

THE GRAPHIC

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Sightseers Visiting the Fleet



THE FLEET ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHTS



1. Ball in the Town Hall to the Admirals and Officers—
The Mayor Receiving his Guests at the head of the
Grand Staircase

2. Joe Cox, of the *Agincourt*, singing "Tom Bowling," at
the Bluejackets' Dinner, St. George's Hall

3. Impromptu Bluejackets' Ball on Board the *Monarch*

4. In the Crypt of the Town Hall—The Middy who
prefers not to dance

VISIT OF THE CHANNEL FLEET TO LIVERPOOL

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE AT BIRMINGHAM.—It cannot be said that the world is much the wiser for the speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone at Birmingham. There were some sanguine folk who anticipated another of those startling "new departures" which have come to be associated with his curious personality. Wiser people, on the other hand, predicted that he would only afford further proof of his skill in the art of saying nothing in many words. If that was the real scope of his oratorical endeavour, it must be admitted that he acquitted himself with consummate success. Indeed, there might almost be said of his speeches what he himself said of Mr. Goschen's quintette of questions—that "those which are not pettifogging are stale, and these which are not stale are pettifogging." Every allowance should be made, however, for the position in which the great orator found himself. His party wire-pullers had decided, it is said, that cold water—or tepid, at all events—had best be poured on all burning questions, or further schisms would be sure to occur. Mr. Gladstone, accordingly, accommodated himself to his environments, and turning his back on such inviting topics as Scotch and Welsh Home Rule, Disestablishment, and the Land Question, let loose his mighty soul in a deluge of meaningless words. Meaningless, that is, to the uninitiated; the faithful found them, no doubt, as comforting as the name of Mesopotamia was to the old lady. For, while refusing to sound the trumpet for a general war on existing institutions, the old man eloquent contrived to convey to his hearers the inspiring conviction that this glorious time of scrimmage is only postponed. All things come to those who know how to wait; as soon as Ireland is launched in her own cock-boat, there will be plenty of leisure for reforms of all sorts. It is a tempting prospect, but might it not have been sketched in less time and at less length? After all, it is only an outline, as obscured as that of a London omnibus during one of the recent fogs. The vehicle might be full or empty, cleverly driven or the reverse, for all spectators could see. Their feeling was confined to instinctive dread of a smash.

ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—It cannot be said that Englishmen have received very enthusiastically Prince Bismarck's proposal that England and Germany should co-operate for the suppression of the Slave Trade. The Chancellor has convinced himself that the disasters of the German East African Company are due to this vile traffic; and no doubt there is some truth in this view, since the Arab slave-traders are well aware that there is nothing they have so much reason to dread as the development of legitimate industry and commerce. Prince Bismarck's account of the matter, however, does not express the whole truth. The Germans have had little experience as independent colonists, and all the evidence goes to show that in East Africa they have shown reckless disregard of native rights and customs. They have become, therefore, extremely unpopular, and in this country it is feared, not unreasonably, that by acting with the Germans we may get some share of the discredit which properly belongs to them alone. It is certain that this would have been the result of joint military action, but on Tuesday Lord Salisbury stated that joint military action had never been suggested. Prince Bismarck wished only that the two Powers should co-operate on sea. It would not have been easy for the English Government to reject this proposal, and some good may perhaps come of it if each country confines its operations strictly to the portion of the coast in which it is directly interested. This condition is absolutely essential, and Lord Salisbury will of course take care that it is duly complied with. We may congratulate ourselves that the scheme has the approval of France. She has not only granted to England and Germany the right of searching vessels running in East African waters under French colours, but is probable that she may even send a ship to take part in the work which is about to be begun. This will show that the enterprise is really an effort on the part of the civilised world to destroy one of the worst relics of barbarism.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Some time ago it was confidently asserted—but, perhaps, not by those best acquainted with the intricacies of American politics—that Mr. Cleveland was pretty sure to be chosen for a second term. Gradually, however, General Harrison's position improved, till shortly before the election the betting on the two candidates was nearly even. That General Harrison was alleged—perhaps unjustly—to be a weak candidate, does not count for much. Dark horses have before now been chosen for the Presidency just because they were dark horses, and, therefore, had fewer enemies, and sometimes their subsequent ability has agreeably surprised those who chose them. After all there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the Republican party should once more score a win, considering that they were continuously in office for a quarter of a century, that is, from the outbreak of the Civil War until the election of President Cleveland. During a large portion of that period the Democrats were kept out of office by the imputation of Copperheadism which attached to some members of the party. This is a topic on which there is no longer any

quarrel; it is buried in the tomb of Secession. The chief subject of difference between the great American parties at present is the tariff. Broadly speaking, the Republicans are Protectionists and the Democrats Free Traders (though of a very modified type), and Protection to Native Labour has carried the day. The capitious behaviour of the Cleveland Cabinet towards Lord Sackville probably exercised little practical effect, for, even if it pleased Irish voters, it no doubt displeased that large section of native-born Americans who incline to Know-Nothingism. As for the interest of this country in the election, it is enough to say at present that we have found the Republican party reasonable and fair-dealing when they were formerly in power, and there is no need to assume that they will abandon their ancient traditions.

THE RISE IN PRICES.—The success of the coal-strike would not perhaps have met with quite so much sympathy had the public discerned its ulterior effects. It was assumed that the pit owners would pay the additional ten per cent. wage out of their profits, and, as they so quickly submitted to the exaction, the inference was that they could well afford to do so. However that may be, it is quite certain that the loss will eventually fall upon the community at large. Not only has the price of coals advanced, but all goods for whose manufacture they are required must be made dearer. Pig iron, it is reported, has already made a start, while throughout the Midlands, the minds of manufacturers are calculating the difference which the increased price of fuel will make to them. And in all these cases, something more will be tacked on to the cost of production than would cover the ten per cent. advance in coals. Nor does the matter end with our internal trade. Steamships will have to charge a bit extra on freights, and this addition, we may depend upon it, will more than secure their owners against loss. It may be safely computed that, if the gain to the miners from this concession amounts, as is estimated, to 350,000*l.*, the total loss to consumers will not fall far short of a million sterling. In these unhappy industrial quarrels, it is always that unfortunate "Nunky," the public, who has to pay in the long run. For, when a strike is met by a lock-out, the poor relief charges of the district soon go up by leaps and bounds, and the ratepayers find their burdens sensibly increased. In the present instance, that Charybdis has been avoided, only to split upon the Scylla of an era of higher prices for all manufactured articles. And whenever that happens, food supplies almost invariably become dearer also, so that the owner of a fixed income is hit all round.

WILLIAM II.—The German Emperor's imprudent tirade against the Berlin Press would have done little harm if he had allowed it to remain in its original vagueness. Unfortunately, it was officially explained that he had intended to censure only the Liberal journals of the capital. Now, the Liberal journals never had the slightest inclination to say anything disrespectful about the Emperor Frederick III. On the contrary, they have always referred to him in terms of the warmest appreciation, whereas the so-called Conservative newspapers have adopted a wholly different tone. It appears, therefore, that what vexed and irritated William II. was not the bitterness which had been displayed with regard to the memory of his father. He was displeased simply by such references to the late Emperor as seemed to imply the existence of some doubt as to his own sympathies and tendencies. The incident has not helped to raise the young Emperor in the esteem of the most intelligent class of his subjects, but it may, perhaps, be of service if it suggests to him that even he, with all his power, is not above the necessity of acting with caution. It is noteworthy that the Liberal journals of Berlin replied to his accusations with vigour and spirit. During the reign of William I. they would not have ventured, nor would they have wished, to speak out so boldly. The old Emperor had so firm a hold of the affections of his people that if he had attacked the newspapers his charges would have called forth only the mildest of protests. His grandson has no such claim on the nation, and it may be hoped for his own sake, as well as for that of Germany, that he will profit by the lesson which has been so unexpectedly administered to him. Liberal ideas are reviving in the Empire, and an untried Sovereign may find it extremely unsafe to attempt to suppress them by methods which are altogether inapplicable to the conditions of the present age.

MR. PARNELL AND THE LAND LEAGUE.—It is a true, although commonplace, remark that even well-informed persons are very ignorant of recent past history; and, therefore, we recommend students of Irish politics to read carefully the account of the various ship-board interviews which took place between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon on the one hand, and a correspondent of the *New York Herald* on the other, an account of which, approved by the persons interviewed, appeared in that journal on January 2nd, 1880. Those conversations, possibly, may not disclose Mr. Parnell's real sentiments at that time; but, at all events, they indicate the views which he wished to impress on the Americans, who were then, it is admitted, somewhat apathetic about Irish agitation. The origin of the Land League is fully described. It was started by Mr. Davitt in April, 1879; but it would possibly never have attained its

subsequent power but for the disastrously wet summer which followed, and which prevented the poverty-stricken petty farmers of the West from earning their usual harvest-money in England. Mr. Parnell's avowed object in visiting America was to obtain money for the purpose of carrying on the agitation. "There are numbers of talented young men in Ireland," he says, "who would undertake the task if they had but their expenses paid." Further on he hints at the terrorism which was about to be developed, but was then only in embryo. "It is cowardly and wrong for a few tenants to violate the wishes of the majority who refuse to pay an unfair rent. A social revolution cannot be made with kid gloves. A certain amount of pressure, often of an unpleasant character, must be brought to bear on those who are weak and cowardly." Finally, Mr. Parnell, as regards pecuniary obligations, draws a distinction between the shop-keeper (gombeen-man included) and the landlord. "The shop-keeper has furnished the tenant with the necessities of life, and should be paid; the landlord has only furnished land, and, if the land has not earned half a living, he must bear his share of the loss." These plausible doctrines, eloquently expounded by scores of orators to a distressful peasantry, fanned the flame of revolution; and a fresh impetus was supplied by the advent to power, in April, 1880, of the Gladstone Ministry, who adopted the foolish axiom that "force is no remedy," and, therefore, until they were terrified by the Phoenix Park murders two years later, did little or nothing to stem the torrent of lawlessness and outrage.

FAMINE IN INDIA.—Lord Lansdowne has a far worse prospect before him in India than any he need fear from Mr. William O'Brien's exhortations to the ryots. There are unmistakeable signs that the cry of famine will shortly be heard in many parts of the vast peninsula. Orissa, always liable to these visitations, is already suffering severely, and half-a-dozen other provinces will soon be in similar case. Yet, no doubt, even if the worst comes to the worst, there will be an ample food-supply in India for all, if it can only be made available. It is not the actual want of food so much as the want of money for its purchase that causes famine. The ryot's crops are, as a rule, pawned up to the hilt to the native usurer. When the harvest is gathered in, Shylock repays himself his advances, with liberal interest added, and sets up the ryot again with another loan for seed and maintenance. And thus matters go on, year after year, until the evil day comes when there is no harvest. Then, of course, the money-lender refuses further accommodation, and the farmer and his family are left to die or live as Kismet wills. With people thus circumstanced, railways for the conveyance of supplies to famine-stricken districts can do little good by themselves. To supplement their services it is necessary to start relief works, where the starving people may earn sufficient for the purchase of the imported food. Nor is it difficult, in a country like India, to devise relief works of permanent utility and profitability—provided, that is, they are thought out and carefully planned beforehand. In the last famine an attempt of the sort was made; but, owing to hurry and general blundering, far more harm than good resulted. The Famine Insurance Fund which was established in Lord Lytton's time amid such a flourish of trumpets—what has become of it? The yearly proceeds were, if we remember rightly, diverted after a time to the construction of "reproductive works," instead of being invested in Indian paper. That is a pity: the fund would come in usefully now.

THE ADJOURNED SESSION.—Members of Parliament came back to their work on Tuesday very unwillingly, and the country would certainly not have been sorry if it had been possible for them to remain at home. The work to be done does not at first sight seem very exciting. The chief part of it is the completion of Supply, and in ordinary times this would be effected without serious difficulty. Apparently, however, Mr. Gladstone and his followers are not in a mood to allow even the necessary business of the nation to be transacted quietly. They are elated by the success of the demonstration at Birmingham, and hope to be able to snatch some advantage from the discussions in which they will compel the Government to take part. In his speech on Monday Mr. Gladstone warned his opponents that the questions relating to the case of Mr. Mandeville would be raised "in the proper place" and we may readily guess what that means. But even this dispute will probably occasion less loss of time and temper than the Bill which the Government propose to introduce for the encouragement of the operations that have been going on under Lord Ashbourne's Act of 1885. A considerable number of Irish tenants have taken advantage of the facilities afforded by this Act for the purchase of their farms, and the Government desire that a moderate sum may be advanced to enable others to follow their example. The measure will be hotly resisted; but, as it will have the support of all the Conservatives and of the main body of the Liberal Unionists, there is no reason to doubt that it will become law. It is certain that there can never be enduring peace in Ireland so long as the land system of the country is based on the principle of dual ownership. The development of the scheme embodied in Lord Ashbourne's Act will not bring that system to an end; but it may take us considerably nearer the goal towards which, not so very long ago, English politicians of all parties seemed

anxious to advance. By opposing the new Bill the Gladstonians will expose themselves to the charge of being less anxious to pacify the Irish than to maintain grievances which are of service to them in the agitation for Home Rule.

LORD SACKVILLE'S RECALL.—Whatever may have been the behaviour of other people in connection with this regrettable incident, the published correspondence shows that Lord Salisbury acted with the forbearance and good sense which might have been expected from him. It seems that the American Government professed to be wroth with Lord Sackville, not because he wrote the famous "Murchison" letter, but because, in two subsequent interviews with a newspaper reporter, he had imputed discreditable motives to President Cleveland and the Senate. Lord Salisbury naturally asked for a precise statement of this accusation before taking action in the matter, but Mr. Bayard was in far too desperate a hurry to wait for such a trifle as this. His immediate object was to prove to the all-important Irish voters that the Clevelanders were quite as resentful of "British dictation" as the Harrisonians, and so he promptly sent our Ambassador his passports. In a few days the volatile Americans, immersed in the election-turmoil, had forgotten all about poor Sackville the scapegoat. His indiscretion had served its purpose, and he might safely be relegated to obscurity. On this side of the Atlantic, however, memories are rather more tenacious, and, despite the various lame apologies which have been put forth on behalf of the American Government, few right-thinking men, even in the United States, will deny that, in order to snatch a partisan advantage, they behaved in a very mean and shabby manner. This Sackville incident, it should be borne in mind, is merely a corollary to the denunciation of the Fisheries Treaty, and the moral of the two affairs is that diplomatic intercourse with Democracies is much more difficult than with Monarchies.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.—London householders are being made aware that another School Board contest is at hand by having printed addresses from candidates dropped into their letter-boxes. Except for this source of excitement and—sometimes—irritation, metropolitan society presents its normal aspect. Yet, on the present occasion, the issue at stake is of considerable importance, and not very difficult to understand. It is whether the economical policy which has swayed the Board during the last three years, or the more ambitious policy of the previous Boards, shall be given a term of power. There are, no doubt, a variety of side-issues, including the establishment of free schooling, the elimination of voluntary schools, and the increase of technical instruction. But it is on the money question that the battle will be mainly fought, and here the present Board has an immense advantage, in being able to point to a reduction of the school rate since it came into office. It is also able to make a good show in the companion matter of efficiency, the official reports proving that the general educational standard is higher than it ever was. On the whole, the ratepayers appear to have made a good bargain when they exchanged old lamps for new in 1885, and it will be as odd as ungrateful if they cancel that decision. For that is practically what they are asked to do, and the public may well feel puzzled to understand how the Duke of Westminster came to join the Buxton Committee. His Grace now explains that this was consequent upon a misapprehension, and that all along he really favoured the programme of the Diggle Committee; in other words, that he inadvertently strayed into the camp of the enemy in the belief that it belonged to a friendly army. Less illustrious people should fall into this ducal mistake, it may be as well to state that Diggle represents the watchword of the present Board; Buxton that of the one which was turned out for extravagance three years ago.

PRJEVALSKY.—Every one interested in records of travel must have been sorry to hear of the death of General Prjevalsky, the great Russian explorer. No traveller of our time has done better or more daring work. He was to some extent the successor of Marco Polo, on whose track he often found himself in the course of his wanderings. In his first important journey, which lasted three years, he traversed Mongolia, the Tangut country, and the solitudes of Northern Tibet. There are few more fascinating books of travel than the work in which he recorded the results of this memorable expedition. It not only contains much information interesting to naturalists, but is full of vivid sketches of strange tribes and wild scenery; and no one who reads it can fail to admire the indomitable spirit that enabled the traveller to triumph over all the formidable difficulties that came in his way. Hardly less powerful is his "From Kulja, across the Tian Shan to Lob Nor," in which he describes the second of his great tours. Both of these works have been translated by Mr. Delmar Morgan, and should be familiar to all who are attracted by the study of geography, ethnography, and anthropology. His later journeys, although also remarkable, were not so fruitful of results as those by which he established his fame. He was most anxious to visit Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, but died before it was possible for him to accomplish his purpose. By his death Russia has lost not only an illustrious traveller but a fervent patriot. In his explorations he never forgot the interests of his country, and it is probable that if he had lived some years longer his well-known hostility to

the Chinese Government would have exercised considerable influence on Russian policy in the remote East.

VACCINATION.—As there are a good many people nowadays who believe that vaccination is both useless and hurtful, it was just as well that the House of Commons should discuss the subject as it did last Tuesday. It is one thing to circulate pamphlets whose statements are wont to appear to their disseminators unanswerable, because nobody takes the trouble to answer them; and quite another thing to make such assertions in a Parliamentary debate with the risk of having one's alleged "facts" pulverised by the next speaker. We decline here to reopen the question as to the advisability of vaccination; we might as usefully spend our space in arguing whether the world is round or flat; but it does not follow that the method of performing the operation may not be susceptible of improvement. Still it is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Ritchie, who speaks under the burden of official responsibility, and who can be influenced by no personal bias in the matter, that no properly-authenticated proof of the transmission of serious disease by vaccination has ever yet been given. We are glad, by the way, to find that Dr. Tanner, with whom we are compelled to differ on some subjects, is sound concerning vaccination, and uttered words of good sense about it. He said: "It would be a very terrible thing if the anti-vaccination doctrines were to spread." Some may reply, "Look at Leicester." Is it not possible, however, that Leicester owes her immunity to her admirable system of isolation and removal, which answers well enough while the small-pox virus is in a dormant condition? But suppose the disease were to become as rife as it was in London in 1872, might not Leicester then suffer as seriously as Quebec suffered a few years ago?



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS OF ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS' GALLERY, SHAKESPEARE GALLERY, and the SAVOY GALLERY, see page 496.

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Sixteen Sketches by W. RALSTON, illustrating

"FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY"

By TOM HOOD.

Nine Sketches by MARIE, of

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SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

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Six Sketches by Captain PENROSE.

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Thirteen Sketches by "MARS," after Miss EMILY LEES.

"MARRIED MY WIFE ON SUNDAY."

Married my wife on Sunday:

Took her home on Monday:

We both fell out on Tuesday:

Bought a stick on Wednesday:

Beate her well on Thursday:

Wife fell sick on Friday:

Ryght glad was I by Saturday night

To kiss and make friends on Sunday.

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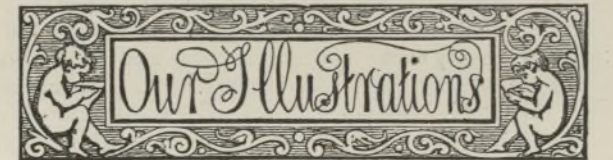
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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A TRIP TO BRIGHTON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO," written by Joseph Grego



THE CHANNEL FLEET AT LIVERPOOL

THE visit of the Channel Fleet to Liverpool at the end of last month aroused great interest and enthusiasm. A whole fleet of steamers was kept busy in carrying sightseers to and from the men-of-war. Many of these sightseers were brought by special railway trips from distant places for the express purpose of seeing the ships. Besides those who went on board the men-of-war and swarmed to the number of ten or twelve thousand over the vessels, the Tranmere, New Ferry, and Eastham steamers were continuously crowded with people who merely wished to get exterior views of the ships. At night, when the Fleet was illuminated by electric lights, the George's Landing Stage was literally packed with thousands of men, women, and children. The lights of the *Monarch* and *Agincourt* were especially fine, and, when the focus was enlarged, the beautiful dawn-like rays had a charming effect on the water. During the stay of the Fleet there were, of course, numerous festivities; an *impromptu* ball was given on board the *Monarch*, while in return the Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. T. W. Oakshott) gave a brilliant ball at the Town Hall. Some 1,300 guests were present, among whom were nearly all the officers of the Channel Fleet. A still more interesting, because less stereotyped entertainment, was the dinner (given by subscription) at St. George's Hall to some 1,100 of the petty officers, non-commissioned officers, Blue-jackets, and marines of the Fleet. The Mayor presided over the feast, and there was a great deal of convivial singing, such as sailors (and landsmen also) love.

ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," VII.

A CAUTION TO THE GUIDES OF ALEXANDRIA

As at many other places where sightseers are in the habit of arriving in large numbers, the local guide at Alexandria is very prevalent and very persistent. He does not care in the least to study the visitor's wishes. The visitor may prefer, as soon as he is landed, to ramble idly round the thoroughfares, to observe street-life, to watch the busy stream of Oriental humanity at its daily vocations,



A group of these importunate pests—for which Alexandria is famed—confronted us in the square as we landed



And in spite of our reiterated refusals to accept their services, one of them persisted in preceding us



But at last finding we were inflexible, he profited by our pausing to look at a shop to assemble a crowd around us, and demanded money for guiding us thither



We were extremely frightened, when fortunately a gentleman (a British tourist) forced his way through the mob, accompanied by a policeman

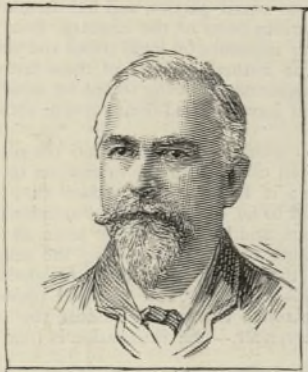


And our persecutor was led off in custody

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA"—VII., A WARNING TO GUIDES
AT ALEXANDRIA

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. W. MCQUEEN
Commanding the Black Mountain Expedition



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. GALBRAITH
Commanding and Brigade Black Mountain Expedition



BLACK MOUNTAIN—NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS FORDING THE RIVER SIRUN



OUR DOCTOR AND OUR SENIOR SUBALTERN—
"WHO WILL GET TO THE TOP OF THE
BLACK MOUNTAIN FIRST?"



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN FROM OGIH OUTPOST



BLACK MOUNTAIN—HAVING A CAM-
PAIGN CLIP



BLACK MOUNTAIN—THE VILLAGE OF KOTKAI, LOOKING NORTH

The arrow on the left indicates a rocky ridge on the right bank of the Indus, whence the enemy's sharpshooters kept up a fire. The arrow on the right indicates the course of the River Indus. The cross on the right marks the spot where Colonel Crookshank was wounded.

CAPTAIN C. BURN
A.D.C. to General McQueen



SIKKIM—TAKING OF THE TUKOLA HILL BY THE GOORKHAS AND PIONEERS



SIKKIM—GENERAL VIEW OF THE RETREAT OF THE ENEMY FROM THE WALLS ON
THE TUKOLA RIDGE

NOTES IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN AND SIKKIM CAMPAIGNS, NORTHERN INDIA

to twine in and out of the tortuous labyrinths among the brightly-garbed people. But such a self-dependent tour as this does not at all suit the local guide, for if every visitor acted thus, where would his *backsheesh* be? So he forces his attentions on you, and insists on being hired. Sometimes, as in the case of the ladies depicted in Mr. Horwood's sketches, his attentions are so urgent and troublesome that he is finally taken into custody by the Alexandrian police.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN AND THE SIKKIM EXPEDITIONS

OUR sketches are from various officers accompanying these two expeditions. The first relates to the advance of the Hazara Field Force, as the Black Mountain Expedition is termed, and represents the Northumberland Fusiliers crossing the Indus at Sirum on September 25th, where one of "ours" took an involuntary header. Next we have two humorous incidents, a native barber operating upon a British officer, and a colloquy between the doctor and senior subaltern of the regiment as to who is likely to be the first to reach the summit of the range. Oghi, where we have maintained an outpost for some time past, is the place whence the Expedition started, and our sketch shows a view of the Black Mountain which is obtained from there. On the left is the fort and village of the Khan of Agior: in the foreground of the rear-guard of the Northumberland Fusiliers. The village of Kotkai was occupied by the brigade under General Galbraith on Oct. 4th, after a sharp engagement some two miles below, in which the late Colonel Crookshank received the wounds from which he subsequently died. The hill on which Kotkai stands lies on the Indus between mountain spurs, about fifteen miles north of Darband, and is a mass of rocks, as may be seen in our sketch, which is taken from a bivouac of the 34th Pioneers. Of the three portraits shown on the page, Brigadier-General J. W. McQueen is in command of the Expedition. He is an old Indian officer, having served throughout the Indian Mutiny, and in various subsequent campaigns in the Peninsula. Brigadier-General Galbraith is in command of the Second Brigade of the Expedition, which has done such good service in the present campaign. These, together with the portrait of Captain Burn, are from photographs by Bourne and Shepherd, Talbot House, Simla. Our two sketches of the Sikkim Expedition show the successful attack on the Tukola hill. In the larger a general view is given of the retreat of the Tibetans from their walls on the Tukola ridge, during the main attack on their stronghold by General Graham. "Our men," writes the officer, "the 32nd, and the Goorkhas, have just occupied the walls, and are pouring a frightful fire upon the retreating enemy. The sketch is taken from the Tukola Hill, which was the right of the enemy's position, and which was taken by the Goorkhas and some of the Pioneers. The hills on the horizon are the Minla ridge. On the road a line of 72 bodies were buried to-day (Sept. 29). The total losses of the enemy could not have been less than 400 killed and 800 or 900 wounded, besides about 120 prisoners. The smaller sketch shows the actual taking of the Tukola Hill Sangha, or stone redoubt, by the Goorkhas and Pioneers. The troops engaged were four mountain battery guns, under Major Keith; three companies of the Derbyshire Regiment, under Colonel McCleverty; and six companies, second battalion 21st Goorkhas, under Colonel Rogers. Three companies of the 32nd Pioneers, under Colonel Sir B. Bromhead, came up the road below, and it is a portion of one of these companies, under Lieut. Holland, which is shown in the smaller sketch."

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

THE interest of the idle sensation-loving public, which had flagged considerably during the Attorney-General's exhaustive (and exhausting) speech, was revived on the 31st ult., when it was announced that Captain O'Shea, having urgent business to attend to in Spain, was about to be put in the box at once. The gallant Captain comported himself with extreme *sang-froid* under the fire of a searching cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell. After he had retired, Head Constable Irwin, who had given some evidence on the previous day with respect to speeches delivered at League meetings, was recalled, and examined by Mr. Murphy, Q.C., who is one of the counsel representing the *Times*. Further particulars of the proceedings will be found in our "Legal" column.

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND

STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND, the twenty-second President of the United States, who has just failed to be re-elected for a second term, was born at Caldwell, New Jersey, March 18th, 1837. His father, the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, was a Presbyterian Minister, whose wife bore him nine children, of whom Grover was the fifth. His education was of a very desultory character, as his parents moved about from place to place, and after his father's death, in 1853, he was obliged to aid in the support of the family. Finally, by the recommendation of an uncle, Mr. Lewis F. Allen, he entered the office of Messrs. Rogers, Bowen, and Rogers, at Buffalo, as a law student, and afterwards became their confidential clerk. After a successful law practice of several years, he was successively appointed Assistant District Attorney and Sheriff of Erie County. In 1881 he was elected Mayor of Buffalo, and in 1883 he was chosen (on the Democratic ticket) Governor of New York State. The noted success of his administration, both as Mayor and Governor, made him the popular candidate for President before the National Democratic Convention, held at Chicago 1884, and in the following November election he defeated Mr. James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate, receiving 219 electoral votes out of a total of 401. Last June he was again chosen by the Convention, but, as observed above, succumbed to General Harrison. In June, 1886, Mr. Cleveland married Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of an old friend and law partner.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Sarony, 37, Union Square, New York.

