

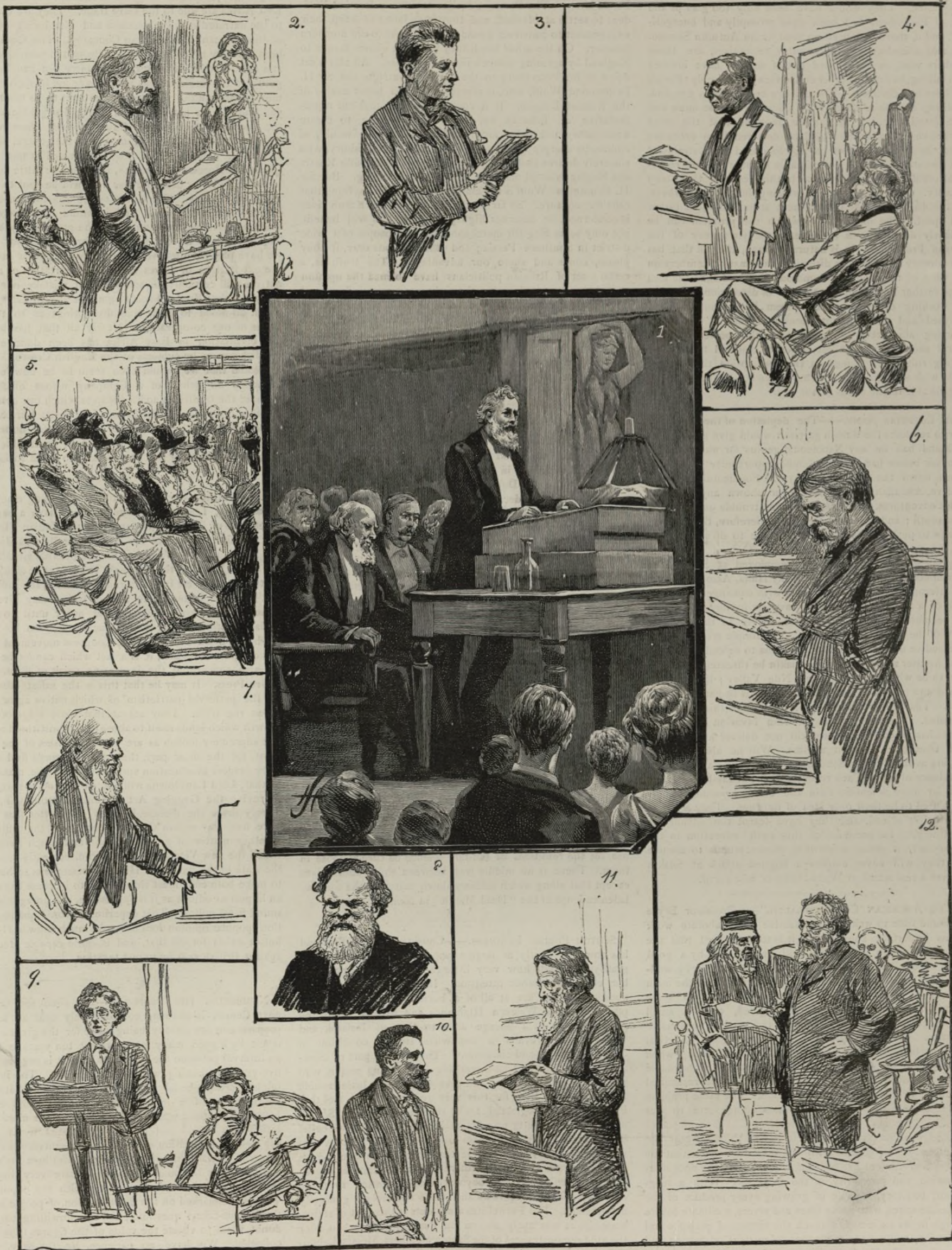
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 994.—VOL. XXXVIII.
Registered as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
By Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



1. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., President of the Congress, Delivering the Inaugural Address
2. Mr. Walter Crane, President of the Applied Art Section
3. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., President of the Sculpture Section, reads a Communication from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

4. Professor Aitchison, A.R.A., President of the Architectural Section, and Sir F. Leighton
5. The Audience in the Walker Gallery
6. Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., President of the Painting Section
7. Sir J. Picton proposes a Vote of Thanks

8. Mr. John Brett, A.R.A.
9. An Attack on the Royal Academy: Mr. Alma-Tadema in the Chair
10. Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A.
11. Mr. Holman Hunt reads a Paper
12. Mr. William Morris in the Rotunda

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART AND ITS APPLICATION TO INDUSTRY
SKETCHES AT THE INAUGURAL MEETING AT LIVERPOOL

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Topics of the Week

WASTED TIME IN PARLIAMENT.—Much has been said lately about the supposed mismanagement of the business of Parliament. The Government cannot, however, be fairly blamed for the extraordinary way in which public time has been wasted. They would have been only too glad if the work of Parliament had been done promptly and energetically, and if there had been no need for an Autumn Session. The real offenders, as the country recognises, are those members who, in season and out of season, have insisted upon talking, having no higher end in view than simply to bring Ministers into discredit. The evil is a most serious one, and, if nothing is done to check it, is likely to become more and more formidable. It might be thought that the most obstructive of members would be deterred from excessive chatter by the prospect of having to attend at Westminster until Christmas. But a considerable number of our representatives do not greatly object to this result of their own loquacity. They have no very pressing business elsewhere, and the baiting of the Government seems to them rather good sport. The only way in which the problem can be efficiently dealt with is to increase the stringency of the Rules of Procedure. It is natural enough, after all that has been already done in this direction, that many members on both sides of the House of Commons should dislike the idea of the further limitation of the right of discussion. But by the working of the present system Parliament is being paralysed and brought into contempt, and it is rapidly becoming absolutely necessary that the power of self-control should in the fullest sense be restored to it. The existing rules were framed on the assumption that no one would wish to abuse them. They have ceased, therefore, to be applicable to the needs of our day.

THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.—The depletion of the Egyptian army to reinforce the Suakin garrison would give great joy to the Mahdi had he any Napoleonic genius for warfare. He has never before had such a splendid opportunity of making a rush down the Nile into Egypt. Fortunately for the Khedive, Abdullah Khalifa has never shown any taste for distant adventures. He has, too, some trouble on his hands down south; and it is scarcely likely, therefore, that he will attempt to push on to Cairo. Were he to do so, there is next to nothing to stop his advance. Out of the entire Egyptian army, about one-half is employed at Suakin, the other moiety being sprinkled at Wady Halfa, Assouan, Cairo, and Alexandria. Nor could the British contingent present much of a front to a Soudanese invasion in force. It, also, has become extremely attenuated, owing to the requirements of the Suakin Expedition. The simple truth is that the Khedive does not possess the means to defend the whole of his frontier at one time. If Suakin be threatened, troops have to be withdrawn from the Nile Valley; if a dervish army draws near to Wady Halfa, Suakin has to get on as best it can. That this is a highly perilous state of things cannot be denied. The safety of Egypt from invasion is relegated to the chance that the enemy will not deliver an attack at more than one point at a time. Will he always be so obliging as that? The Soudanese are evidently apt pupils in the science of war. Their recent doings outside Suakin have been far more scientific than the blind, headlong rushes which used to be their only idea of fighting. They are, too, much better armed, and they have learnt the advantages of artillery. In presence of this swift education in the military art, it seems somewhat presumptuous to assume that they will never employ a feigned attack at Suakin to cover a real attack at Wady Halfa, or *vice versa*.

"THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."—Professor Bryce has found time to write an exhaustive and elaborate work on this important subject, and it is to be hoped that the information which it contains will be digested by a good many of our countrymen. If a hundred ordinarily well-informed Englishmen were asked off-hand to sketch the main outlines of the American Constitution, and to show wherein it differs from that of England, only a small percentage could accomplish the task with reasonable accuracy. Yet the question is one of great practical moment, because a time seems rapidly approaching when our system of Government will become unworkable unless the powers of the House of Commons are restrained and those of the Executive increased. The same problem presents itself in a still more threatening form to our French neighbours; and, unless we determine to adopt such a perilous solution as Caesarism, it is well to note how the Americans try to grapple with the difficulty. Not that the form of Government has had much to do with the enormous expansion and prosperity of the Republic. With a magnificent territory, capable of growing every product of the temperate zones, with noble lakes and rivers, a climate severe enough in its extremes to teach the virtues of patience and endurance, and a body of pioneer-colonists, God-fearing and industrious, Cousin Columbia would probably have been quite as prosperous as she now is if she had never ceased to honour the British flag. It is emphatically the people who have made the Government, not the Government which has made the people. And America's chief future danger

lies in the fact that her genuine children have become over-luxurious and self-indulgent, and have, unlike their ancestors, abandoned hard work to European emigrants, many of whom are imbued with anarchical doctrines and tyrannous modes of action which are totally repugnant to the Constitution devised by the Fathers of the Republic.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN PERSIA.—Things do not seem to have been going quite pleasantly for the Russians in Persia lately. The Persians decline to allow a Russian Resident to settle at Meshed, and they have failed to keep their engagement to construct a road from Meshed to the northern frontier. On the other hand, they have just shown favour to England by agreeing to open the Karun river. All this is set down at St. Petersburg to the supposed intrigues of Sir H. Drummond Wolff, who is represented as a bitter enemy of the Russian Empire. If it could be proved that our representative at Teheran has really been trying to create unnecessary difficulties for Russia in Persia, he would, of course, be sharply called to account by Lord Salisbury, who sincerely desires that in Persia and everywhere else Russia and England should maintain a good understanding. But Sir H. Drummond Wolff is not known to have done anything that calls for censure. So far as the opening of the Karun river is concerned, he deserves high praise; for this will benefit not only some English merchants, but the people of a wide district in Southern Persia; and other nations may, if they please, come and share our advantages. The truth is, a certain set of Russian politicians have formed the opinion that their country alone has the right to exercise influence at Teheran. That is the real meaning of the outcry which has been raised by a portion of the St. Petersburg Press. The claim is, of course, ridiculous, and no one can suppose that it is favoured by the highest Russian authorities. The Czar, we may be sure, recognises frankly that our commercial interests in Persia are of great value, and that it may hereafter be of vital importance to us to have free access to the Persian Gulf through the Euphrates Valley.

DUBLIN BARRACKS.—It is curious, but we do not remember that any Irish member has ever denounced the pestilential buildings in which British soldiers gloriously die for their country at Dublin. Malicious people may suggest, perhaps, that this decimation forms the very reason why Hibernian patriots keep silence on the matter. That would be unjust; there are many Irishmen in English regiments, and even if St. Patrick were to extend his ban on reptiles to all future inmates of the Royal barracks, the Celt would feel its effects as quickly as the Saxon. A much more likely explanation of the dumbness of the Irish Brigade is their conviction that if the horrible record of mortality does not stir up the Government to do something, no words of theirs could be of any avail. If that is their excuse, we are bound to say that it has our cordial agreement. Is there any other country in the world but this where barracks proved over and over again to be deadly would still be used for the accommodation of soldiers? There may be, for all we know, some impoverished country which is compelled to make shift with any buildings, however insanitary, for the purpose. There may be others where it is done through pure ignorance of sanitary laws. But England is wealthy beyond compare, enlightened in all that pertains to human health, and full of tender solicitude for even the meanest of her children. It is simply unaccountable, therefore, that every now and then an indignant letter should appear in the papers announcing the death of another victim to the typhoid fiend of Dublin barracks. If the buildings be unhealthy past mending, let them be handed over for some other purpose; if they are not irredeemably bad, let the resources of sanitary science be turned loose in them. There is no middle way between these alternatives except that along which soldiers slowly march to the sorrow-laden cadence of the "Dead March" in *Saul*.

