was under the tuition of a Staff officer of the regiment, Otto von Gemmingen, that the Crown Prince Rudolf

personages present. The site is just behind the Friedenskirche, and the mausoleum, according to the late Emperor's express desire, will be a reproduction of the diminutive chapel at Innichen in the Tyrol, itself a replica of the Holy Sepulchre Church at Jerusalem. It will consist of a circular building, with a slightly-rounded cupola, over which will be a rotunda, covered by a high cupola. This will be surmounted by a lantern-shaped structure, crowned by a gigantic gilt-cross. The ceremony was exceedingly simple. After several documents had been read, the stone was lowered, the choir singing the 126th Psalm. The Court Chaplains Windel and Persius then delivered addresses, the Anthem "Christ is the Resurrection and the Life" was next sung, and the Empress laid the stone in the orthodox fashion, with trowel and mallet.

completed his cavalry studies. The Prince of Wales reviewed the regiment on the 1st inst. at Miskolcz, at which Hungarian town it is now stationed.—Our illustration is from a photograph sent by M. L. Kohn, of the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna.

#### PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT MANCHESTER

ON Saturday forenoon, October 20th, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who had passed the night at the Manchester Town Hall as the guest of the City Corporation, was presented with an address from the municipal body in the Council Chamber. Subsequently, the Prince and a number of the gentlemen in attendance took luncheon in the large hall, and then a procession of carriages, military, and police was formed for the purpose of conducting the



MR. S. C. THOMPSON  
Chairman of the Parks  
Committee



MR. C. MALCOLM WOOD  
Chief of the Manchester  
Police

by Sauvy, 22A, King Street, Manchester; and Mr. Thompson, by Lloyd, Lord Street, Southport.

#### MR. J. M. LEVY

THIS gentleman was one of the chief proprietors, and also one of the most active directors of the *Daily Telegraph* since its first establishment. He was in his seventy-seventh year, having been born in London in 1812. He was educated at Bruce Castle School, Tottenham, and in Germany, and the earlier years of his life were passed in commercial pursuits. During the past half century, however, his tastes, inclinations, and an intuitive genius for such work induced him to turn his attention to journalism. In many undertakings of this description he had been conspicuously successful, but more than thirty years ago he gave up several such enterprises to devote all his time and capacity to the development of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the interests of which he laboured without flagging almost to the hour of his death. Mr. Levy died peacefully at his seaside residence, Florence Villa, Ramsgate, on October 12th, surrounded by his children and by various members of his family. His son, Mr. Edward Levy (who has assumed the additional surname of Lawson) is now the principal proprietor and manager of the *Daily Telegraph*; his grandson, Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, is M.P. (Gladstonian Liberal) for West St. Pancras.—Our portrait is from an unnamed photograph.

#### CAPTAIN BELEY

CAPTAIN C. H. H. BELEY, D.S.O., of the Bengal Native Infantry, who was killed on October 5th, while with General M'Queen's 4th Column of the Black Mountain Expedition, was born in July, 1835, and obtained his first commission as sub-lieutenant in the Royal Scots Regiment in February, 1854. He became lieutenant in the Bengal Staff Corps in November, 1876, and Captain in February, 1885. He served as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Intelligence Branch in Bengal from June to October, 1885. He served in the Afghan War from 1878 to 1880. He was with the Candahar Column, and was present at the affair of Taif-ud-deen, and in the subsequent advance upon Khelat-i-Gilzai. While with the Ghazir Field Force he took part in the actions of Ahmed Khel and Urzu, and in the march from Cabul to the relief of Candahar, the reconnaissance of the 31st of August, and in the battle of September 1. He was mentioned in despatches which were published in the *London Gazette* on the 3d of December, 1880. For his services in this campaign he received a medal with two clasps and the bronze star. He also accompanied the Burmese Expedition in 1886-7, and was again mentioned in the despatches which appeared in the *London Gazette* on September 2, 1887. For his services in the latter expedition he was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order on July 1st, 1887.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Burke, Kinturk, Murree, India.

#### LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE

THE Right Hon. William Francis Cowper-Temple, Baron Mount-Temple, second son of the fifth Earl Cowper, was born December 13th, 1811. After serving for some years in the Army, he entered on a political career, and, when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, acted as his Private Secretary. He was afterwards successively a Lord of the Admiralty, President of the Board of Health, Vice-President of the Education Committee of the Privy Council, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and First Commissioner of Public Works. During his tenure of this last office in 1862 he introduced the Thames Embankment Bill, which was not passed until after much heated and angry discussion, owing to the self-seeking attitude assumed by certain owners of riparian property. He sat in Parliament for Hertford from 1834 to 1868, and for South Hampshire from 1868 till 1880, when he was elected to the Peerage. He did not speak often in the House of Lords, but he took a great interest in the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. Of late years he devoted more attention to religious and philanthropic movements than to politics. When he was Commissioner of Works, he first set on foot the plan for distributing the flowers in the parks among the London poor at the close of the season. Lord Mount-Temple had been for some time in ill-health, and died on Tuesday, October 16th, at his residence, Broadlands, near Romsey, Hants. This estate he inherited under the will of his step-father, Lord Palmerston. In 1843 his lordship married Harriet Alicia, daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney, of North Runciton, Norfolk, but this lady died within two months of her marriage. In 1848 he married Georgina, daughter of Admiral Tollemache, and sister of Lord Tollemache. As there was no issue by the marriage, the peerage of Mount-Temple becomes extinct.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

#### THE EMPRESS FREDERICK LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE MAUSOLEUM TO THE LATE EMPEROR AT POTSDAM

ON THURSDAY WEEK, the anniversary of the late Emperor's birth, the Empress Frederick laid the foundation stone of the mausoleum at Potsdam, which is to contain her husband's remains, and those of his two sons, Waldemar and Sigismund. The ceremony was private, the Empress Frederick, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen, the three younger Princesses, the Crown Prince of Greece, and Princess Frederick Charles being the chief



## THE PETROLEUM EXPLOSION AT CALAIS

ON Wednesday week, a few minutes after nine o'clock in the evening, the usually quiet seaport of Calais was startled by a tremendous explosion. The inhabitants were terribly startled, the shock to the houses being terrific, and many people took to the streets believing that an earthquake had occurred, windows being broken in all directions, and the gas being suddenly extinguished. It was soon ascertained that the explosion had taken place on board the *Ville de Calais*, a new vessel of some thousand tons register, which had been built for carrying petroleum between Calais and New York. For this purpose she had been fitted with various tanks and tubes. She had completed the discharge of her cargo, the previous day, and at the time of the explosion water was being pumped into her ballast-tanks. It is supposed that the disaster was caused by one of the engineers taking a naked light into the hold in order to examine these tanks, thus igniting the gas which had generated from the petroleum. The wreck of the vessel, the *Times* correspondent states, presented a remarkable appearance. The crew numbered twenty-six hands, but at the time only ten persons were on board. The captain with his wife and another lady were in their cabin in the afterpart of the steamer, and this remained almost intact, as though nothing had happened—the captain never imagining that the accident was so serious until he came on deck. The rest of the ship, with the exception of a small part of the fore-castle, was blown into the air, and scattered in all directions, while the sides of the vessel were blown clean away. Some heavy pieces of machinery were hurled three-quarters of a mile or more. Almost simultaneously with the explosion a huge cloud of black smoke and debris rose into the air, and burst into a column of flame of great height—the hull becoming a mass of flame, which was not extinguished until the next morning. Three persons lost their lives, one of the engineers, one of the ship's officers, and a seaman. Considering that the dock was full of timber-laden shipping, and that the quays were laden with logs, it is marvellous that the disaster was not far greater. Our illustration is from a sketch forwarded by Mr. Frank Merridew, of the British and Foreign Library, Boulogne.

## CROCODILES IN A MENAGERIE

AN exciting scene occurred on October 8th, at Bône, in Algeria, at the Aquarium—a sort of itinerant menagerie. The special feature of this Aquarium consisted in a collection of no fewer than seventy crocodiles, which were fed publicly at stated hours by the manager, M. Pernolet. He always wore a pair of Wellington boots, and had a stick with which to beat off the reptiles when they became too ravenous, and attempted to snap the food out of his hands. On this occasion he was sitting on the back of his largest crocodile, and kept feeding the rest for about ten minutes, when, all at once, as he turned his head and put out his hand to the attendant for a piece of meat, one of the others crawled up to him and bit him in the stomach. A shout was raised by the spectators, and those around the tank tried to beat away the crocodile, which, notwithstanding M. Pernolet's blows, began whirling round his prey as if to tear him to pieces. Unfortunately, in struggling M. Pernolet slipped, and fell in the very midst of the reptiles, which all rushed on him with fury. A panic took place among the spectators, who mostly fled. Nevertheless, M. Pernolet was rescued, and, although his wounds are serious, was expected to recover.—Our engraving is from a photograph, for which we are indebted to Major-General H. G. Robley, taken before the above-mentioned accident occurred.

## A HOLIDAY BY THE SEA

NOW that the leaves are falling fast, and the days shortening, and the air growing chill, and the sky foggy and dull, these sketches may serve as a pleasant reminder of some of the pleasant days which were to be found, if only now and then, during the wet and ungenial summer, and at all events during September, which this year, maintained its ancient reputation of being one of the most delightful months in the year. The sketches are perfectly self-explanatory.

## AN IRISH BEAUTY

THIS engraving is from an admirable photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, of 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin, and represents a lady well-known in Dublin Society, and famous for her personal attractions even in that metropolis, which is not only "the tea-drinkingist and car-drivingist city in the world," but also possesses, in proportion to its population, the largest number of beautiful women.

## "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 449.

## THROUGH THE RANKS TO A COMMISSION

THESE sketches portray some of the principal incidents in the military life of an aspirant to a commission from the ranks. Some years ago young gentlemen of good families, and possessing qualifications superior to the common herd, were considered to be out of their place in the ranks. Combatant commissions from the ranks were few and far between, and with the exception of quarter-masters and riding-masters, who are invariably promoted from the ranks, the *Gazette* seldom contained the name of a non-commissioned officer awarded a commission, except for some special service, or through powerful influence. Now all is changed, the authorities yearly grant a number of commissions to deserving non-commissioned officers; and the ranks contain numerous young men of good family and position who have chosen the army as an honourable profession, in which by steady attention to their duties they will be sure of advancement. Sons of general officers and retired officers of every rank may now be found in the ranks. The qualifications required to enable a non-commissioned officer to be recommended for a commission are as follows:—Paragraphs 37 and 39, section ix. of the "Queen's Regulations for the Army" state that a warrant or non-commissioned officer must be in possession of a first-class certificate of education, including English history and geography, and also to be able to pass an examination in "A" and "B" (*i.e.*) Regimental Duties and Drill. The first-class certificate consists of writing dictation from any book, arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, &c., &c., official letter writing, and an extra subject, history, geography, &c. "Regimental Duties" comprises a knowledge of the interior economy of a regiment, company accounts, fines for drunkenness, and the duties of non-commissioned officers and men; a little experience and the aid of Lord Wolseley's valuable "Soldier's Pocket Book" will soon post him up in the requisite knowledge. "Drill" will be best mastered by a perusal of the Red Book, aided by a retentive memory, and some practical experience.

As a further inducement for young men who have failed to obtain a commission direct (*i.e.* through the front door) by being plucked at the final examination, &c., the following general order was published on the 1st of January, 1885:—Warrant or non-commissioned officers who possess any of the undermentioned qualifications will be exempted from the necessity of obtaining a first-class certificate of education before being recommended for a commission.

"If at some previous time he shall have qualified for a direct

commission in the army, by open competition, by University qualification, or as an officer of Militia.

"If he shall have passed the preliminary examination for entrance to the Royal Military Academy, or Royal Military College, or any examination which may be recognised from time to time by the regulations for admission to those institutions, as a ground of exemption from such preliminary examination."

By the above it will be seen that the authorities offer to eligible young men, who wish to enter the army with a view to obtain a commission, a fair prospect of their desire being gratified, and a means of obtaining the commission that they could not get direct. The Government allows to each non-commissioned officer awarded a commission 150*l.* in the cavalry and 100*l.* in the infantry to enable him to provide his outfit.—Our engravings are from sketches by Barrack Quarter-Master-Sergeant T. Latham, Commissariat and Transport Corps, 2, Alma Terrace, Fulford Road, York.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.—Messrs. A. C. Wells and Co., of Midland Road, St. Pancras, inform us that it is their "Wells Light" which is used throughout the works, and not the "Lucigen," as stated in our article some weeks since.



LORD DUFFERIN, the retiring Governor-General of India, becomes Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and Earl of Ava, which is the ancient capital of Burma, the title of Ava being assumed at the Queen's special command.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the new county of London, created by the Local Government Act of last Session.

POLITICAL.—At a great meeting of Unionists, Liberal and Conservative, in Salford on Tuesday, the First Lord of the Treasury made an animated speech on the policy of the Government at home and abroad. To prove that the Home Rulers contemplated separation, he quoted, with great effect, the assertion of Sir Thomas Esmonde, that the English were a wholly distinct people from the Irish, and had no more right to interfere in Ireland than in the United States. Lord Spencer and John Morley had repeatedly declared that the honour of this country was bound up in having the Land Question settled by the Imperial Parliament, and not relegated to a Home Rule one. Yet now, Mr. W. H. Smith said, in an important reminder, we had Mr. Davitt positively asserting his knowledge that the Gladstonians have decided on leaving such a settlement to a Home Rule Parliament.—On the same day, at a meeting of Hertfordshire Unionists at Watford, Lord Cowper presided and spoke, remarking that the condition of Ireland was much better now than fifty years ago, when there were sixty murders in one county in a single year. A letter was read from the well-known practical philanthropist Mr. Tuke, in the course of which he recommended Government aid to emigration from Ireland, saying that from his own experience he could testify to the anxiety of the Irish to emigrate.—Addressing a meeting of Gladstonians at Perth on Monday, in one of his confident and defiant speeches, Mr. John Morley reiterated his belief in the triumph of Home Rule, and in the abolition of the hereditary principle in the constitution of the House of Lords.

MR. W. H. SMITH was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor of Salford on Wednesday, and spoke of the great impression made on him by a visit to the Manchester Ship Canal works.

IRELAND.—A tribute was indirectly paid to Mr. Balfour's successful administration of Irish affairs at a recent public meeting near Kinsale, when Mr. Alderman Hooper, M.P., complained of the apathy of the people of the district; which means that they refrain from boycotting and from adopting the Plan of Campaign. Although the meeting professed to be one of National Leaguers, Mr. Alderman Hooper said reproachfully that he saw only two or three League tickets in the hats of those present. On his urging them to join the League, a voice from the crowd replied, "They are afraid of Balfour."—Count Moore, a Roman Catholic landowner, formerly M.P. for Tipperary, who has had disagreements with some of his Kilkenny tenants, is breaking up his establishment in that county, and intends to reside permanently abroad, alleging as a reason for the step that he has been publicly denounced from the very altar erected by his late father.—Daniel Goulding, recently a warder in Tullamore Gaol, was dismissed previously to the inquest on the late Mr. Mandeville for making false statements to the governor. At the inquest he made other statements respecting the alleged ill-treatment of Mr. Mandeville by the prison officials, some of which having been contradicted by the governor upon oath, Goulding has been committed for trial at the Cork Assizes on a charge of perjury.—The amount subscribed to the Parnell Indemnity Fund exceeds 10,000*l.*

AT A MEETING OF OFFICERS commanding metropolitan Volunteer corps it was unanimously resolved on Tuesday that the proposed professional parade of the members of the force in the home counties as part of the Show on Lord Mayor's Day is for military reasons undesirable.

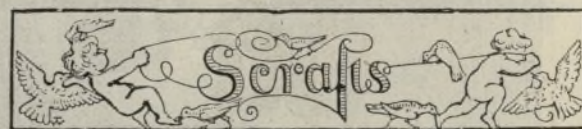
THE LORD CHANCELLOR on Wednesday received the Lord Mayor Elect at the House of Peers, and gave him the usual assurance of the Queen's approval of the choice of the citizens. In introducing and eulogising Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the Recorder mentioned that he was a descendant of a George Whitehead, who was the friend of George Fox and William Penn, and who suffered persecution as a Quaker.

THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION, at Drury Lane Theatre, was opened by the Earl of Winchelsea, on Wednesday. The collection, which is full of varied interest, is much larger than that recently on view at Plymouth.

CONCESSIONS to their men have been made by many coal mine owners, but the price of coal continues to advance, and on Wednesday nearly the whole of the miners employed at the large collieries in the Barnsley district ceased working.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Clarke, spoke on Tuesday at a public meeting in Peckham in support of the recommendation of the Vestry of Camberwell to adopt the Public Libraries Acts.—Mr. James Heywood has been presented by the ratepayers of Kensington with a bust of himself in acknowledgment of his gift of a collection of books as the nucleus of a Kensington Free Library, in which, at his request, the bust will be placed.—Negotiations are in progress for the conversion of the Albert Palace and grounds into a South London Polytechnic institution and recreation grounds.—The London School Board has come to the welcome and sensible conclusion that such changes shall be introduced into the present modes of instruction as will make the teaching as much as possible an introduction to an industrial life.—Lord Aberdeen unveiled at Carnarvon on Monday a statue of the late Sir Hugh Owen, distinguished for his great and successful exertions to promote education in Wales.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her sixty-fourth year, of Lady Brownlow Cecil; in his forty-third year, of Sir Edmund A. Waller, Bart; in his seventy-third year, of Admiral the Hon. John W. S. Spencer, sixth son of the first Lord Churchill, and one of the Queen's naval Aides-de-Camp; in his seventy-first year, of General Sir Edmund Haythorne, who served with distinction in India, China, and the Crimea, and to whom his old companion in arms, Lord Clyde, when dying, bequeathed affectionate remembrances; in his seventy-third year, of Vice-Admiral Shortland, who successfully participated in several important marine surveys, among them those of the Mediterranean and of the ocean-soundings between Aden and Bombay, of which he published a record, entitled "A Sounding Voyage of H.M.S. *Hydra*," in his seventy-second year, of Major-General A. H. Graham, late Royal Artillery; of Mr. J. W. de L. Giffard, brother of the Lord Chancellor, and Judge of the Exeter County Court; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. George Loy Smith, of Penge, one of the few survivors of the famous Balaclava Six Hundred; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. Thomas A. Holland, Rector of Poynings, one of the oldest clergymen in the Diocese of Chichester, author of a poem on Dryburgh Abbey, which was commended by Sir Walter Scott, and of a history of Poynings, published in the Sussex archaeological collections; in his fifty-seventh year, of the Rev. John Black, first General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England; in his fifty-eighth year, of the Rev. Charles W. Kett, for more than twenty-one years Assistant-Master of King's College School; when about to complete his ninetieth year, of Dr. Samuel E. Hoskins, one of the oldest Fellows of the Royal Society, to which he was elected in 1843 in recognition of the merits of his investigations as to the solubility of calculi within the body; and of Mr. William H. Crawford, a prominent Conservative citizen of Cork, who contributed 20,000*l.* towards the erection of St. Finbar Protestant Cathedral, and the same sum to build the Municipal Schools of Science, Art, and Music, which were opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their visit to Cork.