GENERAL HARRISON

THE Hon. Benjamin Harrison, who has just been elected President of the United States, is the son of Mr. John Scott Harrison, and grandson of General William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States. He was born August 20th, 1833, at the home of his grandfather, North Bend, Ohio. He was educated at Cary's Academy, near Cincinnati, and at the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He next studied law for two years in Cincinnati. In October, 1853, before reaching his majority, he married Miss Carrie L. Scott, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Scott, of Oxford, Ohio, by whom he has a son and daughter, both married. General Harrison removed to Indianapolis in 1854, and in 1856 began to take an active part in politics as a Republican speaker. In 1860 he was elected Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana for four years, and in the same year became a law partner of the Hon. W. P. Fishback. When the Civil War broke out, he obtained a Colonel's commission, and served with credit until the close of the struggle, returning home a brevet Brigadier-General. In 1864 he was re-elected Reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court, and became a member of the firm of Porter, Harrison, and Fishback. In 1876 he was the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Indiana, but failed to secure his election. Between 1881 and 1887 he served his six years' term as Senator.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Sherman and M'Hugh, 11, East Forty-Second Street, New York.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT THE VATICAN

OUR illustration represents a water-colour drawing of Professor Belisario Gioja, which was presented through the German Ambas-

sador to the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of his recent visit to Rome. It represents the Pope, Leo XIII., receiving the late Emperor Frederick (when German Crown Prince) in his private cabinet in the Vatican, on December 18th, 1883. The Emperor returned thanks for the gift, and, in return, made the artist a present of a very costly ring.—Our illustration is from a photograph forwarded to us by Mr. Henry Cumming.

THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

MR. ALDERMAN WHITEHEAD, the new Lord Mayor, of Highfield House, Catford Bridge, Kent, is the youngest son of the late Mr. James Whitehead, of Appleby, Cumberland. He was born in 1834, was educated at the Appleby Grammar School, and early in life entered into what is known as the Bradford trade, coming to London in 1860. He met with exceptional success, and was enabled to retire from business in 1881. In 1882, on the death of Mr. Alderman Breffit, he was returned without a contest for the Ward of Cheap. As an Alderman he has shown both assiduity and ability in the discharge of his magisterial and other duties. In 1884-5 he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. In politics Mr. Whitehead is an advanced Liberal, but hitherto he has been unsuccessful in obtaining a seat in Parliament. He is an ardent educationalist, and has travelled extensively. In 1860 he married Mercy Matilda, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hinds, of Bank House, St. Neot's. By this lady he has a family of four sons and two daughters.

MR. ALDERMAN EDWARD JAMES GRAY, the Senior Sheriff, was born in 1826, at Stockton-on-Tees, where his father was Head Master of the Grammar School. He was educated at the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, and on leaving school entered the service of a Colonial broker in Mincing Lane. In that busy street he has carried on his business ever since, being now the senior partner in the firm of Anderson, Fairley, and Gray. In 1881 he was elected to the Court of Aldermen as one of the representatives of Tower Ward, and two years later, on the death of Mr. Alderman Finnis, he was elevated to the magisterial bench. He has never taken an active part in politics. He lives at the Hermitage, Snarebrook.

MR. ARTHUR JAMES NEWTON, the Junior Sheriff, was born at Hull in 1849. After being educated at a school in the locality, his commercial career began at Burton-on-Trent, with which town he has been connected ever since. Later, he joined his brother, the late Captain Newton, in a shipowning business, which was thenceforward extended from Hull to London. Besides his business as a shipowner, Mr. Newton is engaged in many commercial enterprises. His wife was a Miss Watson, of Mitcham, and he lives at Northwood, Chislehurst.

The foregoing biographies are condensed from the *City Press*. It will be observed that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are all North-country-born.—Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.; Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray, by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street; Mr. Sheriff Newton, by Adèle, I, Wallfischgasse 2, Vienna.

THE VISIT OF H.M.S. "RUBY" TO STATEN ISLAND, TIERRA DEL FUEGO

THIS vessel recently visited that remote corner of South America, where Captain Allen Gardiner, the pioneer of missionary enterprise in that region, died a lingering death from starvation, together with six fellow-labourers, in September, 1851. Gardiner would have rejoiced to see the progress which has been made since his time. On June 23rd last year the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated with enthusiasm by the missionaries of the South American Missionary Society, by the native converts, and by the Argentine Governor, officers, and men at Ooshooia, which is not far from the humble sea-girt cemetery where repose the remains of these Seven Champions of Christendom. The inscription on the rocks shown in the middle sketch is thus alluded to in Captain Gardiner's diary, which was afterwards found beside his dead body:—"March 27th (1851). We went on shore to complete the paintings on the rocks, and otherwise notify the place of our destination." It proved to be the place of their death and burial. The engravings on either side suggest more cheerful thoughts. The Orphanage shelters many little Fuegians deprived of their parents. Here they are taught useful work, and instructed also in higher matters. A strange contrast from thirty years ago, when Bishop Stirling stood alone at that "end of the earth," a shepherd for Christ among dangerous savages. The right-hand sketch represents a group of native Fuegians, clothed, capable of industrial labour for themselves and others, and instructed in the principles of the Christian faith in church, week-day, and Sunday schools. Charles Darwin once said, "All the missionaries in the world could do these inhuman creatures no good." He lived to rejoice that he was wrong in this opinion, and became a liberal subscriber to the Society's funds. This missionary station has also claims on lower grounds, inasmuch as it forms a place of refuge for mariners shipwrecked in the vicinity of Cape Horn. The Italian Antarctic Expedition was thus rescued from death, and the King of Italy handsomely acknowledged the obligation.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Herbert Canton, Surgeon R.N.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES' OWN GRENADIER REGIMENT"

THIS regiment—technically known as the Second (Prince of Wales' Own) Regiment of Bombay Grenadiers—celebrated its centenary of service at Poona, on September 18th, by a grand ball. This regiment was raised at Bombay in 1788, and served its first campaign in Egypt. It was present at the Battle of Kirkee, in 1817, which led up to the surrender of the Peishwa, and in the same year a detachment of 900 men, under Captain Staunton, held its own against 30,000 men under the Peishwa, and finally beat off the enemy. A column was subsequently erected to commemorate this gallant action, which the inscription truly terms "one of the proudest triumphs of the British Army in the East." The regiment has also served in Persia, and, in later years, in Abyssinia and in the Bolan Campaign of 1833. Her Majesty appointed the Prince of Wales honorary colonel to the regiment in 1876, and bestowed on it the title of "The Prince of Wales' Own." Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. A. G. Hudson, and represents an allegorical group which had been formed in the ball-room. On a stage was arranged a trophy consisting of a pile of drums, surmounted by the drum-major's *bâton* and belt, and flanked by the regimental colours, while below was a curious brass Cross engraved with the story of the Crucifixion, which was captured at Magdala, and presented by Lord Napier to the officers' mess in recognition of the services of the regiment in that campaign. On one side of this trophy were two sepoy dressed in the correct uniform of 1788, consisting of a red coat, with white dhoty, and native shoes, the head dress being similar to those in contemporary pictures. These men were armed with old flint-lock muskets, and the havildar in charge carried a halberd. On the other side were two sepoy dressed in the very latest pattern of khaki uniform. The figures were excellent, and were even mistaken for waxwork by an officer of the garrison, until he was undeceived by a yawn on the part of one of the men.

SURRENDERING ONE OF DINIZULU'S STRONG-HOLDS

AFTER Dinizulu had fled from Zululand, a large portion of his followers broke up into small parties, and hid themselves away in cave strongholds in various parts of the country, from which they could make raids with impunity on loyal tribes and small detached parties of troops. The natural strength of these fastnesses encouraged them in their lawlessness, but the troops by rapid movements and frequent surprises have effected their capture with remarkably little loss.

The attacking party would usually surround the place by night, and at daylight send an officer with an interpreter to summon the inmates to surrender; it frequently happened that these replied with a volley and had to be driven out, but occasionally they saw the futility of resistance, and laid down their arms, as shown in our sketch. There a Basuto orderly is directing the rebels where to place their arms as they file out of the stronghold, while the Tyokobese chief (Tyokobese lit. "cow-tail-head plume," the distinctive badge of Dinizulu's adherents) salutes the white officer superintending the surrender.—Our illustration is from a sketch by an eye-witness.

"A TRIP TO BRIGHTON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO"

See pp. 497 et seqq.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 501.

CROSSING THE ST. GOTHARD BY DILIGENCE

OUR illustration is from a picture by the well-known Swiss animal painter Rudolf Koller, which has been painted by him for presentation by the Swiss North Eastern Railway Company to Dr. Alfred Escher, who for some years had been President of the Company, and who gave up that post in order to devote himself to the great scheme of the St. Gothard Tunnel. Indeed, it is in a great measure to him that Switzerland owes this magnificent work, as his energy did much to raise the necessary funds from the two countries which were thus to be connected by the iron way. In the painting Herr Koller has shown how travellers were wont to traverse the pass before the tunnel was pierced, and has depicted an incident which occurred during the last journey made by the mail-coach. The horses are galloping down the steep descent towards Airolo, and have disturbed a peacefully homeward-bound herd of cattle. The frightened animals are dispersed in all directions, except one young creature, which, unable to get out of the way, is rushing wildly in front of the horses, so that the driver has to exercise all his strength and cunning to prevent an accident.

"KING WILLIAM III. LANDING AT MARGATE, 1697"

THE original of this engraving is in the Hampton Court collection, and was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The incident depicted is the landing of the King at Margate after the Peace of Ryswick, and it is treated in the conventional allegorical style which to us seems so uninteresting, but which suited the taste of that day. The King is represented in armour, on a white horse, which tramples on the emblems of War, including a flaming torch. Above are Mercury and Peace supporting the King's helmet decorated with a wreath, while Cupid holds a scroll, and Neptune, with attendants, welcomes the Monarch to British ground. In front, Plenty, with her cornucopia, offers a branch of olives, and Flora a gift of flowers. Mrs. Barry and another actress sat for the two emblematic figures in the foreground.

NOTE.—Our engraving of the new statue of Lord Shaftesbury in Westminster Abbey, published in a recent issue, was from a photograph by H. N. King, 4, Avenue Road, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.—In a review of "The Book of the Lantern," on page 506, seventeen lines from the bottom, the word "defective" should be "detective."



ON Tuesday Parliament reassembled for the Autumn Session in circumstances unprecedented in history. In all ordinary times the meeting of Parliament is an event the importance of which obscures all other incidents of the day. This is even more especially the case in respect of Autumn Sessions, which hitherto have never been summoned save at grave political crises. The present Autumn Session differs from its predecessors, inasmuch that it has been summoned ostensibly for no other reason than to complete the voting of Supply. That is a prosaic business not calculated to concentrate excited public interest. Beyond this there are the counter-attractions of the Parnell Commission and the great political gathering at Birmingham under the banner of Mr. Gladstone.

In such circumstances, and with such surroundings, the Autumn Session came in like a lamb. There was not even the barren ceremony of a Royal Commission. Lords and Commons met at the usual hour, and forthwith got to business just as if they had adjourned on the previous night. Interest, as far as it was manifested, concentrated in the House of Lords. Within a brief period of the meeting of Parliament two clouds had risen on the horizon of Foreign Affairs. In one the British Minister accredited to a friendly State had been dismissed in circumstances not unattended with contumely. In the other there was rumour of an alliance entered into with Germany for a purpose which, in common report, had been magnified into an invasion of Central Africa from the coast of Zanzibar. It was expected that Lord Salisbury would make statements upon both these points, and when the Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolsack the attendance of Peers more than equalled the average gathering, and all over the House rose the buzz of eager conversation.

Lord Salisbury was promptly in his place, and found himself in company with some half-dozen of his colleagues in the Ministry. The first business in the House of Lords is the saying of prayers—a ceremony conducted with closed doors. With their excellent gift of despatching public business, the Lords scramble through their prayers more quickly even than do the Commons, and within the space of five minutes the doors are flung open to the waiting public. On Tuesday Lord Granville neglected the opportunity of attending prayers, and was not in his place when the service was finished and temporal affairs took their turn. Not a single peer sat on the Front Opposition Bench, by the end of which hovered Lord Denman, holding in his hand the draft of a Bill which he had drawn up during the Recess, and was anxious at the earliest opportunity to submit to their lordships. Fortunately for Lord Granville the Earl of Harrowby had arranged with himself to put a question respecting the operations contemplated against Zanzibar. Had the question been put in the strictly limited manner customary in the House of Commons, Lord Granville would have been left out in the cold, not reaching his seat till the episode had closed. But in the Lords a member rising to ask a question may launch forth into speech, and of this privilege Lord Harrowby fully availed himself. He delivered quite a discourse on affairs in Zanzibar, Lord Granville arriving just as he was concluding his remarks. After him came

the Bishop of Carlisle as the spokesman of the missionaries, and then Lord Salisbury rose to make the statement anxiously awaited.

The Premier is, above all things, a man of business, and though on occasions like this he is avowedly addressing the House of Lords, he knows that his real audience is outside, approached only through the Press Gallery. Experience has taught him that if he were to take the ordinary course of facing the audience he is supposed to address, he would run the great risk of not being heard in the Press Gallery, and therefore not being reported. Accordingly, the noble Marquis, turning his back plump on the Bishop of Carlisle, taking no notice of Lord Granville sitting opposite with hand to ear intently listening, and turning the right shoulder to Lord Harrowby, lifted his head, and, speaking right up to the Press Gallery, made his statement in that exquisitely phrased and lucid style of which he is master. It was true, he said, that Her Majesty's Government, accepting the invitation of Germany, had promised to join in a blockade of the coast of Zanzibar with the object of preventing the importation of arms and the exportation of slaves. But there was to be no military movement, no marching into the interior. In fact, England was doing nothing more than had been its custom on the African Coast for many years past. The only difference was, that it would now work in conjunction with Germany, whilst France, in addition to granting the right of search, hitherto denied, would probably send a ship to assist in the blockade. The other point on which a statement from Lord Salisbury was looked for related to the dismissal of Lord Sackville, the British Minister at Washington. But this was delayed till promised papers had been circulated, and their lordships, thus early wearied of unaccustomed November work, adjourned till Tuesday next.

The House of Commons, depleted by the exodus to Birmingham, presented an appearance most promising for the transaction of the business of the evening, which was voting Supply. "The fewer members present the more votes passed" is an axiom well known at the Treasury. Sir William Harcourt occupied the seat of the Leader of the Opposition, having Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Arnold Morley for sole companions till they were joined by Sir Charles Russell fresh from his labours in the Probate Court. Mr. Chamberlain was on his way to America on a new, not less interesting, and, every one will hope, a more happily ending mission than that which took him there in the spring. Neither Lord Hartington nor Sir Henry James put in an appearance. But Lord Randolph Churchill was there, probably by way of answer to reports sedulously circulated of his approximate retirement from public life, owing to ill-health. He seemed well enough, and tugged at his moustache with all his old vigour.

There were no questions on the paper, and no reference was made to the two burning questions of foreign policy elucidated in the other House. It was settled that the restored energies of the House should be devoted to Supply, the whole of the week being given to the English Civil Service Estimates, the Scotch and Irish votes being postponed till next week. This sufficed to give character to the week's proceedings. When the Irish votes are reached, wigs will, of course, be on the green. There is also threatened a battle-royal on the Navy Estimates, when Lord Charles Beresford intends to make a fresh assault upon his old colleagues at the Admiralty. Next week, too, Mr. Gladstone and his bodyguard will be back, fresh from their triumphs at Birmingham. In the mean while, through the week the House of Commons, about half-filled, has plodded steadily on, making very little noise, but accomplishing a fair spell of work.



POLITICAL.—Great pains had been taken to make Mr. Gladstone's visit to Birmingham a success, and so far as numbers and enthusiasm went it proved one. The hero of the occasion made every effort to reward the exertions of his admirers. On Monday he delivered in the Town Hall an oration which filled nearly a page of the *Times*. On Tuesday he made three speeches, one of which, however, was non-political. On Wednesday he made another great oratorical display, addressing, for nearly two hours, an audience crowding Bingley Hall, which is estimated to hold 18,000 people. In Monday's speech he criticised, in his usual style, the administrative and legislative policy of the Government, treating the Liberal Unionists with special acerbity. Rather novel was the earnestness with which he advocated the principle of "one man one vote," and he endeavoured to prove by figures that if the principle had been embodied in our electoral system he would have had a majority at the last general election. In the political portions of his oratory on Tuesday the most noticeable passage was that contained in a speech to Birmingham working men, in which he referred to the non-payment of members of Parliament as a hindrance to the direct representation of labour in the legislature, and hinted that he would like to see some feasible scheme broached which would facilitate the admission into Parliament of working men at present excluded from the lack of pecuniary means. The absence of novelty was most conspicuous in his elaborate speech of Wednesday, since, although it is almost impossible for any ingenuity to invent new arguments and illustrations for the discussion of the Irish Question, it had been hoped that Mr. Gladstone would formulate a grand programme of general policy. The audience, however, were quite content to be moved to intense enthusiasm by the speaker's denunciations, more animated than ever, of the Government and the Liberal Unionists. —On Wednesday, at a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool, Lord Derby adduced reasons for his belief that the prospects of peace on the Continent are not so unfavourable as they are generally supposed to be. —Addressing a Gladstonian gathering at Wolverhampton, Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., pronounced Mr. Balfour to be a man of rare culture and power, but profoundly ignorant of the condition and national needs of the people of Ireland. —Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, ex-Governor of Madras, opened the Winter Session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution with an address on "Madras and Southern India," in the course of which he bore personal testimony to the satisfaction of the respectable portion of the native community with the machinery of the Government, and said that what they really and chiefly cared about was the improvement of their material condition. —Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster (U) is being opposed at Dewsbury by Mr. Mark Oldroyd (G), the candidate selected by the local Caucus, and a large employer of labour in the district. —Mr. Stormonth Darling, Solicitor-General for Scotland, has been elected (unopposed) member for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN sailed on Saturday for the United States, where, at Washington, he will marry Miss Mary Endicott, only daughter of Mr. Endicott, Secretary of War in President Cleveland's Government, returning to England with his bride shortly before Christmas.

IN THE PRESENCE of a distinguished company, which included the Premier, Viscount Cranbrook unveiled on Tuesday the statue of the late Lord Idlesleigh, by Mr. Boehm, erected by private subscription, for presentation to the nation, and placed in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament, where it stands on the right of that of Earl Russell.

THE MEMBERS OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD of all sections of educational opinion gave a complimentary banquet to its

Chairman, the Rev. J. Diggle, Sir Richard Temple, Vice-Chairman, presiding, and proposing the toast of the evening. In replying, Mr. Diggle expressed the hope that the School Board elections would never be made the battle-ground of party politics, or the Board the place for social problems to be trotted out. —The Duke of Westminster intimates that the prominence given to his name in a manifesto condemning the policy of the present London School Board was due to a misapprehension on his part, and that as he has no wish to offer any opposition to that policy he has withdrawn from Mr. Buxton's Committee.

LADY DE KEYSER, the retiring Lady Mayoress, has been presented by the members of the Court of Common Council with a diamond bracelet and earrings in remembrance of her courtesy and kindness at the Mansion House, and by the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without with a full-length portrait of her husband.

AT BRIGHAM on Monday the foundation-stone was laid of a pedestal on which is to be placed a statue of William III., in commemoration of his landing there as Prince of Orange on November 5th, 1688, under circumstances already referred to in our columns. The King of Holland has subscribed 100*l.* towards the fund, and at his request the ceremony of laying the stone was performed by the Count de Bylandt, the Dutch Minister, who responded in a historically allusive speech when the health of his Royal master was proposed at a subsequent luncheon, presided over by Lord Churston, Chairman of the Statue Committee.

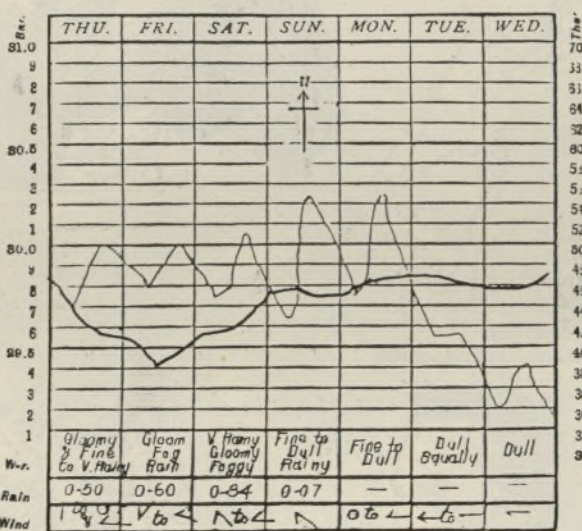
A "GIGANTIC DOLL-SHOW" in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, was to be opened yesterday (Friday) by the Princess Frederica. Prizes of five, three, and one pound were given, besides special prizes for dolls dressed in hospital uniform, and those dressed by children under fourteen years of age. The Exhibition consisted of six stalls, and after the distribution of awards by the Princess a series of entertainments were to be given, including a comedietta, a lecture by Mr. Irving Montagu, and "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." A programme giving a history of dolls from the time of Pharaoh down to the present date was distributed to each person present.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Wolseley, from personal knowledge of the locality, has expressed cordial approval of Cannock Chase as a site for the new Wimbledon. —Lord Arthur Hill, as Honorary Secretary of the Irish Exhibition just closed, has been presented by the exhibitors with a service of plate. —A memorial statue of the late Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., is to be erected by subscription at his birthplace, Tregaw, Cardiganshire. Mr. Gladstone subscribed 10*l.* —A portrait, by Professor Herkomer, of Dr. Routh, the well-known mathematical tutor of Cambridge, subscribed for by old pupils on his approaching relinquishment of private tuition, has been presented to Mrs. Routh. —The Rev. Dr. Searle, Master of Pembroke, has been elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge for 1889. —The Parnell Indemnity Fund now exceeds 14,000*l.*

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eighty-sixth year, of Lord Newborough, who, for forty years Chairman of the Carnarvonshire Quarter Sessions, retired, owing to blindness, from public life some time ago; in his sixty-ninth year, of Sir Benjamin Chapman, Bart., Lieutenant for County Westmeath; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. George Cooper, Senior Naval Instructor and Chaplain in the Navy, which he entered in 1835, retiring from his Chaplaincy in 1854; in his eighty-fifth year, of Captain Henry Shuttleworth, Elder Brother of the Trinity House; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. James S. Cookson, High Sheriff of the County of Durham in 1871, but best known as a breeder of racehorses, his stud at Neasham Hall, founded by his father half-a-century ago, having produced a number of famous thoroughbreds, among them, in 1861, Kettledrum and Dundee, who ran first and second for the Derby; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. John Howell, of St. Paul's Churchyard, one of the earliest and most persistent promoters of the introduction of limited liability into commercial enterprises; and in his sixty-second year, of Mr. Henry Lee, who became in 1872 Naturalist to the Brighton Aquarium, in connection with it the author of "Aquarium Notes," and a valued contributor to the literature of ichthyology, especially through his contributions to the volumes illustrative of the Fisheries Exhibition.

WEATHER CHART

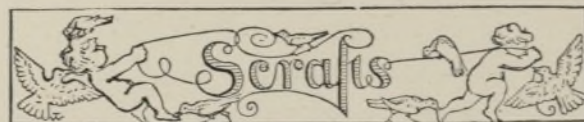
FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (7th inst.). The fine 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.—In the course of the past week the weather has been extremely unsettled with heavy rain locally, and very high winds in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. Heavy fog both dense and black hung over London on the 1st and 3rd inst. Between Thursday and Saturday the whole of our Islands and the North Sea, while it fell decidedly in the South. The Northerly winds freshened up very considerably generally, and in places blew a slight gale. The weather was very dull, rainy, and changeable. The largest daily amounts of rainfall, which were registered on the 2nd inst. were three-quarters of an inch in London, rather more than that amount at Oxford, and nearly an inch at Shields. After Saturday (3rd inst.) some alteration in the distribution of pressure occurred, and during the remainder of the week the Eastern side of a well-defined depression lay over our South-west Coasts, while the highest readings of the barometer were found over Scandinavia. Southerly or South-easterly winds prevailed at times in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, and blew with gale strength at times in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, with dull or cloudy weather generally. Heavy rain still continued to fall in the West and South-West, but very little was reported elsewhere. Taken as a whole the weather was above the average, but at the close of the week was much below the mean generally. With the exception of the fact that the thermometer just touched the freezing point in London and Dungeness Wednesday (7th inst. morning), no extremes in temperature have occurred worthy of mention.

The barometer was highest (29.86 inches) on Monday (5th inst.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Friday (2nd inst.); range 0.46 inch. The temperature was highest (55°) on Sunday and Monday (4th and 5th inst.); lowest (34°) on Wednesday (7th inst.); range 21°. Rain fell on four days. The total fall 1.51 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.60 inch on Friday (2nd inst.)



THE FIRST SECTION of the Trans-African Railway has been inaugurated—from St. Paul de Loanda to Ambaca.

THREE HUNDRED BRITISH HANSOM CABS will shortly begin running in Paris, under the auspices of Lord Shrewsbury. They will be drawn by English horses.

THE EIFFEL TOWER IN PARIS will be finished by the end of January, if the present rate of construction continues. By November 1st the Tower had reached the height of 178 metres, and 122 metres still remained to be completed, 11 metres being the average of each week's progress.

AN ANNUAL PRISON SUNDAY has been arranged in the United States, taking the hint from the London Hospital Sunday. On this day sermons are to be preached in every pulpit on the subject of prisons and prisoners, and the question discussed how to deal with crime and the criminal classes.

THE OLD "VICTORY" has returned to her usual moorings in Portsmouth Harbour, thoroughly renovated and repaired. Now she will probably last another century. The vessel is not to be useless, for she will fire salutes when needed, and courts-martial will be held in the cabin adjoining that of Lord Nelson.

INDIAN NEWSPAPERS are certainly conducted on original principles. The *Dacca Gazette* recently announced that "We are so fatigued by the incessant labours during the whole of the last year, that the publication of the next issue has been postponed for a month." The whole staff then took a holiday.

THE HUGE LICK TELESCOPE in the United States is to be eclipsed by an even larger instrument. An observatory will be established on a lofty peak of Southern California, equipped with a telescope having a 42-inch lens, 8 inches larger than the Lick. By this means the moon will be brought within sixty miles of the earth.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, KULLMANN, who shot at the Chancellor at Kissingen in 1874, has just completed his sentence—fourteen years' penal servitude. He is not yet free, however, for he was so unruly during his imprisonment that he must now serve a further term of seven years in a Bavarian fortress for continued breaches of discipline.

WEARING THE FAMILY COAT-OF-ARMS EMBROIDERED on the front of the bodice is the latest feminine freak in Paris. The fashion was set by Princess Waldemar of Denmark, daughter of the Duke de Chartres, who displayed the joint arms of Orleans and Denmark on the left of her dress, just above her heart. Some ladies sport their monograms elaborately executed in gold or silver.

A WIFE IS ADVERTISED FOR SALE by a farmer in Vermont, U.S.A. He formally appraises her qualities in a public circular as follows:—"Height, 5 ft. 5 inches; age, thirty-two; form finely developed; hair, brown and luxuriant; eyes, large and hazel-coloured; hands and feet about the usual size; temper, bad." This last clause probably reveals the reason why the farmer wants to dispose of his spouse.