THE PANAMA CANAL will be opened in July, 1890, without fail. So, at least, confidently declares M. de Lesseps.

DOCTORS IN ALSACE-LORRAINE are now forbidden to write their prescriptions in French. Either German or Latin must be used.

A FINE SWORDFISH has been caught in Long Reach, Milton Creek, Sittingbourne. It measures 5 ft. 2 in. from the end of the tail to the tip of the sword.

TYPHOID FEVER is the most fatal disease known in Italy. According to the investigations of a Paduan University Professor, this malady annually attacks some 250,000 persons, of whom fully 25,000 die.

A SPECIAL "EXHIBITION JOURNAL" will now be published in Paris until the close of the coming World's Fair. The first number has just appeared, and the journal will be published monthly until April, and subsequently every week. The progress of the works, and every subject connected with the Exhibition, will be minutely treated.

AUSTRIANS OF GERMAN SYMPATHIES have adopted an ingenious method of expressing their opinions. They enclose their letters in envelopes bordered with the German colours, black, red and yellow, and sealed with wax, the seal being inscribed with the memorable words pronounced by Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag—"We Germans fear God, and nobody else in the world." The Austrian Government have prohibited the use of this seal, but up to the present with little effect.

FASHIONABLE TRANSATLANTIC BRIDES now insist on having most elaborate kneeling cushions for use during the marriage ceremony. The bride's cushion is covered with white satin embroidered in silver, and edged with silver fringe, or, if she is a great heiress, real Duchesse lace is added to ornament the kneeler. The bridegroom's cushion is also of white satin, but embroidered in open work so as to show a blue satin lining if the happy man is fair, or gold cloth if he be dark, with silver or gold fringe accordingly.

THE TIBETANS who lately fought against the British-Indian forces on the Sikkim frontier used very primitive weapons. One of their matchlocks has been brought down to Calcutta as a trophy, and though ingenious, is of very rough workmanship, and, unlike most Eastern arms, scarcely ornamented at all. It is a smooth-bore muzzle-loader, mounted on a long, narrow stock, and the barrel fitted with a double-pronged rest, which can either be firmly planted in the ground or used as a bayonet. The accompanying belt has a small horn for priming powder attached, together with six hollow wooden plugs for powder charges.

BALLOON RACES arouse great interest in Paris. For two successive Sundays balloons have travelled in competition from the Tuileries to a given point, last Sunday's goal being Chevreuse, in the Seine-et-Oise, forty miles away. M. Godard, the well-known aeronaut, won on both occasions, and as he was successful the first time by ascending to a great height, and on the second by taking an entirely opposite course, and keeping very low, competent judges feel convinced that balloons can be steered and guided up to a certain point, provided the atmosphere is moderately still. Though eight and ten balloons competed on the two days, no accident of any kind occurred.

CIVILISATION IN JAPAN is now affecting the condition of the cities, and Tokio will shortly be put under regular municipal control for thorough improvements. In feudal times so little care was taken of the capital that it was expected to need rebuilding completely every seven years, owing to constant conflagrations, while even last year Tokio kept up her annual average of some 2,500 houses being burnt down, at a loss of 200,000*l.* Now, however, a special committee will prepare plans for rebuilding the burnt districts in the safest fashion, the money to be furnished by increased land and business taxes and duties on rice-beer. Land belonging to the Government will also be handed over to the City Committee for letting, so that foreigners who want to see the Japanese capital before it loses its individuality, and becomes an ordinary city on the European model, must go at once.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,641 deaths were registered, against 1,536 during the previous seven days, a rise of 105, being 30 above the average, and at the rate of 20.0 per 1,000, a higher rate than in any week since last April. There were 80 deaths from measles (a rise of 30), 33 from scarlet fever (an increase of 3), 36 from diphtheria (a rise of 10), 12 from whooping-cough (a decline of 6), 19 from enteric fever (an increase of 6), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 42 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 1), and not one from small-pox, typhus fever, or cholera. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths; 45 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 10 of infants, under one year of age, from suffocation. There were 2,459 births registered, against 2,588 the previous week, being 329 below the average.





THE SALUTE BEFORE THE DUEL  
Sir Richard Webster (Leading Counsel for *The Times*) Shakes Hands with Sir Charles Russell  
(Leading Counsel for the Irish Members)



MR. BIGGAR APPEARS FOR HIMSELF

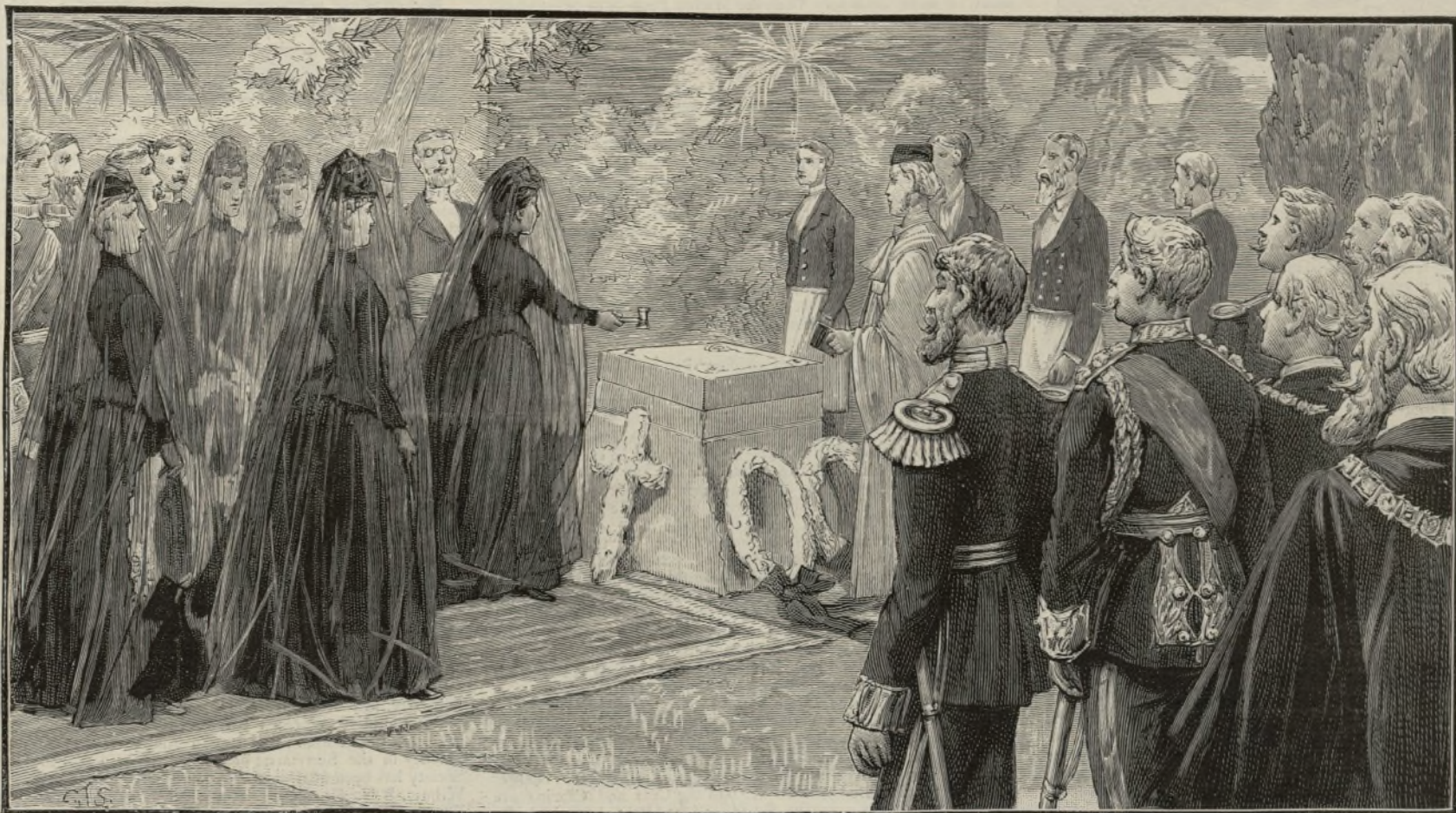


THE ATTACK: THE OPENING SPEECH BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL (SIR RICHARD WEBSTER)

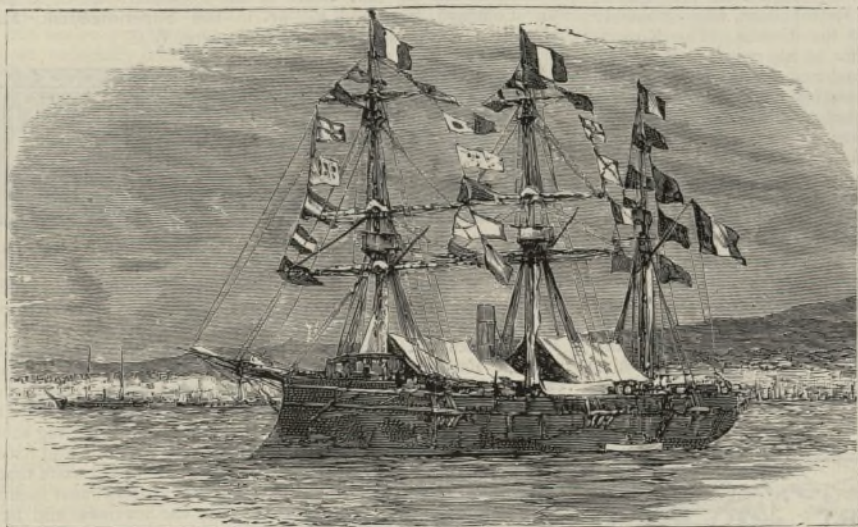
# THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER FREDERICK OF GERMANY LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW MAUSOLEUM FOR THE REMAINS OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK, AT POTSDAM



THE FRENCH CRUISER "BISSEON" AT PORT AU PRINCE



A STREET IN PORT AU PRINCE DURING THE FIRE



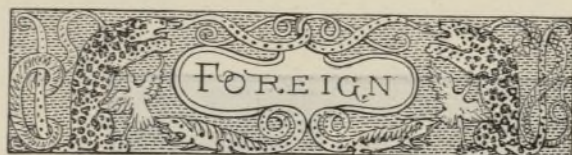
THE LATE GENERAL SALOMON AND HIS WIFE,  
DEPOSED BY THE RECENT REVOLUTION  
The General died in Paris, October 19, 1888



THE PRINCIPAL GENERALS OF THE HAYTIAN ARMY

# THE RECENT REVOLUTION IN THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI





THE echoes of the German Emperor's visit to Austria and Italy have not died away, and though the official journals of the Triple Alliance tell the world in general that the maintenance of peace is assured, the European nations are still increasing their armaments despite the fact that even now, as M. Roche tritely observed in the French Budget Committee on Tuesday, "Europe has been converted into an intrenched camp, and to an extent unknown even at the most barbarous period of the Middle Ages." The *Fremdenblatt*, Count Kalnoky's especial organ, raised a scare on Tuesday regarding the movement of Russian troops to the frontier, with the evident object of preparing the public for new demands for money "to bring the army into the highest state of efficiency," while in France the Budget Committee have been discussing the further request of the French Government for 32,000,000*l.* to continue the reorganisation of French armaments which was begun in 1871. Indeed, although Germany, Austria, and Italy may officially claim that "Union is peace," their assertions are not endorsed by their actions, as every year sees a further increase in some form or other in their military armaments, while France and Russia, feeling that the Triple Alliance may at any time be directed against them, strive their utmost to keep pace with their neighbours. Moreover, the German Emperor took no pains to spare either Russian susceptibilities in Vienna nor French feelings at Rome, so that it is hardly to be wondered at that these two nations do not wholly share King Humbert's confident assurance that the Triple Alliance is "for the peace of Europe and the well-being of our peoples." With respect to Russia, however, the Berlin press is striving to show that the Emperor has no covert designs against her, and Prince Bismarck's organ, the *Berlin Post*, declares that since the Emperor William's visit to St. Petersburg, the relations between the two Empires have continued to be of "a friendly and satisfactory character," which, being interpreted, signifies that Germany is manifestly anxious not to throw Russia into the arms of France. The Russian Press, however, declines to be mollified, and adopting a bitter tone to Germany, tells Austria that a Russian alliance would be far better for all than that of Germany.

To turn to GERMANY, and her own internal affairs, the Emperor duly returned to Berlin on Sunday, and on Monday next will go to Hamburg to assist at the festivities in celebration of the incorporation of that city into the German Customs Union. Prince Bismarck, Marshal von Moltke, and all the chief dignitaries of the Empire will also be present. The controversy regarding Sir Morell Mackenzie's book still continues, and the prohibition of its sale has not been removed. Poor Professor Geffcken is stated to be suffering in health from his imprisonment. He has had a long interview with his counsel, but nothing further has transpired relative to his trial. The recent untoward events on the East Coast of Africa have called down much criticism upon the mode of dealing with the natives adopted by the *employés* of the German East African Company.

FRANCE has been somewhat anxiously discussing monetary matters this week. Her Government, in the face of the great expenditure on military preparation, and the interest on her already considerable debt, cannot make both ends meet, and is now preparing to establish an Income Tax—a mode of raising money which the French innately dislike. In the first place, they are already taxed far more heavily than English people, the octroi or inland customs duty exacted at the entry of each town on every marketable commodity, from an egg upwards, weighing heavily alike on producer and consumer, while there are a variety of petty duties in a thousand directions which meet the Frenchman at every turn. In the second place, as the assessment of the new tax is to be left virtually in the hands of the Mayor and the Prefects, it is feared, and with not unfounded apprehension, that yet another powerful political weapon will be placed in the hands of the ruling powers. According to the scheme, which is due to M. Peytral, the Minister of Finance, the tax is to be at the rate of 1 per cent. (about  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the *l.*) on possessed or acquired incomes, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the returns of labour. No incomes below 80*l.* are to be taxed, and certain allowances made to those below 240*l.* Foreigners having a fixed residence in France are liable to the tax, but those only living temporarily in the country are to pay on the part of the incomes spent or collected in France. The enhanced tax on capital as opposed to labour is a manifest concession to the Advanced Radicals, but the whole measure has been very adversely received, and it is thought will not pass the Chamber.

Other burning political topics have been the everlasting Revision question, the eight schemes of which have not yet passed the Committee stage; the debate on the Budget, and in particular respecting the financial demands for military purposes, referred to above; and the nomination of General Miribel as successor to General Fevrier (who is superannuated) in the important command of the Châlons Army Corps. General Miribel is a brilliant soldier, but is considered to be somewhat anti-Republican, and Gambetta once got into terrible hot water with the Radicals for giving him an appointment. General Boulanger appeared before the Budget Committee on Wednesday, but declined to be drawn into giving any tangible definition of his idea of Constitutional Revision. His partisans are busily distributing his portrait in Paris, and one popular coloured picture represents him in the act of delivering "weeping France." There has been an awkward incident at Havre. The escutcheon over the house of the German Consul was torn down and bespattered with dirt. The authorities, however, immediately apologised, and restored the arms to their position, with a species of official ceremony. The outrage has excited wrathful comment in Germany, where a Foreign Office *communiqué* characterises it as "another remarkable proof of the growing savagery and rudeness of the French people." "Germany," the writer continues, "maintains relations with civilised as well as with savage nations, and has learned to accustom herself to the ways of both."

IN ITALY there is great wrath amongst the Clericals at the significant stress which the Emperor William has repeatedly laid upon Rome being the capital of the Italian kingdom, and it is now thought that the Pope would have done better not to have received his visit. Moreover, it is considered far from unlikely that the Vatican may attempt some reprisals, in the form of lending assistance to the German Opposition at the forthcoming elections. Thus the Archbishops of Cologne, Munster, and Trèves have already issued Pastoral Letters in favour of the Ultramontane candidates for the Prussian Diet. Turning to a more congenial subject, the Pope has written to Cardinal Lavigier highly commending his anti-slavery crusade, and placing 12,000*l.* at his disposal. A terrible railway accident occurred on Sunday night. A considerable landslip took place near Potenza, covering the track for some fifty yards. A train coming from Naples ran at full speed into the mass, burying the foremost carriages and wrecking the remainder. Some 300 persons were in the train, nineteen being killed, and fifty-five injured. Many of the passengers were returning from the festivities of Naples.

IN INDIA the final operations of the Black Mountain Campaign are being energetically carried on by General McQueen. The

concerted resistance of the tribes is practically crushed, but some of the tribes have not yet given in their submission, and consequently must be made to do so. Thus the Machai Peak is to be occupied, and a force despatched to take possession of Thakot, while, as the attitude of the Chagarzais is one of passive hostility, the river column will move on Derbannar, whence the most populous portion of the Akazai and Chagarzai country can be dominated, and the plain below can be swept by artillery. On the 17th inst. Saidara was attacked by a party of Northumberland Fusiliers and the Fifth Goorkhas under Lieutenant Fayrer. The poles of the ambulance chair which had accompanied Major Battye were found, thus proving the complicity of the village in the attack upon him. The village was accordingly burnt.—Regarding the Sikkim Expedition, preparations are now being made for the withdrawal of the force, but the Pioneers will remain during the winter. The wounded are stated to be doing well, and the prisoners who have been released expressed their gratitude for the generous treatment which had been accorded to them.—The rebellion in Afghanistan appears to have been effectively crushed, and the Ameer will proceed at once to Turkestan to re-establish his authority and to inquire into the history of the revolt. The British Mission will accordingly be postponed until his return.

The quarrel between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Province of Manitoba respecting the proposed new railway to the United States frontier has again reached a serious crisis. The Manitobans, determined upon breaking the Pacific Railway's monopoly, have constructed their Red River Valley Extension line as far as the spot where the Pacific Railway line should be crossed. There the railway company drew up a train to bar any further progress, and stationed a large body of armed men to resist any attempt to make a crossing. The Lieut.-Governor warned the Premier not to resort to unlawful means, and up to the time of writing no fighting has occurred. The Supreme Court of the Dominion, to which the Manitobans have appealed, was expected to give a decision on the question this week; though, whatever that decision might be, the people of Winnipeg have expressed their determination to go on with the line, and there is much talk of appealing to England, and demanding that Manitoba should be made a Crown colony, or of requesting annexation to the United States.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from HOLLAND that there is to be a grand commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the Dutch from French rule.—In HUNGARY the Rothschilds have undertaken a gigantic financial operation, by which the different loans, &c., are to be converted—to the tune of 40,000,000*l.* The object of this operation is to relieve, by extending the redemption terms, the sinking-fund charges of the Hungarian Budget.—In RUSSIA the Czar and Czarina are continuing their tour in the South, and at Baku have laid the foundation stone of a new Orthodox cathedral, and have received a deputation from the Turcoman tribes of the Transcaspian province.—In SERBIA the King has prevailed upon the Metropolitan Theodosius to pronounce a decree of divorce against Queen Nathalie. The King had first submitted the case to the Synod, and then to the Consistorial Court. The latter, however, being disposed to treat the King as an ordinary Serbian, and to disregard his prerogative, the King submitted the matter to the Metropolitan, who ultimately fell in with his wishes, and pronounced the divorce. The King is manifestly unpopular with the clergy, for on his return to Belgrade, with the exception of the Metropolitan, none of the Bishops were present to welcome him, so the King meeting them when calling on the Metropolitan, remarked, "I am glad to find your lordships in such good health; I imagined you were all on your death beds," adding, "I will no longer tolerate such conduct; if you are disposed to show yourselves refractory, I will compel you to obedience."—In EAST AFRICA Mr. Mackenzie has started the British Company very satisfactorily at Mombassa, having conciliated all classes of natives. The difficulties between the Church Missionary Society's agents and the Arabs concerning runaway slaves are also in the way of being satisfactorily settled. With regard to the Germans, Dr. Meyer and Herr Baumann have now arrived safely at Zanzibar. The natives had stripped, chained, flogged them, and made them work as slaves. They owed their release to some British Indian subjects, who purchased their lives and freedom.—The appearance of a "white Christian" in the Bahr-el-Gazelle Province is confirmed. He is described as having a large force, and as marching northward, driving the dervishes before him.



THE QUEEN had a picnic at the Glassalt Shiel, near Balmoral, at the end of last week. Princesses Beatrice and Frederica accompanied Her Majesty, while the Duchess of Albany joined the Royal party at the Shiel. On Saturday Mr. Ritchie arrived as Minister in Attendance, and dined with the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty, Prince and Princess Henry, and Princess Frederica, with her husband, attended Divine Service in Crathie Church, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Mr. Ritchie again dined with the Queen in the evening, and Lord Lansdowne has also been at the Castle to kiss hands on his appointment as Viceroy of India. Probably the Court will return to Windsor on November 14.

The Prince of Wales has returned to England after a lengthened visit to the Continent. On his way back from Austria the Prince spent five days in Paris, where he paid and received numerous calls, exchanging visits with President Carnot, the Grand Dukes Alexis and Nicholas, and Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark, gave several luncheon parties, and generally spent his evenings at the theatre. He also inspected M. Pasteur's laboratory, showing much interest in the various processes explained by M. Pasteur, and went over the works for the coming Exhibition in the Champ de Mars, besides viewing the splendid collection of antique plate belonging to Baron Jerome Pichon, which includes the famous seventeenth-century "Constable's Cup," presented by James I. of England to the Constable of Castille, Duke of Frias. The Prince spent Sunday with Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild and Ferrières, and left in the evening for London, crossing *viâ* Calais and Dover, and reaching Marlborough House early on Monday morning. The Princess and her daughters had been in town for some days previously, and attended Divine Service on Sunday. The Duke of Cambridge called on the Prince and Princess on Monday, and in the evening the Prince and Princess and daughters went to the French Plays at the Royalty Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince went to Newmarket to witness the contest for the Cambridge-shire Stakes, and stayed at the Jockey Club Rooms. The Prince and Princess go shortly to Sandringham to entertain their usual series of autumn visitors, but the customary festivities will be much curtailed, and neither of the birthday balls given, owing to the Royal Family being in mourning for Frederick III. The Prince will also stay with Lord and Lady Hindlip at Doveridge Hall for the Derby Races on November 12.—Prince Albert Victor received a very hearty welcome from Manchester at the close of last week. He left on Saturday night for Tatton Hall, Knutsford, to stay with Lord and Lady Egerton, with whom he attended Divine Service on Sunday at Rostherne Church. The Prince rejoined his regiment at York on Wednesday.



THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, presiding at the opening this week of the Hampshire Diocesan Conference, expressed the opinion that the prosecution and imprisonment of clergymen for an unwise, or it might be a conscientious, excess of zeal probably increased the evils which the prosecutors wished to check. A resolution, supported by Lord Carnarvon, was unanimously adopted approving of the Primate's Clergy Discipline Bill as passed by the House of Lords.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER and the Vicar of Bolton signified their approval of the Sunday opening of Free Libraries, but in consequence seemingly of the organised opposition of the local clergy to such a step a protest against it has been adopted at a large public meeting in Bolton.

A CONFERENCE, presided over by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, has been held this week, in connection with the Catholic Truth Society, which publishes at a very low price for circulation throughout the world, devotional works of a popular and unambitious kind. Of a penny Prayer-Book, eighty thousand copies have been sold in eighteen months. In one of the papers read, it was maintained that there was not in existence a single statement of the Roman Catholic view of the world and life which could be expected to be found cogent by an honest agnostic, and suggestions were made for supplying this want.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of London, opening at a *conversazione* a new reading room in Fulham Free Library, said that he was far from discouraging novel reading, which he considered to be a form of recreation less open to objection than many others.—A series of bi-weekly prayer-meetings, organised by the Church Association, to last during the remainder of the year, is being held for the purpose of offering prayer of an obvious character on behalf of the Church of England.—A funeral service, attended by representatives of the Queen and Prince of Wales, and by Lord Salisbury, was held on Monday at the Roman Catholic Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, Regent Street, over the remains of Count di Robilant, late Italian Ambassador in London.—The vacancy in the Secretariat of the Church of England Temperance Society has been filled by the appointment of Lieutenant F. Eardley Wilmot, R.N., for the last two years Organising Secretary to the Corporation of the Church House. At a time, the *Record* says, when temperance work was by no means so popular as it is now, he formed Temperance Societies in five men-of-war on which he served Her Majesty.—The St. Giles's Christian Mission among discharged prisoners, many thousands of whom it has assisted in various useful ways, is in pressing want of 50*l.* One of its friends has offered 100*l.* provided the other 400*l.* is raised immediately. Donations can be sent either to the Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street, E.C., or to the Superintendent, Mr. C. Hatton, 4, Ampton Street, Regent Square, W.C.



THE RUSSIAN OPERA COMPANY.—Although the Russian Opera Company were perhaps unwise to make their *début* in London in such a work as M. Rubinstein's *Demon*, yet they succeeded far better than, under the circumstances, might have been anticipated. It is of course unfortunate that the Jodrell (formerly the Novelty) Theatre does not boast a *corps de ballet*, and consequently, that the genuine Russian dances in "the ancestral hall in Prince Gudal's castle" had to be struck out. For, at the previous performance under M. Rubinstein's own direction at the Royal Italian Opera seven years ago, the dances were recognised as containing some of the best, and certainly some of the most characteristic and national, of the music in the opera. It was likewise unfortunate that the coarseness of the band frequently made the artists almost inaudible, and rendered more apparent than ever the heaviness and lack of relief in M. Rubinstein's orchestration. But, on the other hand, it was satisfactory to hear a typical opera by a Russian composer (even if it cannot strictly be called Russian music) rendered in their own tongue by a party of Russians, whose earnestness—so eloquently sung by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, a gentleman who has long lived in Russia, and knows what he is talking about—compensated for many other defects. M. Winogradow, the youthful representative of the demon himself, has, moreover, a fine baritone voice, and the bass organ of M. Liarow, who, although the first basso of the *troupe*, contented himself with a subordinate part, likewise appeared to advantage amid a good deal of mediocrity. The chorus hardly equalled the expectations of those who know to what a pitch of perfection male choral singing has been brought in the dominions of the Czar, but they sang the evening song of the lover's servants in the second part of the first act so well that they secured, and deserved, an encore.

It is, however, the choice of opera itself to which exception must chiefly be taken. In his scenes with Tamara and her maidens, and in the lighter portions of the work, M. Rubinstein writes in his old lyrical manner, which is always acceptable. Of the dramatic element, so far as we know it in music, he seems to have but the most elementary of ideas. Of musical material he has abundance, and to spare; but it is often wasted. M. Rubinstein might easily have placed something more agreeable in the mouth of his tenor hero than the love song which, followed as it is by the midnight surprise by the Tartars and his own death, practically terminates the young bridegroom's vocal existence. Moreover the libretto would suffice to kill a far better work. The spectacle of Satan himself, walking on earth in the guise of youth, but unable to conceal an enormous pair of black wings (the tail and cloven hoof albeit do not appear), falling in love with one of the fairest of Eve's daughters, killing her *fiancee* and offering in vain to "worship Heaven" if she will but listen to his suit, would be repellent were it not for the irresistible impression that this exceedingly amorous devil had recently stepped out of a Christmas pantomime. In Lermontoff's original poem Satan actually does gain the love of the lady, although, even despite that strange union, the Millennium seems as far off as ever. In the opera the "Angel of Light" comes from the flame of a lamp, like another fairy godmother, to rescue the girl from the Devil's kiss, but only with the result that the heroine dies, and is carried aloft in the approved fashion of operatic apotheoses, accompanied by a small and select party of stage angels. In 1881 the public refused to accept all these supernatural personages as human beings, and the troupe would do far better to revert to their own Russian operas, such, for example, as Peter Tchaikowsky's *Maseppa*, which they have already performed in the provinces.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Goldmark's second symphony performed for the first time in public at Dresden last February, was produced at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, a date which proved to be the thirty-third anniversary of the establishment of these



concerts by Mr. Manns, on October 20th, 1855. The first two movements of the symphony, although somewhat unduly spun out, are the best in the work, showing not only melodic fancy, but great knowledge of orchestral resource. The scherzo is so far unusual in that its trio is practically a long cornet solo with a Diddin-like tune. The *finale*, on the other hand, is commonplace, and the weakest section of the work. Madame Valleria and Mr. Braxton Smith (the latter a promising young tenor) sang, and M. Johannes Wolff, a highly-talented pupil of Wieniawski, succeeded far better in a couple of short solos than in M. Benjamin Godard's *Concerto Romantique*, which was tried without much success by M. Musin at Mr. Cowen's Saturday Evening Concerts at St. James's Hall eight years ago.

**THE FESTIVALS.**—The accounts of the Hereford Festival, as was anticipated, show a deficit of 705*l.*, which the guarantors, who fully expected it, will of course gladly pay. Indeed, the balance on the wrong side is even less than was supposed. On the other hand, it was thought that the contributions at the doors would largely exceed 530*l.*, and under this head it is most unlucky that the poor widows and orphans of impecunious clergymen within the three Dioceses will be subjected to a reduction of nearly twenty per cent. on the subscriptions, which are the main source of their slender incomes. —At Bristol the deficit is more or less deserved. The local committee declined to avail themselves of the local conductor and orchestra, and accordingly they were boycotted by a large number of local music-lovers. The result will, of course, be generally regretted, if only for the sake of the local charities. But, on the other hand, the opinion of the majority of Bristol amateurs has been stated in so plain a fashion that a way seems to be open for all parties, on the principles of conciliation and concession, to coalesce in the next Festival, which will not be held before 1891.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—It is said that Mr. Sims Reeves once more contemplates a definite farewell (the last, in 1881, was abandoned) in the course of next year, when he will have completed fifty years of public life. —Madame Patti's only concert this year are announced at the Albert Hall for November 20th and December 11th. —Mr. Carter's performances at the Albert Hall will commence with a "Hallowe'en" concert next Wednesday. —Mr. Singer, of sewing-machine fame, will celebrate his coming of age by a performance at Paignton, Devon, next month of Gounod's *Faust*, the youthful host playing Mephistopheles to the Marguerite of Miss Marie Vanandt.

### SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S APOLOGIA\*

INSTEAD of blaming Dr. Mackenzie for promulgating his grievances, let us try and put ourselves in his place. Should we have been content to remain silent under what we believed to be wilful misrepresentation? Very few persons have the self-denial to take it patiently when they suffer for doing well. Therefore, we need not chide the doctor very severely for doing what a large majority of his fellow-creatures would have done under similar circumstances. It must be remembered that he did not proffer his services to the Crown Prince. There was no previous solicitation on his part when he was invited to repair to Berlin in May, 1887. Jealousies seem to have arisen forthwith. Science is supposed to be cosmopolitan, but native practitioners naturally look askance at a foreign interloper, especially when his summons implies that they have hitherto been unsuccessful in their treatment of the case. The larger part of Sir Morell's little volume is occupied with a historical account of the illustrious patient's illness, and, apart from the controversies which it involves, is exceedingly interesting on account of the minute details which it gives of the sufferings and death of a man who was assuredly one of the noblest Princes who ever inherited a throne. As for the quarrels and misunderstandings which were engendered among the doctors who surrounded this most patient of patients, they were numerous and bitter. Sir Morell was accused by his German colleagues of having wounded the vocal chord by his unskillfulness, of having misled Professor Virchow by furnishing him with a piece of tissue unaffected by the malignant growth, and of concealing his knowledge that the malady was cancerous from the outset. On the other hand, Sir Morell asserts that Drs. Gerhardt and Von Bergmann were by no means the best known laryngologists in Germany, and that their treatment of the Crown Prince generally showed their want of skill, especially on what he calls "the fatal day" of April 12th, when he roundly declares that the Emperor (the Crown Prince had then acceded to the Throne) received his death-stroke through Von Bergmann's clumsiness. He also remarks severely on the defective character of the several cannulas supplied by Dr. Bramann after the operation of tracheotomy had been performed. We purposely abstain here from offering any opinion as to which body of disputants has most right on their side, but it does seem a pity that the German Government, with that high-handed medievalism which is one of its characteristics, should have stopped the sale of Sir Morell's book. It certainly suggests to the German people that the book is too formidable to be answered, and therefore must be buried. Finally, this case recalls the prayer of the Prophet Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." The prince, from his exalted position, and the pauper, when his case is interesting, equally suffer from a superfluity of doctors, and are accordingly apt to be subjected to unnecessary torture. We do not forget the death of President Garfield. Then, when the King of Terrors proves too strong for them, the surgeons squabble among themselves. Happy the patient of moderate means, whose slender purse, even in urgent cases, compels him to be satisfied with a general practitioner and one specialist.



**THE "PARNELLISM AND CRIME" COMMISSION.**—Before the Special Commission on Monday, the Attorney-General opened the case for the *Times* in a speech which extended over Tuesday and Wednesday. What Sir R. Webster undertook to prove was that the only way in which the intended work of the conspiracy or organisation directed by Mr. Parnell and his inculpated associates could be done was by the commission of crime, and that crime was extensively committed as a result of the existence and action of that conspiracy and organisation. To sustain this argument, Sir R. Webster went at great length into the history of the Land League, giving copious quotations from the articles published in its organs and the speeches delivered by its orators, in several instances endeavouring to trace a direct connection between these articles and speeches, and the outrages, murder included, perpetrated in support of the objects of the League. He also laid great stress on the intimate relations, the existence of which he proposed to establish, between Mr. Parnell and the American-Irish organisation, the avowed objects of which were the destruction of life and property in the United Kingdom by dynamite and assassination. On Tuesday Sir R. Webster referred to the famous letters alleged to be forgeries. One of those read by him was that dated "9, 1, 82," which Mr. Parnell is represented as signing, and in which, if the signature be

genuine, he complained of Egan's "inaction," calling for "prompt action," and reminding him that he had undertaken to "make it hot for old Forster and Co.," an expression which Sir R. Webster disclaimed any wish to interpret as referring to anything more than what he called "general outrage." Regarding generally the letters alleged to be forged, in whole or in part, the Attorney-General stated that, in all probability before the inquiry was over, all the circumstances connected with the way in which, and the names of the persons from whom, they were obtained would be placed before the Commission. The *Times* of course, he said, had paid for them, but not a penny had been paid or promised, no bargain of any kind was made in regard to them, until the documents had been for months in the hands of the *Times*, and had been carefully examined by perfectly independent persons, who tested the handwriting by undoubtedly genuine specimens of that of Mr. Parnell. On Wednesday there were passages of arms between the Attorney-General and Sir Charles Russell, one of them relating to the "discovery" of letters presumed to be forgeries which are in the possession of the *Times*, but which never have been produced for inspection by the Commission in the first instance. The Attorney-General then resumed his speech, which was not concluded when we went to press. He read two more of the notorious letters which Mr. Parnell is charged with having signed, and in one of which, unless his signature has been forged, he spoke of the murdered Mr. Burke as "having got no more than his deserts." This letter was examined by the President. The Attorney-General having said that his clients would give the names of the persons from whom they were obtained "so far as it was possible for them to undertake" to do so, Sir J. Hannen asked what was the meaning of that limitation. Sir R. Webster explained in reply that certain pledges of secrecy had been given from a fear of personal danger to them if they were known. All fear of it was not yet removed, but his clients were in hopes that these pledges would be cancelled.

Mr. J. P. B. ROBERTSON, Solicitor-General for Scotland, the able Conservative M.P. for Bute, succeeds as Lord Advocate the Right Hon. J. A. Macdonald, the new Lord Justice Clerk of the Scotch Court of Session. Mr. Stormonth Darling, who in 1885 was the unsuccessful Conservative candidate for Banffshire, succeeds Mr. Robertson as Scotch Solicitor-General.

**THE NOTORIOUS MRS. GORDON BAILLIE** and her accomplice, Frost, were found guilty on Wednesday of the various frauds with which they were charged. The Recorder sentenced her to five years' penal servitude, and Frost to eighteen months' hard labour.



**THE NEW SHAFTESBURY THEATRE**, which opened on Saturday evening, is one of the handsomest, most commodious, and safest theatres in London. Possessing, as it does, the great advantages of standing entirely apart from the adjacent buildings, Mr. Phipps, the architect, has been able to provide it with an abundance of exits from all parts of the house. Besides this, all corridors are ample, and the staircases broad, and free from long or steep descents. It needs nothing but the electric light, which it is said is eventually to take the place of gas, to complete the arrangements from the double point of view of effective lighting and of public safety. We must not omit to add that the pit, whose benches are divided into separate seats, is projected a considerable way into the theatre and beyond the line of the balcony. Nothing could have been more emphatic than the verdict of the pit-folk upon details. They rose on the seats at the close of the performance, called for "Mr. Lancaster," the proprietor and director, and when that gentleman appeared, shouted "Best pit in London," with a heartiness which spoke volumes for their comfortable sensations during the evening.

Unfortunately, the entertainment provided at the Shaftesbury falls a little short of this standard of perfection. Modern audiences have been taught to expect that Shakespearean revivals shall be mounted not only with the utmost care and liberality, but also with unimpeachable taste in all their details. Much pains, it must be confessed, had been bestowed upon the revival of *As You Like It*; and we doubt not that a good deal of money has been expended; but the mounting in general presented something of that indefinable quality which, justly or unjustly, is known as provincial. The scenic art is inferior to what we have been accustomed to of late at theatres of such high pretensions, and the stage management left occasionally something to be desired.