THE CURIOUS WEATHER PLANT, discovered by the Austrian Professor Novak, will shortly be exhibited in England. The Professor has received an official certificate that the weather forecasts of his plants have proved right in ninety-six cases out of a hundred. Just now the plants predict an earthquake shock within one hundred German miles south of Vienna. These forecasts have proved exceptionally valuable to colliery owners, by affording time for precautions against explosions.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, on the Lake of Geneva, so well known from Byron's poem, now contains a captive for the first time for forty years. The Castle is the State prison of Canton Vaud, but has not been used of late. Now, however, a feminine "Captain" of the Salvation Army, Miss Stirling, condemned for proselytising young people under age, is undergoing a term of 100 days in this picturesque but very damp prison, and has plenty of time to reflect on the experiences of her famous predecessor, Bonivard.

THE END OF THE WORLD is confidently foretold for the year 1920 by an American Divine. He reckons from much scientific research that in just thirty-two years from now the electricity stored in the earth will come into contact with the heated matter inside, and blow the whole world up. Another ingenious gentleman of his profession has taken the trouble to figure out the size of Heaven, according to the basis given in the Book of Revelation. He estimates that the Heavenly city contains 5,759,750,000 rooms, each being 19 by 16 feet in size.

THE GREATEST OCEAN DEPTHS yet known in the Southern Hemisphere have been found by H.M.S. *Egeria* whilst surveying for reported banks south of the Friendly Islands in the South Pacific. The soundings reached 4,295 fathoms and 4,430 fathoms—the latter depth being attained in lat. 24 deg. 37 min. S., long. 175 deg. 8 min. W., and the former twelve miles further to the southward. The deepest sounding took three hours, and a capital specimen was obtained of the ocean-bed, where the temperature was 33 deg. 7 min. Fahr. As yet these soundings have only been exceeded in three other spots on the globe, *i.e.*, 4,655 fathoms off the North-East coast of Japan, taken by the U.S. vessel *Tuscarora*; 4,475 fathoms south of the Ladrone Islands, obtained by the *Challenger*; and 4,561 fathoms off Porto Rico, reported by the American ship *Blake*.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL GORDON has been picked up at Kadine, near Wallaroo, South Australia, according to the *South Australian Register*. An English accountant found the paper loose in the street, at a spot where some Arab hawkers had been seen previously. The letter is much damaged, apparently from being carried in the pocket, and is illegible in many places, but the signature exactly corresponds with General Gordon's autograph. Evidently it is the end of a letter, dated Khartoum, July 31, 1884. It speaks of financial matters, of making decorations for the population, but the most important statement is Gordon's declaration that he stays in Khartoum because the Arabs had shut up the General and his people, and would not let them out. Even if the road were not blocked his people would not let him go unless he took them with him, or gave them some settled government. No one would leave more willingly than he if it were possible.

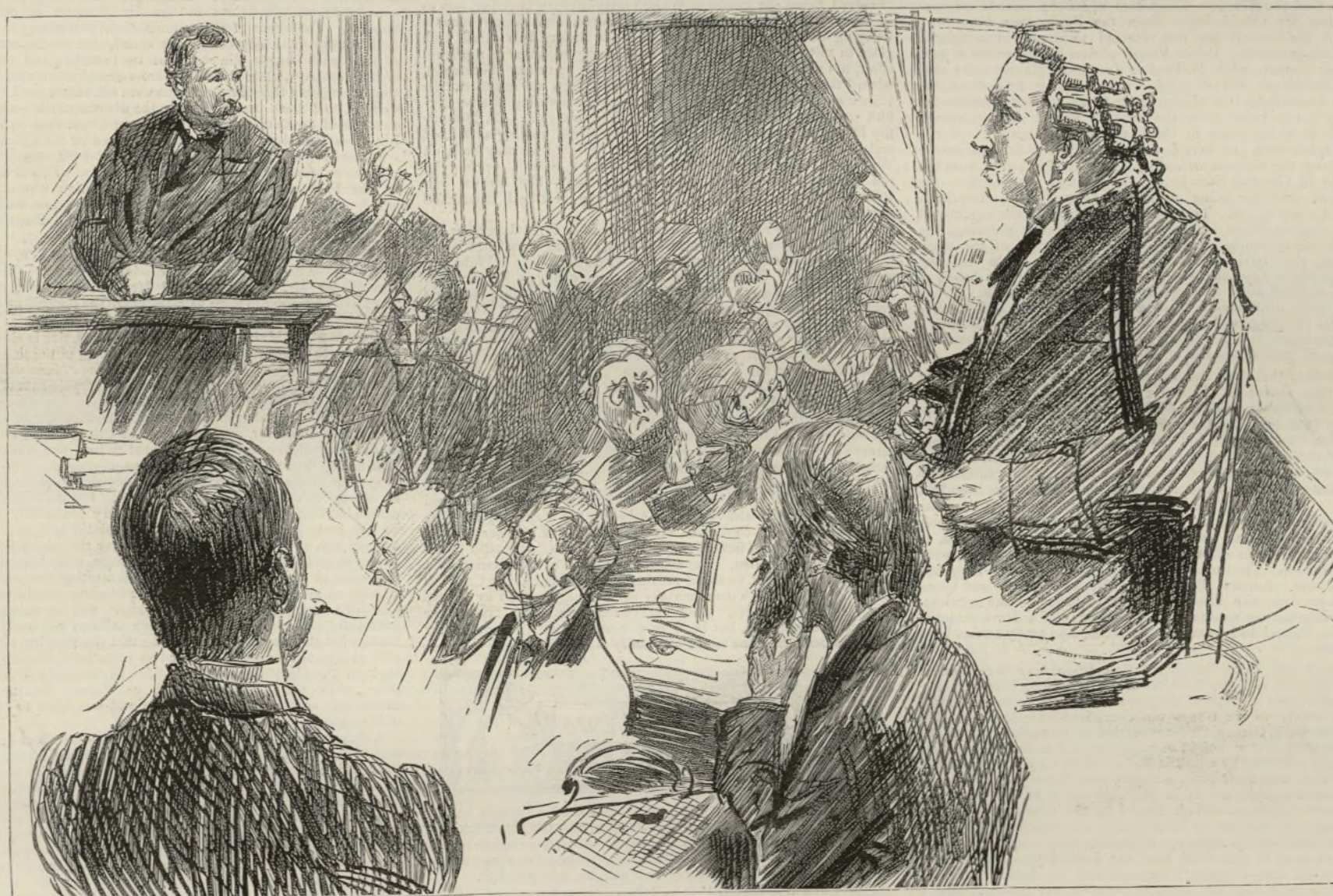
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,613 deaths were registered against 1,641 during the previous seven days, a decline of 28, being 27 below the average, and at the rate of 19.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 1 from small-pox, 88 from measles (a rise of 8), 24 from scarlet fever (a fall of 9), 32 from diphtheria (a decrease of 4), 19 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 22 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 34 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 8), and not one from typhus, ill-defined forms of fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 441, a decline of 81, but exceeded the average by 32. Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths; 46 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered, the corrected average being 7. There were 2,373 births registered, against 2,459 during the previous week, being 534 below the average.



THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

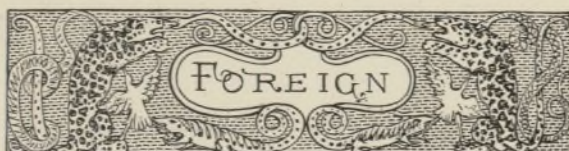


CAPTAIN O'SHEA IN THE WITNESS-BOX



CROSS-EXAMINATION OF CAPTAIN O'SHEA BY SIR CHARLES RUSSELL

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE German Emperor's rebuke to the Berlin Press for discussing the private affairs of the Royal Family, and for comparing him unfavourably to his father, has been followed up by a further explanation in the *Official Gazette* that the rebuke was intended for the "so-called Liberalist and Ultramontane organs," which are charged with having wounded His Majesty's feelings. Moreover, in addressing the Municipality the Emperor had assumed that, "considering the relations in which the Berlin Municipal authorities stood with that portion of the Press," they were in a position to help in putting a stop to this state of things. This scolding has been by no means received by the Liberalist organ in that meek and chastened spirit which William II. doubtless would have considered befitting, but the days of Frederick the Great and his cane have now gone by, even for Germany, and the incriminated journals have replied to their Monarch in a spirit of freedom and boldness which they have never before displayed in criticising any act of a King of Prussia. As for the statement that the Liberalist Press is under the control of the Municipality, this is warmly denied. The whole incident has caused much astonishment in Berlin, and will by no means enhance the Emperor's popularity in independent circles, where it is felt that, while William II. has peevishly complained that Liberal writers have wounded his feelings, he has in no way rebuked the Conservative journalists who have treated his father with scanty respect and less loyalty.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND have come to an agreement for taking joint action in establishing a strict blockade of East Africa with a view to suppressing the slave trade, which has recently become more active. Germany attributes her recent misfortunes mainly to the machinations of the Slave traders, who are afraid that the establishment of European Colonies along the Coast will entirely ruin their traffic. Consequently, as England has always taken the lead in endeavouring to suppress the Slave trade, Germany requested her co-operation in taking stringent naval measures to prevent the importation of arms and the exportation of slaves throughout the coast. Hitherto one of the chief difficulties has been the refusal of France to allow any vessel carrying her flag to be searched, and, as French papers are very easily obtained in Madagascar and the Congo Islands, it is known that a very active trade had thus been carried on with impunity. Now France has yielded to the joint representations of Germany and England, and will not only allow the right of stopping and searching vessels sailing under her colours, but will in all probability send a ship of war to assist in the naval operations. Action on the West Coast has already been taken by the King of the Belgians, who as sovereign of the Congo Free State has prohibited all traffic of arms and ammunition within the territory controlled by the State. The whole movement is being most favourably received in Germany, where an "African Association of German Catholics" has been formed to assist in suppressing slavery and the slave-trading in Africa, and in civilising the negroes by converting them to Christianity. Meanwhile the German Consul from Zanzibar reports that the recent disasters were not the result of any feeling of ill-will against the German officials, but have been created by Arab slave-dealers in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa inspired from Zanzibar. At Kilwar, when the Sultan's envoy arrived, he was told that the Sultan had no more business there, that he had sold his country to the Germans, and that the native chiefs were determined to regain possession of their territory.

In FRANCE there is a comparative lull in political circles pending the report of the Revision Committee upon the various schemes which they are considering. Even the Boulangists have been quiet, but the General has now received assurances of allegiance from the Bonapartists. Prince Victor advises his adherents to give him their support, while M. Paul de Cassagnac plainly avers that General Boulanger will do good service, whether he restores the Empire, rehabilitates the Monarchy, or makes himself President—anything being better than the existing régime. The Cabinet, however, is trying hard to check the exuberant spirits of the General's followers, and have prosecuted the *Charge* for a caricature representing the General defending the maiden Republic from the onslaught of Generals Saussier, De Miribel, and De Galliffet—the author and publisher being condemned to two months' imprisonment, and a fine of 20*l*. Two dynamite outrages were committed on two registry-offices for waiters on Wednesday morning, the houses being seriously damaged. The main topic of the week has been the trial of the burglar-Lothario Prado for the murder of Marie Aguetans, which is full of those piquant details of criminal and half-world life so dear to the Parisian public. Prado behaves with consummate impudence in the dock, and bandies words with the judge with the utmost flippancy. There has been a serious explosion in the colliery of Cransac, in the Department of the Aveyron, causing the loss of seventy-three lives.

In RUSSIA, the Czar and his family are now at Gatchina. On Sunday they visited St. Petersburg, and attended service at the Kazan Cathedral, a manifesto being published on the same day, declaring that His Majesty shares with his people the feelings of thankfulness to God for his miraculous escape; and concluding, "May Providence, which protected our life, consecrated to the welfare of our beloved Fatherland, give us strength to fulfil faithfully to the end those great duties which, by its will have been laid upon us." According to the official account, the escape of the Czar and Czarina was miraculous, their carriage being terribly damaged, and a footman who was handing coffee to the Czar being killed, as also a dog by his side. The Czar and Czarina, it now appears, were slightly injured. The train was travelling at the rate of sixty-five versts an hour. Admiral Possiet, the Director of Ways and Communications, has been dismissed in consequence of the accident. General Gourko has announced the discovery of a Revolutionary Society in Poland with numerous branches, and many arrests have been made.

In INDIA the Black Mountain Expedition may be considered fairly at an end, and the Allai tribe, the last to hold out, having sent a deputation to General McQueen to arrange for their submission, the return of the troops was commenced on Monday. On Friday, last week, General Channer carried the Gorapher peak of the Chaila Mountain, at a height of 9,500 feet, a position never before successfully assaulted by a hostile force. Next day a detachment of 1,000 men, with their guns, occupied and destroyed Pokal, the Allai Chief's village, and it is probably owing to this that the Allais have submitted.—With regard to the Sikkim Expedition, the negotiations appear to be dragging on unsatisfactorily—the Lamas evidently discouraging any arrangement for a definitive peace. General Graham is consulting with the Lieutenant-Governor, and it is probable that a spring campaign will be decided upon.—In BURMA quiet does not seem to be even yet restored, and a strong force acting under the direction of Sir George White will be despatched from Bhamo against the Kachyen tribes above Moyoung in order to give them a sharp lesson. It was also proposed to send a force into the Chin country to punish the tribes which raided into the Chindwin Valley last year, but the Indian Government has decided not to send an Expedition, but to hold the frontier by a strong force. To turn to India proper, the authorities are making

great preparations to meet the threatened famine. In Guzerat, Kattyawar, and Nassik the crops are withering, and in the Punjab, the Central Provinces, Rajpootana, and Hyderabad they are suffering from drought. Great scarcity, bordering on famine, prevails in Orissa, while the Ganjam district is reported to be quite disorganised.

THE UNITED STATES have been absorbed in the election of the delegates who are to choose the next President. On Saturday the Presidential campaign closed with the usual monster street demonstrations, the voting took place on Tuesday, and from all parts the poll was reported to be exceedingly heavy. As the North is eminently Republican and the South as solidly Democratic, the casting vote virtually lies with the "pivot State" of New York, which decided for the Republican candidate, thus settling the contest, which was still further assured to General Harrison by Indiana going Republican. The Delegates pledged to General Harrison thus numbered 233 against 168 in favour of President Cleveland's re-election. The Delegates will meet next month to make the formal election to the Presidency, and General Harrison will assume office on March 4th, 1889.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The King of SERBIA's high-handed conduct in divorcing Queen Nathalie has—as might be expected—created much wrath in Russia, but no action will be taken as long as the situation does not give rise to "international complications," and the journals content themselves with pronouncing Serbia to be in imminent danger of an insurrection. All is at present quiet there, however, though the coming scheme for revision which is being elaborated by the committee is exciting party feeling to a dangerous extent.—In SWITZERLAND the water reservoir at Montreux, for the service of the electric railway, has burst and devastated the villages of Sonzier, Pertit, Vuarrennes. Several lives have been lost.—News of Stanley and his Expedition are said to have been received at Zanzibar up to November 7th, 1887—just a year ago. He had then lost 257 men through death and desertion, had experienced some severe fighting, and was then to the west of the Albert Nyanza, and south-east of Sanga, intending to strike out to the north of the lake, and then direct to Wadelai.



THE QUEEN is now alone at Balmoral with Princess Beatrice and her children, Prince Henry having come south escorting Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, who are going to rejoin their parents in India. Princess Frederica and her husband generally join Her Majesty and the Princess at dinner, besides Lord Knutsford, the present Minister-in-Attendance. Sir Algernon and Miss Borthwick and several officers from the Guard of Honour at Ballater have also been among the Queen's visitors. On Sunday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at the Castle, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and in the afternoon the Queen and Princess went to Abergeldie Mains to see Princess Frederica. The Royal party leave for Windsor next Thursday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are keeping the Prince's birthday at Sandringham this week. The Prince joined his wife and daughters in Norfolk at the end of last week, Prince Albert Victor arriving shortly afterwards from York. On Sunday, the Royal party attended Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated, and during the week numerous visitors have arrived, including the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. Yesterday (Friday), being the Prince of Wales's forty-seventh birthday, was to be kept in the usual manner, the labourers and poorer tenants enjoying the customary dinner; whilst the county ball would take place in spite of the Court mourning, being regarded as a private affair, not a State function. The party breaks up to-day (Saturday), when Prince Albert Victor starts for Copenhagen to represent the Prince and Princess at the festivities commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King of Denmark's accession. On Monday the Prince of Wales goes to Derby for the races, staying with Lord and Lady Hindlip at Doveridge Hall; while on his way back, on Wednesday, he will visit the Derby Boys' School, opened by the Princess and himself fifteen years ago.—The Prince and Princess have promised to be present at the National Eisteddfod next year.

The Empress Frederik of Germany and her three daughters are expected in England about Saturday next, crossing from Flushing in the *Victoria* and *Albert* to Port Victoria, where the Prince of Wales will meet his sister. Probably the Empress may stay in England till January, and then go to the Villa Ziria at San Remo before making a tour in North Italy.—Princess Louise on Monday visited Newcastle to open the first wing of the New College of Science. The Princess received a hearty public welcome, was presented by the lady students with her own portrait, and planted a tree in the College grounds before attending the public luncheon. Afterwards the Princess went to Gateshead to distribute the prizes at the Girls' High School, and then returned to Alnwick, where she has been staying with the Duke of Northumberland. Next day the Princess and Lord Lorne left on a visit to Lord Armstrong at Cragside.—Princess Christian returns to town from Germany on the 18th inst. Prince Christian came back on Sunday.—The Duke of Edinburgh left Athens with the Mediterranean Squadron for Malta on Tuesday, having attended all the festivities of King George's Jubilee. The Duchess and Prince George of Wales remain at Athens a few days longer.—The Duchess of Albany continues with her family at Arolsen, and on Saturday witnessed a final interment of her mother's remains in the family vault at Rhoden. Her sister, the Queen of the Netherlands, was unable to attend, as she is nursing her husband at the Castle of Loo. King William's usual malady has been aggravated by a sharp attack of diphtheritis, which prevented him from taking the necessary refreshment, but he is now much better. Prince Henry of Battenberg has gone to see his family at Darmstadt.



THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL having decided, as already recorded in this column, that the Archbishop of Canterbury has jurisdiction in the matter of the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln for alleged Ritualistic practices, *The Times* understands that the case will be proceeded with according to law.

THE PRIMATE presided at an important conference of leading Churchmen this week, when, after a long discussion, a resolution, moved by Sir G. Baden Powell, M.P., and seconded by the Bishop of Rochester, was adopted declaring "inexpedient" the proposal of the Royal Commission on Education that Voluntary Schools should be aided from local rates, the following rider being added—"Provided the other recommendations of the Commission are carried into effect." Aid to Voluntary Schools from local rates was

advocated by the Bishop of London and Canon Gregory among other speakers.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, acting on stringent medical advice, will leave England for the East, and is forbidden to return before April.

DR. TURNER, CANON OF WINCHESTER, biographer of his late father, the well-known predecessor of Bishop Wilberforce in the See of Winchester, has been appointed as Bishop of Guildford, Suffragan to the Bishop of Winchester, whose health for several years has been indifferent.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has rallied from his recent severe illness, and is believed to be out of danger, though still needing great care.

AT THE RECENT MEETING OF THE MIDDLESEX BAPTIST UNION, of which Mr. Spurgeon has become a member, it was resolved, by a majority of some thirty-five to seven, to secede formally from the Baptist Union.



THE "PARNELLISM AND CRIME" COMMISSION.—The ninth sitting of the Commission on Tuesday opened with a serious warning addressed to the Press. At a recent meeting of the Limerick branch of the Land League Captain O'Shea was vindictively and violently denounced for the evidence which he gave before the Commission, which was summarised in this column last week. A telegram reporting some of the language employed appeared in the *Standard*, and was copied into the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Attorney-General having brought the paragraph in the latter journal under the notice of the Court, the President not only pronounced the language reported in it to be intimidation of the grossest kind and subjecting any person guilty of it to the action of the Court, but added that his observation applied equally to the thing said and to the publication of it. On the same day evidence was given by Mr. Ives, a fellow-passenger of Mr. Parnell in the steamer which carried the latter at the end of 1879 to New York for his American tour. A long memorandum of conversations there held by the witness with Mr. Parnell, and submitted to the latter before publication, was read. Here and there in it are noticeable such sayings of Mr. Parnell as this: "When the Government of a country disregards you you must use strong and even disagreeable measures to get their attention," followed soon afterwards by the remark, "Gladstone himself stated that disestablishment did not come within the domain of practical politics until a prison in the heart of the metropolis (Clerkenwell) had been blown up, and a policeman in Manchester had been murdered by the Fenians." The Attorney-General then put in a document showing that Mr. Parnell, with other Irish M.P.'s, and the notorious Patrick Egan, were among the original proprietors of *United Ireland*. He was proceeding to examine a small farmer who had been maltreated, when Sir Charles Russell led up to an important discussion by asking what was the connection between this evidence and his clients, and by declaring that he would object to any evidence of outrages which was not calculated to show a connection between them and meetings at which the persons incriminated were present. The President, after consulting his colleagues, allowed the examination to proceed, declaring it to be absolutely necessary to allow discretion to counsel, the Court reserving to itself the right to draw inferences as to the connection which the Attorney-General claims to have plainly indicated. The rest of Tuesday and nearly the whole of Wednesday was devoted to the evidence of witnesses of every class of society, either near relations of persons murdered or themselves the victims of outrage and boycotting, perpetrated in connection with evictions or agrarian disputes of one kind or another. The object of the examination-in-chief was to prove that such outrages and boycotting was mainly due to the establishment of the Land League, the action of its branches, and the speeches of its promoters, while that of the cross-examination was, on the contrary to suggest that these outrages were rife before the Land League existed, and were mainly due to the distress of the people and the exaction of exorbitant rents. Before the Court rose on Wednesday Mr. Ives was recalled and cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, who asked him whether Mr. Parnell had ever suggested to him reliance on other than constitutional methods. This being objected to, the President interposed with the question whether anything which passed in their conversation was inconsistent with what Mr. Parnell had put forward in his defence before the Court. The witness answered "No."

MR. M'INTYRE, Q.C., AND MR. J. C. LAWRENCE, Q.C., are to act as Commissioners at the coming assizes on the Northern Circuit for Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Smith, who will be necessarily detained in town as members of the Parnellism and Crime Commission.

MR. ALBERT MYERS, a solicitor, whose practice is chiefly in connection with companies, speaking at a meeting of the shareholders of the Ashley Bottle Company, was reported in the *Financial News* to have said that that journal was to receive a considerable sum of money for publishing laudatory notices of the company. The *Financial News*, replying to this alleged statement, said that he had lied. He brought an action for libel against it on this ground; denying that he had ever spoken the words imputed to him, and contending that if he had spoken them the occasion was privileged. The editor and proprietor of the *News* brought a counter claim against the plaintiff for slander in accusing him of corruption. For the defendant it was contended that the Company had been very favourably referred to by the press generally, and that the plaintiff had in conversation accused him of corruption. The jury gave the plaintiff a farthing damages, and a verdict on the counter-claim, expressing their belief that what he said of the defendant at the meeting was said "without slanderous intention." Mr. Baron Huddleston considered that the plaintiff's charge against the defendant was unwarrantable and untruthful, and had led the latter to retaliate; nor could he understand what the jury meant by finding that the wording of the plaintiff's charge of corruption involved no intentional slander. Accordingly in the plaintiff's action for libel he would be deprived of his costs, while the defendant would be allowed his, and in the defendant's action for slander the plaintiff was again to be deprived of his costs.

A CLERGYMAN, near Norwich, had a favourite "Mandarin" duck, which disappeared on the same day on which a workman from that town had been employed on the premises, from which he was driven home by a friend. The clergyman, without further inquiry, applied to the magistrates for a search-warrant against the two men; but, it being pointed out to him that the duck could not be on the premises of both of them, he selected the workman as the person whom he most suspected, and the information was granted. The duck was found next day, and the workman's innocence being proved he brought an action against the clergyman, and was non-suited on the ground that the defendant had merely laid the facts before the magistrates, and was not liable for the consequences of their decision. The plaintiff applied to the Queen's Bench Division for a new trial, lying stress on the fact that the clergyman had suspected his friend as well as himself. The application has been refused, the Court holding that the ground of the non-suit was a valid one, Mr. Justice Manisty observing that what had been granted was not like a warrant for arrest, but had been merely a search-warrant.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS
I.

THE pictures in the present Winter Exhibition at the Gallery of the Institute in Piccadilly are much fewer in number and of proportionately higher average merit than in the last. With few exceptions, the Members of the Society are well represented, and there are several works, by artists whose names are not familiar to us, showing capacity of a high order. In the Central Gallery, in which, as usual, most of the best works of small size are ranged, the place of honour is occupied by a charming little "Study" by Mr. Alma-Tadema. There is spontaneity and grace in the attitudes of the two classically-draped girls with luxuriant unbound hair, but the work is chiefly remarkable for its harmony of line and fine quality of colour.—Near this hangs a life-like and well-modelled head of a child, "Margaret," by Mr. F. W. W. Topham; and a small landscape, "Trevetho, Cornwall—a Bree Day," conveying a vivid impression of movement and daylight, and painted in excellent style by Mr. A. East. In a sketchy little picture "Vol. I, II, and III," Mr. J. C. Dollman has cleverly depicted the varied emotions of three girls reading a novel by the seaside. The two dachshunds in the foreground are, however, much better painted than the human figures. Without the catalogue we should not have recognised a small domestic scene on the same wall as the work of Mr. John White. This artist generally aims at force of effect, and sometimes errs on the side of exaggeration; but the present work is remarkable for its sober harmony of tone and grave simplicity of treatment. The figures are characteristic, naturally grouped, and in perfect keeping with their surroundings.

Sir James Linton shows his accustomed refinement of style and technical mastery in a small portrait group, "Maud and May—Daughters of E. Meredith Crosse, Esq." The attitudes of the two young musicians about to commence a duet are natural, and their expressive faces are finely modelled. The varied local tints in the costumes, the rich furniture, and the background are of good quality, and are skilfully combined so as to produce a rich and harmonious general effect. A picturesque little interior, with skilfully introduced figures, "The Fisherman's Reading Room," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, conveys a strong impression of its fidelity to fact. The light from the distant window and the warm glow from the lamp in the foreground are truthfully rendered. Mr. J. H. Lorimer shows some power as a colourist, and great executive ability, in a broadly painted and effective picture, "A Fisherman's Strong Love."—A very small picture by Mr. W. Pike, representing fishing folk of the Adriatic, male and female, listening, with various degrees of interest, to a "Sunday Reading at Chioggia" by lamplight, is animated in design and true in local colour.—Another very artistic little Venetian study, "The Foot of the Rialto Steps," by the same artist, well deserves attention; and so does Mr. S. J. Hodson's faithful and strongly-painted view of "The Ponte Pietà, Verona."—Mr. J. T. Nettleship's low-toned study of an aged lion by twilight, "Out of the Depths," is poetical in feeling, large in style, and impressive.

In a picture called "A Tender Chord," Mr. F. H. Millet has treated a very simple subject with great art. The lady standing with a mandolin in her hands beside a window, in a large old-fashioned room, is distinguished by refinement and natural grace. All the accessories are appropriate, and as well as the figures are painted with unobtrusive skill and completeness. The charm of the picture, however, lies not so much in the beauty of its individual parts as in its perfect homogeneity and keeping, its subtle harmony of tone, and the air of repose that pervades it. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Corked" is a sequel to his Academy picture representing two elderly connoisseurs waiting in pleasant anticipation for a bottle of "Old and Crusted." In the present work he has depicted with great expressive skill their disappointment and disgust. We have seen nothing by Mr. Frank Dadd more dramatically expressive or more technically complete than his "Awaiting Sentence." The portly old gentleman, who may be either a schoolmaster or a clerical magistrate, sitting in judgment on a boy who has been robbing an orchard, is an admirable study of character. The angry farmer holding the culprit by the collar and the graceful girl who looks at him with compassion are almost equally good. The picture is harmonious in composition and colour, and painted in excellent style.