In Miss Wallis, the wife of the proprietor, the revival has the advantage, if not of a perfect Rosalind, at least of a Rosalind whose equal it would not be very easy to find. Miss Wallis has a graceful presence, and is an admirable elocutionist. Rarely indeed has that severe test, the epilogue, been spoken by any lady who undertakes this part with more effective contrasts of light and shade, or more telling grace and emphasis; and all through the forest scenes Miss Wallis plays with ease, sprightliness, and abundant variety. If she were but mistress of Mrs. Jordan's laugh, which a great critic has described so eloquently, if she could but convince us that her girlish high spirits have taken irresistible possession of her soul, she would be incomparably the best Rosalind that the modern stage has seen; but in these great requisites there is still something lacking, and hence her impersonation remains in the second rank. Mr. Forbes Robertson's Orlando, which has been rather absurdly censured for lack of the fervour of a lover, in forgetfulness of the fact that he mistakes his mistress throughout for a boy, is brisk, lively, and picturesque, contrasting curiously in this respect with the general slowness that infected the performance. Mr. Mackintosh's Touchstone is conceived in the true spirit of whimsical satire and quaint melancholy, but it is decidedly slow. A similar remark applies to Mr. Arthur Stirling's Jaques, in spite of its fine elocution, and Mr. William Farren's Adam, which is without pathos. A full chorus has been engaged, headed by Mr. Seymour Jackson, a young tenor with a voice of pure and pleasing quality, who sang the solos of Dr. Arne in admirable style.

Yet another new theatre is to be built. It may be worth noting that it will be the most easterly of all the London playhouses—the suburban theatres excepted. It is to be called "The Temple"—an odd name, by the way, for a theatre; and its site is near the top of Arundel Street in the Strand. Surely "The Arundel" would be a better name, being simple, distinctive, and in harmony with the traditions of the spot, since hereabouts in bygone times stood the noble town mansion of the Howards.

Miss Mary Anderson has been greatly favoured by Lord Tennyson. She is going to play in America the part of Camma in his little play *The Cup*, founded on the old story in Plutarch's "Moralia;" and in token of his sense of this compliment the Poet Laureate has written several new lyrics which Miss Anderson intends to recite. It is thought probable that one of these pieces will be given in this country by Miss Anderson before taking her departure.

*Le Fils de Famille*, which is the original of *The Queen's Shilling*, has taken the place at the ROYALTY of *L'Abbé Constantin*. M. Lafontaine plays in it his original character, supported by Mdle. Jane May.

A German piece entitled *Urbani Sans-nom*, which recalls the little joke of Ulysses in the Cave of the Cyclops, has been purchased by

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, with a view to adapt it for the English, or rather the American, style. It is understood that they will produce it during their forthcoming tour in the United States.

To-night (Saturday) the GAIETY, which has been closed during the week for rehearsals, re-opens under the direction of Mr. George Edwardes, with the new musical extravaganza—if that term is not obsolete—entitled *Faust and Margaret Up to Date*. The regular Gaiety Company being in America, Mr. Edwardes has recruited a troop, which is in some part new. It includes Miss Florence St. John, Mr. Lonnen, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Harry Parker.

It is understood that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry will go to America again next year, and will appear there in *Masleth*.

### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE art of drawing in pastel or coloured crayon has been so little cultivated in this country, that the exhibition just opened at Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery will, to untravelled Englishmen, have the charm of novelty. Works by foreign artists are very numerous, and they are unquestionably of higher average merit than those of native production. The best of them come from Paris, where for some years there has existed a Société des Pastellistes, of which some of the most eminent French painters are members. Some of their drawings in the present collection, apart from their intrinsic value as works of Art, are instructive, inasmuch as they clearly show the capabilities of the method, and its limitations. One of the first works we meet with, representing the interior of "A Village Church during the Ceremony of the First Communion," by M. Léon Lhermitte, is remarkable for its luminous tone and delicate modulation of colour, not less than for the truthful characterisation and natural grouping of the figures. Near it hangs a gracefully-painted and ably-executed "Portrait of a Lady," by M. G. Dubufe; and another by M. Machard, full of vitality, and drawn with combined firmness and freedom.

Among many pictures by M. J. E. Blanche are "An Infanta," suggested by Velasquez, child-like in expression, but rather loosely handled; and a stately half-length of "Mdle. Bartet of the Comédie Française." A very much better work than either of them, more restrained in style, and in every way more complete, is his life-sized full length of a young girl, "Donna Olga Caracciolo." The picture is harmonious in tone and carefully finished, but the life-like expression of the face and the simple childish grace of the attitude constitute its chief charm. Mr. S. J. Solomon's expressive portrait of "Miss Ethel Wright" at the opposite end of the gallery is distinguished by strength of style and sound draughtsmanship, but it shows that he is little practised in the use of pastel. The texture is unnecessarily coarse, and the colour turgid. Mr. Percy Bigland's portrait of "Mrs. Cohen" is a very artistic rendering of an aged and sympathetic face, refined in colour, and modelled with great care and completeness. Mr. G. P. Jacob Hood has a life-like and thoroughly unconventional portrait of "A Lady Artist" at her easel; and Mr. G. Hare a very refined and graceful half-length of a lady executed with a combined freedom and firmness apparently the result of French training.

Several life-sized studies, by the very clever Polish artist Mdle. Anna Bilinska, attract attention by their force of effect and brilliant colour. A portrait of herself, entitled "Young Polish Woman," strikes us as the best of them, but they are all full of vitality, and most vigorously handled. Mdle. Anna Nordgren also shows great ability in a life-sized study of an English sailor nursing a child called "Daddy's Darling." Beside it hangs an animated and pleasant picture of rural life by Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, "One, Two, Three, and away We Go." The effect of bright sunshine is forcibly rendered, and the children, starting on a race, are true in character, and natural in action. Mr. P. W. Steer, who has adopted the mannerisms of the most eccentric French impressionists, has a drawing of a rustic girl, "Shy," remarkable only for its extreme ugliness, its crudity of colour, and coarse handling. A life-sized study by Mr. Herbert Schmalz for one of the figures in his last Academy picture is marked by learned draughtsmanship and fine modelling of form.

By M. Fantin Latour, the eminent flower painter, there is a poetical composition of many figures, "The Dance," and a gracefully-painted nude figure of "Ariadne," rather vaporious in effect and undefined, but showing a fine feeling for beauty of form and harmony of line. Among many small works deserving attention are a capital study of a child's head, by Mr. G. Clausen; a richly coloured view of a picturesque "Spanish Calle," by Mr. Frank Hind; two delicately-toned landscape studies, by Mr. Aumonier, and several finely-designed decorative single figures in black and white, by Mr. W. E. F. Britten.



**THE TURF.**—Curious fluctuations took place in the betting on the Cambridgeshire during the last few days. Evil reports were current about Mamia last week, and she resigned the first position to Ténébreuse, who was well backed to repeat Phisanterie's feat of three years ago. Bismarck, however, came with a wet sail just before the flag fell, and finished up a hot favourite at 3 to 1. There were nineteen starters, just half the number that ran ten years ago. Bismarck soon drew out from his field, but the last hundred yards saw him beaten; and, after a desperate struggle, Mr. W. J. Legh's Veracity beat Mr. H. F. Boyd's Cactus by a head. Bismarck was third. This was the first Cambridgeshire run over the new course, and Veracity accomplished the distance in 1 min. 56 3-5 sec.—the fastest time on record. The winner's number on the card was "22," and it is said that Lord Randolph Churchill, having dreamed that a horse with that number would be successful, made 1,000*l.* out of his vision.

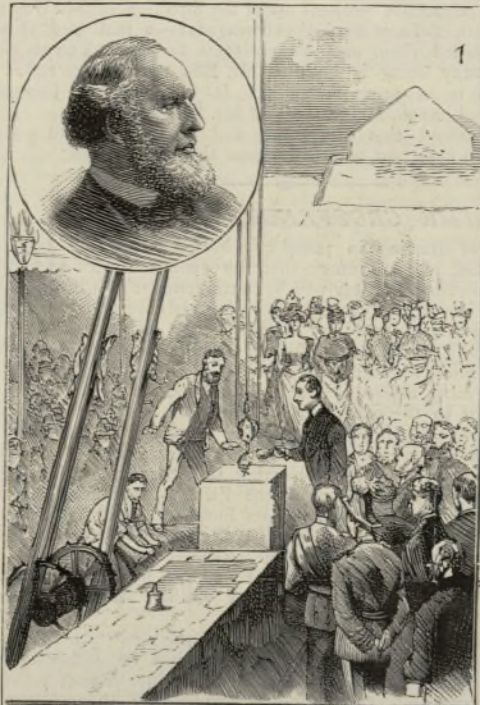
On Monday, the first day of the Houghton Meeting, the principal event was the Criterion Stakes, which has before now been won by such horses as Melton and Ormonde. Now it fell to Mr. T. Jennings, jun., with Royal Star. The Tyke won the First Welter Handicap, and Seclusion the Criterion Nursery Handicap. On the Cambridgeshire day Carnival followed up her recent successes with a victory in the Rous Nursery Handicap Plate, and Rydal won the Home-Bred Post Produce Stakes; while on Wednesday, the Dewhurst Plate fell to Donovan, the New Nursery Plate to Domino, and the All-Aged Stakes to Braw Lass.

At Sandown, last week, Captain L. H. Jones had the rare good fortune to win two consecutive races with the brothers—Theophilus and Theosophist, both by Arbitrator—Theodora. Abeyance won a couple of races for Mr. J. C. Allen, and Aristos secured the Great Sapling Plate for Mr. H. Macksey. On the second day, seven out of eight races fell to fillies. Springbok, Lady Rosebery, and Tommy Titmouse were among the winners during the two days' Meeting at Thirsk, and John Osborne had his first winning mount since his recent accident on Volga in the Hambleton Handicap Plate.

Bismarck, since his forward running in the Cambridgeshire, has been sold to go to Buenos Ayres, the price being 4,000*l.*—An American sportsman having lost a favourite racehorse called Pandora, invited a party of friends to an *in memoriam* banquet. One



MR. JAMES JARDINE  
(Chairman, of the Trustees of  
Ancoats Hospital)



THE MAYOR  
(Sir John Harwood)



1. Prince Albert Victor Laying the Foundation-Stone of the New Wing of the Ancoats Hospital

2. The Luncheon in the Town Hall

3. Presentation of an Address to Prince Albert Victor by the Mayor and Corporation

4. Prince Albert Victor Opening the Birchfields Recreation Grounds, Rusholme

5. Prince Albert Victor Opening the New Working Lads' Club in Livesey Street, Oldham Road

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT MANCHESTER



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNIFORM OF THE TWELFTH HUNGARIAN HUSSARS  
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN DURING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S RECENT VISIT TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

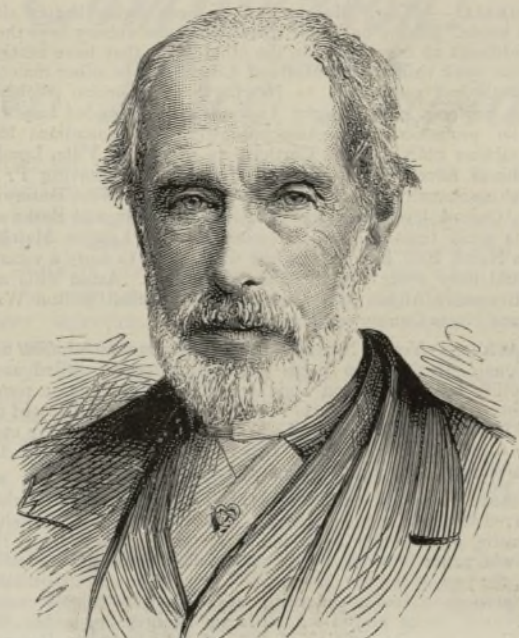




MR. J. M. LEVY  
Chief Proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph"  
Born 1812. Died October 12, 1888



CAPTAIN C. H. H. BELEY  
Killed in Action on the Black Mountain, Western Himalayas, Oct. 5, 1888



LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE  
Born December 13, 1811. Died October 15, 1888



THE BLOWING-UP OF A PETROLEUM SHIP AT CALAIS  
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN JUST AFTER THE DISASTER



FEEDING CROCODILES IN A MENAGERIE, AT BONE, ALGERIA  
SHORTLY AFTER THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN THE CROCODILES ATTACKED M. IERNOLET, AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDED HIM



of the dishes was called *Filet à la Pandora*, and was highly appreciated by the guests. Thereupon the host remarked, "I am glad you appreciate the old mare, for you have just eaten her!"

**FOOTBALL.**—The "Maories" have been twice beaten since we last wrote. Burton-on-Trent scored a narrow victory over them, and Middlesex an easy one. On the other hand, they have beaten a somewhat weak team of the Midland Counties. In other matches, Blackheath has succumbed to Newport, and London Welsh to London Scottish. The Rugby Union have suspended Leeds St. John for professionalism.—Associationwise, the Canadians have fallen victims both to Old Carthusians and Aston Villa, London Caledonians have beaten Swifts, but (in spite of having P. M. Walters' assistance at back) have succumbed to West Bromwich Albion, Oxford University has defeated Crusaders, and Berks and Bucks a weak team of London (reserves). In League Matches, Preston North End has, for the first time, failed to score a victory, and could only make a draw with Accrington. Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion won their matches against Bolton Wanderers and Notts County respectively.

**AQUATICS.**—Young Nuttall made a most successful debut as a professional. In the 1,000 Yards Championship he paddled away from Collier and Finney, and won easily in the best time on record—14 min. 17 1/4 sec.—The Burton-on-Trent S.C. easily defeated the Otter S.C. in the final of the Water-Polo Championship competition.—Mr. S. D. Muttelbury, Third Trinity, has been re-elected Captain of the Cambridge University Boat Club.

**BILLIARDS.**—Cook easily defeated Taylor last week in their spot-barred match at the Aquarium. This week Peall and Mitchell are opposing one another in a similar match on even terms. The former, who made a break of 234 on Monday, had, at the time of writing, the best of the match.—A well-known firm of billiard-table makers propose to institute a competition for "the Championship of the World," to be played for, all-in, on an ordinary table. We should like to hear the opinion of the present Champion, Roberts, upon this scheme.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—At the Haydock Park Coursing Meeting the principal event, the Champion Produce Stakes, was divided between Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Greenhouse and Mr. T. J. Cottle's Cloud of Snow.—Mr. G. P. Mills, the well known record-breaker, tricycled 100 miles in less than seven hours on a road a few days ago.



**WHEAT-SOWING** being now in active progress, attention has been called to the need of testing the vitality of the seed, which can easily be done by placing a few grains between two pieces of flannel, kept moist and in a warm place. In some samples recently tested by Mr. Carruthers, the well-known botanist, no fewer than half the grains have failed to spear, while some of the rest have produced shoots of very doubtful vitality. Fortunately, the seed gets covered well this season, and most farmers sow so thickly that

if half of it grows they will get a sufficient plant; of course, as winter draws on, the proportion of effective growths becomes smaller and smaller, so that the importance of insuring soundness in the seed becomes greater every week. A good average is being sown with wheat despite the low average now quoted.

**DAIRY FARMING.**—The Bath and West of England Society have been much praised for their migratory Dairy School, but it has also been said that a ten days' course of instruction in cream-raising and butter-making cannot be long enough to serve any really useful purpose. The idea, however, is that most of those who attend are acquainted with the practice of dairying, and only need to correct their errors, and to perfect themselves, or to acquire sufficient information to allow them to perfect themselves at home. The scheme of the Society would be greatly improved if they would appoint a travelling instructor for the district in which the Dairy School has been a centre, to stay after the close of the term, giving completing and directory lessons for a small fee. This system has been tried in Scotland, and found eminently successful.

**FARM POULTRY**, said Mr. Tegetmeier in a recent lecture, cannot be successfully kept under conditions which involve their being reared in large numbers continuously on the same ground. The remark, Mr. Tegetmeier added, will apply to pheasants as well as poultry. Disease springs up inevitably where change is not obtained, and the balance-sheets which showed a profit were either those of the first year or so of the experiment, or else ignored such outlay as was incurred in rent, buildings, killing, plucking, conveyance to market, and the like. Successful poultry-rearing for the market, he thought, could only be done in moderate numbers at any one homestead, and would always remain the industry of the cottager, or, at least, of the small farmer. He thought, however, that the fattening and preparing for the large markets was best done by owners of large fattening establishments, to whom the cottagers could most profitably sell, a regular demand compensating for low prices.

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—The entries for the prizes for hops offered by this Society in connection with its Jubilee meeting in Windsor Great Park next June will close on Thursday, November 1st. As many inquiries have been made on the subject we are requested to state that only hops grown in 1888 are eligible for the competition. The pockets must be sent to the Show intact, except that they may have been previously sampled in the ordinary way for trade purposes. The samples for the judges will be taken in the showyard in the presence of the steward. All pockets should be marked in the usual manner.

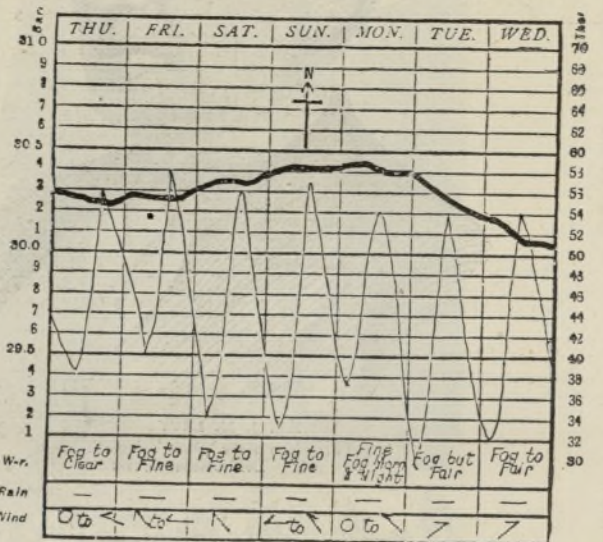
**SCOTLAND.**—Turnips, a most important crop in the North, have been healthily swelling out for the past month, and will be a better crop than at first anticipated. Nevertheless, there will be many districts where an average will not be attained, and a fine yield of swedes and mangolds will seldom be approached. In view of this fact it is surprising to find store sheep and cattle commanding high prices, lambs being 10s. a head dearer than last year, and cattle fully 40s. dearer. The dairy interest in Scotland has been doing fairly well. Pasture has been abundant throughout, and the new cheese is plentiful and of good quality, so that prices, although lower than a year ago, are still fairly remunerative. The horse-breeding farmers have also been doing well.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The harvest in this great county may now be regarded as over, but there were fields of oats outstanding in the North Riding as late as a week ago. It has been a more than ordinarily

troublesome and expensive harvest to cut and haul, owing to the heavy growth of straw and the large proportion of laid crops. The wheat harvest was, perhaps, five per cent. of an average before the heavy laying rains at the end of July and in early August, for which many farmers allow a further reduction of fully ten per cent. Seldom has there been so remarkable a season for straw growth. Barley is a fair, oats a large crop, in point of bulk, but quality and weight are in each case deficient.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1888.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (24th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—Taken as a whole the weather over the British Islands during the past week has again been fine and dry, but fogs have been very prevalent, and the nights (over England) decidedly cold. Throughout nearly the whole of the time large systems of low pressure have prevailed off our extreme South-West Coasts, while anticyclones have existed over various parts of Western Europe. Thus, while moderate to strong South-Easterly to South-Westerly breezes, with dull weather and occasional rain were experienced over the Western Coasts of the United Kingdom, light South-Easterly to Southerly airs or calms, and fine, although locally foggy or misty weather, prevailed in nearly all other localities. Temperature has been above the average in the West and North, but below it elsewhere. The highest of the maxima equalled or slightly exceeded 60° in several parts of England and Ireland, while the lowest of the minima showed sharp frost over Southern and Central England.