Mr. Seymour Lucas sends a finished study for his large picture "Charles II. at St. Paul's," remarkable, among other good qualities, for its fulness of tone and broad and masterly handling.—By Mr. Tom Graham there is a charming little half-length figure of "A Village Coquette;" and by Mr. L. Bernard Hall a small picture of a nude nymph, reclining in an attitude of classic grace, showing a true sense of style as well as accurate draughtsmanship and firm modelling of form.—Mr. John Collier's vigorously painted "Mountains at the Source of the Lledr" is luminous in tone and vividly suggestive of space, atmosphere, and movement.—In a small picture called "1360—1390," Mr. F. G. Cotman has admirably succeeded in rendering the appearance of bright sunshine on a group of ancient buildings.



THE barren waste of *matinée* performances was suddenly and unexpectedly brightened last week by the production of a little piece, entitled *Dream Faces*, at a morning performance at TERRY'S Theatre. The hero of this one-act drama is a man who, having deserted his child, and long lived a life of idleness and profligacy, is brought to a sense of his degradation by the sight of his daughter, whom he finds grown up to womanhood, instead of dead, as he had supposed, and cherishing visions of an imaginary father who is brave and gentle, and held by the world in esteem. The little play was greatly aided by the admirable acting of Mr. Brandon Thomas; but its literary and artistic qualities are not the less striking. The initials "W. M." on the programme in place of the author's name are said to be those of Mr. Wynne Miller, who is known as a manager of travelling companies. A farcical comedy, entitled *The Policeman*, and written by Messrs. Helmore and Philpotts, which was produced on the same occasion, is a more ambitious, but also a more conventional, production. There were some amusing features in its earlier scenes; but the fun dwindled towards the end, and the result cannot be described as a complete success.

M. Lafontaine, who clings to the old repertory, and delights to repeat the triumphs of his earlier years, has made his appearance this week in *Un Gentilhomme Pauvre*, a part he played at the St. JAMES'S Theatre in 1871. His impersonation of the old nobleman, poor but proud, who strives so hard to maintain appearances and to entertain visitors hospitably, while his larder and cellars are almost as bare as those of the Master of Ravenswood, is a wonderfully minute and finished piece of portraiture. It is the original of the late Mr. Alfred Wigan's performance in the English version of this piece. Mr. Wigan, indeed, followed very closely in the footsteps of M. Lafontaine. The piece strikes one now as rather simple in conception and structure; but it is eminently pleasing.

The *Courier de Lyons* which, as all who have seen Mr. Irving in *The Lyons Mail* will remember, is founded on the famous Lesurques case, having been revived at the PORTE ST. MARTIN Theatre, the manager received the other day a letter from a well-known dress-maker, stating that she had in her employment four young ladies named Lesurques, great-grandchildren of the celebrated victim of mistaken identity. The manager, in reply, presented them with a private box for one evening last week, where their presence attracted much attention.

Mr. Gilbert's projected stage version of *Romola* has it appears been shelved for the present, in favour of an entirely new drama, by the same writer, now in preparation at the St. JAMES'S, in which Miss Julia Neilson is to play the heroine, a part written expressly for her. *The Dean's Daughter*, which has confessedly "failed to attract," will be shortly withdrawn, and the theatre closed for a time for rehearsals.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are presumptively contemplating a bold incursion into the field of melodrama, since they have purchased of Mrs. Campbell Praed a new play written by that lady, and entitled *The Bimble Mine*, which was subjected to a preliminary trial in a provincial theatre the other day. The new piece is based on the novel entitled "The Ladies' Gallery," written by Mrs. Campbell Praed in association with Mr. Justin McCarthy.

As an *entrepreneur* and organiser of French performances in London Mr. Mayer, if rumour speaks correctly, is soon to have formidable rivals. Messrs. Abbey and Grau, who have managed the tours of many great foreign musical and dramatic stars in the United States, are said to have made arrangements with Mr. George Edwards for a succession of representations in French at the GAIETY Theatre next summer, which will extend over several months. Coquelin, Jane Hading, Judic, Jeanne Granier, and Sarah Bernhardt figure among the stars of the programme.

An English Company have been playing in *My Sweetheart* at the Grand Theatre, Amsterdam—much, as it would seem, to the satisfaction of the majority among the Dutch audiences. The critics, however, are not altogether friendly. Mr. J. H. Rössing, one of the most distinguished of the fraternity in Holland, praises the sprightliness of the acting in an article in the *Amsterdam Daily News*, but evidently regards the literary merits of the piece as *nil*.

Deep and widespread sympathy will be felt for Mr. Toole, who has just sustained a sad blow in the death of his only child, Miss Florence Toole, who died of fever in Edinburgh on Monday last. It will be remembered that Mr. Toole lost an only and beloved son under distressing circumstances a few years ago. Miss Toole, who was an amiable and accomplished young lady of only twenty-two years of age, was engaged to be married to Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, M.P. The sorrowful news necessitated the sudden closing of the theatre at Carlisle on Monday, where Mr. Toole and his company were to have appeared that day.



ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The regular concert season in London proper opened on Wednesday with a performance by the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, of Mozart's *Requiem* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Those who have at heart the cause of music in its serious sense would prefer not to look back at the dulness of the past few months, unless, indeed, the retrospect serve as a warning for the future. Stated simply the position is this. Since the summer season closed in mid-July the largest and wealthiest city in the world has been deprived of all music save a few miscellaneous entertainments and the Promenade Concerts. In almost every other city in England and elsewhere in Europe and the United States the musical season has long since begun. That audiences also exist in plenty in the metropolis were *entrepreneurs* possessed of the moral pluck to offer them something worth hearing has been proved by the large attendance at the recent Crystal Palace Concerts.

The Albert Hall season necessarily opened with more or less familiar music. Novelties of a highly interesting character will follow hereafter, but it is only reasonable that time should be given for rehearsals. Meanwhile, the two works revived on Wednesday appealed to widely different tastes. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was, from the first, acknowledged to be one of the most operatic of settings of one of the most solemn of Latin religious hymns. The late Mr. J. W. Davison, as everybody is aware, arranged Rossini's sacred melodies in the form of a quadrille, although the attempted publication of a burlesque which was undertaken by its author as a private joke was, for obvious reasons, stopped by the great critic himself. Nowadays Rossini's *Stabat Mater* appeals to us only on the plea of extremely familiar melody, and hence its performances on the important scale adopted at the Albert Hall are few.—Mozart's *Requiem* is welcome on very different grounds. The fact long doubted, and oft and strongly debated some thirty years or more ago, that Mozart himself only finished the first number of it, is now incontrovertibly established. The greater part of the rest is of course so far Mozart's in that his pupil Süßmayer, after the great composer's death, filled up the orchestration in consonance with the master's own instructions; while the last three numbers, including the beautiful "Benedictus" and the pathetic "Agnus Dei," are indisputably the work of Süßmayer. These historical researches will, however, cheerfully be left to others by audiences, who will accept the *Requiem*, whether by Mozart or anybody else, as one of the finest works of its period. The performance was an admirable one so far as the chorus was concerned, the majestic fugue in the "Kyrie" being indeed executed in a manner quite beyond reproach. Mesdames Albani and Scalchi, Messrs. Lloyd, Del Puente, and Hilton were the chief vocalists, our English tenor especially receiving a tremendous ovation after a magnificent delivery of Rossini's "Cujus Animam."

MR. GADSBY'S "FESTAL" SYMPHONY.—Mr. Gadsby's new symphony No. 3 in D was produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, with every mark of success. Now that the composer himself has had a chance of listening to his own music, he has, we learn, already modified certain details, particularly abbreviating the slow movement, which on Saturday contained much needless repetition. The first movement of this new work is admirable, thoroughly carrying out the composer's idea of a "Festal" symphony written at the period of the Royal Jubilee. So too are an exceedingly bright scherzo, with a pastoral trio and a finale in which a chorale makes a highly important figure. At the end of an admirable performance which Mr. Manns conducted, Mr. Gadsby was enthusiastically recalled, and the compliment was amply deserved. Afterwards an early set of dances with a particularly interesting coda, written by Schubert when only sixteen, and now recently published, was performed, and Miss Janotha played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. Mdlle. Douilly, the new vocalist, cannot be judged until she sings a better song than Hérol's flimsy "Jours de Mon Enfant."

"NADGY."—A new *opera-bouffe* entitled *Nadgy*, produced at the Avenue Theatre on Wednesday evening, proved to be a modified form of the American version of M. Chassaigne's *Les Noces Improvisées*. A Hungarian princess loves the patriot Rakoczy, but is instead compelled to wed an Austrian Count, who in his turn, is wildly in love with a damsel who is *première danseuse* in the

ballet at the Vienna opera. They mutually agree that they shall be divorced directly they are married, and this delightful arrangement is subsequently carried out, the Princess meanwhile being discovered to be the rightful Queen of Hungary. The music to which this slight plot is set contains the usual procession of captivating pieces in dance rhythm, choruses, and songs of the lightest possible order, but save as to the popular "Rakoczy March," and a not very close imitation of a Hungarian "Friss," no attempt is made to introduce the peculiarities of the genuine Magyar style. Some of the songs were admirably sung by Miss Giulia Warwick, a lady who is not only an actress, but also a trained vocalist who has graduated on the stage of serious opera. For the rest, the success of the piece will, of course, ultimately depend upon the attractions of the American singer, Miss Vanoni, the whimsicalities of Mr. Arthur Roberts, a comedian who is celebrated for introducing new and comical "business" at each successive performance, and the charms of the ladies of the Avenue chorus.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday next, when Lady Hallé, Miss Fanny Davies, and Miss Lehmann will appear.—Little Josef Hofmann is reported to be much better, and is once more allowed to practise the piano, although he will not appear in public for some time.—The guarantee fund for next year's Leeds Festival already exceeds 20,000l. A meeting of guarantors will be held next month to select a general committee, and the chorus will soon afterwards be chosen and begin rehearsals.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has now entirely finished (save as to a few touches to the orchestration) the music written for Mr. Irving's presentation of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum next month, and it is quite possible that he will conduct the first performance.—Mr. Emanuel Moor, a Hungarian pianist, will give a series of recitals in London next month.—The Bohemian Musical Society opened its fifth season at the Crystal Palace on the 1st. instant, with a Ladies' Concert. An unusually attractive and varied programme drew a crowded audience.



THE TURF.—At Lincoln last week the fields were smaller than is usual at this time of the year, when owners are especially anxious for their animals to make their winter's keep. Tyrone, Love-Idleness, and Greenwich were the placed horses in the Great Tom Stakes, Grecian Bend won the Welbeck Stakes, Rookdale the Blankney Nursery Handicap, and Lucienne the Autumn Handicap. At Lewes last week the most noticeable feature of the racing was that The Baron—once celebrated, but long since disgraced—scored his first win this year in the Southdown Club Open Welter Handicap. At Plumpton on Saturday the racing was unimportant, but a useful novelty was introduced. Every horse bore on its saddle-cloth a number corresponding to that against its name on the list and the telegraph-board, by which means the spectators were better able to follow the fortunes of the fray.

The steeplechasers belonging to the ill-starred Mr. Benzon were sold at Tattersall's on Monday, when fair prices were realised. Lord Dudley gave 630 guineas for Kilworth and 500 for Brave, and Mr. A. Yates 620 for Gamecock, who won the Grand National last year. The well-known Southam, sold as "the property of an officer," brought 310 guineas.

The Liverpool Autumn Meeting began on Tuesday. Fred Barrett scored his hundredth winning mount this season in the County Stand Plate upon the colt by Barcaldine—Chaplet, who seems likely to do better for Mr. W. Blake than he did for Lord Hartington; Theophilus won the Knowsley Nursery Stakes, and Bartizan the Croxteth Cup. Next day Juggler won the Stewards' Cup; Magic scored a popular win for the Prince of Wales in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, The Fawn being second, and Savoyard third; and Sandal, Theosophist, and Apollo were the placed horses in the Bickerstaffe Stakes. For the Cup, to be run on Thursday, the new owner of Bismarck was desirous that his horse should run previous to his departure for South America. As the natural consequence, he at once became favourite. At the time of writing, however, he had been passed in the quotations by both Ashplant and Fullerton, who stood at 9 to 2 and 5 to 1 respectively.

FOOTBALL.—The second round of the London Association Senior Cup Competition was decided on Saturday. Old Westminster, Casuals, Clapton, and Old Cranleighs were among the victors, but the Old Harrovians, Old St. Mark's, and Old Etonians were among the fallen. It seems only the other day that the last-named were the crack club of the country, but the bad luck which they experienced in the Association Cup pursued them on Saturday, and the London Caledonians beat them by two goals to none. In League matches, Preston North End continued their victorious career by defeating Notts County, but Aston Villa could only make a draw with Stoke, and the result was the same in the match between Accrington and West Bromwich Albion. On Monday a still worse fate befell the Albion, who were badly beaten by Bolton Wanderers.

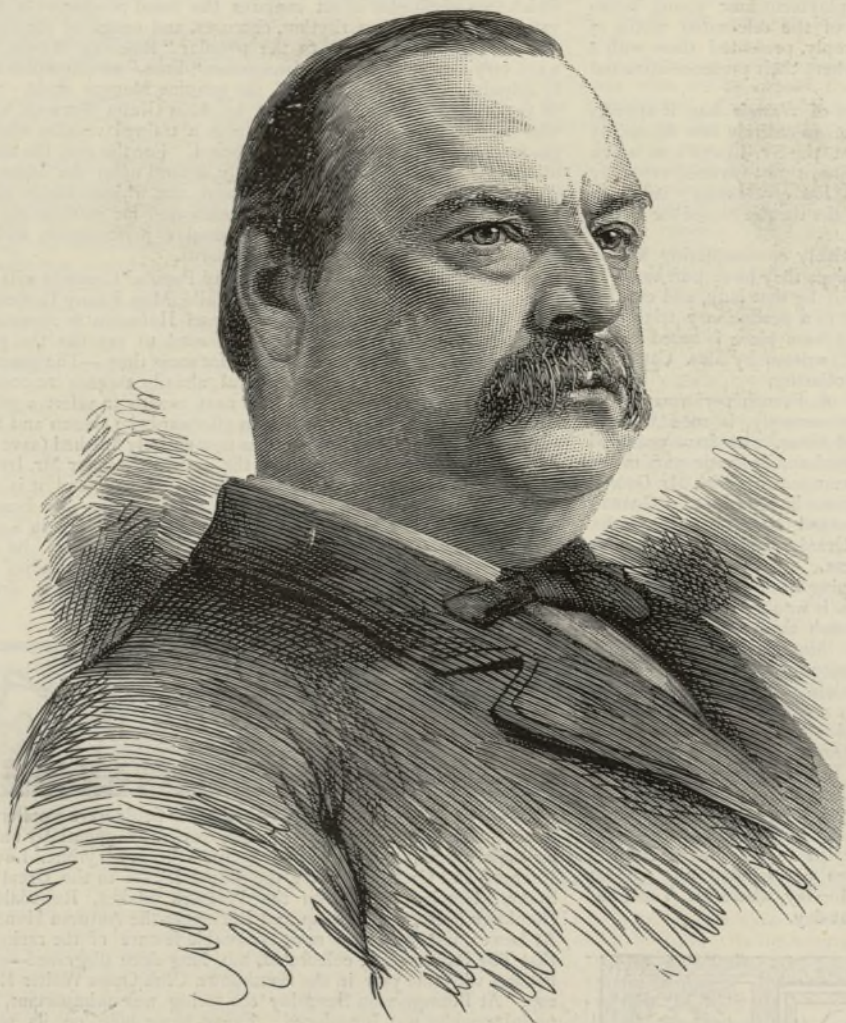
Under Rugby Union rules, Bradford beat both Richmond and Cambridge University, but in the third and last match of their tour they suffered a somewhat unexpected defeat from Oxford University. The New Zealanders drew with Northumberland and beat Stockton-on-Tees and Tynemouth. Blackheath, who seem to have greatly deteriorated, suffered a severe defeat at the hands of London Scottish. London beat the Western Counties.

BILLIARDS.—M'Neill made nearly a score of three figure breaks in his match with Mitchell last week, and of course won easily. At the Aquarium this week, Cook, who is giving Taylor 1,000 in 10,000, spot-barred, caught up to his opponent on Tuesday, and seems likely to win easily. White is the great match-maker of the day. Peall is going to give him 2,000 in 10,000, spot-barred, and 4,500 in 15,000, all in; and Mitchell is to give him 4,000 in 15,000, all in. All the matches are to be played next month, and each is for a stake of 200l. a-side.—The new-established "Championship," which is to be played for in January next, is to be, it seems, on the American principle—that is to say, the winner of the greatest number of heats will take the title.—Still no sign from Roberts!

ROWING.—The Coxwainless Four-Oared races at Cambridge were won, as last year, by Trinity Hall, after a magnificent struggle in the final against Third Trinity. The time was 10 min. 18½ secs., far and away the best on record. Curiously enough, Third Trinity were nearly beaten by Emmanuel in the first round, owing to an accident to Muttelbury's slider.—The Fours at Oxford began on Wednesday.

CRICKET.—We are promised a team of American amateurs next year—the most noticeable feature of the project that each member will pay all his own expenses, and that all gate-money received will be devoted to charity.—Mr. Thomas Sewell, one of the oldest cricketers in England, died last week at the age of eighty-two. He was born at Mitcham, and for many years assisted the Surrey team and the Eleven of All England.

MISCELLANEOUS.—An enterprising American is going to introduce baseball into England. "Lecturers" will be employed "to elucidate the fine points of the game."—The Freshmen's Athletic Sports at both Universities have taken place, but no extraordinary talent was unearthed.



MR. GROVER CLEVELAND
President and Democratic Candidate for Re-election

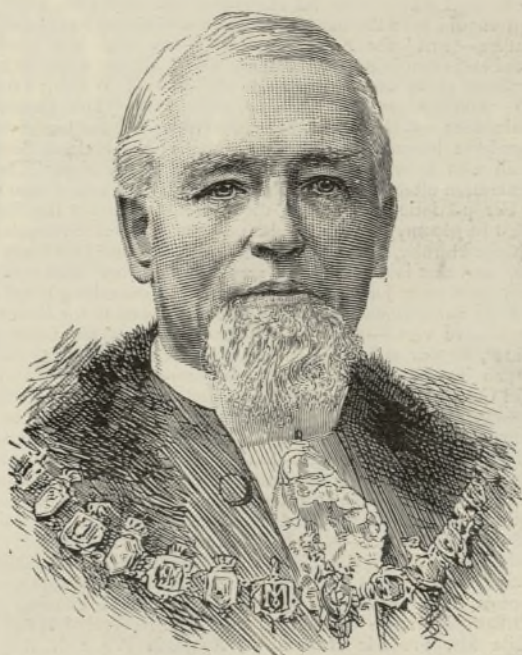


GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON
Republican Candidate now Elected to the Presidency

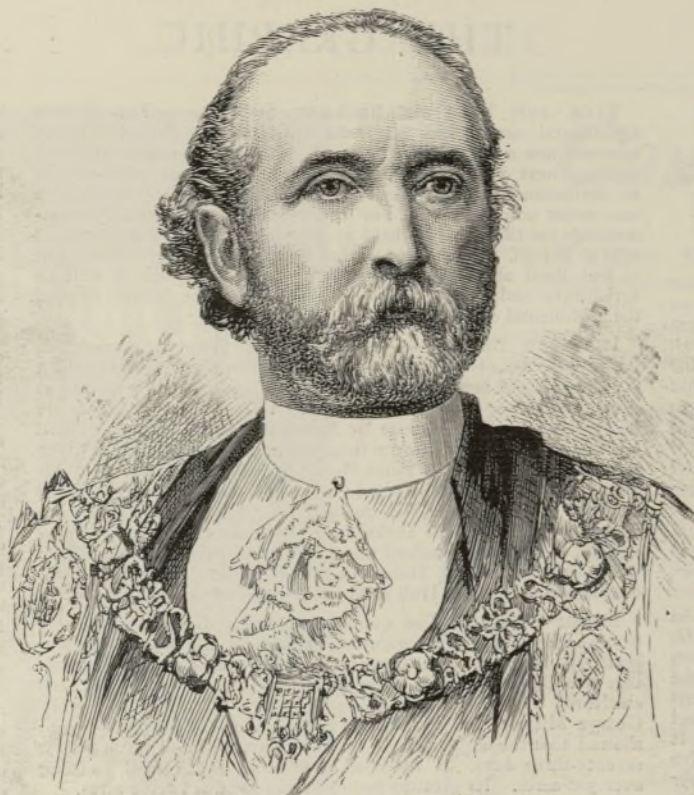
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION



A PICTURE PRESENTED TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR, BY THE ARTISTS OF ROME, DURING HIS RECENT VISIT
A REMINISCENCE OF THE VISIT OF HIS FATHER, THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK, TO THE POPE IN 1883



MR. ALDERMAN E. J. GRAY
Sheriff of London and Middlesex



MR. ALDERMAN WHITEHEAD
Lord Mayor

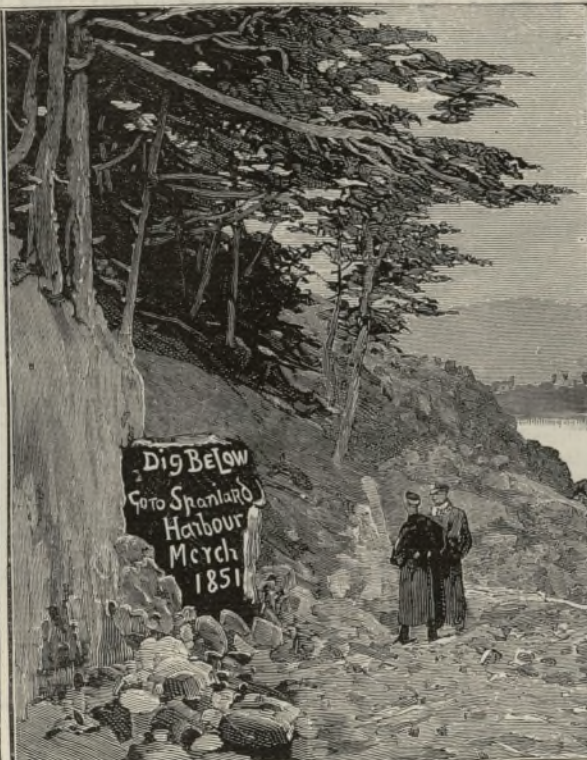


MR. A. J. NEWTON
Sheriff of London and Middlesex

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS



Children of the Orphanage, Oshooia, Tierra del Fuego



Inscription painted on the rocks by Capt. Allen Gardiner, on March 27, 1851, before going to Spaniard Harbour, where he and his six companions died of starvation in Sept., 1851



Fuegians Christianised by the South American Missionary Society, founded by Capt. Allen Gardiner

THE VISIT OF H.M.S. "RUBY" TO STATEN ISLAND, TIERRA DEL FUEGO



CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF 2ND (THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN) BOMBAY GRENADIERS, AT POONAH
Allegorical Tableau Vivant



THE RECENT ZULU CAMPAIGN
Handing down the Arms after the Surrender of one of Dinizulu's Strongholds



AGRICULTURAL SPEECHES.—The Earl of Darnley at Rochester last week said that there was at least an increase of confidence manifested among agriculturists, and on his own estates for the first time for several years there was a decrease in the area of unlet land. Mr. Mannington, at Laughton, took the same view, stating that the turn of the tide had come at last. The inferior quality of the bulk of the corn took away the advantage obtained from higher prices for good dry grain; but with respect to stock the gain was not taken away in this manner, as a good price was being obtained for sheep, and for breeders grazing land had been exceptionally good this season. At the present low rents many farmers were once more making a little money, and the demand for farms was noticeably better than a year ago. Mr. Mansfield, the well-known Suffolk agriculturist, speaking at Framlingham, endorsed both the above opinions, and thought that, taking corn and root crops together, the agricultural verdict on 1883 would not be unfavourable.

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1883 is finding its apologists. Sir John Lawes on his land at Rothamsted obtained 27 bushels to the acre, and the index which this affords to the true out-turn of the season is held to be the better guide by two such weighty authorities as the *Field* and the *Saturday Review*. The earlier estimates of experts are described as "guesses founded on guesses," and we are warned to discard them in favour of "opinions founded on experiment." It is, perhaps, just worth while mentioning, before our readers give their adhesion to the latest view of the year's crop, to remember that the "guesses at guesses" at least relate to the whole country, while the climatic and other conditions prevailing at Rothamsted can only be applied to Scotland, to Devonshire, or even to a great agricultural county like Lincolnshire by an extreme of license. Sir John Lawes has never claimed for his Rothamsted figures the character of an index to the country's wheat crop, but he works out his own figures, and gives them for what they may be worth. This worth varies with different years, and is at its lowest in a season of exceeding mixed, variable, and "local" weather.

DORSETSHIRE.—A correspondent writes, "We are now having a nice rain with warm growing weather, which will help the grasses laid up for our early lambs, and bring forward the trifolium, vetches, and other fodder crops for early spring feeding. The Dorset Horn Ewes are now having a fold of turnips at night, with a large run on the old leys by day, and there being a fair quantity of grass, and the weather mild, they do not require much hay as yet. The fine dry weather has been very favourable for all stock out-of-doors, and on our light lands the small acreage of wheat sown has got on very well. The root crop is fairly good, and with plenty of hay (not of the best quality perhaps) and an abundance of straw, there is a better prospect for stock-owners to tide over the winter than at this time last year."

MARKET RIGHTS AND TOLLS.—The Blue Book just issued on this subject contains the first report of the Royal Commission to enquire into market rights. The Commission under the Chairmanship of Lord Derby have addressed inquiries to British Consuls abroad, as well as to the clerks of all British markets. Two assistant commissioners to visit markets personally have been appointed for each of the three kingdoms.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.—This famous agricultural society has just held a meeting at Bristol, whereat nineteen new members were elected. It was announced that the meeting next year would begin at Exeter on June 5th, and that an invitation had been received from Rochester for 1890, which was under consideration. For convenience, two of the business-meetings for 1889 will be held in London, and the others will be held at Bristol. It seems to us that Bath itself has some little right to feel itself slighted by this arrangement, for Bath is still an agricultural and county centre, with claims on the Society beyond the sentimental one of name.

IMPROVED BREEDS.—It is said that there is scarcely an improved breed of cattle, sheep, and horses in Great Britain, which is not at present being sought after by foreigners to be exported to some quarter or other of the world. That very high prices are being given for Shire horses by American buyers is tolerably well known, and it is said, over a thousand certificates have been given by the Secretary of the Shire Horse Society during this year for animals exported to the United States, but this has not caused the slightest diminution in the demand for Clydesdales. There has been a great demand in Yorkshire recently for the native half-bred variety, and over a hundred mares and foals have been purchased there by the Saxony Horse Breeders' Society, which has just despatched them from Hull to Hamburg on their way to Leipzig.

STEAM DIGGING.—The question of steam digging is brought prominently before the agricultural public by the proceedings at a gathering in Essex a few days ago, in connection with the presentation of a Cup for the best mangold grown on land which had been cultivated by Darby's Steam Digger. This Cup was won by Mr. George Milbank, of Roxwell. Some interesting figures given showed that the digger began work in July, and had steam up for seventy-three days. It travelled sixty miles on the road, and dug over 300 acres. Its greatest record in one day was twelve acres.



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The most important feature in the *Nineteenth Century* for November is the paper which is "A Signed Protest" against "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination." Some four or five hundred names of persons, more or less distinguished, are appended to the document, while its arguments are further supported in special articles by Professor Max Müller, Professor Freeman, and Professor Frederic Harrison.—Lord Armstrong again discusses technical education in a paper headed "The Cry for Useless Knowledge."—Interesting too is "Frederick the Third and the New Germany," by Mr. R. E. Prothero.—Mr. Gladstone, on "Queen Elizabeth and the Church of England," is engaged with a subject which he understands thoroughly, while it is instructive to note how entirely he is in sympathy with that past mistress in disingenuous statecraft, the "Virgin Queen" of three hundred years ago.