The barometer was highest (30.45 inches) on Monday (22nd inst.); lowest (29.55 inches) on Wednesday (24th inst.); range 0.90 inch. The temperature was highest (58°) on Friday (19th inst.); lowest (29°) on Tuesday (23rd inst.); range 29°.

No rain has fallen during this period.

**COLD-CATCHING, COLD-PREVENTING, COLD-CURING.**  
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Rich Cloaks in Black and Coloured Brocades, and in Silk and Plush, trimmed Ruche, Feather, and Fur. Usual price 8 to 40 Guineas, now 4 to 25 Guineas.

**ALSO THE FASHIONABLE**  
Visites and Mantles, with short back and long ends in front, in Plush, Velvet, Silk, and Brocade Cloths, handsomely trimmed in endless variety, usual price 28s. 6d. to 19 guineas, now 2 to 10 guineas.

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GLOVES.

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**PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.**

Exhibition Price	Usual Price
4 Buttons Tan Kid	1s. 11d.
4 Buttons Best Kid Tans, Colours, and Black	2s. 6d.
6 Buttons Best Kid Tans, Colours, and Black	3s. 6d.
4 Buttons Best Tan Suede, Colours	2s. 11d.
6 Buttons Best Suede Tans and Colours	3s. 6d.

Mousquetaire Brown Cherette S-ede	3s. 6d.	1s. 11d.
Mousquetaire Tan Suede, 12 Buttons Length	2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.
Men's 2 Button Best Black Kid	3s. 6d.	1s. 6d.
Men's 2 Button Best Cherette	3s. 6d.	2s. 6d.
2 and 4 Button Children's Best Kid	2s. 6d.	1s. 11d.
Best Fur Top Lined, Patent Knife Clasp	4s. 6d.	2s. 11d.

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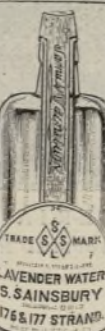
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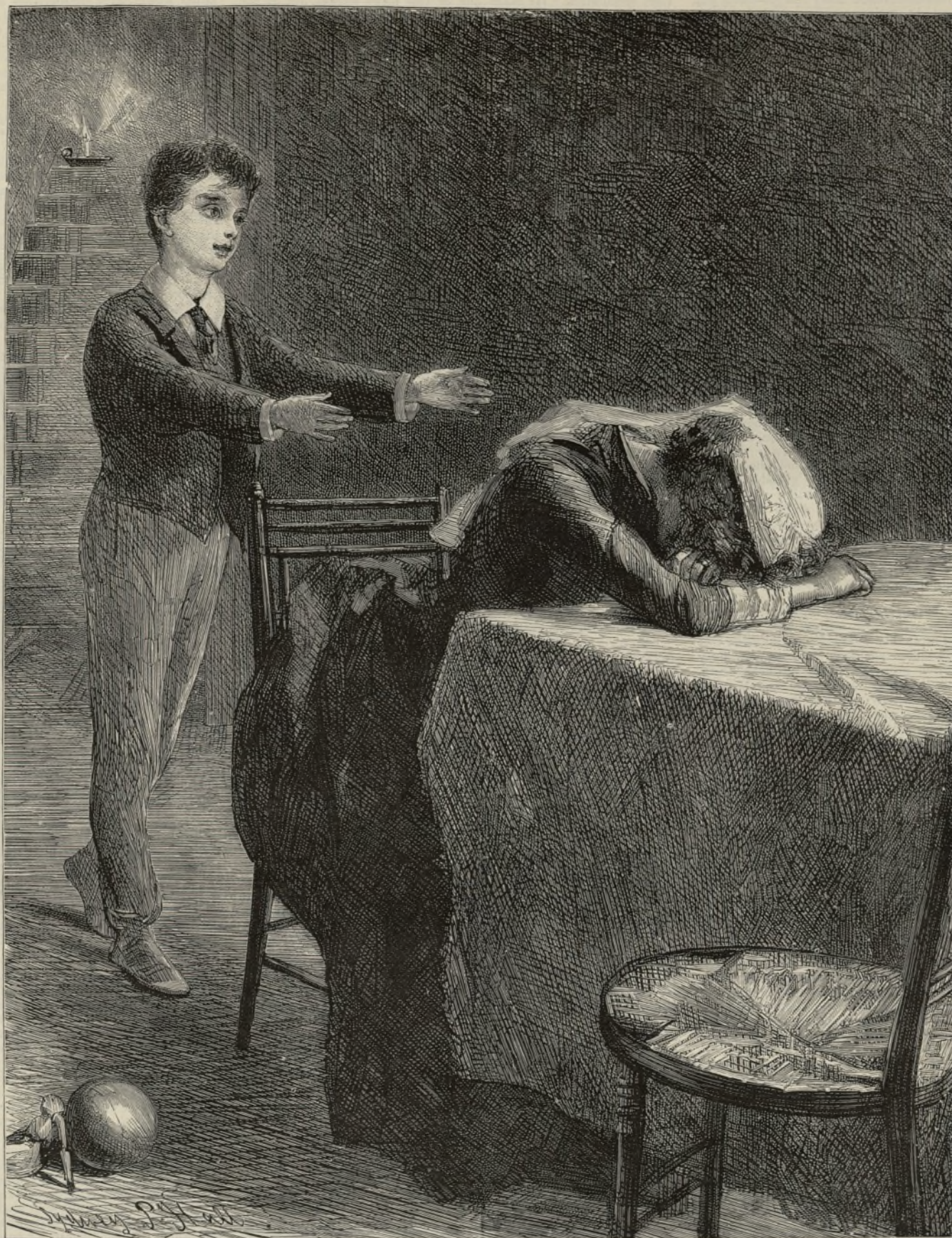
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PRESENTED WITH "THE GRAPHIC," OCTOBER 27, 1888









DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

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### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Dormer-Smiths arrived in London early in November, and May joined them almost immediately. Her aunt was delighted to find May looking remarkably well.

"Some good has come of her vegetating in Oldchester," said Pauline to her husband. "Her complexion is radiant. Also I think her figure has improved. If she would but consent to have her stays taken in! Smithson could manage it half an inch at a time; and might easily get her waist down to eighteen inches. But there is that lamentable touch of self-indulgent apathy about May! However, she has really a great deal of charm; and, in spite of all the drawbacks connected with poor Augustus's unfortunate marriage, she looks thorough-bred."

The two little boys, Harold and Wilfred, had returned from their sojourn in a farm house so much strengthened that their father seriously talked of sending them into the country altogether for a couple of years. Even Mrs. Dormer-Smith, although unwilling to relinquish her character of chronic invalid, confessed that Carlsbad had done her good. In fact, the whole family returned to London in improved health and spirits. A great many "nice people" were to be in town for the winter; and the excuse of May's presence, and the assistance of May's allowance, would enable Pauline to enjoy society, and at the same time to satisfy that singular worldly conscience of hers with the sense of duty fulfilled.

There was a little disappointment at Mr. Bragg's absence from England. But even here, Mrs. Dormer-Smith had the not inconsiderable consolation of knowing that if he were far from May's attractions, he was also far from those of Constance Hadlow. And she more than ever rejoiced at that providential interposition in the interests of the Cheffington family which had kept Mr. Bragg away from Glengowrie. Another symptom which filled Aunt Pauline with complacent hopes was May's newly developed interest in Mr. Bragg, and her eager willingness to talk about his Spanish tour. Pauline was inclined to attribute something of this improved state of mind to Mrs. Dobbs's influence; and confessed to herself that the old woman was doing all she could to compensate the House of Cheffington for the injury done to it by the disastrous *mésalliance*.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith's cheerfulness at this time would have been absolutely unclouded but for the dread hanging over her about her brother. She had given May to understand that the rumours spread by Valli and others were based on error. And she even conveyed the idea to her niece (although scrupulously abstaining from explicit falsehood) that Captain Cheffington himself had denied those rumours in private communications to her and Frederick. But the fact was that Augustus had remained inflexibly silent. The Dormer-Smiths knew nothing of him. And so completely had he dropped out of the society of all with whom they were likely to consort, that a doubt sometimes crossed Pauline's mind as to whether her brother were still living or not.

Meanwhile, every week May received a letter from Owen, forwarded by Mrs. Dobbs. The latter had restricted the correspondence to one letter a week on each side. Owen wrote very joyously. His work was easy:—too easy, he said; and he was constantly seeking opportunities to be useful to his employer. Mr. Bragg he pronounced to be an excellent master: clear-headed in his commands, and reasonable in his exactions. He seemed to approve of his secretary so far; and although he was rather taciturn, and not prone to encourage sanguine expectations, yet Owen began to have good hope that Mr. Bragg would not turn him adrift when the three months' engagement should be at an end.

May now became decidedly more popular in society than she had been during the height of the season. Happiness, like sunshine, beautifies common things; and the new brightness of her outlook on it was reflected by the world around her. That feeling which she had expressed in writing to her grandmother,—the forlorn feeling of a child who, in the midst of some gay spectacle, wearily cries to go home,—had disappeared. She knew that when the curtain should fall on the puppet-show in Vanity Fair, her own true love was waiting to welcome her.

Sometimes she speculated on how Aunt Pauline would take the revelation of her attachment to Owen Rivers. That she should have had any doubt on the subject proved her ignorance of Aunt Pauline's views. Mrs. Dormer-Smith would not for the world have expressed to May any gross or sordid sentiments about marriage



She had not the slightest idea that she entertained any such herself! But, as she had long ago said, there are many things—never put into words—which “girls brought up in a certain *monde* learn by instinct.” Now in that kind of instinct May was greatly deficient.

May reflected that her aunt had spurned Theodore Bransby's proposal on the avowed ground of his being “nobody.” And she understood—or thought she understood—that Aunt Pauline accorded a tangible existence only to such persons as could be proved by genealogical records to have had a certain number of great-grandfathers. Now, thus considered, Owen was very undeniably and solidly “somebody.” He was poor, certainly; but how often had Aunt Pauline mingled her plaintive regrets with Mrs. Griffin's about the increasing worship of Mammon which vulgarised London society! And although Aunt Pauline sometimes showed a deference for wealth which was rather puzzling in the face of these utterances, yet May observed that her personal liking and admiration were given on very different grounds. Witness her regard for Constance Hadlow!

Mrs. Dormer-Smith even kept up an intermittent correspondence with that young lady. Constance's letters were precisely of the kind which Mrs. Dormer-Smith delighted in—budgets of social gossip selected with unerring tact. Constance had returned to Oldchester, but she did not spend many consecutive weeks in her parents' house, being invited to visit among “the *élite* of the county aristocracy,” as Mrs. Simpson phrased it. Miss Hadlow had, in fact, achieved what might be called, all things considered, a brilliant social position. Her visit to Glengowrie had been a great success. She had made a conquest of the Duchess; and also—though that was comparatively of small consequence—of the Duke. Mrs. Griffin was charmed that her *protégée* had done her so much honour; and promised to take her into society the following season, if Canon and Mrs. Hadlow would give her leave to come to town. Indeed, Mrs. Griffin began seriously to revolve in her mind whether she could not contrive to marry Charley Rivers's grand-daughter, and secure her a fine establishment. Mrs. Griffin was proud of her achievements in that line, which, though few, were brilliant. Like a certain famous Italian singing-master, who was wont in his old age to decline unpromising pupils on the ground that it was not worth his while to make *seconde donne*, Mrs. Griffin practised only the higher branches of match-making; and refused to fly her falcons at anything under twenty thousand a year—or a peerage.

What made Miss Hadlow's letters particularly interesting to Mrs. Dormer-Smith at this time, was that the former was frequently staying in the neighbourhood of Combe Park, and occasionally met Lord Castlecombe and Lucius, whom she reported to be constantly ailing—as, indeed, he had been even before his brother's death. But his state did not seem to inspire any immediate apprehension. And Constance even said a word now and then about “creaking wheels,” and intimated her belief that Mr. Lucius Cheffington would probably outlive many more robust-looking persons.

But it was not only these polite chronicles which kept the Dormer-Smith household informed as to the doings of Oldchester people. Mrs. Dobbs, of course, wrote frequently to her grandchild. The saddest news which she had to give May was the continuous and rapid decline of Mr. Bransby's health. Theodore was still away from home, Mrs. Dobbs wrote, and she commented severely on his heartless neglect of his father. She had learned through Mrs. Simpson that old Martin Bransby showed great anxiety for his son's return. And it was reported that he had caused a letter to be written, telling Theodore that he desired to speak with him, and urging him to come home without delay.

In the first days of December the end came. Martin Bransby died—rather suddenly at the last—and his eldest son was not with him. On being telegraphed to, he arrived in Oldchester with the utmost possible despatch—but too late to see his father alive.

“People are very sorry for the widow and her children,” wrote Mrs. Dobbs. “For it's beginning to be said now that they're left rather bad off, and that the bulk of everything will go to Theodore. I don't know any facts, one way or the other. But I do know that foolish folk cackle louder over a grave than almost anywhere else. So we may hope things are not so bad with that pretty, gentle woman as Oldchester gossip makes out.”

One of May's first thoughts on reading this letter was, “How grieved Owen will be!” She herself grieved for the kindly old man who had always been good to her, and for the grief of those who loved him. And she incurred a mild rebuke from her aunt by appearing at a dinner party that evening with pale cheeks and red eyelids.

Contrary to Mrs. Dobbs's hope, it turned out that the gossip had for once been correct. Martin Bransby's affairs were left in a strange entanglement. There were many debts, and, as it seemed, very little money to meet them. People inquired how he had got rid of the handsome property left him by his father. He had not got rid of it in the ordinary sense of the words; but the bulk of it was as far beyond his control as though he had thrown it into the sea.

At the time of Martin Bransby's first marriage old Rabbitt had made most stringent arrangements in his daughter's interest. Not only her own dowry (which was a handsome one), but nearly the whole of Martin's property was strictly settled on her and her children. Mr. Rabbitt was enabled to drive a hard bargain by his command of ready money. He advanced a large sum to his son-in-law for the purchase of Cadell's share in the firm. Mr. Cadell was old, and wished to retire; the opportunity was favourable, and promised brilliant results. Nor were these promises belied by experience. The old-established solicitor's business was a very flourishing and lucrative one. Martin Bransby was soon able to pay back the loan to his father-in-law with interest. Old Rabbitt observed that this was only taking from one hand to give to the other, for it would all come back to him and his in the end. As a matter of fact, old Rabbitt left every penny he had in the world to his daughter and her children after her; but the money was strictly tied up out of her husband's reach.

This seemed a trifling matter in those days to Martin Bransby. Whom should he desire to enrich but his own children? and things were going so well in the office that it seemed probable he might amass another fortune. But when, after his second marriage, a young family began to gather round him, he could not help regretting the terms of his original marriage settlement. As soon as Theodore came of age Mr. Bransby made an attempt to induce him to relinquish some part of the property in favour of his younger brothers and sisters; but the attempt failed, and was never repeated. Mr. Bransby was deeply wounded by Theodore's attitude, and, on his side, Theodore considered his father's request unreasonable and unfair.

“If I might venture on a suggestion, I would advise your retrenching a little, sir,” he had said, with icy politeness; “in that way you would soon save enough to provide for Mrs. Bransby and her children in a style fully equal to what they have any right to expect from you.”

The remembrance of that interview was a thorn in the flesh of Martin Bransby, and it left in Theodore's mind increased resentment against his father's second marriage.

But Theodore's advice, however unflinching, was sound enough. Retrenchment in the daily expenses of that easy-going and lavish household would have been judicious; but then to retrench would have been to deprive Louisa of the luxuries and elegancies which so became her, and which gave her so much

pleasure. Instead of taking this disagreeable method, Mr. Bransby tried speculation. He made one or two lucky strokes, but at the first loss became panic-stricken, and threw good money after bad in a kind of desperation.

After his death something of all this leaked out in a confused way, to the public astonishment. “To think of Martin Bransby's money matters being in a bad way!” people said. “There must be more in this than meets the eye, for he was acknowledged to be a first-rate man of business.”

In brief, as much amazement was expressed as though “men of business” were commonly infallible, and the world had never heard of a man of business whose conduct was not ruled by self-restraining prudence. At the same time, many persons declared they had long ago prophesied disaster, and had even warned Martin to put some check on his wife's extravagance. But such little inconsistencies as these are but pebbles in the stream of general gossip; diversifying it with an agreeable ripple, but never checking its flow.

May wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to Mrs. Bransby. She received no answer to it. And presently she learned that Mrs. Bransby and her children had left Oldchester, and gone to London. Constance Hadlow did not mention the family at all in writing to Mrs. Dormer-Smith. They had fallen out of the sphere of her observation; and no one can be expected to turn away his telescope from contemplating the fixed stars in order to stare at common terrestrial phenomena:—especially phenomena of a non-metallic and unproductive nature.

About Christmas time, Theodore Bransby called unexpectedly at Mrs. Dormer-Smith's house in London. He came early in the forenoon:—so early, indeed, that Mrs. Dormer-Smith was not yet visible. On asking to see Miss Cheffington, he was shown into a room where May was sitting with the children. (Harold and Wilfred were now permitted to spend part of the morning with their cousin, at her particular request. And it was found that this arrangement answered the double purpose of delighting the boys, and leaving Cecile more leisure for needlework.)

May started, and flushed, on hearing Mr. Theodore Bransby's name announced. But the first glimpse of Theodore disarmed her wrath. He was paler than ever—or seemed to be so, in his deep mourning, and there was unmistakable sorrow in his face. May rose quickly, and gave him her hand in silence. There were tears in her eyes, and the unexpected sight of tears in his made her forgive him for pressing her hand harder, and holding it longer, than mere politeness warranted.

“I have been so sorry!” said May.

“Thank you,” he answered. “You are always kind and good.”

“So sorry for you all—the widow—the poor children—!” added May, as a bright drop brimmed over, and rolled down her cheek.

Theodore relinquished her hand, and rapidly passing his handkerchief across his eyes, gave a dry, husky, little cough in his throat. It was a sound which curiously repelled sympathy.

“You were not in Oldchester when your dear father died,” said May. She did not intend any covert reproach. Her words were prompted by a pitying thought of the undying regret which must haunt Theodore on this score.