We have before us a very good number of the *Contemporary Review*, which Mr. Archibald Forbes opens with "The Emperor Frederick's Diary." Mr. Forbes holds William I. to have been the maker of United Germany, and the creator of the German Empire; but he says, "In Bismarck, Wilhelm saw the man after his own heart—the complement of himself: arbitrary as he was, unsympathetic as he

was, but bolder, and, at the same time, more wise. Knowing where he himself was lacking, he recognised the man who, when he himself should have the impulse to balk and refuse, was of that harder nature—'grit' the Americans call it—to take him hard by the head and cram him over the fence which all the while he had been longing to be on the other side of."—Mr. R. W. Dale's first paper on "Impressions of Australia" deals with "The People." Mr. Dale does not think that the sunnier skies and the higher temperature have lessened the physical vigour of the English, Scotch, and Irish who have formed the majority of the settlers. The second generation often seemed to him more hardy and robust than the first.

For patriotic Englishmen the opening papers in the *Fortnightly* must be gloomy reading. Admirals Sir Thomas Symonds, Sir G. Phipps Hornby, and Lord Alcester tell us "What Our Navy Should Be," and that is something so very different from what it is that we may well pray for peace in our time. If something is not done to remedy our deficiencies at once, we are reduced to the choice of two alternative views—either the gallant Admirals are bereft of their senses, or our statesmen are false to their duty to the country.—Canon Taylor is severe in his criticisms of "Missionary Finance." The Canon does not believe in married missionaries. "Indeed," he observes, "it may almost be said that a man so selfish as to take a woman he loves to such a fate is hardly fit to be accepted as a missionary. It is such men—not the celibates, but the widowers and the married men—who have been the cause of recent scandals. And a man who cannot be trusted among repulsive African negroes without the safeguard of matrimony cannot be said to have a true missionary calling."—Mr. H. H. Johnston, in "Where is Stanley?" dwells upon the great explorer's tact and kindness in dealing with native races. Thus his fame is so great that his death could not happen, even in Africa, without all the world knowing it.—Mr. William Morris is to be read on "The Revival of Handicraft;" while Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Apologia Pro Fide Nostra" is certainly interesting. He was "brought up," he tells us, "as an orthodox Churchman in a religious home, with unusual attention to a Christian education."

The most entertaining article in the *National Review* is "A Foreign Estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill." The writer, presumably a Frenchman, takes a highly favourable view of his subject. He explains the motive of his paper thus:—"It is, therefore, as a spectator, as a simple admirer of courage and political sincerity, that I have studied Lord Randolph Churchill. I have endeavoured to demonstrate how that man reasons, speaks, and acts in the revolutionary epoch through which we are passing, who comes before us as a great Conservative, Popular, and Christian Leader of the Future." Lord Randolph considered as a distinctively Christian Leader is something refreshingly new; but then the same writer finds in his Lordship's oratory much to remind him of Shakespeare.—Mr. Baumann, M.P., writes on "Possible Remedies for the Sweating System;" while Mr. C. W. Radcliffe-Cooke, M.P., criticises "The Oratory of the House of Commons."

Blackwood contains a weird, pathetic narrative, "On the Dark Mountains," purporting to form part of the experiences of a woman whose humble career had terminated in great, yet modest, promotion in another world than ours.—The most pleasantly-instructive paper in the magazine is that by Miss Gordon-Cumming on "Professions for Dogs." We are to hear once more, it seems, in truth the genuine "dogs of war." The German and French armies are establishing their dog-corps. They have considered favourably the use of dogs as auxiliary sentinels, as scouts, and as safe letter-carriers, warranted to swim bridgeless rivers, and to give the enemy as wide a berth as possible.—"The Career of an Indian General" describes the services to his country of Sir Charles Macgregor.

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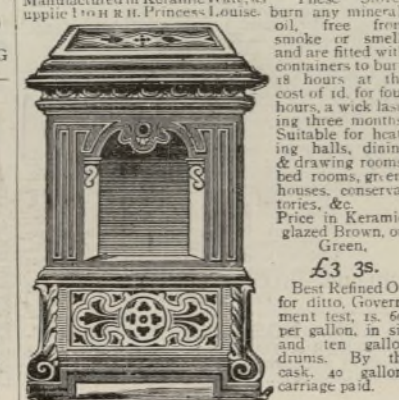


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A TRIP TO BRIGHTON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

FROM ROWLANDSON'S "SKETCHES ON THE ROAD" (1789)

IN 1789 BRIGHTON was still known as Brighthelmstone, nearly as it had been designated about 1081 in Domesday Book (Bristelmestune); not to rely on the vague authority which relates that, A.D. 693, "this year also Drythelm retired from the world" (Saxon Chronicle),—the topographer remorselessly localising him thus: "693, Brighthelm was slain on the Down immediately above Brighthelmstone, to which place he gave his name."

The prospects of this marine resort were in 1789 brilliant and encouraging; wealth was flowing freely into the town, and a golden tide seemed to promise fortune to all who were lucky enough to participate:—

Say why on Brighton's church we see
A golden shark displayed?
But that 'twas aptly meant to be
An emblem of its trade.
Nor could the thing so well be told
In any other way:
The town's a shark that lives on gold,
The company its prey.

The Prince of Wales, then a light-hearted, spendthrift youth, known to fame as "Florizel," had, by his patronage, made Brighthelmstone, from a freshly-discovered sea-bathing sanatorium, the most fashionable watering-place in the kingdom. George the Third was contented with the reposeful Weymouth, for his tastes were not exacting; but his pleasure-loving son and heir inaugurated a new Babylon by the sea, which, in his generation, combined the gaieties of London life with that freedom from restraint which was supposed to belong to rural felicity. By satirists Brighton was described as a sea without a ship, and a country without a tree; witness "The New Brighthelmstone Directory," 1770:—

For now, the feast ending, the ladies all rose,
And to dance on the green did challenge their beaux;
Then, dancing in circle, they worship'd a tree,
Because trees at Brighton so seldom you see.

Dr. Johnson's well-known growl will be remembered, which savours of ingratitude, after he had benefited by sea-bathing. In 1777 he wrote of the town and Downs to which Mrs. Thrale had decoyed him, it was "a country so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope."

For summer delights and to taste the sweet air,
From business retir'd, let us thither repair.

writes West, in 1788, witness "The Humours of Brighthelmstone."

As soon as the season for bathing begins,
Whole families crowd to the taverns and inns,
When the Prince and the nobles of England come hither,
Then all the fine gentry come rumbling together;
In coaches and chaises, with two or with four,
They alight at the inns with a noise and a roar.

In the brief space of four years, from 1784 to 1788, the new marine retreat had distanced all competition in the favour of London:—

'Tis said that in gaiety Brighton excels
The pleasures of Margate and old Tunbridge Wells.
'Tis at Brighton, the mirror of watering-places,
Assemble their Honors, their Lordships, and Graces.
Nay, England's first Prince, and the famous Dame Fitz!
And old friends meet new friends of fashion and wits.

As early as 1782 a series of drawings of the Steyne, by E. Lay, were dedicated to Mrs. Fitzherbert, the fair dame alluded to above; in 1783 the Prince of Wales arrived on his first visit to Brighthelmstone—at the invitation of the Duke of Cumberland, himself a visitor deriving benefit from the sea air and bathing. Viewed in relation to the subsequent connection between the lady, the Heir Apparent, and the place, it has been hinted that the Royal Lothario did not come entirely out of dutiful motives—"to see his uncle."

When Rowlandson and his friend made their excursion to Brighthelmstone there was an excellent choice as to the routes by which the London-super-Mare of the day could be reached. As somewhat of a feat, the Prince of Wales had ridden thence to London and back, by way of Cuckfield, in ten hours; then he had a novel vehicle constructed for expeditious travelling, drawn by

three horses in single file—like a waggoner's team, the leader ridden by a postilion, the second horse and wheeler managed by himself. This was in 1784. Mr. Webster, of the 10th Light Dragoons, surpassed the Prince's performance for a wager in 1809, riding from Brighton to Westminster Bridge in 3 hours 20 minutes, mounted on one of the blood-horses which usually ran in his phaeton. The journey was broken at Reigate; the rider stopped to drink a glass or two of wine, and compelled his horse to swallow the remaining contents of the bottle.

In those early days the Prince was given to travelling at eccentric hours. He started at one o'clock in the morning on his first essay in

its name—Mitcham is reached, with its church, in the chancel of which is the monument to Sir Ambrose Crowley, who died in 1713, and might have been lost to fame had he not been celebrated in the *Tatler* (No. 73) under the name of Sir Andrew Greenhat. At this place our *cicerone* relates the anecdote of "Dog Smith," a retired citizen, who had made a considerable fortune as a silversmith in London, and—probably to test the average humanity to be found in the townships of Surrey, to which he confined his experiments—formed the strange resolution of masquerading as a common beggar for the remainder of his career. Mitcham was unfortunately not proof against this ordeal, and the eccentric "Dog Smith," having given offence to an inhabitant, was, by a purblind Justice of the Peace, ordered to be publicly whipped. His resentment of this indignity was disclosed at his death: fifty pounds per annum, or one thousand pounds in money, being by his will bequeathed to every market-town in Surrey—Mitcham excepted.

The first post town on the most frequented route was Sutton, of which it is set down "the air is so pure and healthy, that with the additional inducement of eating the celebrated Banstead Down mutton, many of the citizens of London resort here on Sundays." The "Cock" and the "Greyhound" were the principal inns; the former—supplying travellers with chaises and "able horses"—stood by the toll-gate, which promoted confusion in tickets. This was obviated by the Road Commissioners ruling "that night-sojourners at the 'Cock' Inn have nothing to pay on producing the Borough Heath Road ticket on passing through the gate at Sutton."

Leaving Sutton Common and Grove House, the seat of Hoare, the banker, Banstead Down and its excellent grazing, the "Oaks" and "Burrow Hedges"—erst inns, with a prospect of "the dome of St. Paul's in perspective"—the chaise passes "Tangier," formerly the property of Admiral Buckoll, who in this nomenclature might have fancied himself at once "at home and abroad,"—converted into a public-house famous for its "alderbury wine" with which the "up and down" passengers were daily regaled, the post-chaise is whirled past the village of Banstead, past the Borough Heath, and the seat of Mr. Howarth, at one time the popular

Steward of the Brighton Races; the "Red Lion" is left behind, and the "Black Horse Inn" and Reigate Hill comes in view, concerning which one of our travellers, rising to the occasion, bursts into a highly flowery description in the manner of the admired Mr. Edmund Burke:—

"A remarkably bold elevation, from whence is a delightful prospect of the South Downs in Sussex. But near the road, which is



THE ROADSIDE INN

his new phaeton, with the string of three horses instead of the usual team of four; on other occasions, when expected to arrive in State, with his *suite*, at reasonable hours, while Brighton was illuminated, and a reception committee arrayed in honour of the event, he would appear at three or four o'clock in the morning of the following day, to the ruin of the anticipated festivities.

In 1789 a post-chaise and four, with postilions, seems to have been considered the pleasantest way of reaching Brighthelmstone, though, besides this sumptuous mode of travelling, there was a choice between Davis and Co.'s "Machine," from the "Golden Cross," Charing Cross, Ibberson and Co.'s "Light Post Coach," from the "George and Blue Boar," Holborn, both *via* Lewes; the coach from the "Swan with Two Necks," Lad Lane, *via* Reigate and Cuckfield; Wessen's coach from the "Spread Eagle," Gracechurch Street, *via* Horsham and Shoreham; Tucker's "Diligence," sundry waggons, and "Flying Waggons," the latter occupying the best part of two days on the journey.

There were three main roads to Brighton; the post routes were *via* Croydon, Godstone, East Grinstead, Maresfield, and Lewes, fifty-nine miles; and *via* Epsom, Dorking, Horsham, and Steyning, sixty-two miles. The most direct route, called "The New Road," *via* Sutton, Reigate, Crawley, and Cuckfield, fifty-four miles, was that on which we are to follow Rowlandson's "Excursion," as illustrated by his sketches, and set down in the "Itinerary" by Henry Wigstead, the frequent companion of his travels.

The post-chaise passes through the West End of London and over Westminster Bridge, crossing to Surrey; one of the pilgrims has improved the occasion at this point by "prefixing a general but concise description" of this county, its climate, soil, geographical features, gentlemen's seats, &c., which we pass over, and rapidly the post-chaise leaves Newington Butts, with its associations of Henry VIII.'s bowmen, and the almshouses erected by the respective Companies of "Fishmongers" and "Drapers;" Stockwell, in which are "elegant structures," and Kennington, described "as a village near Lambeth." On its Common "temporary gibbets, erected for the execution of criminals convicted in Surrey," were improving spectacles.

Clapham is particularised as "a very agreeable village," containing about two hundred houses, "chiefly inhabited by citizens who enjoy a pure country air, at a convenient distance from the centre of business, London,"—said "neat" dwellings extending to the spacious Common, "formerly little better than a morass;" the "Mansion House," made conspicuous by its octagonal tower—an edifice, according to Lysons' authority, dating back to the days of Elizabeth—at the time of the "Excursion" converted into a boarding-school for young ladies. Passing down Balham Hill, with its Chapel of Ease, past Upper Tooting, "delightfully situated," and remarking the Alms House, built in 1709 by the mother of Sir John Bateman, Lord Mayor of London; and Tooting, where are "gentlemen's seats in all directions;" crossing Pig's Marsh, "a pleasant open common"—believing



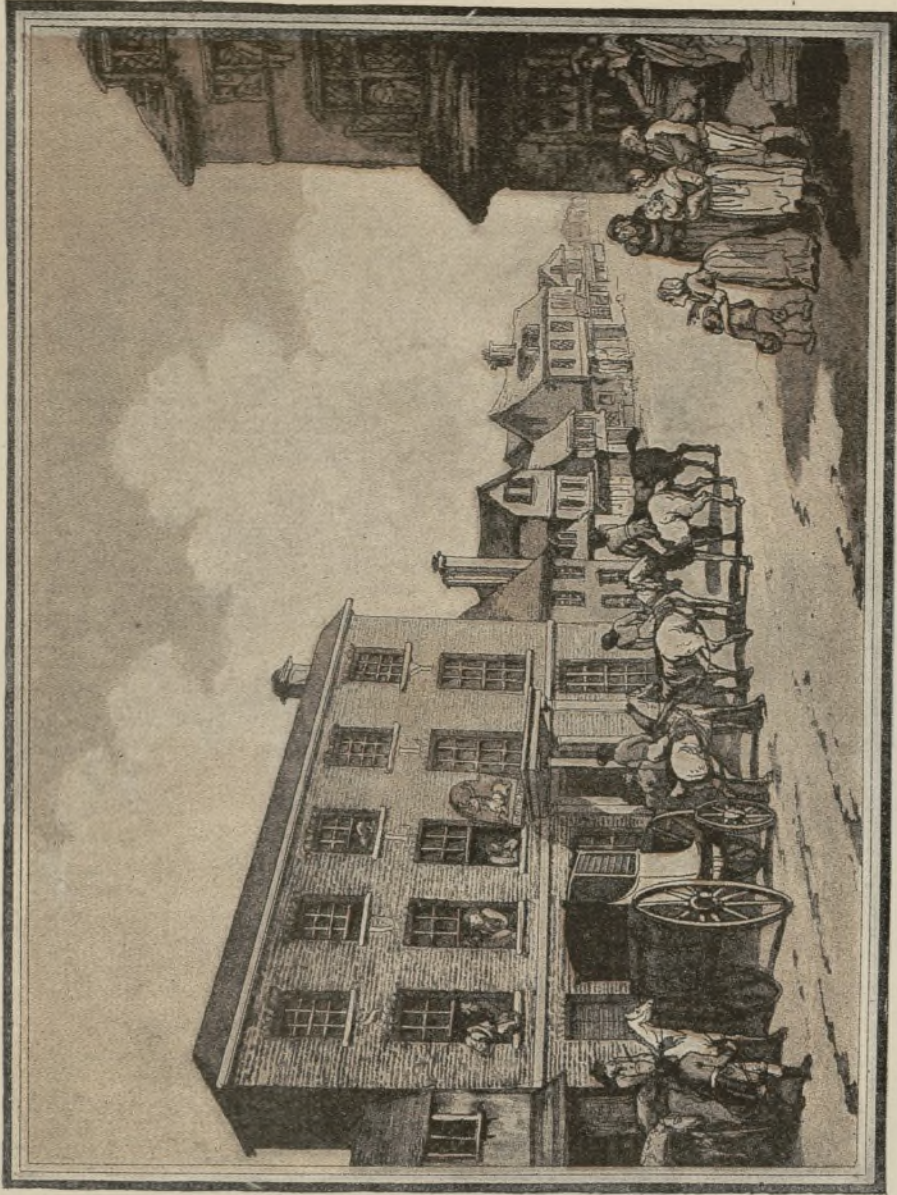
A HACK

scooped out of the hill, the declivity is so steep and abrupt that the spectator cannot help being struck with terror, though softened by admiration. The Sublime and the Beautiful are here perfectly united; imagination is fully exercised, and the mind delighted. Reigate is reached through "The Vale of Holmsdale, never wonne, ne never shall;" there are to be seen the remains of Holm's Castle, erected by the Earls of Warren and Surrey, with its subterranean passages conducting to the vaulted chamber in which the draft of Magna Charta was secretly drawn up by the Barons in arms against King John; there, too, the last remnants of Reigate Priory, dismantled in 1760. The "Swan Inn" and the "White Hart" are the post-houses, the latter patronised by our travellers; the excellence of Mrs. Sully's larder, "worthy the encouragement she meets with," accounts for the circumstance that no less a personage than the Prince of Wales himself, in his excursions to and from Brighthelmstone, frequently dined at the "White Hart;" we can picture the trepidation of the hostess on these great occasions, Rowlandson has selected this momentous incident as the subject of his drawing. The Market House and the Gothic Church must be noticed; in the latter is a monument to Sir Thomas Bludder, 1618, another to Edward Bird, February 23rd, 1719, aged twenty-six,—a spirited young gentleman of fashion, a lieutenant in the Earl of Winchester's troop, who met an untimely fate at Tyburn, having run Luxton, a waiter, through the body because his wishes were not treated with becoming respect. More interesting is the vault of Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, the generalissimo who successfully dealt with the "Invincible Armada."

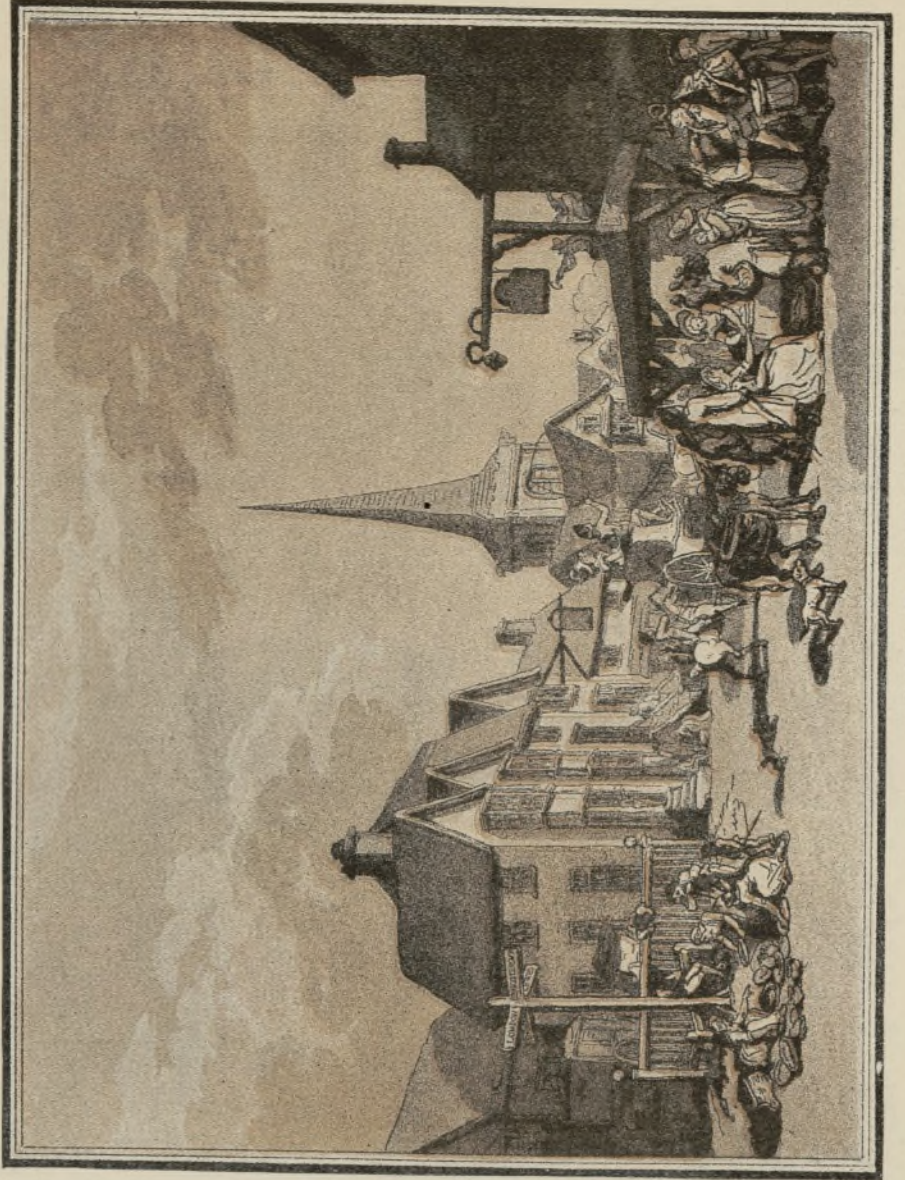
Leaving the worthy inhabitants of Reigate to gaze at the Royal personage and his attendants outside the "White Hart," Rowlandson's post-chaise proceeds to Wood Hatch, to the "Black Horse Inn," Horse Hill; this spot, situated twenty-six miles from London and twenty-eight from Brighton, being styled "The Half-way House." Then comes the "Red Lion," Lovel Heath; while, on the road to Crawley, Mr. Wigstead indulges in a brief disquisition upon Sussex, the pure air of its Downs, its



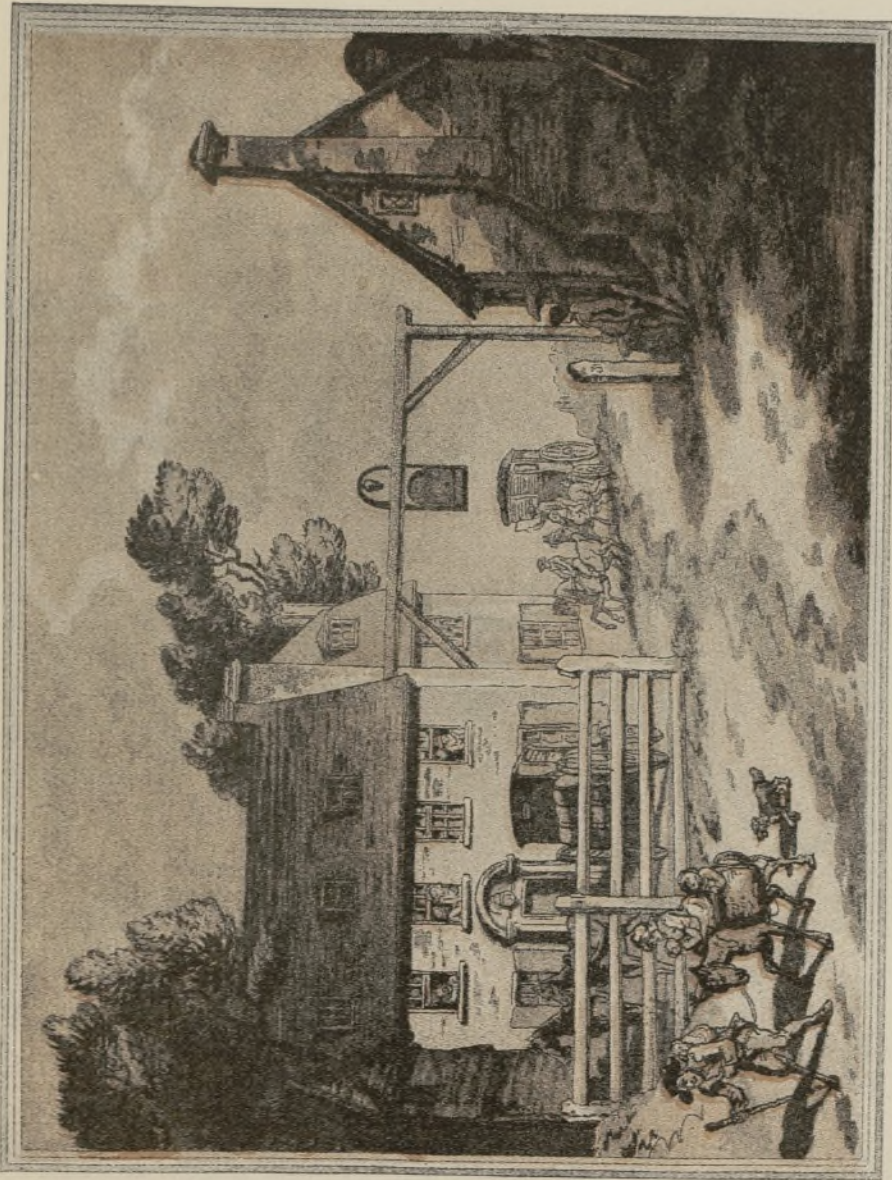
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"THE WHITE HART" AT REIGATE



CUCKFIELD ON A FAIR DAY



"THE COCK" AT SUTTON

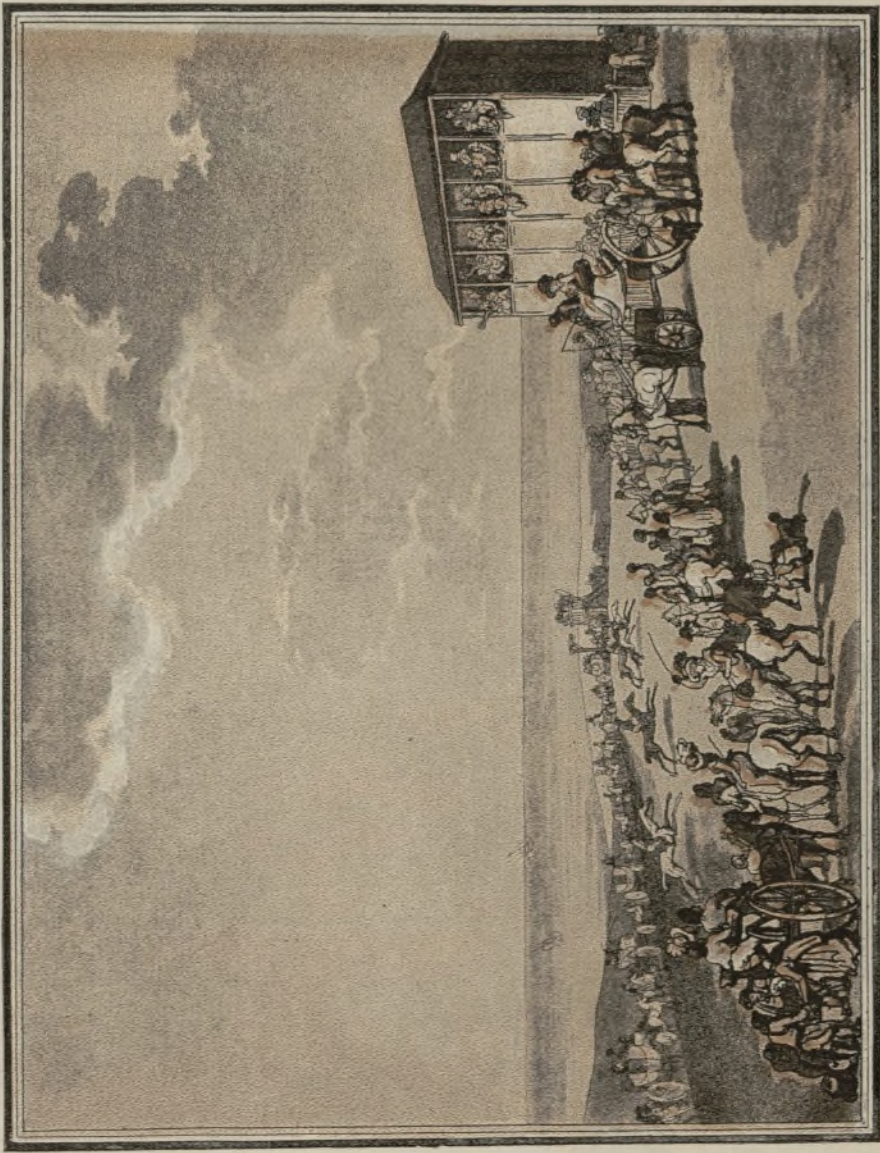


"THE GEORGE" AT CRAWLEY

A TRIP TO BRIGHTON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
FACSIMILES OF DRAWINGS OF THE PERIOD



BRIGHTHELMSTONE—THE BATHING PLACE, WITH SMOAKER'S MACHINES



BRIGHTON RACES



SALOON IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARINE PAVILION



THE STEINE, WITH THE MARINE PAVILION BUILT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES

A TRIP TO BRIGHTON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

FACSIMILES OF DRAWINGS OF THE PERIOD

fertile vales, and "Weald," naturally leading to the famous South Downs—"generally covered with sheep, remarkable for the fineness of their wool, a great quantity of which"—alas for patriotism in 1789!—"was too often clandestinely smuggled into France, notwithstanding the attention of the Legislature to this great object, to the injury of the British woollen manufactures."

Crawley is the second stage from Brighton, its inns the "George," as drawn by Rowlandson, and the "Rising Sun;" there are here held two annual fairs for "oxen, horses, sheep, and toys." On one of the beams of the ancient oak roof of the church is carved the legend:—

Man yr wele bewar; forwardly good maketh man blynde,
Bewar for whate comyth behinde.

Beyond the incidents introduced by the artist, our travellers found nothing at Crawley "particularly worthy of notice;" and the route was resumed past Hand Cross, Staplefield Common, and the "Jolly Tanner," Slough Green, and the "Ship" inn, until their post-chaise reached Cuckfield, where they took note of the Free Grammar School, founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the "King's Head" and "Talbot" inns. The charter for the market was granted by James II., probably a portion of that batch of Royal Charters the Earl of Bath carried about with him as an electioneering manoeuvre, which tactics caused the wily mover to be known as the "Prince Elector." Cattle and horse-fairs were here held.

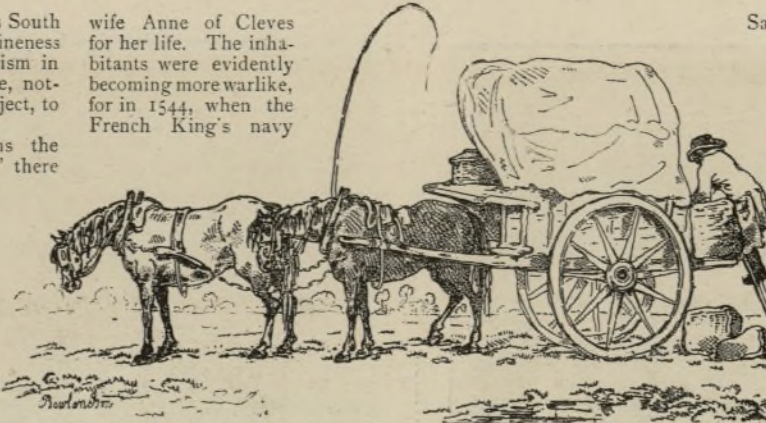
Our pilgrims arrived opportunely, and, while Rowlandson has pictured the scene, Wigstead has recorded in his note-book: "The Fair held in September is resorted to by a great number of pretty rustic females, and by a multitude of happy Swains." This is the locality of the race of Burrell and the Earls of Warren, and the vicinity abounds in traces of former great families; there is "Cuckfield Place," an Elizabethan mansion, full of mystery and quaint corners, as Shelley declared, "like bits of Mrs. Radcliffe;" and, on their route, our travellers pass "Fair Place," St. John's Common, "Hammond Place," New Close, and Friars Oak, on the road to Stone-pound, where passengers stay to take refreshments. Then past Clayton, where is the curious tomb of Hollingdale of Pangdean, in 1613. Fearing the plague then raging, he excavated a cave in the Way Down, and then, when he thought the danger over, returning to his home, either caught the infection or perished from the effects of his damp retreat; proving that, no matter what pains may be taken to avoid its workings, Fate is too much for mortals. The country onwards, says Wigstead, "is cheerful, and the prospects various and extensive;" the chaise passes Pangdean, Patcham, Withdean, and reaches Preston, "a beautiful spot, adorned with a great number of venerable elms."

Here is the stately structure, Preston House, where Anne of Cleves, consort of Henry the Eighth, is alleged to have dwelt, and there her portrait was hanging when our friends visited the mansion; the lady herself retired to a convent at Falmer, some three miles distant, where she died and was buried. Preston must not be left without calling at the "Crown and Anchor," in favour with the Brighthelmstone visitors and residents, who patronised it on their little excursions. Thence, in a few minutes, past the Prince's Dairy, with the pasturage for his cows, our travellers are in Brighton, with the "Old Ship" as their hostelry, and the sea glittering in front of them, within sight of the Steyne and the Marine Pavilion, then the outside limit of the town; on which gratifying prospect Mr. Wigstead is moved to record:—"From hence the bending sky is seen, at an immeasurable distance, meeting the surface of the ocean, and forming the grand curve of the sensible horizon;" a striking thought, which cannot fail to impress the mind of Brighton visitors.

At the time of Rowlandson's visit the entire town bore testimony to the Prince who had lent it the stamp of fashionable notoriety; the magic words "Georgius fecit" might consistently have been inscribed on much that met the eye; yet our friend Wigstead did not forget that the place had a venerable history, in which the Druids, the Christian Church, and the Saxons had played their part.

At the time of Earl Godwin there were already two distinct settlements, a colony of landmen—chief tenants and ecclesiastics—upon the heights, and a fisher village on the shore. With the Norman invasion Brighthelmstone and its inhabitants were by the Conqueror handed over to his adherent, the Earl of Warenne, whose family long held sway over the county of Sussex. With increasing prosperity the town became a temptation to those enemies with whom England was at war; moreover, the sea commenced its not less destructive incursions. In 1340 it appears that forty acres of land "had been submerged by the sea for ever," and "160 acres of land sown with corn were deficient;" in 1377 the French landed and burnt the place, an exploit they repeated about 1514. The manor of Brighton, with the rectory and advowson, were, on the dissolution of monasteries, seized by the Crown, and, after the fall of Thomas Cromwell, were given by Henry VIII. to his divorced

wife Anne of Cleves for her life. The inhabitants were evidently becoming more warlike, for in 1544, when the French King's navy



HIGGLER'S CART

made another attempt on Brighthelmstead, the beacons were fired and the natives came down "so thick" that the soldiers, who had landed to burn and spoil, were "driven to fly with loss of divers of their numbers." Fortifications were now erected; they were needed, and at the time the Spanish Armada passed the town, a formidable defence was prepared.

The second era of Brighton's prosperity may be taken to have been due to the fishing-trade. This suffered in the seventeenth century by the molestations of the French and Dutch, whose ships destroyed the fishing-boats at sea. In the days of Charles I. it was proposed to impress men and ships at Brighthelmstone, "there being choice;" later on the hated tax of "Ship-money" found the fortunes of the place declining; Charles II. fled in disguise thither, after Cromwell's "crowning mercy" of Worcester, and was successfully smuggled over to France by a Brighton captain. The sea and wind threatened to complete the misfortunes of the place; in 1703 the "Great Storm," described by Defoe, left it at the lowest ebb:—

"Brighthelmstone being an old built and poor, though populous, town, was most miserably torn to pieces, and made the very picture of desolation, that it looked as if an enemy had sacked it;" two years later another dreadful storm came to make matters still worse. "Every habitation under the cliff was utterly demolished, and its very site concealed from the owner's knowledge under a mound of beach." Briefs were issued and collections made in churches throughout the country, by which was raised a fund wherewith to erect "groynes," or breakwaters, before the sea had completed the destruction.

The modern prosperity of Brighton may be dated from 1750, and was due to the physicians, with Dr. Russell at their head. Sea-bathing and the use of salt water were recommended as a novel specific for most complaints, and patients of fashion were attracted to the Baths by medical treatises. Dr. Ralham, in his "Short History of Brighthelmston," comparing the place to "Baix in Campania," wrote in 1761, "I can perceive a striking resemblance, and I am persuaded that every literary person who will impartially consider the matter on the spot will concur with me in giving, in some measure, the preference to our own Baix, as exempt from the inconvenient steams of hot sulphureous baths, and the dangerous vicinity of Mount Vesuvius." The doctors brought a crowd of invalids of quality in their train, and by the attractions of the amusements led the votaries of pleasure to the seaside. Royal patronage completed the charm; the Duke of Cumberland rented the imposing mansion erected by Dr. Russell on the south of the Steyne; his nephew, the Heir Apparent, paid several successive visits, the earliest in 1783, and enjoyed his experiences so highly that he finally "took up" Brighton as the physicians had taken it up some forty years earlier, and its fortunes rose marvellously.

Brighton, its history, its advancement, and the notabilities associated with its progressive stages, require more than a cursory glance to exhaust the interest of the topics it offers, both pictorial and literary; we must, for the present, content ourselves with following Rowlandson and Wigstead through the incidents they have recorded; beginning the trip with a visit to the primitive bathing-place, which in 1789 probably presented much the same features as it did in Dr. Russell's time (1747-59):

Here the Knights of the Bath court a group of fine ladies
On Neptune's bright marge, where the bathing parade is.

Our *cicerone* remarks: "The bathing machines are under the care of the attentive Smoaker. The number of beautiful women who every morning court the embraces of the Watery God far exceeds that of any other bathing place in the Kingdom."

Says West:—

However, most people here rise in high glee,
And early for health's sake they bathe in the sea;
Machines for that purpose are constantly driving,
And strong guides assist them in plunging and diving.

While on the shore, a word may be said concerning the intercourse between England and the Continent;

The French from Dieppe in great numbers come hither,
Shake hands with John Bull, and "deal friendly" together.

Passengers and, it must be said, smugglers, were constantly passing through Brighton. Rowlandson has pictured the scene of embarkation from the beach. The route from London to Paris by way of Brighthelmstone and Dieppe was advertised "as ninety miles nearer than by way of Dover and Calais;" the "pacquets" sailed in the evening, two or three hours after the arrival of the coaches from the metropolis.

"Wind and weather permitting," a packet set out nearly every evening. There were three schooners, loyally christened the *Prince of Wales*, the *Princess Royal*, and the *Prince William Henry*, besides the cutter *Speedwell*.

Horse-racing was another amusement. This brought a motley sporting contingent, according to "The Humours of Brighthelmstone":—

There Newmarket jockies are stripping their boots,
And walk in red slippers, as oft as it suits;
Or else kill the time with high jokes at their tables,
Of hounds in their kennels and nags in their stables;
Or the bath, or a boxing-match—dance or a play
Are the chief entertainments by night and by day.

"The race-ground," says Wigstead, "is exceedingly well adapted for the purpose, and is one of the most beautifully situated spots in the world; the prospect is wonderfully extensive and magnificent."

This latter advantage was evidently lost on the bulk of those who frequented the course, "Far other aims their hearts had learned to prize." "The races are in July," continues our *cicerone*, "there are always three Fifties, besides several sweepstakes, matches, &c. A handsome and convenient stand, sufficiently capacious to receive a great number of spectators, is erected on the course;" this, built in 1788, was a few years later (1803) destroyed by fire through the carelessness of the caretaker, a pauper. The Prince ran his own horses here, and enjoyed himself thoroughly, surrounded by a little Court of companions after his own heart; here did that Duke of Orleans, who afterwards, as Philippe Egalité, created so much confusion in France, commence his career as a sporting hero, though his horses were generally as unfortunate as their owner was eventually.

Concerning the excitement which prevailed during racing times the caustic Anthony Pasquin has written:—"The conduct of all during the race-week should be systematic, and those who can keep coaches, phaetons, curricles, tandems, desobligeants, buggies, gigs, geldings, or taxed carts, have a privilege to murder all those pedestrians who cannot; as it is the saturnalia of Folly, he who gets to the goal first is unquestionably the best man. When on the course, it is extremely vulgar to be suspected of seeing three yards without a glass. As they pass the Prince, it will be stylish to salute him with an air of familiarity, which he will respectfully return, as his affability was never doubted; by this incident, the bucks from the city may be enabled to 'cut a swell' with their associates, and appear the intimates of the Heir-Apparent."

Rowlandson's pencil found congenial employment on the fashionable promenade, the Steyne, where a good band of music played twice a day. Under the influence of the scene Wigstead again becomes enthusiastic:—"The lovely throng of females, in all the elegance of a light summer's dress, woven in Fancy's loom, who here suffer the sea breezes to riot on their charms, is exceedingly numerous."

Here bands of musicians from London's dark caverns,
Enchant at pavilions, assemblies, and taverns.
At sunset the people of Brighton resort
To the Steyne, for the sake of amusement and sport.
Here English and French noble visitors mingle,
The old and the young, and the married and single;
Here you see an odd medley of things in the world,
Some ladies in undress, some feather'd and curl'd;
Some dress'd as the sportive nymphs fond of the brambles,
With horsewhip in hand, just returned from their rambles;
Now mix with a crowd of gay squires, fops, and clowns,
Return'd from a race, or a trot on the Downs.
Thus the Steyne is a feast for the eyes and the ear,
Here music is heard whilst those beauties appear—
Whose charms and whose favours shine forth without ceasing,
And whose constant pursuit is the pleasure of pleasing.

Round the Steyne were the best private residences, Russell House, the Duke of Marlborough's mansion, the "Castle Tavern," the Ball and Assembly Rooms on the west, a Vauxhall-like structure on the east for an orchestra, and the circulating libraries. There were combinations of toy-shops and gambling-saloons, where raffles were held, and promenaders assembled to exchange views; fashionable rendezvous which, in the eighteenth century, were popularly accepted as the "Librarians." On the west side of this promenade dedicated to Fashion and the Graces, the Heir-Apparent had raised his earlier Marine Pavilion:

To partake of its sports in the sea-bathing reason
Which is 'eeming with health—is perhaps the chief reason
Why England's First Prince now has chosen his seat
At a place called the Steyne, 'tis his "Summer Retreat":
It's fine open prospect, and sweet situation
'Twixt the Sea and South Downs—excite admiration.

The pile was built by Henry Holland, under the Prince's direction; the architect went to Italy, it is said, to perfect his design, which was of the quasi-classic order; in any case, it was incomparably preferable to the tasteless bastard Moslem-Hindoo attempt which shortly replaced the original Pavilion as delineated by Rowlandson. "The building," says Wigstead, "correctly designed and elegantly executed, was begun and completed in five months." The interior was decorated with paintings by Rebecca, and had pillars of scagliola; the panels were dark maroon, and it was upholstered in yellow, "the furniture adapted with great taste to the style of the building—the *tout ensemble*, in short, perfect harmony."

The Prince was lodged to his fancy, his sleeping apartments divided into three compartments, the centre enclosing, by sliding partitions, the bed, which "was fitted up like a tent;" and surrounding this eccentric chamber were reflecting glasses which gave the promenader on the Steyne; thus, at all times did the Prince enjoy the prospect he had made his own. One of the Royal hobbies was a mania for building; to judge by the outcome, the requisite good taste was conspicuously absent. No sooner was the Marine Pavilion completed, at a costly expenditure, than it was fantastically pulled to pieces, to make room for the senseless vagaries which culminated in the well-known Brighton Pavilion now standing.

JOSEPH GREGO



EMBARKING FROM BRIGHTELMSTONE FOR DIEPPE



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

May went downstairs, and opening the hail-door, found herself in the street alone, for the first time since she had lived under her aunt's roof. There was a pillar letter-box, she knew, not far distant. To this she proceeded, and dropped her letters into it.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Mr. Bragg was gone, May felt a cowardly temptation to run away to her own room, and there recover her composure in solitude. But she reflected that that would be scarcely fair to her aunt, who, no doubt, was waiting with some impatience to hear the result of the interview. So she dried her eyes, and resolutely ascended the stairs to her aunt's room.

The gentle, refined voice which had once so charmed her (but which, as she had long since learned, could utter sentiments singularly at variance with its own sweetness) answered her tap at the door by saying, "Is that dear May? Come in." May entered, and saw her aunt reclining in a lounging chair by the fireside. A book lay open beside her; but she evidently had not been reading recently. She looked up at May's flushed face and tear-swollen eyes, and these traces of emotion seemed to her satisfactory indications of what had passed. "He has spoken! It's all right!" she said to herself. Then aloud, with a tender smile, holding out both her hands, "Well, darling?"

The softness of her tone had a perversely hardening effect on May. If her aunt had expected her to accept Mr. Bragg—and May was not dull enough to doubt this, now that her eyes were illumined by that dawn of clear-sightedness which had been so amazing to her—the least she could do was to be quiet and common-sensible about it. Any assumption of sentiment seemed to May to be

sickening under the circumstances. So she answered, drily, "Mr. Bragg desired me to tell you that he will have the honour of calling on you again before long."

"Is he gone?" asked Mrs. Dormer-Smith, with a momentary twinge of anxiety.

"Yes; he is gone. He had an appointment in the City, and was rather pressed for time; so he could not stay to take leave of you."

"Oh!" exclaimed her aunt, sinking back among her cushions with a smile, "I forgive him." Then seeing May turn away as if to leave the room, she suddenly sat up again, and said with an air of gentle reproach, "And have you nothing to say to me, dear May?"

"Nothing particular, Aunt Pauline."

"Nothing particular! I do not think that is very kindly said, May."

May's conscience told her the same thing. She had yielded to a movement of temper. The most sensitive chords in her own nature had been jarred, and were still quivering. But that was no reason why she should be unkind or uncivil to her aunt. She repented, and, with her usual impulsive candour, said, "I beg your pardon, Aunt Pauline. I ought not to have answered you so."

"You have been agitated, dear child. Come here, and sit down by me. Now tell me, May—you surely will tell me—Mr. Bragg has proposed to you, has he not?"

"No, Aunt Pauline."

"What?"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith would have been shocked if she could have seen her own face in the glass at that moment. The vulgarest market-woman's countenance could not have expressed surprise and consternation more unrestrainedly.

"I think he, perhaps, would have asked me to marry him: but I stopped him."

"You stopped him?" echoed her aunt, with clasped hands. But a little gleam of hope revived her. The matter had been mismanaged in some way. May was so deplorably devoid of tact! All might yet be well. "And why, for pity's sake, May, did you stop him?"

"Because, as I could not accept him, Aunt Pauline, I wished to spare him as much as possible."

"Could not accept him! Good Heavens, May, this is frightful! Have you lost your senses? Do you know who and what Mr. Bragg is?"

"He is a good, honest man; and I esteem him and like him."

"And is not that enough? Do you know that there are girls of—I won't say better family, but—higher rank than yours, who would give their ears to be— But it can't be! You are a foolish, inexperienced child, who don't understand your own good fortune. You cannot be allowed to throw away this splendid opportunity. I will write to Mr. Bragg myself, and—"

"Stay, Aunt Pauline. Please to understand that I will never, under any circumstances, dream of marrying Mr. Bragg. He is

quite persuaded of this. He and I understand each other very well, and we mean to continue good friends; but pray do not lower your own dignity by writing to him on this subject!"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith burst into tears. "Go away, you ungrateful child," she said, from behind her pocket-handkerchief. "I could not have believed you would have behaved in this manner after all I have done for you!"

May would have been more distressed than she was had the spectacle of her aunt's tears been rarer. But she had seen Mrs. Dormer-Smith weep from what seemed to her, very inadequate motives—even once at the misfit of a new gown. Nevertheless, she tried to soothe her aunt. "Please don't cry, Aunt Pauline. I can't bear you to think me ungrateful. But, after all, what have I done? I dare say—I am sure, indeed, that you are only anxious for my welfare. And what sort of a life could I expect if I married a man I could not love?"

"I beg you will not talk such nursery-maid's nonsense to me, May," returned her aunt, sprinkling some rose-water on her pocket-handkerchief, and dabbing her wet cheeks with it. "Could not love, indeed! Why could you not love him? Do you expect to rant through a *grande passion* like a heroine on the stage? I am shocked at you, May! Girls in your position owe a duty to Society."

May knew that her aunt was unanswerable when she broached these mysterious dogmas about "Society"—unanswerable, at all events, by her. She could as soon have attempted a theological argument with a devotee of Mumbo Jumbo. So she held her peace, and stood still, anxious to escape, and yet fearful of seeming to be unfeeling by going away at that moment. One idea at length suggested itself to her as a possible consolation for her aunt, and she proceeded to offer it with unreflecting rashness.

"But, Aunt Pauline," she said, "after all, you know, Mr. Bragg is a very low born man. He was once a common artisan in Oldchester. And you remember you even thought Theodore Bransby presumptuous!"

The immediate reply to this well-meant suggestion was a fresh burst of tears.

"You are too insupportable, May. One might suppose you to be an idiot! What has been the use of all my care, and my endeavours to make you look at things as a girl of your condition ought to look at them? Mr. Bragg could have placed you in a brilliant position. Now, I daresay, he will marry Felicia Hautenville. I have no doubt he will, and it will serve you right if he does. You think of no one but yourself. What do you suppose that worthy woman, Mrs. Dobbs, will say when she hears of your behaviour? After all the money she has spent on sending you to London!"

May turned round suddenly.

"What do you say, Aunt Pauline?" she asked, almost breathlessly. "Granny has spent money to send me to London?"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith caught at a forlorn hope. Might it not be possible, even now, to influence May through her affection for her grandmother?

"Of course, May," she replied, with an injured air. "Where do you suppose the money came from? Your uncle and I, as you must be well aware, find it difficult enough to keep our position in Society, with Cyril to place in the world, and those two little boys to provide for!"

"But papa!" gasped May. "I thought my father was paying—"

"You chose to assume it. I never told you so. Mrs. Dobbs particularly wished us to keep the arrangement secret, and we did so. I appreciate her wisdom *now* in keeping it secret from you, May; for your conduct to-day shows you to be destitute of the most ordinary tact and prudence."

"And Granny—my dear old Granny—has been depriving herself of money to keep me in town!" exclaimed the girl, still entirely possessed with this new revelation.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith gallantly tried to improve her opportunity. She raised herself into an upright posture in her chair, and said, solemnly, "Yes, May; and a nice return you make for it! The good old creature, no doubt, has been pinching herself for years on your account. She has paid for your schooling, your dress, and everything; she even contrives, I dare say, by enduring some privations" (Mrs. Dormer-Smith did not in the least suppose this to be the case, but she felt it was a rhetorical "point," and likely to affect her niece), "she even contrives to give you a season in town, with charming toilettes from Amélie, and a presentation dress that a Duke's daughter might have worn, and everything which a right-minded girl ought to appreciate—and this is her reward! You refuse one of the finest matches in England! I cannot believe you will persist in such *wicked* perversity, May," continued Pauline, rising to new heights of moral elevation. "No, I cannot believe you will be so ungrateful to that good old soul, and, indeed, I may say, to Providence! Really, there is something almost impious in it. Mrs. Dobbs does all she can to counteract the results of your father's unfortunate marriage—we *all* do all we can; circumstances are so ordered by a Superior Power as to give you the chance of catching—of attracting the regard of a man of princely fortune—you, rather than a dozen other girls whose people have been looking after him for the last three seasons, and all this you reject! Toss it away, like a baby with a toy! No, May; you *are* a Cheffington—you *are* my poor unfortunate brother's own flesh and blood, and I will not believe it of you."

Then, sinking back in her chair, she added, in a faint voice, "Go away now, if you please, and send Smithson to me. I shall have to speak to your uncle when he comes in, and I really dread it. He will be so shocked—so astonished! As for me, I am utterly *hors de combat* for the day, of course."

May willingly escaped to her own room, and locked herself in. Her thoughts were in a strange tumult, busied chiefly with this news about Mrs. Dobbs. Why had she not guessed it before? Was there any one in the world like that staunch, generous, unselfish woman? This explained her giving up her old, comfortable home in Friar's Row. This explained a hundred other circumstances. May thought, between laughing and crying of Jo Weatherhead's eccentric eulogy on her grandmother as compared with classical heroines, and she longed to tell him that he was right. The full tide of love and sympathy and gratitude towards "Granny" rose in her breast above all other emotions, and, for the moment, even Mr. Bragg's wonderful proposals, and her aunt's still more wonderful reception of them, were forgotten. It even overflowed, and temporarily obliterated impressions and feelings far keener than any which poor Mr. Bragg had power to awake in her heart.

What a fool's paradise had she been living in! And what a mistaken image of her father she had been cherishing all this time! He had contributed nothing to her support; he had coolly left the whole care of her to others; he had been thoroughly selfish and indifferent. Every one seemed selfish but Granny! One thing she hastily resolved on: not to remain another week in London at her grandmother's expense.

When Mr. Dormer-Smith came home, and was duly informed by his wife of May's incredible conduct, his dismay was nearly as great as Pauline's. Perhaps his surprise was even greater; for he had accepted his wife's assurances that May was quite prepared to give Mr. Bragg a favourable answer. He could not bring himself to regard May's behaviour with such lofty moral reprobation as his wife did, but he certainly thought the girl had acted foolishly, and even blameably.

Mr. Dormer-Smith was extremely anxious not to offend or disgust Mr. Bragg. To have a man of that wealth in the family

might be the making of all their fortunes. Already Mr. Bragg's advice and assistance had profited him. He and his wife had even privately reckoned on Mr. Bragg's doing something handsome (in a testamentary way) for their younger children. May was very fond of her cousins, and what would a few thousands be to Mr. Bragg? Now the unexpected news which met him broke up all these glittering hopes, as a thaw melts the frost-diamonds.

"You must speak with her, Frederick. I have said all I can, and I really am not equal to another scene," said Pauline.

She had subsided into an attitude of calm despondency, and seemed to be supported chiefly by the sense of her own unappreciated merits. She did not mention that she had already written a private and confidential letter to Mr. Bragg, and despatched it by special messenger to the hotel where he usually stayed when in London.

Mr. Bragg had no town house, and the choosing and furnishing of a suitable mansion for him and his bride had been one of the rewards of virtue which Mrs. Dormer-Smith had, for some time past, been anticipating for herself. May was so young and inexperienced, and Mr. Bragg—dear, good, rich man!—had so little knowledge of the fashionable world, that Pauline confidently expected to be for some years to come the presiding genius of the elegant entertainments to which they would invite only the very best society. For—giving the rein to her fancy—Pauline had resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Bragg were to be extremely exclusive. A well-born girl who, without fortune or title, had succeeded in marrying a millionaire, might surely—if there were any poetical justice at all in the world—indulge herself in the refined pleasure of social selection, and quietly decline to receive those doubtful "Borderers" who made society, as Mrs. Griffin often complained, so sadly mixed!

All this was not to be relinquished without a struggle. Mrs. Dormer-Smith would do her duty to the last. Duty had commanded her to make an immediate appeal to Mr. Bragg not to take May's answer as final; but duty did not, she considered, require her to tell her husband anything about it until she saw how it turned out.

"You must see her, Frederick," repeated Mrs. Dormer-Smith. And Frederick accordingly sent for May to come and speak with him.