“No; I was not there. I know I have been blamed for that.”

“Oh, indeed I had no such meaning!”

“I well believe it. But I have been blamed—most unjustly. I went away with my father's full consent; indeed, he thought I needed the change. He wrote to me, when he found himself growing worse, to ask me to come back. Of course I meant to comply with that request. You cannot doubt it?”

“I have no right to doubt it,” answered May, gently.

“No, but pray listen! I wish to justify myself in your eyes. The truth is, I was in the tact of packing my valise to return to Oldchester when a telegram reached me, saying that my father's danger was imminent. I was in Yorkshire, in a country house, where there was but one postal delivery a day. Letters were often delayed, and, in fact, my father's letter had preceded the telegram only by a few hours.”

“Oh, how sad! I am so sorry for you!” cried May, clasping her hands. She felt some generous compunction for having done him injustice.

“Yes; I have lost a good father,” said Theodore.

“You have, indeed. And what a loss is Mrs. Bransby's!”

A subtle change came over his face, although he did not seem to move a muscle, and he made no answer.

“How is she?” asked May, leaning forward eagerly.

Theodore's eyebrows took their old supercilious curve, as he replied,

“Mrs. Bransby? Oh, she's quite well, I believe.”

“Believe! Have you not seen her lately?”

“Oh, yes; I have seen her. She appeared perfectly well. I did not at first quite take in the sense of your question; but I see now what you meant. Every one has not such keen sensibilities as you, May.”

Even this familiar use of her name she let pass, although it jarred upon her.

“I am sure Mrs. Bransby is not insensible,” she answered. “And she loved your father dearly.”

“I am not disputing it. But she was, and is, a doating mother, and her feelings are greatly engrossed by her children. In one way this is happy for her. She does not feel the void, the loneliness, which oppresses me.”

It seemed to May that there might be some truth in this. Theodore was not generally beloved. Cold as he seemed, he doubtless missed his father's affection. He would feel isolated and forlorn. This might be in great part his own fault; but May pitied him. She softened towards him still more when he went on to speak of his plans for assisting his young step-brothers. He had already offered to send Martin to school at his own expense. He was endeavouring to be of use to Mrs. Bransby. She was, unfortunately, very impractical, and rather impracticable. But he hoped that, when her grief calmed down, she would listen to reason and take advice.

“Is she not well off?” asked May, moved by genuine interest in the widow and her family.

Theodore shook his head. “I may tell you,” he said, “that she is in very straitened circumstances. I do not proclaim this generally, because people who know how indefatigably my poor father worked, and what a large income he earned, are apt to blame her, and accuse her of extravagance.”

While he was still speaking, a message came from Mrs. Dormer-Smith asking Mr. Bransby to go to her in the drawing-room. She, too, was touched by his mourning garb and pale face, and received him with sympathetic gentleness. May's report of his behaviour in Oldchester had been favourable, in so far that he had not attempted to renew his suit. But what most of all conciliated Mrs. Dormer-Smith was the thought of Mr. Bragg. Now that her niece was so near making a splendid marriage, it was easier to forgive Theodore's presumption. Doubtless the young man had already seen his error; and really, putting aside that one aberration, he was very nice!

Her good opinion was increased in the course of their private conversation, which turned on matters very interesting to Pauline. Theodore had seen her uncle lately; he had, moreover, had a good deal of talk with him about matters political. A vacancy was likely to occur shortly in the representation of that division of the county where Lord Castlecombe's landed property was situated. The Castlecombes were anxious to oppose a threatened Radical candidate, and Theodore had offered to stand.

On his elder brother's death, Lucius Cheffington had resigned his

post in the Civil Service, and, under normal circumstances, his father would have desired that he should return to the House of Commons; but his health was at present too feeble to warrant his attempting any exertion. Then old Lord Castlecombe thought it would be well to put some one into the vacant seat who might be willing to resign it whenever Lucius should be able and willing to come forward again as a candidate. This was not expressed, but understood; and Lord Castlecombe had approved of Theodore's ready comprehension of the state of the case, and his clear view of the advantages such an arrangement would afford to himself. Election expenses, even in these days of purity and the ballot, retain as mysterious a rapidity of growth as Jack's beanstalk, and the assistance of Lord Castlecombe would be very solidly valuable. On the other hand, Theodore considered that, ambition apart, it would be useful to him in his career as a barrister to write M.P. after his name, and was willing to assume some share of the cost of the canvass. The old lord discovered in this sententious young gentleman two merits—the possession of money, and the knowledge how to spend it advantageously.

Lucius acquiesced passively in all his father's arrangements. But he could not be induced to thaw half a degree in his personal relations with Theodore.

“The fellow is an intolerable prig,” he said, to his father. “And his vulgarity is of a particularly objectionable kind;—the fine-pretentious kind.”

“Oh, of course, he's a d—d snob,” answered my lord, with cheerful candour. “But what the deuce does that matter? We are not going to take him to our arms; only to throw him into the arms of the voters! And I can tell you, it will be a vast deal better to have him for our member than Mr. Butter, the Radical button-maker. At any rate, this young Bransby won't go in for abolishing the Peers, or starting a Separatist crusade in the Scilly Islands.”

In the course of his talk with Mrs. Dormer-Smith, Theodore hinted to her as much of his political outlook as seemed good to him. The account of his relations with Lord Castlecombe greatly impressed her. For she was very sure her uncle would not waste any of his time and attention on an entirely insignificant person. And Theodore's tone in speaking of the political position of the Castlecombe family was such as to win her complete approval and sympathy.

When Pauline talked over his visit with her husband, after narrating that part of it which concerned Lord Castlecombe, she added, “And the young man has a great deal of proper feeling. I really begin to think that mistake he made must have been in some way May's fault—oh, not intentionally, Frederick! But she is so—so unformed in her ideas! However, we need not discuss all that; for I am convinced Mr. Bransby is quite *safe* now. I was going to say that he told me confidentially that he would not advise us to encourage any intimacy between May and his stepmother. She is in London, I believe; letting lodgings, or some dreadful thing of that sort. It is just the kind of thing May would delight in, if I would let her—visiting and championing people who are in impossible positions, and talking all kinds of Quixotic nonsense about them! However, this Mrs. Bransby is not the kind of person who can be encouraged. She is very handsome, I understand, and *tant soit peu, coquette*. There was some not too creditable flirtation with young Rivers before her husband's death; and Mr. Bransby evidently thinks she is the kind of woman always to have some one dangle after her. He spoke really very nicely, and said he hoped she might soon marry again, as she is scarcely fit to be trusted with the responsibility of bringing up a young family. You are so apt to indulge May in her whims, that I thought it necessary to repeat all this with distinctness. You must see, as I do, that it would be quite disastrous for May to keep up any intimacy with such a person as this Mrs. Bransby:—a handsome, flirting, needy widow! If she were even in Society—!”

#### CHAPTER XXX.

THE sale of Martin Bransby's handsome furniture, books, plate, carriage, and horses realised a considerable sum. But only a small portion of that sum remained when all debts were paid. Theodore made all the arrangements, and Mrs. Bransby passively acquiesced in them. She was crushed by grief; and timidly acknowledged herself to be sadly helpless and ignorant of business matters.

It was Theodore who had decided that the family should leave Oldchester. It was Theodore who had taken a house for them in a northern suburb of London. It was Theodore who suggested that Mrs. Bransby might eke out her income by receiving one or two lodgers. For Martin's schooling he promised to be responsible; and he would also guarantee the rent of the London house for one twelvemonth. But he could promise no further assistance: giving as a sufficient reason for not doing more the heavy claims on his purse which would result from his forthcoming political candidature.

A tiny annual sum was secured to the widow—a sum smaller than that which she had been in the habit of spending on her dress; and this was all she had to rely on to keep herself and her five children. It was clear that an effort must be made to earn some money.

Some articles of furniture remaining from the Oldchester sale nearly sufficed to furnish the small London dwelling. The house, fortunately, was clean, freshly painted, and in good repair. But the vulgar wall-papers were an affliction to Mrs. Bransby's eyes; and the dimensions of the rooms seemed to her painfully cramped. When she ventured to hint as much to her stepson he gave her a severe lecture, and begged her to understand that the days when her whims could be lavishly indulged were over.

“But it can scarcely be called a whim to want air for my children to breathe!” returned Mrs. Bransby, with a flash of indignation which she repented the next moment. And when Theodore pointed out that the house was a remarkably airy one for the rent; and that he, in his kind consideration, had taken a great deal of trouble to find a dwelling for them in a healthy locality, she meekly apologised for having been betrayed into any expression of impatience, and promised to make the best of her new circumstances.

They were such as might have depressed a stronger and less sensitive person. When Theodore had gone away, and the children were in bed, and the widow sat alone in the mean little room which, small as it was, was but dimly illuminated by one candle, the sense of her forlorn position weighed her down, and seemed to make the atmosphere thick with misery. It was not the loss of material luxuries which afflicted her. A month ago she would have felt that keenly; but now her great sorrow had absorbed all minor troubles. Poverty! What was poverty, compared with desolation of spirit? How willingly would she have faced severer bodily hardships than any which threatened her if her lost husband could be restored to her!

She dropped her head on her folded arms resting on the table. The widow's cap slipped aside, and a veil of bright, brown, waving hair fell over her bowed face. She had been forced to restrain her tears all day. There were the children to be thought of. There were Theodore's cold, clear questions and suggestions to be answered. But now, in solitude, her tears gushed out. She wept with long, deep-drawn sobs. The words of the Litany seemed to be repeated over and over again, as by a voice whispering in her ear, “The fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed.” She rocked herself from side to side, and moaned out, “Oh, come back to us! Come back, Martin—Martin!”

A hand was gently laid on her shoulder. With a great start she raised her head, and saw her eldest boy standing by her side.

He was a handsome boy, very like his father. But now his



naturally ruddy face was pale, and his eyes had a depth of yearning tenderness in them which went to his mother's heart.

"Don't cry so, mother dear!" he said. "Father couldn't bear to see it, if he knew."

She clasped the boy in her arms; and, although she still wept, her sobs were less convulsive, and she gradually grew calmer. Martin stood beside her very quietly, occasionally stroking back the pretty soft hair which strayed over her face, and was damp with tears.

Presently Mrs. Bransby said, "I thought you were in bed, Martin. How silently you came down stairs!"

"I took off my shoes, mother," he answered, showing his feet. "I didn't want to disturb the others. The children are asleep, and Phoebe is snoring away."

Phoebe was their one servant—a housemaid from their Oldchester home—who had volunteered to remain with them and follow their fortunes.

"Poor Phoebe! I dare say she is tired," said Mrs. Bransby. "I should think she was, rather! She has been working like a brick all day," returned Martin.

There was a little silence, during which Mrs. Bransby dried her eyes, put up her dishevelled hair, and replaced her cap.

"Ought you not to go to bed, my boy?" she said, looking wistfully at him.

"I want to stay and talk to you quietly a little, mother."

Mrs. Bransby hesitated. "I should dearly like you to stay awhile, Martin," she answered. "But I'm afraid it would not be right. You look pale and worn out. You and I must help each other now to do what is right;—and what—that he would have wished," she added, with quivering lips.

"Yes, mother," answered the boy, eagerly. "That's just what I want; and I know he would have wished me to spare you all the bother I can. So now just listen, mother; indeed, indeed I couldn't sleep if I went to bed now—and it's far wearier work to lie awake than to sit up and talk. Look here, mother; Theodore has offered to send me to school, hasn't he?"

"Yes, Martin. I am very thankful for that. I don't see how I could have afforded it."

"Well, but now, I've been thinking that it would be better if Theodore would give you that money, instead of paying for my schooling, and for me to get a situation and earn something."

"Earn! My darling boy, how could you earn anything?"

"Why, mother, I could do all that the office boy did at Oldchester. Old Tuckey told me once that he earned fifteen shillings a-week. Just fancy, mother! That's a good lot, isn't it?"

It looked a very childish face that he turned towards his mother: a face with frank, sparkling eyes and rounded cheeks, to which the excitement of making this proposition had brought back the roses.

"Oh, Martin, my dearest boy, it is sweet of you to think of this! But you are too young, darling."

"I'm going on for thirteen, mother!" interrupted Martin.

"Yes, dear; but still even that is very, very young," answered his mother, gravely, although the phantom of a smile flitted across her pale face.

Martin looked disappointed; and, for a moment, almost angry. He had a naturally hot temper. But he battled down the temptation, and merely said, "Well, mother, you need not decide anything to-night. You can think it over. I believe I could earn something; and I'm sure that if I can, I ought."

"But your education, Martin!"

"I might, perhaps, go on learning a little at home—in the evenings," he rejoined, but more slowly, and less confidently than he had spoken before.

"You know, Martin, he wished you to study. He was so proud of your abilities—so fond of you—" Her voice broke, and she turned away her head.

"Yes, mother; but he was fonder of you," answered Martin, simply. "I know quite well, that if father could speak to me now, this minute, he would say, 'Martin, take care of your mother.' That's what he *did* say one day when I was alone with him, only a week before—" The boy paused, made a violent struggle to master his emotion, and then went on bravely, though his young face grew white to the lips, "And I'm going to do it, please God!"

The tears that poured down his mother's cheeks as she embraced him and kissed his forehead were not all bitter. "Not desolate—not wholly desolate," she murmured, "while I have you, my precious, precious son!"

They sat awhile, talking of their means, and their plans, and their prospects. Mrs. Bransby felt that although many of Martin's notions were, of course, crude and childish, yet there was a strain of firm manliness in him on which she could rely; and the boy had a quick intelligence. Before parting from his mother for the night, he proposed that she should write to Owen Rivers and ask his advice. "You'll believe what Mr. Rivers says, mother, if you don't believe me. And I think you'll find that he will consider it my duty to earn something if I can; anyway, he's such a good fellow, and has such a thundering lot of sense, he's sure to give us good advice."

The widow caught at the suggestion; she had almost as implicit faith in Owen as her children had. She promised that Martin should enclose a letter of his own in hers to Mr. Rivers; and when she bade the boy "good night" at the door of his poor little chamber, she was surprised to find her heart somewhat lightened of its load.

"I say, look here, mother!" whispered Martin, beckoning her in from the open door. "Don't those young shavers sleep like one o'clock?" He pointed to Bobby and Billy, who occupied one large bed—a relic from the Oldchester nursery—while Martin's little camp-bedstead was squeezed into a corner of the same room. The two little fellows were sleeping the profound sleep of healthy childhood. Bobby had a smile on his parted lips, and Billy lay with one fat hand doubled up under his cheek, and the other buried in the thick masses of his brother's curly hair.

"This isn't half a bad room when the window's wide open," went on Martin, cheerfully. "I can see a tree—quite a good-sized elm—from my bed. Good night, mother dear; I hope you'll sleep. I think this'll turn out an awfully nice little house, when we get used to it."

The two letters to Owen Rivers—Martin's and his mother's—were written the next morning. Mrs. Bransby sent them under cover to Mr. Bragg, addressed to Oldchester, to be forwarded, and with a line from herself to Mr. Bragg, begging that he would let Mr. Rivers have them without delay. She had written very fully and frankly to Owen, telling him, without reserve, what her means were. Only on one point had she been reticent—Theodore's conduct. In her heart she thought Theodore cruelly cold and hard towards her and the children. But she would not complain of him; he was her dear husband's son, and she felt as if it would be disloyal to that honoured husband's memory to paint Theodore to others as she saw him.

Theodore's recommendation to his step-mother, to "take good, steady, paying lodgers," was in the nature of those vague counsels we are all apt to proffer freely to our neighbours; such as, to "cheer up;" not to "yield to weakness;" to "look on the bright side;" to "dismiss disagreeable thoughts;" to "set to work briskly and earn money," and the like. That is to say, it was easier said than done. When, after the family had been somewhat over a week in town, Theodore came again to see them, and found that no steps had been taken to carry out his suggestion, he showed considerable displeasure; and said a sharp word or two about the difficulty of helping unpractical people.

This word, "unpractical," was, in fact, a favourite reproach to apply to poor Mrs. Bransby, on the part of a great many persons. Mrs. Dormer-Smith caught it up from Theodore. Constance Hadlow echoed the same phrase, when, at length, in answer to some private inquiries of Mrs. Dormer-Smith's, she wrote about the Bransby family.

May's first eager proposal to go and see Mrs. Bransby was met by her aunt with an absolute refusal. But she was so urgent, and appealed so strongly to her uncle, that Mrs. Dormer-Smith, making a virtue of necessity (for she feared that if leave were refused May might go without it!), graciously consented that her niece should pay one visit to Mrs. Bransby.

"One visit will be enough, May," said Aunt Pauline. "Quite enough to show that you feel kindly towards her, and that sort of thing. It is really stretching a point. However, if it must be, it must be. I only implore you not to talk about these people in society. Pray, pray do not *poser* as a district visitor, or whatever it is called."

May shrugged her shoulders, and was silent. She knew how vain it was to reason with Aunt Pauline on a point of this kind. But she comforted herself by looking forward to the time—very near now—when Owen would return; and when, in some mysterious way, not explicable to her head, but quite sufficing to her heart, all her difficulties would vanish before his presence. And that same afternoon she set off for Collingwood Place, Barnsbury Road, in a cab, attended by Smithson.

Mrs. Bransby received her affectionately, and thanked her for her visit; but she did not ask her to repeat it. She perceived, far more quickly than May had perceived it, that Mrs. Dormer-Smith would not like her niece to keep up any intimacy with a family who lived in Barnsbury, and were served by one maid-of-all-work. When the children clung round May, and clamoured to know when she was coming to see them again, Mrs. Bransby interposed. She told them that May could not be running in and out of their house in London as she had done in Oldchester; and they must understand she could not take up the time of her aunt's maid in making long journeys to Barnsbury. And she said, privately, to May, "Don't get into trouble with your aunt by coming here, my dear. I know you would help us if you could; but you cannot. But I ought not to say that! It is helpful to know you are unchanged, and warm-hearted as ever. Some day, please God, we may be able to see each freely."

"Yes; some day!" cried May, joyfully, thinking of him who would help to make that and all the other good things possible. And then she coloured vividly, as though she had betrayed a secret.

Mrs. Bransby, however, did not notice this. She went on, pensively,

"And yet I am almost afraid to look forward to any pleasant thing lest it should be snatched away from me. Misfortune makes one a sad coward. I have had a disappointment just lately—about Mr. Rivers. He is not coming back so soon as was expected."

"He is coming back at the end of this month," said May, in a quick, almost breathless way.

"No. He *was* to have returned to England at the end of December, but that is altered. His present engagement is prolonged for some weeks. I had a letter from him last evening, from Barcelona, and he does not expect to be in England before the latter part of January at the soonest."

May drove homeward much depressed and out of spirits. It was not only that Owen's return was postponed, but that she had not been the first to hear of it! To be sure, his weekly letter was not yet due, and he was rigidly scrupulous in keeping his promise to Mrs. Dobbs about corresponding with May. But need he have volunteered to give this news to Mrs. Bransby before writing it to her? A dull feeling of discontent seemed to oppress her. But on reaching home she tried to shake it off, and to forget it in fighting her friend's battle against Aunt Pauline.