He awaited her in the drawing-room; and when May entered the room her eye fell on the easy chair which Mr. Bragg had placed for her, standing out just where she had left it. The whole scene came back to her mind as vividly as if she saw it in a picture before her bodily eyes; and the colour rose to her forehead.

Her uncle went to her, and took her hand kindly. "Well, May," said he, "what is all this I hear?" He was leading her towards the armchair; but May avoided it, and took another seat, and Mr. Dormer-Smith dropped into the armchair opposite to her, himself.

In considering what could have been the motives which had induced her to reject Mr. Bragg, he had prepared himself to listen to some—perhaps foolishly—romantic talk on May's part. Mr. Bragg certainly could not, by any stretch of friendship, be considered romantic. But Uncle Frederick would try to show his niece how much sounder and solidier a foundation for domestic happiness Mr. Bragg was able to offer her than any amount of the qualities which go to make up a young lady's hero of romance.

What he was not at all prepared for was May's saying earnestly, as she leant forward with clasped hands, "Oh, Uncle Frederick, what is all this I hear? My dear, good grandmother has been impoverishing herself to pay for keeping me in London! Why did you not tell me the truth? Nothing should have induced me to accept such a sacrifice!"

Mr. Dormer-Smith was not a ready or flexible man by nature; and it took him a minute or so to alter the sight, so to speak, of the big gun he had been getting into position to mow down May's resistance against making a splendid marriage.

"Why—eh? Oh, Mrs. Dobbs's allowance! Oh, yes, Well, my dear, you have pretty well answered your own question. If you had known, you would not have consented to come to town, and take your proper place in society. Your aunt considered it most important that you should do so. And I'm sure, May, you must allow that she has done her very best for you in every way."

"Her very best!" thought May; "yes, perhaps!" Then she said aloud, "Aunt Pauline has been very kind to me. But how could there be any 'proper place' for me in society, unless I could honestly afford to take it? To get it by imposing privations on my grandmother, who is not bound, except by her own abundant goodness, to do anything for me at all—this surely could not be right or just, could it?"

Mr. Dormer-Smith was not prepared with a cogent answer on the spur of the moment. So he fell back on murmuring some faint echoes of his wife's maxims about "duty to society." But he had not Pauline's sincere convictions on the subject, and did it but feebly.

"And, oh, Uncle Frederick," proceeded May; "what a mean impostor I have been all this time!"

He was rather relieved to find May talking nonsense. That seemed much more normal and natural in a girl of her age than being so deuced logical and high-strung, and that sort of thing.

"That," he repeated, firmly, "is really nonsense."

"But, Uncle Frederick, I was appearing before everybody under false pretences. People thought—I thought myself—that my father supplied all my expenses."

Mr. Dormer-Smith pursed up his mouth and puffed out his breath with a little contemptuous sound. Then he answered, "Your father! My dear May, your father hasn't paid a penny piece for you since you were seven years old."

May was silent for a minute or so. She could not help some bitter thoughts of her father, but it was not for her to utter them. At length she said,

"I cannot go on accepting my grandmother's sacrifice, Uncle Frederick. I will not."

It occurred to Mr. Dormer-Smith, as it had occurred to his wife, that May's affection for Mrs. Dobbs might supply the fulcrum they wanted for their lever. He answered,

"Well, my dear, I don't blame your feeling, though it is a little overstrained, perhaps. But you have it in your own power to more than pay back all Mrs. Dobbs has done for you."

"How?" asked May, innocently.

"Why, I am sure Mr. Bragg would be only too delighted—"

"Oh, Mr. Bragg! I was not thinking of Mr. Bragg, and I would rather not talk of him just now."

This was a little too much. Mr. Dormer-Smith's face assumed a very serious, not to say severe, expression as he looked at his niece and said,

"Excuse me, May, but you must think of him, and talk of him also. That was the subject I sent for you to speak about. I don't know how we have drifted away from it. Your aunt tells me that you have not actually refused Mr. Bragg, but merely stopped him from proposing to you. Now, if that is the case, the matter is not past mending. No doubt Mr. Bragg may feel a little offended."

"He is not in the least offended," interposed May.

"Ah! Well, so much the better. But you can hardly expect me to believe that he particularly enjoyed the interview! Mr. Bragg is a person of a great deal of importance in the world, and not accustomed to be treated as if he were of no consequence. However," proceeded Mr. Dormer-Smith, relaxing into a milder tone, "I dare say he can make allowances for a young lady taken by surprise—it seems you did not expect his proposal?"

"Expect it! How on earth could I have expected it?"

"Some girls would. However, let us stick to the point. I don't think it is too late for you to make everything well again."

"Uncle Frederick, I am bound to assure you most positively that I can never marry Mr. Bragg."

"Now don't be obstinate, May. What is your objection to him?"

The girl hesitated. Then she replied, looking up with pleading eyes, "How can I say, Uncle Frederick? One does not marry a man simply because one has no particular objection to him. Mr. Bragg is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"No, scarcely that. Look here, May, I have a great affection for you. You have been very good and kind to my little boys, and they doat on you. I am not ungrateful for all you have done for the children, although I may not have said much about it."

May was melted in an instant by these words of kindness, and said warmly, "And I am not ungrateful, Uncle Frederick. I know you mean well by me, and Aunt Pauline, too."

"Certainly we do. Naturally so! Well now, just listen to me, my dear. If you were my own daughter I should give you just the same advice. I should be very glad and thankful for a daughter of mine to marry Mr. Bragg. I know a great deal more of the world than you do—or ever will, please God!—for it isn't a very pleasant kind of knowledge—and I tell you honestly, there are very few men, young or old, in the society we frequent, whom I'd choose for your husband rather than Mr. Bragg. He is a little uneducated, and unpolished, of course. We needn't pretend not to know that. But he is a man of sound heart and sound principles—a man whose private life will bear looking into. I'm talking to you as if I really were your father, May; and I do assure you that I would not urge you to marry a man twice as rich as he is, if I knew him to be—to be what some men are, and what you in your innocence, have no idea of. I want you to believe that, May."

"I do believe it, Uncle Frederick," sobbed May, taking his hand, and kissing it.

"There, there, my dear, don't cry! I couldn't talk in this way to many girls of your age; but you have so much sense and right feeling! I wanted you to understand that I'm not an altogether hard, worldly kind of man, ready to offer you up to Mammon—eh? Look here, May; I would stand by you against—against every one, if I thought you were going to be sacrificed. But you must trust a little to the experience of those older than yourself, my dear. Come, come, there now, don't distress yourself! You are not to be pressed and hurried, you know. You will think it all over quietly. Go to your own room and lie down a while. I will take care that you are not disturbed or worried in any way."

He led her gently to the door. She was now sobbing uncontrollably. She longed to tell her uncle the truth about her engagement but she thought that loyalty to Owen and to her grandmother forbade her to speak out fully without their leave. As she was quitting the room, she turned round, and making a strong effort to speak firmly, said, "Uncle Frederick, I shall never, as long as I live, forget the kind words you have said to me. And, whatever happens, don't believe I am ungrateful."

"Well, Frederick—" said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, when her husband re-appeared in her room.

Frederick walked to the window, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and answered from behind it, rather huskily, "Well, I don't know. I almost hope it may come right."

"Do you? Do you really? Well, that is a feeble ray of comfort. But it is rather too bad to have to undergo all this wear and tear of feeling, in order to secure that perverse child's fortune in spite of herself!"

There was a long pause, during which Mr. Dormer-Smith continued to look out of the window, and to blow his nose in a furtive kind of way. "I wonder—" he began slowly, and then stopped himself.

"You wonder—Frederick? Pray speak out! I assure you I am not able to stand much more suspense and anxiety."

"I was merely going to say, I wonder if there can be any one else."

"Any one else?"

"Any man she cares for."

"Good Heavens, Frederick, who should there be? Really you are not very considerate to startle me with such extraordinary suppositions without the least preparation. There is no one, of course."

"You are sure?"

"I am sure there is no one *possible*. I know, of course, every man she has danced with, or who has paid her the smallest attention, and there is not one who could be thought of for a moment, even if Mr. Bragg did not exist. I should not hesitate to speak very strongly if I suspected her of any culpable folly of that kind. A girl without a fortune in the world! And her father, my poor unfortunate brother Augustus, in Heaven knows what dreadful position! That May, under all the circumstances, can behave in this way, is too intolerable. The more one thinks of it the more flagrant it seems. No sense of duty! No consideration for her family! I shall be compelled to say to her—"

Suddenly, in the midst of these fluent, softly-uttered sentences, Mr. Dormer-Smith turned round, wiped his eyes, blew his nose defiantly, and said, with an explosion of feeling, "The girl's a fine creature, and by God I won't have her baited!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EACH mortal's private feelings are the measure of the importance of events to him. And it often happens that while our neighbours are pitying or envying us, on account of some circumstance which, all the world agrees, must have a weighty bearing on our fate, we are mainly indifferent to it, and are occupied with some inner grief or joy, which would seem to them very trivial.

To have received and rejected an offer of marriage from a man worth fifty thousand a year would have been deemed by most of May Cheffington's acquaintance about as important an event as could have happened to her—short of death! But to her it was absolutely as nothing, compared with the facts that Owen was on the point of returning to England, and that he was to live in Mrs. Bransby's house.

Why did this second fact seem to embitter the sweetness of the first?

No, it was not the fact, she told herself, that was bitter; the bitterness lay in the manner of its coming to her knowledge. Why had not Owen written to her? There could be no reason to conceal it! Of course, none! Owen was doing all that was right, no doubt. But to allow her to hear of this step for the first time from Theodore Bransby at a dinner-table conversation—this it was which irked her. So, at least, she had declared to herself last night. Then the tone in which her uncle and all of them had spoken of Mrs. Bransby and Owen had jarred upon her painfully. Theodore had not joined in the tasteless banter; but then Theodore's way of receiving it—with a partly stiff, partly deprecatory air, as though there could possibly be anything serious in it—was almost worse!

The pathway of life which had stretched so clear and fair before her but a short while ago, seemed now to have contracted into a tangled maze, in which she lost herself. The events of the morning had made May resolve that all secrecy as to her engagement must come to an end. She must see Owen immediately on his arrival in London. But how to do so? She did not know whether he was or

was not in England at that very moment! Well, at all events she knew Mrs. Bransby's address, and could write to him there.

This thought gave her a pang. And the pang was intensified by the sudden and vivid perception—as one sees a whole landscape by a lightning-flash out of a black sky—that it was caused by jealousy!

Jealousy! She, May Cheffington, jealous—and of Owen? Yes; it might be painful, humiliating, incredible; but it was true. The flash had been inexorably sharp and clear.

To young creatures, every revelation that they—even they—are subject to the common woes, pains, and passions of humanity about which they may have talked glibly enough, is an amazement and a shock. Still earlier in our earthly course we doubt that Death himself can touch us. What child ever realises that it must die? It is only after many lessons that we begin to accept our share of mortal frailties and afflictions as a matter of course.

Poor May felt sick at heart. Oh, if she could but see Granny! She longed for the motherly affection which had never failed her since the day her father left her—a rather forlorn little waif, whom no one seemed ready to love or welcome—in the old house in Friar's Row. She thought that to sit quite still and silent by Granny's knee, while Granny's kind old hand softly stroked her hair, would charm away all her troubles, or at least lull them to sleep.

But for the present she could not rest. When she left her uncle, and felt secure from interruption in her own room, she sat down and wrote two letters. The first was to Owen, begging him to come and see her without delay, and at the same time telling him that circumstances had arisen which made it desirable to declare their engagement. The second letter was to Granny.

To Granny she poured out her gratitude. She thanked her and scolded her in a breath. Who had ever been so generous, and so careful to conceal their generosity? And yet Granny had done very wrong to make such a sacrifice as was involved in giving up the old home in Friar's Row.

"Had I known this a week ago," wrote May, "I do believe I should have tried to coax Mr. Bragg into breaking the lease, and making you go back to the old house which you love. But I cannot ask any favour of Mr. Bragg now!" Then she told her grandmother all about her interview with Mr. Bragg, and her aunt's bitter disappointment, and her uncle's kind behaviour, although she could see that he was disappointed too. "I wonder," she added, "if you will be as astonished as I was? Perhaps not. I remember some things you said when I told you my grand scheme for marrying Miss Patty! Oh, dear me, I feel like some one who has been walking in his sleep—calmly and unconsciously tripping over the most insecure places. But now I have been suddenly awakened, and I feel chilly, and frightened, and all astray."

When she had written them, she resolved to post the letters herself. Since she had volunteered to take her little cousins out for a walk occasionally the stringent rule which forbade her to leave the house unattended by a servant had been relaxed—it was so very convenient to get rid of the little boys for an hour or two at a time! It left Cecile free to do a great deal of needlework, a large proportion of it expended on the alteration and re-trimming, and so forth, of May's own toilettes. Mrs. Dormer-Smith was strictly conscientious as to that; and since May never went beyond the limits of the neighbouring square, there could be no objection to the arrangement. One point, however, Aunt Pauline had insisted on—that these walks should always take place in the morning, or, at all events, during that portion of the day which did duty for the morning in her vocabulary. The proprieties greatly depend, as we know, on chronology; and many things which are permissible before luncheon become *taboo* immediately after it.

By the time May had finished her letters, however, it was well on in the afternoon. Carriages were rolling through the fashionable quarters of the town, and the footman's rat-tat-tat sounded monstrously like a gigantic *lam-tam*, sacred to the worship of Society.

May went downstairs, and opening the hall-door, found herself in the street alone, for the first time since she had lived under her aunt's roof. There was a pillar letter-box, she knew, not far distant. To this she proceeded, and dropped her letters into it. It had been a fine day for a London winter; but the last faint glimmer of daylight had almost disappeared as she turned to go back home.

There was an assemblage of vehicles waiting before a house which she had passed on her way to the post-box. Now, as she returned, there was a stir among them. Servants were calling up the coachmen, and opening and shutting carriage doors. A number of fashionably-dressed persons, mostly women, came down the steps of the house and drove away. May paused a moment to let a couple of ladies sweep past her on their way to their carriage. As she did so, she heard her name called; and, looking round, she saw Clara Bertram's face at the window of a cab drawn up near the kerbstone. "Is it really you?" exclaimed Clara, as they shook hands. "I could scarcely believe my eyes! What are you doing here alone?"

"I have been posting some letters." Then, reading an expression of surprise in the other girl's eyes, she added quickly, "You wonder why I should have done so myself. For a simple reason: I did not wish the address of one of them to be seen. But Granny knows all about it."

"I am quite sure, dear, you have some good reason for what you have done," answered Clara, in her quiet, sincere tones.

"And you?" asked May, "What are you doing here?"

"I have been singing at a *matinée* in that house. I was just about to drive off, when I caught a glimpse of you. I was not sure that it was not your ghost in the dusk!"

"I suppose you are constantly engaged now?"

"Yes; I have a great deal to do."

"Oh, I hear of you. Your praises are in every one's mouth. Lady Moppet declares you are rapidly becoming the first concert singer of the day. She is as proud of you as if she had invented you! Indeed, she does say you are her 'discovery': as if you were a Polynesian island! I could find it in my heart to envy you, Clara! It must be so glorious to be independent, and earn one's own living."

Clara smiled a faint little smile. "I am thankful to be able to earn something," she said. "But I don't think I should care so much about it if it were only for myself."

"No, of course, dear! I know," rejoined May quickly. She had been told that the young singer entirely supported an invalid father and sister. Then, she added, "Your voice is a great gift. There are so few things a woman can do to earn money."

"Why, one would suppose that you wanted to earn money!" said Clara, smiling.

"Perhaps."

Clara looked more closely at her friend. The street lamps were now lighted, and she could see May's face distinctly. "You are not looking well, dear," she exclaimed. "You seem fagged."

"I am sick of London. I want to go home to Granny and be at peace," answered May, wearily. Then she went on, quickly, to stave off any possible questionings as to her state of mind. "But I must return for the present to my aunt's house. Good bye."

"Stay!" cried Clara. "Will you not get into the cab, and let me drive you home?"

"Drive! It is an affair of some two or three minutes at most."

"Well then, if you have half-an-hour to spare, let me drive you round the square, and then drop you at home. I have been waiting for three or four days past to speak to you quietly. I can't bear to lose this rare opportunity. We do not meet very often. Then seeing that her friend hesitated, she asked, "Are you thinking about the cost of the cab for me?"

"Yes," answered May, frankly.

"I thought so! That is just like you. But, indeed, you need have no scruples. The cab is engaged for the afternoon. When I sing at people's houses, unless they send a carriage for me, the cab-fare is 'considered in my wages.' Do come in!"

May complied, and the cab moved away slowly.

When they had proceeded a few yards, Clara said, "I wanted to tell you—I think it right to tell you—something I have learned on good authority. Your father—I hope it won't distress you—is really married."

May's first thought was that here again her Aunt Pauline had deceived her!

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes, I think I may say so."

"And how did you learn it?"

"From Valli."

"Oh, from Signor Valli! But you told me he was not to be trusted."

"In some ways not. But I do not doubt what he says on this subject. He has no motive to invent. He cares nothing about the matter—except that I think he rather likes La—Mrs. Cheffington than not."

"Is she a foreigner?" asked May, with a little more interest than she had hitherto shown. Her listless way of receiving the news had surprised her friend.

"Yes, an Italian. At least, she is Italian by language, if not by law; for she comes from Trieste. But she is almost cosmopolitan; for she has travelled about the world a great deal. She is—or was—an opera-singer. Her name in the theatre is Bianca Moretti. She was rather celebrated at one time." Clara paused a moment, and then added, "I hope this news does not grieve you, dear?"

"No," answered May, dreamily. "It does not grieve me. If my father is content, why should I grieve? He and I have been parted—in spirit as well as body—for so many years, that his marriage can make but little difference to me."

"I was afraid you might feel—Of course, Captain Cheffington's family will look on it as a dreadful *mésalliance*."

May was silent for a few minutes. Then she said a very unexpected thing:

"Poor woman! I hope he is good to her!"

"I suppose," said Clara, rather hesitatingly, "that the reason why Captain Cheffington has not announced his marriage to his relations is that he thinks they would object to receive an opera-singer."

"Possibly," answered May. (In her heart she thought "the reason is that he cares nothing for any of us.")

"It must be that," proceeded Clara. "For as far as I can make out there seems to be no concealment about it in Brussels."

Then they arrived at Mrs. Dormer-Smith's house, and May alighted and bade her friend farewell.

"Thank you, Clara," she said, "for telling me the truth. I loathe mysteries and concealments. When one thinks of it, they are despicable."

"Unless when one conceals something to shield others," suggested Clara, gently.

She had told her friend what she believed to be the truth so far as the fact of her father's marriage was concerned. But she had not given her all the details and comments which Signor Valli had imparted to her on the subject. His view of the matter was not flattering to Captain Cheffington. Valli declared, with cynical plainness of speech, that Captain Cheffington had married La Bianca merely to have the right to confiscate her professional earnings. Latterly these had become very scanty. La Bianca did not grow younger, and her voice was rapidly failing her. A good deal of gambling had gone on in her house at one time. But it had been put a stop to—or, at least, shorn of its former proportions by the ugly incident of which Miss Polly Piper had brought back a version to Oldchester. Since that, things had not gone well with the Cheffington ménage. Captain Cheffington had become insupportable, irritable, impossible! He was, moreover, a *malade imaginaire*; a querulous, selfish, tyrannous fellow; always bewailing his hard fate, and the sacrifice he had made in so far derogating from his rank as to marry an opera-singer. La Bianca was a slave to his caprices. To be sure she was not precisely a lamb. There were occasions when she flamed up, and made quarrels and scenes.

"But," said Signor Valli, "he is an enormous egoist, and, with a woman, the bigger egoist you are, the surer you are to subjugate her. La Bianca would have stabbed a man who loved her devotedly for half the ill-treatment she endures from that cold, stiff, ramrod of an Englishman."

Such was Vincenzo Valli's version of the case; and Clara Bertram, in listening to him, believed that, in the main, it was a true one. Valli had recently been in Brussels, where he had seen the Cheffingtons; and one or two other foreign musicians whom she knew had come upon them from time to time, and had given substantially the same account of them. As to persons in the rank of life to which Captain Cheffington still claimed to belong, they were no more likely to come across him now than if he were living on the top of the Andes.

May went into the house wearily. In the hall she met her Uncle Frederick, who had just come in, and had seen the cab drive away. "Who was that with you, May?" he asked, in some surprise.

"It was Miss Bertram," she answered. Then she asked her uncle to step for a moment into the dining-room. When he had done so, and closed the door, she said quietly, "My father is married to a foreign opera-singer; they are living in Brussels. Did you and Aunt Pauline know this?"

"Know it! Certainly not!"

May was relieved to hear this, and drew a long breath. The sensation of living in an atmosphere of deception had oppressed her almost with a feeling of physical suffocation. She then told her uncle all that Clara Bertram had said.

Mr. Dormer-Smith puckered his brows, and looked more disturbed than she had expected. "This will be another blow for your aunt," he said, gloomily.

"I don't see why Aunt Pauline should distress herself," she answered, coldly; "my father is not likely to trouble her. Married or unmarried, my father seems determined to keep aloof from us all." Then she went to her own room.

Mr. Dormer-Smith shrank from communicating this news to his wife, and as he went upstairs he anticipated a disagreeable scene. He did not very greatly care about the matter himself, for he agreed with May that it was unlikely Augustus would trouble any of the family with his presence; and to keep away was all that he required of his brother-in-law. On entering his wife's room, he found her still in a morning wrapper, reclining on her long chair; but her hair had been dressed, and she announced her intention of coming down to dinner. Her countenance, too, wore an unexpected expression of placidity, almost cheerfulness. The country post had arrived, and there were several letters scattered on a little table by Mrs. Dormer-Smith's elbow.

Her husband went and placed himself with his back to the fire, which was burning with a pleasant glow in the grate. "Well," he said, in a sympathising tone, to his wife, "how are you feeling now, Pauline?" They had not met since his outburst about May, and he had been rather nervously uncertain of her reception. Pauline never sulked; never stormed; and rarely scolded. But when she felt herself to be injured, she would be overpoweringly plaintive. Her plaintiveness seemed to wrap you round, and damp you, and chill you to the bone, like a Scotch mist. And when used

restitutively it was felt—by her husband, at all events—to be very terrible. But on this occasion, as has been said, there was a certain mild serenity in her face, which was reassuring.

"Thanks, Frederick," she answered. "There seems to be a little less pressure on the brain. Smithson bathed my forehead for three-quarters of an hour after you were gone."

Mr. Dormer-Smith hastened to change the subject. "Post in, I see," he said. "Any news?"

"I have a very nice letter from Constance Hadlow," answered Pauline, with her eyes absently fixed on the fire. "How thoughtful that girl is! What tact! What proper feeling! Ah! the contrast between her and May is painful at times."

Mr. Dormer-Smith made a little inarticulate sound, which might mean anything. Despite her beauty, which he admitted, Miss Hadlow was no great favourite of his. But he would not imperil the present calm in his domestic atmosphere by saying so.

"Misfortunes," pursued Pauline, still gazing at the fire, "never come singly, they say. And really I believe it."

"Does Miss Hadlow announce any misfortune?"

"Oh, no!—At least, we are bound not to look on it as a misfortune. Who could wish him to linger, poor fellow? She is staying near Combe Park, and she says Lucius has been quite given up by the doctors. It is a question of days—perhaps of hours."

"No? By George! Poor old Lucius!" returned Mr. Dormer-Smith, with a touch of real feeling in his tone.

"Of course, this will make an immense difference in May's prospects. I don't mean to say that she will easily find another millionaire, with such extraordinarily liberal ideas about settlements as Mr. Bragg hinted to me this morning!—That is, humanly speaking, not possible," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, solemnly. "Still, the affair may not be such an irretrievable disaster as we feared."

"How do you mean?" asked Frederick, whose mind, as we know, moved rather slowly.

"It must make a difference to her," repeated his wife, in a musing tone. "The only child and heiress of the future Viscount Castlecombe, of course—"

"By George! I didn't think of that at the moment. Yes, Gus is the next. I suppose that's quite certain?"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith did not even condescend to answer this query, but merely raised her eyebrows with a superior and melancholy smile.

Frederick pondered a minute or so; then he said,

"You say 'heiress,' but I don't think your uncle would leave Gus a pound more than he couldn't help leaving him."

"I fear that is likely. Still, there is much of the land that must come to Augustus, and Uncle George has enormously improved the estate. Do you know I begin to hope that I may see my poor, unfortunate brother come back and take his proper place in the world? When I remember what he was five-and-twenty years ago, it does seem cruel that he should have been absolutely eclipsed during all this time. I recollect so well the day he first appeared in his uniform. He was brilliant. Poor Augustus!"

Mr. Dormer-Smith felt that the difficulty of telling his wife what he had just heard assumed a new shape. He had feared to add to the load of what Pauline considered family misfortunes; now it seemed as if his news would dash her rising spirits, and darken roseate hopes. He passed his large hand over his mouth and chin, and said, with his eyes fixed uneasily on his wife, who was still contemplating the fire with an air of abstraction. "Ah! Yes. But—there may be a Lady Castlecombe to find a place in the world for."

"Not improbable. I hope there may be. Augustus is little past the prime of life. It would compensate for much if—"

"I'm sorry to say, Pauline, that there's no chance of that—I mean of such a marriage as you are thinking of. I came upstairs on purpose to tell you. In one way it won't, make any difference to us. And I'm sure your brother has never deserved much affection or consideration from you. But still, I know it will worry you."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith sat upright, with her hands grasping the two arms of her chair, and said, with a sort of despairing calm, "Be good enough to go on, Frederick. I entreat you to be explicit. I dare say you mean well, but I do not think I can endure much more suspense."

"Well, you know the rumours we've heard from time to time about that disreputable Italian woman in Brussels—opera-singer, or something of the kind? Well—I'm afraid there's no use deluding ourselves; I think it comes on good authority—your brother has married her."

(To be continued)



A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the second edition of "The Coins of Great Britain and Ireland" (Upcott Gill). Colonel Stewart Thorburn who, in 1886, had been made Chief Paymaster in Ireland, was stricken down in the same year at the age of forty-eight. Instead therefore of the larger work which he had in contemplation, we have only a reprint of his first edition, but this was so well done that it already ranks as the best handbook on the subject. Colonel Thorburn gives some useful hints to collectors, e.g., that very dry boxwood sawdust is the proper medium for drying coins. Of early British coins he gives no figures, but he figures several of the bracteate coins of native Irish chiefs, none of which had ever been found till, in 1837, a large hoard was discovered at Fermoy. Their date is early in the thirteenth century, and they are copied from coins of William or Henry I. The Irish Danes coined silver pennies; the natives used rings of gold, silver, or brass, and also *fibulae* graduated to troy weight multiples of twelve grains.

The Cobden Club is bound to prove that Free Trade is not answerable for the present agricultural depression, and Mr. W. Bear, in "The British Farmer and His Competitors" (Cassell), champions the orthodox faith by showing that neither America nor Russia, nor indeed any country but India, can profitably send us wheat at less than 40s. a quarter, at which price the English farmer would be well content to let it stand. Wheat-growing in America has been a ruinous game: "The wheat crop of 1885 was grown at a loss of over seventeen millions sterling." In Iowa the loss was estimated at 12s. an acre, though the cost of producing was only 28s., against 8s. in England. The same in California. Everywhere "small crops, low prices, high interest on loans and mortgages" are the rule. In the West, the exhaustive system of farming has brought down the yield from 40 or 60 bushels to only 14 or 15 per acre! The *New York Tribune* welcomes the low prices, as certain to reduce the wheat area, and to stimulate the production of wool, butter, &c., and of fruit on suitable soils. Professors talk of "the wicked habit of blighting prairie soil with annual wheat, and adding insult to injury by burning the straw." The farmer with from 80 to 160 acres, some of which has to lie fallow, finds, during the last four years, his gross returns less than the earnings of a farm labourer. More startling still are the facts about Manitoba. No fortunes have yet been made there by wheat-growing. In 1885, three hundred farms in a single county near Winnipeg were sold to



CROSSING THE ST. GOTHARD PASS
(THE ENGRAVING REPRESENTS THE LAST REGULAR COACH-JOURNEY BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE TUNNEL)
FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF KOLLER



THE BICENTENARY OF THE ACCESSION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE
THE LANDING OF KING WILLIAM III. AFTER THE PEACE OF RYSWICK

pay taxes. The "Great Bell Farm," on which Major Bell said 8 per cent. was made by growing wheat at 11s. 2d. a quarter, has gone the way of nearly all the American "mammoth farms." Unless the climate can be altered, the British farmer ought not to be afraid of Manitoban competition. In Russia "agricultural depression is probably worse than anywhere else in the world." Ruin will overtake the Australian farmers if wheat is exported for a livelihood. Even in India it is only the abnormally low price of silver which makes the export of corn profitable, and as soon as we stop the mischief which the large gold-owners have been playing with Indian finances to the ruin of English farmers, we shall be safe in that quarter. All this is encouraging; and the facts from India should be a godsend to the bi-metallists. Equally valuable are Mr. Bear's remarks on meat and dairy produce.