Aunt Pauline had constructed for herself an image of Mrs. Bransby founded on Theodore's hints. She had decided in her own mind that Mrs. Bransby was a weak-minded, lounging, lazy woman, who, no longer able to adorn herself with fine clothes, would sink into slatternhood, and throw herself and her family as a dead weight on to any shoulders who would carry them.

"A woman belonging to the provincial middle-class, who thinks of nothing but dress," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, shaking her head mournfully. "One knows what *that* must come to!"

"But Mrs. Bransby thought of a great many things besides dress!" cried May. "She thought of her household, and her children, and—above all—of her husband."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith merely shook her head again, with an air of mild martyrdom, as though some one were unjustly accusing her.

"And I assure you, Aunt Pauline," May continued, "that the little house she is living in—poor and humble, of course, in comparison with her old home—is a pattern of neatness."

"You say, 'poor and humble,' May; but do you not think that a house at forty-five pounds a year is quite as good as she has any right to expect, under the circumstances? I do. And that poor young Bransby has to be responsible for the rent."

"I am sure Mrs. Bransby won't let him be out of pocket, if she can possibly help it."

"I dare say. But she is a sadly unpractical person."

"It was most touching to see her with all those children about her, trying to be cheerful and composed; and looking so lovely in her melancholy mourning dress."

"I presume she wears crape? Ah! There's no more extravagant wear. She might have one dress trimmed with crape for occasions. But her ordinary every-day frocks ought to be of plain black stuff. Hemstitched muslin collars and cuffs, perhaps," added Mrs. Dormer-Smith, relenting at the image of uncompromising ugliness she had herself conjured up. "But they can be made at home, and need not cost much. Has she any lodgers?"

"No, not yet. But there has been very little time. And it is difficult, she says, to find suitable persons."

"Yes, that is precisely the kind of thing one would expect her to say. That is the speech of a thoroughly unpractical person."

"The fact is," burst out May, hotly, "it is unpractical to be poor! It is unpractical to be left a widow with five children, and only a miserable pittance to keep them on!"

It was intolerable to hear Aunt Pauline sitting in judgment on this poor lady, of whom she really knew nothing whatever, save her misfortunes. And May was greatly astonished at the glib way in which her aunt, usually so prosaically matter-of-fact, discoursed about Mrs. Bransby; putting in visionary details with a lavish fancy. The girl had yet to learn that the most narrow and commonplace minds are capable of wild exaggeration within their own sphere; and that to be unimaginative is no guarantee for truthfulness of perception.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith, whatever her defects might be, possessed almost perfect gentleness of temper. She merely said softly, "May, May, when will you understand that nothing can be worse form than that habit of raving about people? You are so dreadfully emphatic!"

"I don't care a straw about what you call 'good form!' I prefer good substance," answered May, still in a glow of indignation.

"My dear child, what does this woman matter to you?"

"Matter! She is my friend. She has always been kind to me; and even if she were not my friend, I would defend her against unfair accusations."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith was silent for a few minutes. Then she said,

in her slow, somewhat muffled tones, "May, you compel me to say what I would rather leave unsaid. Mrs. Bransby is not the kind of person your uncle and I wish you to associate with. I do not assert that there has been anything positively wrong in her conduct—now oblige me by listening quietly! If you start up in that melodramatic way, you will bring on one of my nervous headaches. I was merely going to remark that a woman so handsome as I am told she is, and so very much younger than her husband, ought, in the most ordinary view of what is *convenable*, to avoid anything like—like seeking to attract men's admiration, and that sort of thing. But instead of that, Mrs. Bransby carried on a very flagrant flirtation during her husband's lifetime with a young man considerably her junior. It was noticed, of course, and commented on. If she was so led away by foolish vanity when she had a sensible husband to guide her, what will it be now that she is left to her own devices?"

May stood staring at her aunt like one suddenly awakened out of sleep.

"This is all false," she said, after a moment; "false, and very cruel. Who told you such things, Aunt Pauline?"

"I decline to tell you, May. Some one who has had the means of knowing what went on in this Bransby household, and some one whose judgment I can trust. It must suffice to assure you that I am quite certain of my facts." And, strange as it may seem, Mrs. Dormer-Smith really thought she was certain of them.

May turned away contemptuously. "Mrs. Bransby is really very much to blame," she said. "It is bad enough to be poor and unprotected, but to be the most beautiful woman in all her circle of acquaintance as well, is not to be forgiven!"

Then May left her aunt's presence, and betook herself to her own room, where she locked the door and burst out crying. These calumnies were bewildering. She sat on the side of her bed for more than an hour, in a drooping posture, depressed and miserable. As she thought over her aunt's words, the belief flashed into her mind that Mrs. Dormer-Smith's informant must have been Constance Hadlow. She did not suspect Constance of having deliberately invented stories to the poor widow's discredit. But she did think that Constance had repeated them, and that they had lost none of their venom in her repetition. It chanced that on that very morning her aunt had spoken of a letter just received from Miss Hadlow; and May knew very well the sort of gossip which made up the staple of that correspondence. Not for one moment did her suspicions point to Theodore. The idea that he could have originated odious insinuations against his father's wife was inconceivable to her. But Conny—! She had observed latterly a tendency in Conny to bitterness and detraction when speaking of Mrs. Bransby. Was she jealous? And why? When they talked of Mrs. Bransby's flirtation with a man younger than herself, whom did they allude to?

All at once May drew herself sharply into an upright attitude, while a burning flush covered her face and throat. She dashed away some stray tears with her handkerchief, and exclaimed, speaking out loud in her excitement, "I will not *think* of such mean, malicious, despicable folly! I will turn my mind away from it. It is shameful even to be conscious of anything so base-minded!"

(To be continued)



VOL. XIX. of "The Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" (Sampson Low) is far the most interesting ever issued by the Society. It would be so if it contained nothing more than Mr. Henniker Heaton's paper on "Our Postal and Telegraphic Communication," and that of Sir W. W. Hunter on "The New Industrial Era in India," and the discussions to which each gave rise. Mr. Heaton had a strong case, both against the telegraph companies, who charge half-a-guinea a word to New Zealand, and nearly as much to Australia and the Cape, the result being (as the chairman, Lord Bury, showed in summing up) that messages are often not sent at all which would be sent were the cost a third, or even a half; and also against the Post Office. The Postal Union he denounced as a transparent humbug. India is in it; yet a letter from England to India costs 5d., while from France or Germany the cost is just half. Mr. Heaton is an enthusiast: he believes that the postal and telegraphic services will preserve us from the disintegration which has been the fate of every other great empire, and therefore he goes in for cheaper rates. For letters he would have a dual service, at the option of the sender—first, the existing mail rates at the present cost; and, secondly, a 1d. postage wholly by sea. The total loss, even if not a single extra letter was written, would be 15,000l. a year; and the number of letters would soon be multiplied thirty or forty fold. The fact is (as the correspondence in the *Spectator* has proved), we have been paying too much (1½d. per letter) to the French and Italian railways. This has at last been reduced; but not yet to the American tariff—½d. per letter from New York to San Francisco. The discussion on Mr. Heaton's paper is the liveliest thing in the volume. He certainly established one point, that the only ground of subsidies is that they provide an auxiliary naval force. About Indian manufacture the curious thing is (as Lord Brassey remarked) that the cost of producing cotton yarn and cotton cloth is almost the same in Bombay as it is in Lancashire. Sir G. Birdwood discussed the subject from the native point of view, deprecating earnestly unlimited competition, and the breaking down of that caste system which he holds essential to the well-being of the Aryan race in India. Besides these the volume contains other valuable papers. Mr. de Castella speaks on Wine-Growing in British Colonies, and denounces the mischief done by prizes at local shows, whereby the Australian growers are in danger of becoming a Mutual Admiration Society. His paper is full of practical hints. Mr. Shand treats of Tea-Growing in Ceylon; and Mr. Hazell (newly returned from his Australasian tour with Mr. Hodgkin) attacks the burning topic of Emigration. The Australian artisan would welcome emigrants were they certain to settle on the land. Unhappily, used to weekly wages, and unable to look far ahead, they often drift into the towns for want of staying power. The demand is for men who will have in their small holdings a faith that will endure to the end.

It is no discredit to Mr. J. Sime, that while seeking in such writers as Düntzer and Biedermann and Erich Schmidt matter for his "Life of Goethe" ("Great Writers Series;" Walter Scott), he has become saturated with their style. His "Life" is very good, but very German. He touches lightly on Gretchen, Goethe's first love, in sacrificing whom, he exposed some male associates in a way that deservedly "overwhelmed him with grief and shame." Annette Schönpf was a flirt, who knew Goethe would never marry her, and kept him at bay accordingly. Lotte Buff he gave up, in order to devote himself to re-writing his "Goetz von Berlichingen" in compliance with Herder's severe criticism. In doing this he acted on the theory of "limitation," "in which," he afterwards taught, "the master reveals himself!" One would gladly exchange much of what Mr. Sime tells us about these and other ladies, including Frau von Stein, and Bettina von Arnim (of whom he has a poor opinion, believing that Goethe's so-called letters to her are more Arnim than Goethe), for more about the poet's mother, who received "as her dear daughter," the low-born Christiane Vulpius, whom he at last married. This mother, when she thought he was dying at the age of nineteen of hæmorrhage from the lungs, took





1. The Recruit Leaves to Join his Depot



2. He Arrives at the Receiving-Room



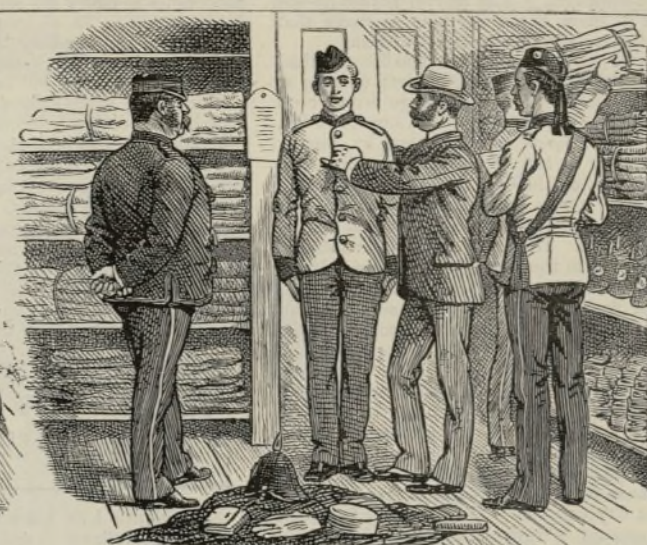
3. The Regulation Breakfast. Thin Coffee and a Pound Bread



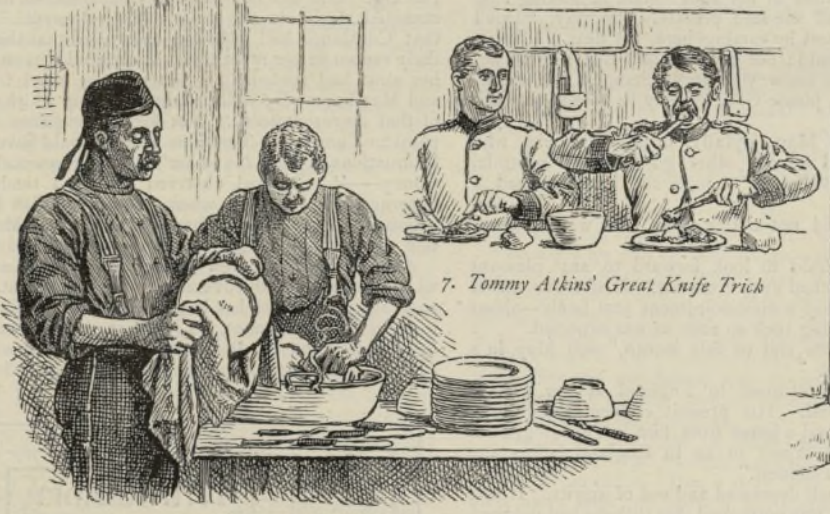
4. Finally Approved by the Commanding Officer



5. The Regulation-Crop



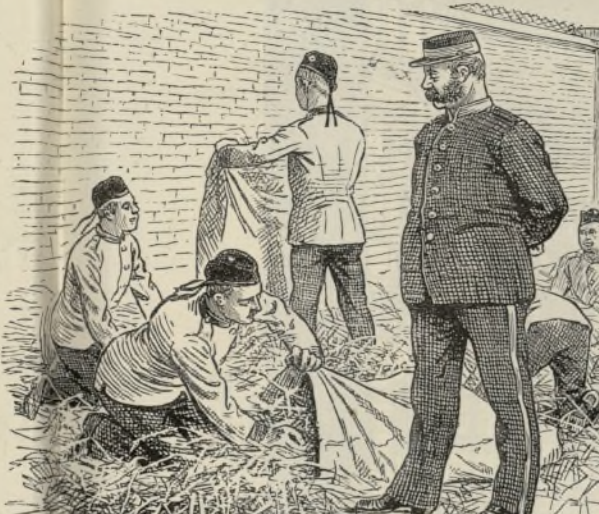
6. The Quartermaster's Store



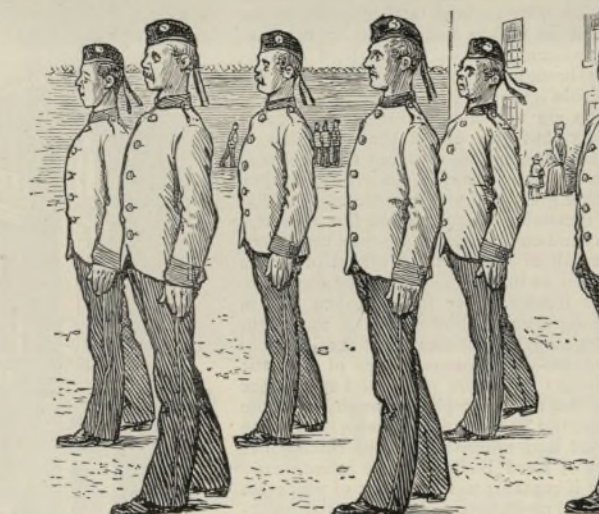
7. Tommy Atkins' Great Knife Trick



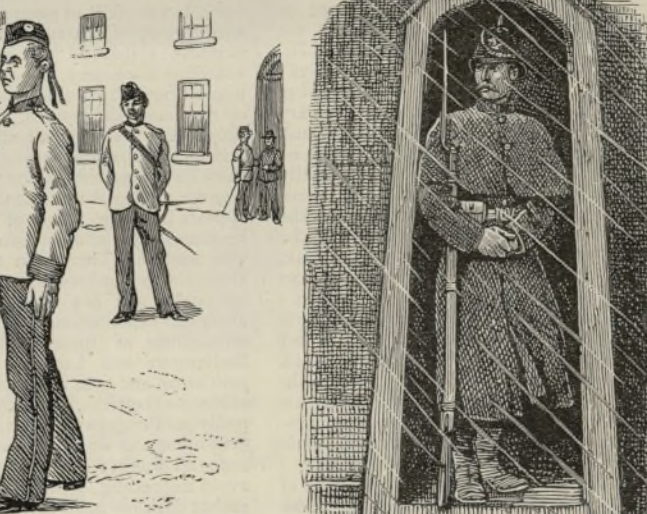
8. Mess Orderly



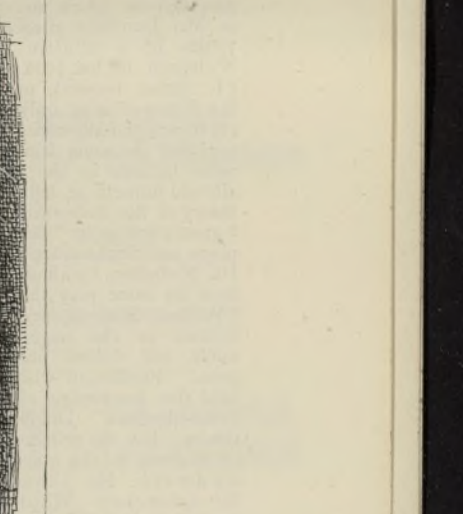
9. Coal Fatigue



10. Bed Filling



11. The Mystery of the Goose-Step



12. On Guard



13. Examination for School Certificate



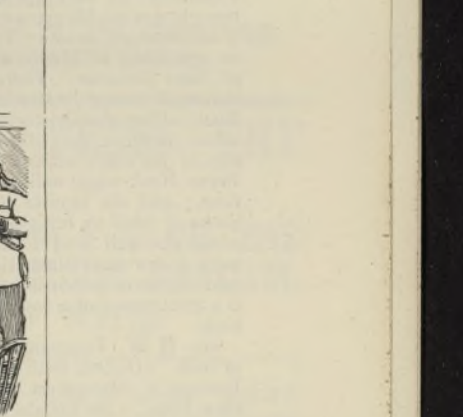
14. Promoted to be Sergeant



15. On Duty



16. He is Introduced to the Sergeants' Mess



17. Passes the Examination for a Commission



18. Emerges an Officer



heart when her "Bible pricking" produced the verse of Jeremiah, "Thou shalt yet plant vines on the mountains of Samaria." Mr. Sime holds that as a scientist Goethe was more original than as a writer on Art: "his discoveries, almost equally the result of his imagination and of his perceptive faculties, were on the lines which led directly to the theory of evolution." The marvel is that he was able to interest Christiane in them, or at any rate to make that model house-manager display an intelligent interest therein.

"Congreve" (Walter Scott) is in every way a far smaller man than Goethe. Mr. E. Gosse has made the most of his subject, treating at some length, with the impartiality of a Cambridge lecturer on English Literature, of the most important episode in Congreve's life, his connection with the attack made on the stage by Jeremy Collier. The whole controversy is full of strange interest for an age which has seen the growth of the Church and Stage Guild; but Congreve's contribution to it was of the slightest. Mr. Gosse scarcely makes out his claim to have Congreve called a Great Writer, even in his own very narrow line. He is too artificial; Vanbrugh and Farquhar surpass him owing to their disregard of rules. If his light is not the "tawdry play-house taper" that Thackeray called it, it is at best "a waxlight flashing back from the sconces of an alcove." One does not care that intellect, no matter how powerful and how rarely cultured, "should concentrate itself on the creation of a microcosm swarming with human *volvox* and *vibrio*" (p. 184). He was not a great writer; and the man who could fob off Mrs. Bracegirdle with a paltry 200*l.*, and cancel the other bequests in his will to swell the already vast wealth of the Duchess of Marlborough, is morally beneath contempt.

The Rev. Dr. Nicholson, Incumbent of St. Alban's, Leamington, has written the best, because it is the only serious, reply to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram." Mr. Donnelly has been overwhelmed with a vast amount of ridicule, and there have been many replies to him on the general question as to the probability of Lord Bacon being the writer of the plays popularly attributed to Shakespeare. But to refute Mr. Donnelly it was obviously necessary to attack and upset his cryptogram. Either there is, as Mr. Donnelly alleges, a cipher in the plays; or he is the victim of a delusion of the most extraordinary kind. Dr. Nicholson in his book "No Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays" (T. Fisher Unwin), undertakes to demonstrate that the cipher is a fiction existing only in the mind of its inventor. With very great care and ingenuity he examines Mr. Donnelly's figures, and applying the same famous "root-numbers" to the text with no more latitude in the way of "modifiers" than Mr. Donnelly allowed himself, he deduces results entirely upsetting the Baconian theory of the authorship of the plays. Whereas, for example, the "great cryptogram" declared that Bacon was the true author of the plays, and Shakespeare a mere dullard whom Bacon used as a mask, Dr. Nicholson, by almost identical arithmetical processes, deduces from the same play this sentence, and many more as positive: "William Shakspure, Gentleman, son of John, gave a tragic volume to the stage, which hath won praise from greatest noble and dullest peasant, rendering him remembered in all time." Further, it will be remembered that Mr. Donnelly withheld the knowledge of the means by which he obtained his "root-numbers." Dr. Nicholson conjectures, indeed almost demonstrates, that the primordial root and fountain-head of the whole cryptogram is the number 814, and from that the "root-numbers" are derived. Mr. Donnelly has promised us further instalments of his cipher-story. When he is ready to give them to the world, we trust that he will meet, and refute if he can, the criticisms of Dr. Nicholson; for they are by far the most damaging that have been brought against his extraordinary work.

Mr. Warde Fowler's "Tales of the Birds" (Macmillan) reminds us sometimes of Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature," sometimes of Hans Andersen. There is a deal to be learnt from the experiences of young Jotson in "A Tragedy in Rook Life." Mother Rook telling ghastly stories of what happened to young rooks who asked questions, the father, on a twig hard by, cawing his admiration of his wife's wisdom and eloquence, is a picture which Mr. Bryan Hook might well have added to his other admirable illustrations; and the terrible result of Jotson trying "to solve the problems of life" by bringing home a wife from outside the colony would also well lend itself to his pencil. In fact, we wish there were a few more illustrations. "A Jubilee Sparrow" has a good deal of human pathos introduced into it; and "The Falcon's Nest" is a pretty story of a boy and girl, with little or nothing about the birds.

Mr. H. W. Freeman has incorporated in "The Thermal Baths of Bath" (Hallett, Bath; Hamilton Adams, London) the late Dr. Falconer's "Manual on the Bath Mineral Springs and their Medicinal Uses." He has also gone into the archaeology of the subject, pointing out (after Professor Earle) that *Aqua Solis* is a venerable error for *Sulis*, *Sul* being identified with the Roman Minerva, though her connection may be suspected with the *Matres Sulevia* (sylphs), who had an altar at Colchester. Anyhow, "little Salisbury," the southernmost spur of the Cotswolds, was the *arx* of Bath, as "Salisbury crags" were not of Edinburgh. Mr. Freeman gives (to contradict it) Dr. Spry's lively account of the great discovery of Roman remains in 1755; and he explains (scarcely satisfactorily) why those opened out in 1871 have not been so completely preserved as archaeologists could wish. He is very thorough on the value and use of the water, noting that all German doctors agree in recommending a low temperature and low situation for nervous disorders, the reverse in both particulars for irritable organisms. His chapter on massage, which has been introduced at Bath from Aix-les-Bains, is supplemented with a careful comparison as to temperature of the Bath waters with those of the Continent and of America. Even the general reader will find much to interest him in the book.

On "Mary Stewart" (Blackwood) Mr. Hosack was engaged when death struck him down. This able abridgment, therefore, of his "Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers" is unfinished; but, as it carries the story on to the time when Don John of Austria comes on the scene, it sufficiently exposes the incredible baseness of Elizabeth and Cecil and the rest. Perhaps the acme of Machiavellism was reached when, through Killigrew, Burleigh bargained with Regent Mar (as he had previously bargained with Regent Murray) to give Mary up to the Scots on condition of her being put to death within three hours of her reaching Scotland. Burleigh actually took hostages for the carrying out of this scheme, which was frustrated by Mar's sudden death.

Mr. W. G. Black's "Heligoland and the Islands of the North Sea" (Blackwood) introduces us (to some it will be a first introduction) to Sylt and the other North Sea Islands. They are interesting because their inhabitants are pure-bred Frisians, *i.e.*, kinsmen of some of our own people; and their legends are very curious if not edifying. It is a remarkable instance of how a myth persists that, so far from Heligoland being, as the Germans assert, undermined by British rabbits, a rabbit is a great rarity, and the creatures were wholly unknown till Governor Sir H. Maxse introduced a few, which multiplied but were soon exterminated (page 49). Mr. Black writes well; and his lively sketch of "Sling Mien Moderken" makes one anxious to "assist" at that "national" dance.

Victor Cherbuliez's veteran hand has not lost its cunning. "La Vocation du Comte Ghislain" (Hachette) is a very cleverly-written novel which we have not the least intention of analysing. It may be hyper-realism to unveil the weakness of an old man whom, not long after his wife's tragic death, his son, who thought him inconsolable, "avait surpris dans une tête-à-tête amoureuse avec une femme de chambre." Anyhow, M. Cherbuliez never forgets what is

due to the Academy to which he is an honour. M. Zola speaks out with a *franchise brutale*; an Academician must not do more than suggest, which those who remember our author's "Ladislas Bolski" know that he can do to some purpose. They need not be afraid of Count Ghislain. His father, not content with the lady's maid, determines to marry his son's *fiancée*, and actually gets her parents, consent; but a fit of apoplexy conveniently carries off the old gentleman, and the lady, through her clerical uncle, sends Ghislain abroad for three years, assuring him that if, after that probation, he still cares for her she will be his.

The puns in "Edipus the Wreck" (Johnson, Cambridge; Hamilton, Adams, London) are a little too elaborate, save for the old Salopians to whom the book is dedicated. To call Edipus "a little Sun and Air, a phrase peculiarly dear to the inhabitants of that luminous clime," and to say that "in betting Laius was the boulder of the two" (his name in Greek may be connected with stone), is on a par with calling Cithæron Criterion, and describing a palace as "provided with pillars but no bolsters." Some may think it admirable fooling. Mr. Owen Seaman, in "Paulo-post-prandials," had already provided his admirers with a dish of the kind. We think the advertising sheet the best part, and the songs—especially the "Nænia of Nemesis."



KATHARINE LEE (Mrs. Henry Jenner), the authoress of "A Western Wildflower" and other admirable works of fiction, has achieved distinguished success in her latest novel, bearing the excellent title of "An Imperfect Gentleman" (3 vols.: Longmans and Co.). Her success is due, even more than to the merits of her story, to her skill in portraiture both in large and in detail, to her strong grasp of character, male as well as female, and to the constructive ability by which, without betrayal of methods or conventional machinery, she has brought exceedingly simple materials into a singularly dramatic whole. One feels as if one were reading of real men and women, who are not brought upon the stage to illustrate a pre-arranged story, but who, out of the necessities of their characters when brought into relation, work out an interesting story for themselves in the most natural way in the world. If they manage among them to teach a great many very noble lessons, that appears to be the result of inevitable circumstances, the authoress keeping herself and her own hand out of sight in the most unfashionable manner. There is a touch of the best old school of fiction about the general result, as well as in the finish and the dignity of her style, and her absolute freedom from the prevalent sins of analysis, explanation, and digression. Something of the high-mindedness of those pathetically noble creations, the Earl of Badlesmere and Lady Wareham—unsurpassed types of the true gentleman and true lady—colours the entire novel, and enables the reader to better appreciate the more complex, though not more really subtle, growth of the central figure, Julian Rowley, out of the evil influences which confused and narrowly escaped ruining her essential nobility. The story of Lord Badlesmere we intentionally avoid suggesting, seeing that it contains a little secret of which the pathos depends upon its gradual revelation, and is much too touching, as well as too humorous in its suggestions, to spoil. The main plot is partly indicated by the title; and though the struggles of fishes out of their proper social water have often been chronicled before now, they have seldom been rendered with fresher observation and more sympathetic satire. Indeed, kindly humour, which can sympathise with the grotesque, and can see the elements of tragedy in comedy, is one of Katharine Lee's strongest points, though she can be sharply contemptuous enough at the expense of mean things. Two passages in particular we must mention as masterpieces—the return of Daisy to that "Imperfect Gentleman," her husband, when his comedy was becoming tragedy indeed, and the close of the novel, with its unexpected touch of solemnity which leaves something more than a merely pleasant memory. We have intended this notice for very high praise; and we give it the more cordially inasmuch as a more wholesome or more high-minded novel could not be written, and this to the advantage of the interest, and of the amusement also, which it affords. It is not always a compliment to speak of a story as evidently the work of a "lady," but in this case the comment is among the best of compliments that can be paid.

Whether Mrs. Henry Wood, were she still living, would allow "The Story of Charles Strange" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), to go forth to the world in its present condition, must be held doubtful. To say the least of it, it is wanting in finish; its baldness of construction as well as the ridiculous inadequacy of its plot and mystery to bring about certain cut-and-dried complications, make the story read as if it were a number of notes and scraps clumsily joined together. It is simply incomprehensible that a husband should have kept from his wife so perfectly innocent and yet so important a secret as that upon which the story hangs, and should allow her, for no intelligible reason whatever, to draw the worst conclusions from his needlessly suspicious behaviour. Altogether, "The Story of Charles Strange" is a proof the more of the general unwisdom of publishing posthumous novels. Mrs. Wood did quite enough in her lifetime for such fame as she enjoyed, and to lessen it by such slipshod stories as these is unjust both to her and to her readers.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's stories are unfailingly lively, vigorous, and amusing; and "The Man with a Shadow" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) is no exception to this general description of them. In other respects it is scarcely up to his usual standard—principally for the reason that he has got hold of a curiously unworkable notion for his central motive. Men with double lives, or double natures, must be taken to have completed their, perhaps, over-long career, when a practised author can find no new phase of the phenomenon but the case of a young surgeon who catches, as if it were a disease, the soul of a corpse which he is endeavouring to resuscitate against the laws of nature. The notion has not the excuse of significance for its sheer extravagance. The characters are a great deal better than their story—notably in the case of a muscular curate and an eccentric sexton.

When is Mr. Julian Hawthorne going to give us the last of his hero, Inspector Byrnes? The literary collaboration of one of the most imaginative of novelists with a professional detective is no doubt a curious experiment: but "Section 558; or, The Fatal Letter" (Cassell and Co.), contains plenty of internal evidence that the stream of mingled fact and fancy is anything but inexhaustible. We should very much prefer Mr. Byrnes without Mr. Hawthorne for the sake of plain facts, which lose interest in proportion to their colour, or, for the sake of literary pleasure, Mr. Hawthorne without Mr. Byrnes. "Section 558" is the rather dry account of how the New York police went to work to find out the anonymous writer of some threatening letters sent to a capitalist for purposes of extortion. Of human interest there is not a trace; the point is the usual one—the guilt of the person most apparently outside suspicion, but there is none of the logical process of bringing the guilt home by almost invisible clues which give some such stories an intellectual character. As an anecdote founded on fact, the incident is a curious one. Only it never reads real.

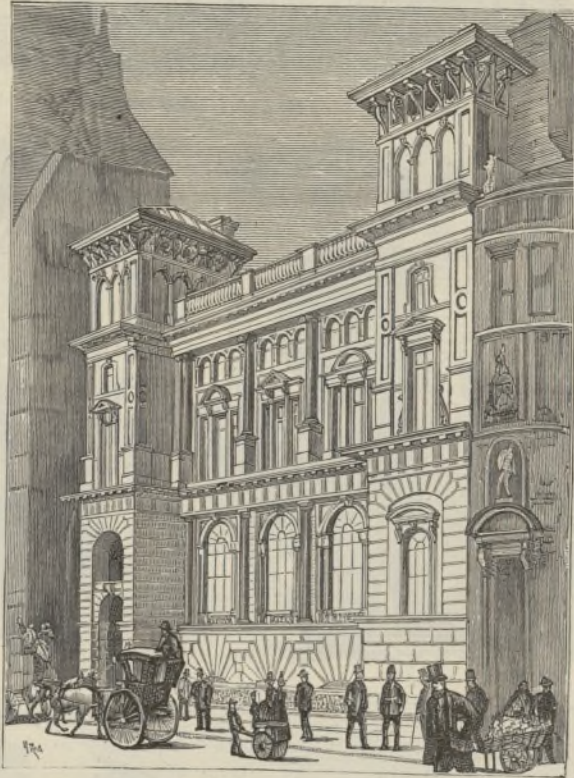
If Mr. Edward J. Goodman's "Paid in His Own Coin" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) were not written in such downright dismal earnest,

it might be mistaken for a burlesque upon the novel of psychology *plus sensation*. The ambition of the hero is to commit a murder, to be tried for it, and to obtain acquittal by the closest possible shave; and, though we hesitate to set down any taste as impossible, this particular taste is scarcely interesting enough to justify the production of an aimless book saturated with the notion of murder for its own sake. The novel is not likely to do any harm, even to the feeblest minds; but this must be ascribed rather to weakness of workmanship than to healthiness of subject or of tone. Were the work stronger, we should say that the less weak minds are familiarised with the idea of murder as an object in itself, the better.

#### BRANCH BANK OF ENGLAND, FLEET STREET

THE new Bank now approaching completion in Fleet Street, opposite the entrance to the Temple, and occupying part of the site of the old "Cock" Tavern, is a branch of the Bank of England, the business of which is at present conducted in rooms assigned for the purpose in the Royal Courts of Justice, immediately adjoining.

The style adopted is as different as possible from that of its massive and stately neighbour, but in this respect the architect was probably allowed no choice. All the traditions of the Bank point to some phase of the classical Renaissance, and it may be supposed that nothing else—certainly nothing of a mediæval character—would have been permitted. Harmony being thus impossible, the



building seems to attempt to hold its own by force of contrast. A bold and massive rusticated base of Aberdeen granite supports a superstructure which consists of two orders—Doric and Ionic—the upper one divided into two floors. The material of this part is Portland stone, relieved by polished Shap granite columns and inlaid panels of Peterhead granite.

The ground floor and basement are devoted to the usual business arrangements of a bank, and the upper floors, which are approached by a private entrance in Bell Yard, are utilised as a residence for the Agent of the Bank of England in charge of the Branch.

The construction of the building is fireproof throughout. The roof is of iron and concrete, covered with Claridge's patent asphalt.

The Bank will probably be opened for business in January next. The building was designed by Arthur W. Blomfield, Esq., M.A., A.R.A., Architect to the Bank of England.



MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.—One of the prettiest songs of the season for a tenor is "Beauty's Eyes," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and F. Paolo Tosti. A violin accompaniment (*ad lib.*) adds to the interest of this song.—Replete with true pathos is "Tis for the Best," words by Cunningham Bridgman, music by François Cellier. This charming song is published in C and in D.—Two fairly good songs of the tender passion are "Because I Love Thee," written and composed by Ellen H. Butler and Ernest Ford; and "The Day of Love," words by T. Moore, music by Hamish MacCunn.—An easy and taking "Fantasia," from Lecocq's comic opera *Pépita*, arranged by W. Smallwood for the pianoforte, will find favour with youthful players, for whom it is intended.—Three very good and dance-provoking polkas are respectively "Ring, O Bells," by Caroline Lowthian; "Scud Polka," by J. H. Walton; and "Pick-a-Back," by P. Bucalossi.—By the last-named composer is "Pastorella Waltz," which is tuneful and taking.—"A Summer Night in Munich," waltz by Alfred Cellier, will surely be amongst the most popular of the winter season.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—"The March of the Pilgrim Fathers," a grand march, composed by E. L. Hime, has been well transcribed for the organ by Frederick Deane, Mus. Bac.—A fairly easy series of duets for violin and pianoforte entitled, "Le Thière's Duets," consisting of "Romances," "Bourrées," "Gavottes," &c., will be found very useful for the schoolroom; there is no special novelty in them, but they are grammatically written.—The two latest issues of "The Hanover Edition" are a brilliant fantasia for the piano on Vincent Wallace's Opera *Maritana*, arranged by Adrian de Lorme, and Kowalski's "Marche Hongroise," arranged as a duet for the pianoforte by Adrian de Lorme.—"Phospho, Morceau Fantastique," by E. L. Hime, who has arranged it as a duet from the orchestral score, is very showy and not difficult.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—We cannot but agree with the somewhat sarcastic author of "A Manual of Orchestration," by Hamilton Clarke, Mus. Doc., Oxon., that young people are apt to talk a great deal of nonsense about "orchestration" and "instrumentation," two words to which he has quite a rabid objection; those folks who wish to show their learning in public will do well to study the above-named clever little volume, whilst those who keep modestly silent, will gain much useful information from its perusal.



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a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship; and as for myself, I would as soon think of going a  
voyage without my tooth brush as my bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." With ordinary care it does  
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afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to go down to the sea in ships.—I am Sir, yours  
faithfully, A. PURSER."

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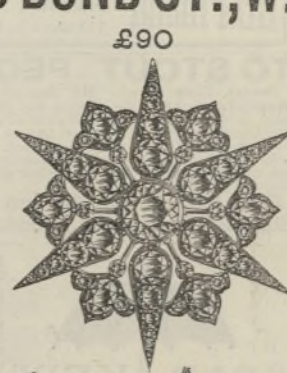
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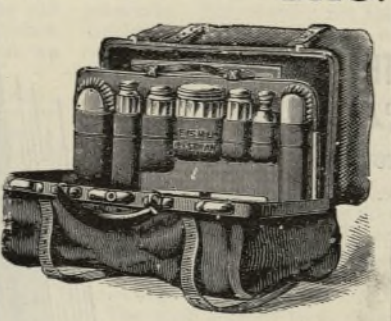
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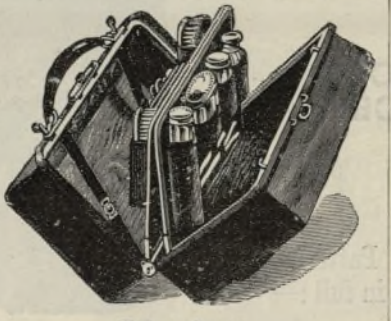
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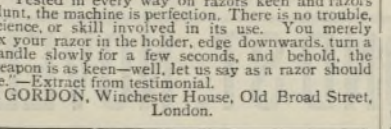
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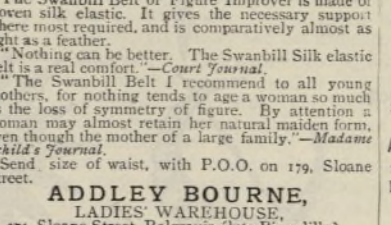
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