That Mr. Harry Brittain's "Notes On the Broads and Rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk" (Norwich: Argus Office; London: 130, Fleet Street) has reached a second edition shows that many still prefer the slow streams and weed-smelling pools of East Anglia to the brawling becks and clear tarns of the bonnie North. For one thing, they are much nearer London, and the Great Eastern has done all that a Company can do to open up the whole district. If only Irish railways would do likewise, even Cockneys might be beguiled into trying the lakes of Central Ireland, if not the Donegal firths. Mr. Brittain's table of river distances is sure to be useful.

Sir J. W. Dawson cannot be serious when, in "Modern Science and Bible Lands" (Hodder and Stoughton), he says "The mental process required of us by some evolutionists is as if one should say: 'Here is a hen's egg in which the chick has got to the first stage, and here is an adult fish; ergo, time being given, the latter may as well pass through the intervening stages and become a chicken'" (page 143). This is surely the old trick of setting up a straw man, and claiming that to knock him over is to discomfit the adversary. Evolution (as we understand it) means not that a fish can develop into a chicken, but that fish and fowl and mammal all came, along different lines, from the same primordial form. The Toronto Professor is on safer ground when he points out the gaps in the record of the rocks as well as in the chain of existing species, and the fact that, despite variations innumerable, there is no recorded case of phylogenesis, than when he pokes fun at embryology. Believing in Genesis, he also believes in Mr. Boyd Dawkins, and therefore has to accommodate the Bible record with the existence of what he calls palanthropic man. On either view the subject bristles with difficulties; how, for instance, did the mastodon and mammoth tribe leap into existence in the miocene period, as the huge cetaceans had done in the eocene? Mr. Gaudry naively admits: "We have questioned these giant sovereigns of the tertiary oceans as to their progenitors, but they leave us without reply." The charm of Sir J. W. Dawson's book is rather in richness of suggestion than in argument. In the Hyksos type, for instance, he finds Turanian faces just like those of Red Indians. Basque, Berber, and Carib he believes to be the same race. Edenic man, though "industrially primitive," had marriage, the man belonging to his wife's tribe. The "sons of God" were not Sethites, but Cainites, worshippers of Elohim, and as they migrated they sank into savagery. All Southern Europe is based on volcanoes, and is perhaps preserved from a cataclysm of fire by the existence in the catacombs of the Christian sepulchres, and by the success of the present Waldensian Church! The Bible, Sir William well remarks, "has no theories to support except the doctrine of an Almighty Creator, and is notably free from incorrect statements as to natural facts;" he protests against its being subjected to "a vexatious verbal criticism" (page 256). A good point is scored against those who fix the origin of the Aryan race in North-West Europe, because the birch (whose name is identical in Teutonic and Sanskrit) does not exist east of the Crimea. They forget the Indian birch, from which paper has been made from time immemorial. The days of Creation Sir William believes to be Divine ages—St. Augustine's *dies ineffabiles*.

Mr. S. F. A. Caulfield is very dissatisfied with "Scientific Religion," and in "True Philosophy" (Hatchards) essays to answer Mr. L. Oliphant's heresies, especially his idea of the bi-sexual nature of the Godhead. He borrows largely from the Rev. Joseph Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures," and out of them strives to throw light on that eternal puzzle, the origin of evil. "Sin exists in the universe by the abuse of free will," says Mr. Cook, not perceiving that this fact only removes one step further the difficulty as to God's benevolence. For the Divine origin of the Pentateuch Mr. Caulfield goes to Bishop Marsh and Dr. McCaul; but, when he claims as genuine Lentulus's letter to Tiberius, and the Philip of Macedonia coins with Noah and his wife coming out of the Ark, and the dove, the olive-branch, and the name NOE all complete, he shows that he has not learned how much worse a weak proof is than none at all. Some of his quotations from the Rev. L. A. Lambert incline us to take up the Paris *gamin's* street-cry of a generation ago: "Ohé, Lambert!"

There is a vast amount of information in the third edition of Mr. A. Cooper's "Colonies of the United Kingdom" (Brighton Gazette office), and having lately visited Australia and Canada Mr. Cooper is able to speak as one who has seen. He confirms what we lately said—that the Australian artisan, despite his determination not to let wages go down, "would welcome farm-bred labourers who would really settle in the outlying districts." Naturally, for they would become his customers instead of his rivals. Mr. Cooper heartily wishes success to the Panama Canal, the difficulties of which are enhanced by the fact that in the Pacific flood tide is 13½ feet higher than in the Atlantic. He gives the latest facts about the New Guinea aborigines, noting that their spreading spiral ringlets are a protection against sunstroke, against which no artificial covering is of half so much avail as the hair. Indeed his book is less an emigrant's manual than a physical geography of the colonies. Mr. Cooper is Vice-Chairman of the Brighton Emigration Society, and he sees the truth which we have often inculcated, that a liberal Government expenditure on emigration would be a far better investment than the millions wasted on ironclads, &c.

The "Magic Lantern" has long been elevated from its position as a mere toy to amuse children at holiday time, and of late years has been so vastly improved, that it now ranks as one of the most valuable adjuncts to scientific investigation or instruction. Much of this is due to the great strides which photography has made, for whereas in olden days slides had to be drawn and painted at the expenditure of much labour and expense, any tyro in photographic knowledge can now make as many as he wishes at an infinitesimal cost, while at the same time his lantern will enable him to enlarge his small negatives—even those of a "defective" calibre—to any reasonable size that he may desire. Mr. T. C. Hepworth has done good service in bringing out "The Book of the Lantern" (Wyman and Sons), which is a thorough practical guide to lantern work in all its branches, from the lecture hall to the school room. Mr. Hepworth is an experienced lecturer and practised photographer—as indeed the Editor of the *Camera* should be—and has the art of writing in a plain straightforward style, which, while conveying the fullest information, can be understood by the most unscientific of readers. The book is illustrated, and gives full directions for preparing plain and coloured lantern slides after both old and new methods, for making dry photographic plates, for making photomicrographs, for enlarging photographs, for obtaining the oxygen gas for the limelight—in fact all information that may be necessary for utilising the lantern in every possible way. It is a most comprehensive work on the subject, and will prove alike a useful manual to the schoolboy and a valuable aid to the professional lecturer.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

It is now more than five years ago that the terrible volcanic outburst at Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda—the most awful explosion of the kind which has ever been recorded—startled the world by its fearful intensity. An island was blown to fragments, the explosion being accompanied by a sea wave which swept off thirty-seven thousand people from neighbouring lands—nearly as great a number as perished in the Great Earthquake at Lisbon—and by a sound which was heard at Mauritius, nearly three thousand miles away. This same wave, too, travelled—with gradually diminishing intensity—until it was actually felt in the English Channel. Another wave, a pulse of air which was started from the initial point of explosion, also travelled over the globe in an expanding and contracting ring, until it reached the opposite point on the earth to its place of origin, when it was reflected, or reproduced, so as to journey back again. Nor was this all. The great explosion left its mark in the heavens, for long after it occurred we had a series of such gorgeous sunsets as had hardly ever been seen before; and these, chiefly by the evidence of the spectroscopic, were distinctly traceable to fine dust suspended in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

The gigantic scale upon which this great natural disturbance was planned caused the Royal Society to appoint a Krakatoa Committee to inquire into, and to report upon, the whole subject; and this report, a quarto-volume of nearly five hundred pages, has just been issued. It deals with each feature of the occurrence in a most masterly manner, each section having been entrusted to hands well competent to deal with it. Thus the history of Krakatoa and of its past eruptions is treated of by Professor Judd, whose work on volcanoes is so well-known. Next comes the results of investigations of the air and sound waves propagated by the explosion, as collected from various points of observation all the world over. This section is elucidated by General Strachey. The sea wave which caused such wholesale destruction to life forms the subject of a separate section by Captain Wharton. And the optical phenomena are entrusted to other well-known scientists. The report forms probably the most exhaustive account of a volcanic outbreak which has ever been produced; while the recent progress of science will naturally make it take rank as by far the most trustworthy work on the subject of which it treats.

The subject of electric lighting, which has been slumbering for some time, has, in consequence of the recent Amendment of the Act of 1882, once more come to the fore, and there is every reason to believe that we shall speedily see some practical results from its resumption. The Chelsea Electricity Company will shortly, under the terms of the new Act, erect plant sufficient to supply 6,000 lights. The current will be generated at a central station, from which it will be carried by underground mains to sub-stations, where accumulators will be charged for the supply of surrounding houses. Other places are considering a plan of lighting on the same basis. It is said, too, that negotiations with the City authorities are in progress, with a view to once more lighting up the streets which are under their control. We trust that the new schemes will not suffer the fate of their many predecessors.

A new form of electric bell has been introduced by the Equitable Telephone Company, which has the great advantage of working without a battery. This bell is the invention of Messrs. Cox-Walker and Swinton, and depends for its efficiency upon the magneto-electric current. It consists of two parts, the generator and the bell proper; the first containing the necessary push or button for ringing the bell at the other end of the line wires. The generator consists of a horse-shoe magnet, between the pole-pieces of which there is placed a shuttle armature (of the Siemens' type) which is given a to-and-fro motion by means of an attached knob or button. This movement of a coil of wire within the magnetic field generates a current of electricity, which traverses the line wire and sets the hammer of the bell in motion at the other end. The bell itself is not of the ordinary pattern—the working parts being contained within the dome formed by the gong. This gong is cast with two projecting pieces of metal on one side of its inner surface, between which the hammer works so as to strike each alternately. The entire apparatus is most ingenious, and the fact that it is practically everlasting, and requires no attention whatever, will recommend it for many purposes where the ordinary electric bell would be inadmissible.

A new form of saw for tree-felling has been patented by Mr. W. F. Stanley, of South Norwood. It may be described as a flexible ribbon consisting of a number of steel saw-teeth so rivetted together that each rivet forms a bending joint. The teeth are somewhat thicker on their cutting edges than they are at the back, so that the entire saw will work easily in the channel which it cuts. The contrivance will fold up into a case which can be slung by a strap over the shoulder, and it weighs less than two pounds. Experiment shows that the instrument will cut down a growing tree twelve inches in diameter in five minutes. This saw will be most useful from its extreme portability not only to emigrants, but also for military purposes.

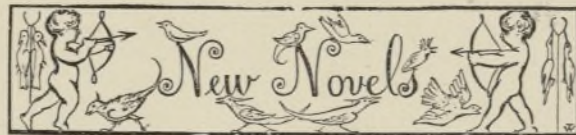
The renewed interest which has been excited in the parachute by Professor Baldwin's performances is perhaps responsible for the "Photo-rocket," which is described and figured in a recent number of the French periodical *La Nature*. This curious contrivance consists of a rocket, at the head of which is a cylindrical photographic camera, with twelve lenses pointing in every direction. The whole is crowned with a parachute, which opens automatically when the rocket has reached its highest altitude. At this moment, too, a compound shutter opens and closes the lenses for a fraction of a second, and the entire apparatus is guided to the spot where it started from by an attached cord. The contained photographic plate bearing an all-round view has then to be developed and printed. The rocket is, of course, for daylight use, and it is said to have given some hopeful results.

A curious, but rather cruel, experiment is said to have been lately made by a doctor in New Orleans, who wished to study the effects of the imagination on health and disease. He administered to one hundred patients each a dose of sweetened water, shortly afterwards telling them, with assumed trepidation, that he had in mistake given them an emetic. The result was that eighty of the persons experimented upon suffered in the same way as if the error had been really made.

A new life-belt called the "Eclipse," which seems to possess many advantages over older patterns in the way of durability and buoyancy, has been invented by Mr. J. Johnson. It is composed of a series of light metal corrugated tubes, which are attached to a kind of waistcoat which can be readily adjusted to the body. Trials of this new contrivance show that it possesses a greater lifting power than the old cork jacket, while it is far less bulky, and, therefore, more convenient in use.

Some experiments which have recently been made by Professor Trowbridge, of New York, with a view to determine the expenditure of energy by men whilst rowing, should be interesting to our University crews. The examination was made on the occasion of a boat race, and the subjects selected were eight men forming the crew of one of the boats engaged. The course was four miles, and the speed about a thousand feet per minute. The work done was calculated to be 28 horse-power per man, or seven times the rate which a strong labourer is expected to maintain during a fair day's work. The professor asserts that the strain on the heart and lungs of those engaged in such races is excessive, and that it would, therefore, be prudent to reduce the length of the course in such races to something under three miles.

T. C. H.



THERE appears to be no limit to Mr. W. Clark Russell's power of romantic invention; it is seemingly as inexhaustible as the sea itself, which is his treasury. "The Death Ship" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is, perhaps, for the present, the best of all his novels, both in conception and in execution, as well as the most courageous. He has taken the legend of the *Flying Dutchman* for his theme, and has succeeded in putting fresh power and pathos into that wild and terrible old story. The entire scene of the romance is laid upon the *Braave* of Amsterdam, after she has been vainly struggling to round the Cape for a hundred and fifty years, with her neither dead nor living crew, and with a Vanderdecken, who, for the first time, is rendered in human colours. Few things in fiction are more touching than where, grim, stern, and accused as he is, he shows his unwilling guest the toy he is bringing home to his little girl at home, who must have been dead and buried half a century ago, even if she had lived to fourscore. The obvious difficulty of bringing a mortal hero and heroine together on board the phantom vessel, and the still greater one of disposing of them, have been grappled with in a manner which could only have occurred to a master of the art of construction. Tragic it was bound to be, and the reader is left, as he ought to be, to decide for himself how far the extraordinary experience of the late Mr. Geoffrey Fenton of Poplar, master mariner, was due to disordered imagination, or how far to sober reality. At any rate, his cruise in the *Flying Dutchman* is real enough until the question arises; the description of the vessel herself, of the life on board her, of her ghastly crew, of the incidents and complications which arise, and of all the circumstances which bring out the full horror of the curse, give the novel as high a place in the literature of fancy as its varied seascapes give it in that of picturesque description. Finally, the story has the advantage, for the first time in Mr. Russell's case, of a sympathetic heroine. We are glad that the chief of living sea-novelists has made the finest of all sea-legends his own.

Not many more self-conceited things have been written than Mr. George Moore's preface to his "Spring Days: a Realistic Novel" (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.). The work itself is intended for the prelude to a future book, in which we are given to understand, the "idea of man" will be presented to the reading world for the first time. We can only hope that the tune will be a little more interesting than the prelude. "Spring Days" chronicles, in an inartistic, crudely photographic style, the silly or vulgar conversations of a silly and vulgar group of young people, about which and whom it is impossible to care a straw. The novel is to literature what a cheap likeness taken on the sands of Arry on a holiday is to a picture. No doubt Mr. Moore finds all sorts of psychological complexities and curiosities in his subjects, and possibly his own comprehension of them is clearer than his manner of expressing them. But then, equally of course, it does not follow that everything which is capable of being studied is worth study: at any rate publicly. Nor is it necessary, if it be necessary to dissect vermin, to do so with an air of relish which is inevitably more nauseating than the operation itself. In the present case Mr. Moore falls between two stools—he makes himself needlessly offensive to what is still the majority of readers without saying anything to attract the really "realistic" minority. Lack of interest is, after all, the principal fault of "Spring Days."

"The Superior Sex," as the title of the clever sketch which Harold Vallings describes as "A Satirical Comedy" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), must not be taken for sarcasm at either masculine or feminine expense. The theory of Harold Vallings seems to be that it is six of the goose and half-a-dozen of the gander. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the very best things are put into the mouth of a young woman in contempt of the opposite sex—while this, in turn, is compensated by her making what promises to be a happy marriage with the heir to a dukedom who has gone through the fire of life as an omnibus conductor: no doubt an admirable school for the acquisition of wisdom in many forms. The cynicism of the "comedy"—story we cannot call it—is decidedly young, but it is bright, occasionally even witty, and full of superficial observation. And it goes but skin-deep after all. Its flavour of sharp and bitter is wholesome, as well as amusing.

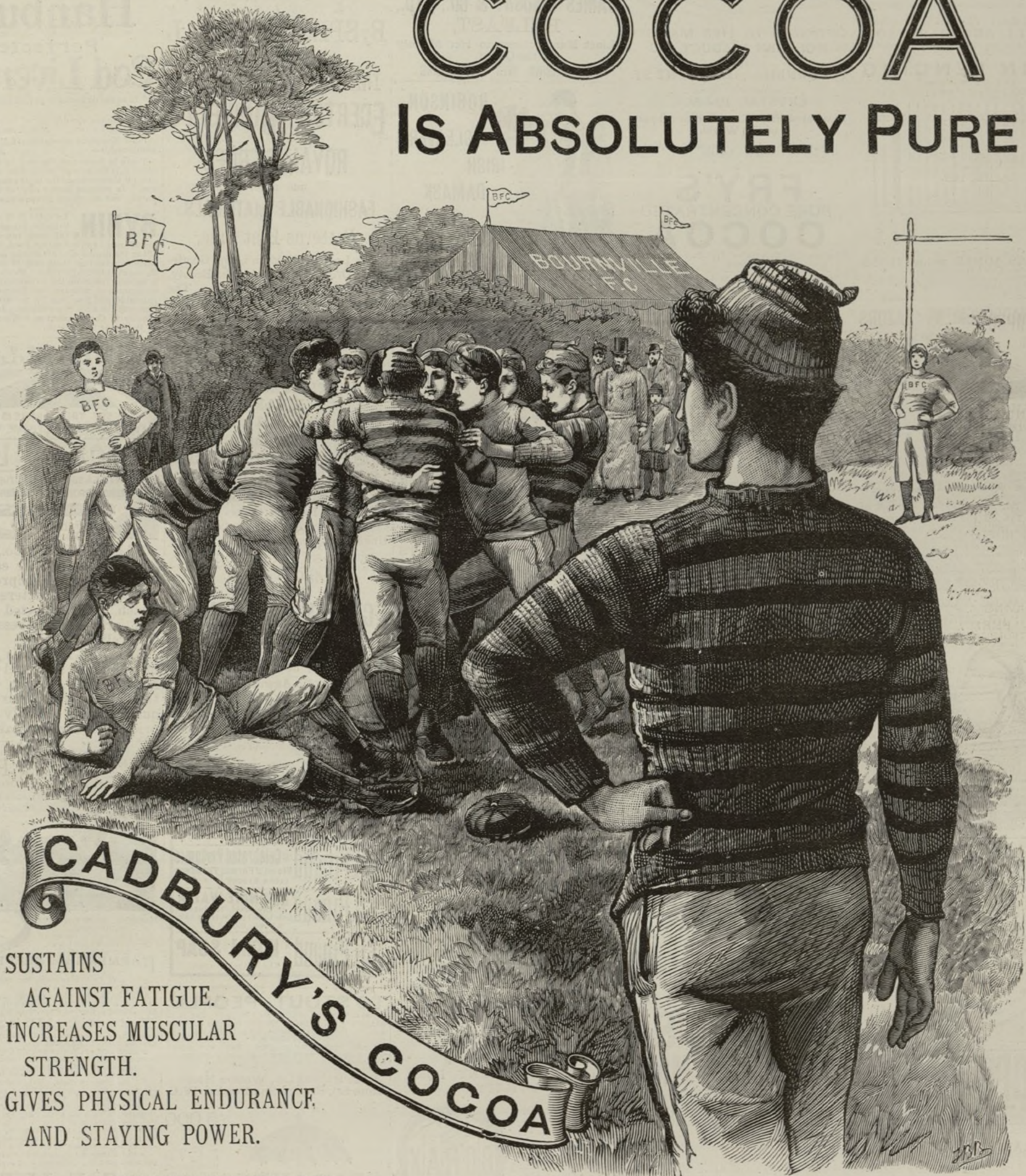
Walter Stanhope; the Man of Varied Sympathies," by John Copland (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is also an amusing book, at least for two-thirds of the way—the portion, that is to say, which deals with student-life at Göttingen fifty years ago. It is evidently the work of one who has his subject at his fingers' ends, and who thinks and writes like a scholar. Among the Professors he describes actual celebrities by name; and he is bold enough to make no less a personage than Von Bismarck himself among his gallery of students. When the fascinating and unintentional lady-killer, Walter Stanhope, falls seriously in love and returns to England, the interest falls off sadly; but the Göttingen part is more than good enough to make the book well worth reading. With one innovation we must quarrel altogether—that is to say, Mr. Copland's eccentric conduct in reporting conversations in their original excellent German, and, after each speech, translating it in a parenthesis. Students of the language may learn a great deal thereby, if they please; but it is, to say the least, injurious to the dramatic quality. Another fault is that Walter is so irritatingly fatal to female happiness. It is never his fault—quite the contrary; but one would almost prefer him a little if it were.

There is also a good deal of cleverness, of a slighter kind, in "The Pit Town Coronet," by Charles J. Wills (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). Many of the sketches of curate life are decidedly amusing. But the cleverness can hardly be said to extend to the construction of a novel which gets out of every awkward complication by a death, so that at last but two of the principal characters (one of those being little more than a dummy) is left alive. Indeed a much more clumsily constructed work of fiction we have seldom seen. Nor are the leading characters so sympathetic as to inspire the least regret for their wholesale extermination, especially as the subordinate but amusing people are left alive. The complications are tremendous; but they have the merit of transparency. On the whole, any judgment on "The Pit Town Coronet" is bound to be rather mixed. It is a sadly improbable muddle, and occasionally rather childish; but it has at any rate the redeeming qualities of observation and—though not invariably—humour.

We are not aware whether "Devlin the Barber," by B. L. Farjeon (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), which originally appeared in a popular weekly journal, was conceived before or after the "White-chapel horrors," at all events it belongs to the crime-and-detective school of fiction. Of two beautiful twin-sisters, one is murdered, and the other mysteriously disappears on the same night, and the reader follows with avidity the gradual unravelment of the plot and the detection of the criminal as set forth by the author. Mr. Farjeon has done well in this story, but he is capable of better things. Devlin is a clever conception, and we should advise two of the best-abused men in London, Mr. Matthews and Sir Charles Warren, to try if they cannot secure him for the Scotland Yard detective staff.

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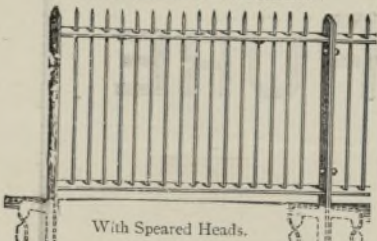
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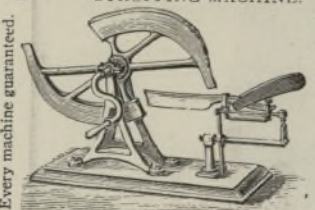
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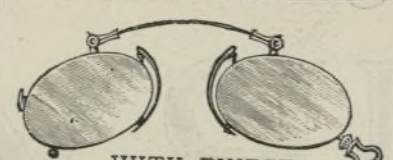
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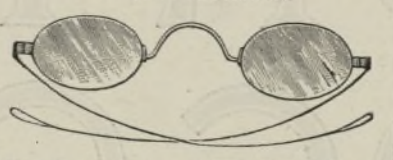
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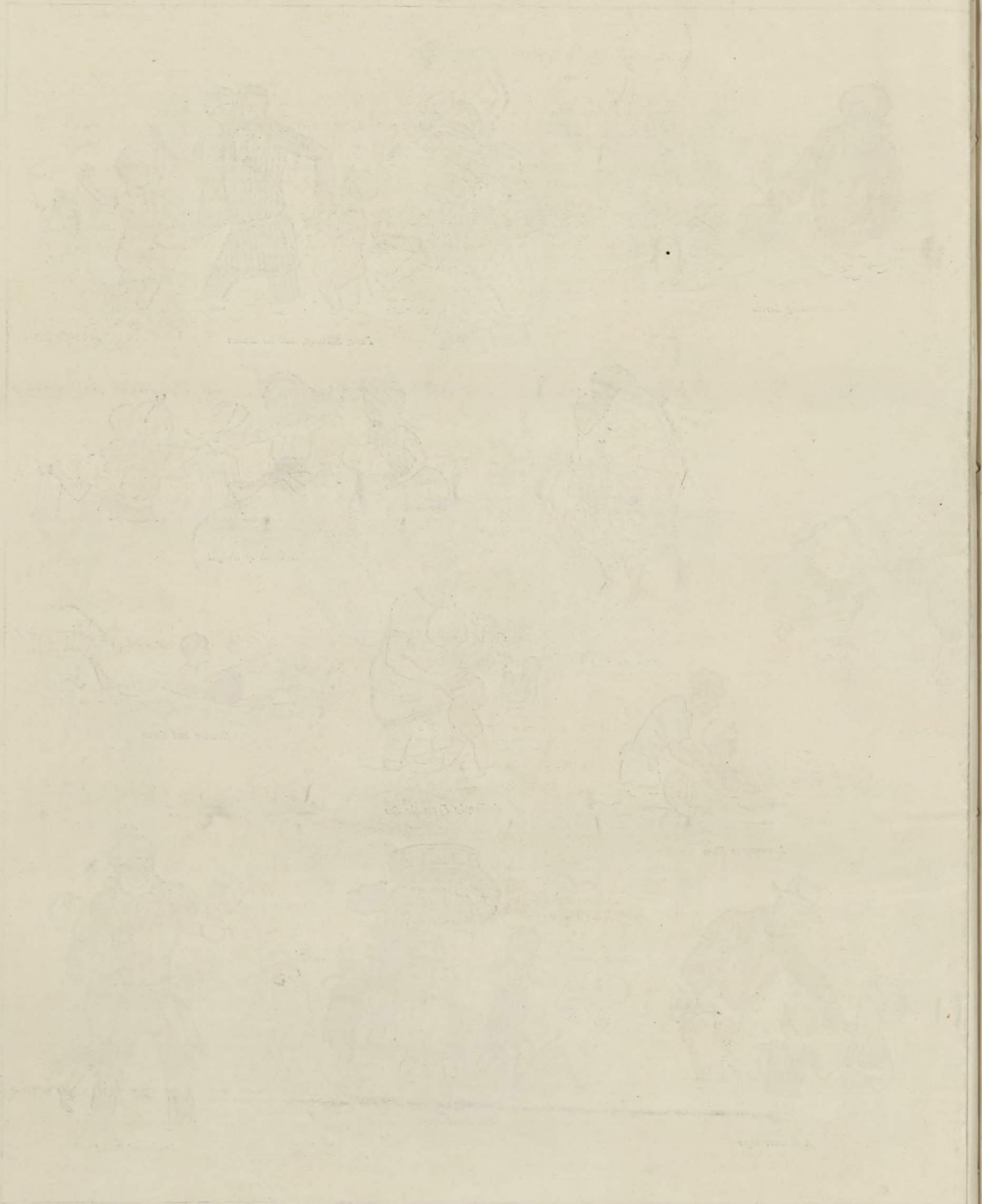
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