SCOTCH PUBLIC BUSINESS.—Considering that Scotland has now very nearly as large a population as Ireland, it is gratifying to note how very little the former country forces her claims on public attention. In fact, the only Scotch questions which are at all of a burning character relate to portions of the Western Highlands and islands, where the population is of a lineage akin to that of Ireland, and where there prevails a somewhat similar condition of impoverishment and discontent. The greater part of Scotland is inhabited by a hard-working law-abiding people, who mind their own business, and give exceedingly little trouble to Parliament. But, for this very reason, if they feel that Parliament has neglected their requirements—and Scotch members seem pretty unanimous in their expression of belief on this point—their grievances ought to receive prompt consideration. The plain fact is that the Government—as is always the case with an Executive whose existence is dependent on partisan votes—devotes most attention to those claimants who kick up rows and make themselves generally disagreeable. The Parnellites are adepts in this sort of statesmanship, as was aptly shown on Tuesday night, when, after the mild remonstrances of the Scotch members, Messrs. Labouchere and Tanner, in discussing the Constabulary Vote, displayed their usual combination of bullying and buffoonery. The Scotch members would do ill to follow such evil examples, but they would certainly get more attention from the Government if they were to act, as far as Scotch business is con-

cerned, as a compact body representing a distinct nationality; and such subjects as University management, fishery regulations, and harbour improvements (the neglect of which is chiefly complained of), although they may involve divergencies of opinion, surely need not be infected by the venom of party politics.

GERMAN TROUBLES IN EAST AFRICA.—It cannot any longer be pretended that the troubles of the Germans in East Africa are due to the slave trade. They are due simply to the extraordinary recklessness and blundering of officials of the German East African Company. The Company has been severely rebuked by Prince Bismarck, who is evidently at a loss to understand how his countrymen can have been guilty of the indiscretions which have led to such extremely unpleasant results. What steps are next to be taken, no one yet knows. In his statement to the Budget Committee of the Reichstag the other day Count Herbert Bismarck seems to have spoken with much caution, and the general impression is that no definite decision will be arrived at until after the Christmas Recess. There can, however, be little doubt that in some form or other further help will be sent to the East African Company. The Germans are sensitive about their new colonial enterprises, and it would be strange if they made no serious efforts to recover the ground they have lost. The question is a very grave one for England, for although we have pledged ourselves only to prevent, as far as possible, the exportation of slaves and the importation of arms, the natives will certainly to some extent mistake our motives. They see that England is acting as the ally of Germany, and are in no mood to draw fine distinctions as to the exact limits of our co-operation. Nearly all that has been done for civilisation in East Africa has been done either by Englishmen or by subjects of the English Crown. It is disagreeable that we should even seem to be now using our influence on behalf of a Company whose officers have violated the traditions and principles which our countrymen in those regions have always held in respect. Lord Salisbury, by acceding to Prince Bismarck's request for united action, has brought England into a position of great difficulty, and very careful steering will be necessary to avoid rocks ahead.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S ACCESSION.—Judging from present appearances, Lord Lansdowne will not have a particularly quiet time of it during his tenure of the Indian Viceroyalty. For the first time since the country finally passed into our hands, an incoming Viceroy finds the internal situation more full of prickles than the external. There may be complications on the North-West frontier, and, perchance, the proximity of our Burmese boundary to that of China may give rise to some diplomatic squabbling. But never until now has an Indian Proconsul been brought face to face on landing with red-hot politics. Whether the Congress movement be harmless or full of mischief, it is a fact which cannot be ignored. So, also, concerning the increasing spirit of licence in the native Press. It may be that this is the safest escape-valve for the perfervid patriotism of which native agitators have learnt the trick. They are at that early stage of political growth which lends itself to abuse of all constituted authority. But supremely foolish as are their criticisms of the Government, for the most part, these winged words find more and more readers as education spreads through the masses. For all that, Lord Lansdowne will not, we may make sure, attempt to revive the Gagging Act of Lord Lytton. That would merely drive the disease inwards; far better that it should have free play within the four corners of the ordinary law. Another matter of grave moment and much perplexity to which the new Viceroy will have to direct early attention is the state of the finances. His predecessor was so hard driven to make both ends meet that he had to increase the salt duty, an impost as odious as it is oppressive, and antagonistic to all sound fiscal policy. That experiment would not bear repetition; popular opinion does not make much show in Hindostan, but it exists for all that, and is quite capable of being set against British rule by unjust taxation.

NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.—The time for taking the next Census is drawing comparatively near at hand, and preparations are already being made for the great event. It is felt by a good many persons that ten years is too great an interval between the countings, and it is suggested that a five-yearly reckoning would be preferable. The innovation might, perhaps, be advantageous, if the intermediate Census-taking were of a less elaborate and ambitious character. Indeed, it is quite worth considering whether more genuine satisfaction would not be really attained if at all times the Census inquisition were of a less omnivorous character. There is a small minority of persons who love to wallow in statistics, but the mass of mankind care very little about them. Mr. Goschen, in conferring with the deputation on Tuesday, remarked on the disinclination of people to answer the Census-takers' questions; and this unwillingness, without doubt, tends to vitiate the value of the figures thus painfully collected. We have no patience, by the way, with the nonsensical squeamishness which forbears from asking people what is their religious belief. It is the most interesting item of personal information which most of us are able to impart; and we are certain that the fair sex would far sooner disclose their creed than their age. In this

connection it seems a good suggestion that the Post Office employes (of course, with adequate remuneration) should be employed as Census-takers. The postman knows everybody, and everybody knows him, so that he would extract far more than a stranger from reticent questioners.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.—It is noteworthy that the Russians have had no difficulty in floating their loan in Paris. The meaning of this must be that the French are still captivated by the idea of a Franco-Russian alliance. No doubt those who came forward as subscribers felt that, even from the financial point of view, they were doing well for themselves; but it is certain that many of them were glad to seize the opportunity of taking part in a kind of demonstration in favour of Russia. The persistence of the French belief that Russia may hereafter afford France aid in a struggle with Germany is one of the most remarkable political phenomena of the present time. It is not, of course, absolutely impossible that France and Russia may one day stand side by side in opposition to the Central European League. We may, however, say with confidence that there is no conceivable combination which the ruling class in Russia would more heartily dislike. In the first place, there is a wide gulf between the Absolutism of Russia and the Republicanism of France. True, the French may overthrow their present institutions; but even if they did so, they would fail to win the confidence of the Russian Court and Aristocracy, who know well how deep are the democratic impulses of a vast section of French society. Then, if in a great war the Central European League were beaten, France would once more claim to act as the foremost Power in the world; and that would certainly not be to the taste of the Russians. For these and other reasons Russia will certainly be in no hurry to form a Franco-Russian alliance. But she will probably not at all object to give Frenchmen frequent opportunities of showing their good will towards her by taking up Russian loans.

THE UNEMPLOYED.—The little taste of frost this week may do good by reminding Londoners of the need of making preparation against severe weather. With the cuckoo chaunting its monotonous note and country gardens ablaze with flowers, one may well forget that at this season we are wont to hear the cry of human distress in our cities. Even the foolish deputation to the Mansion House is to be welcomed, therefore, as a reminder that what the Czar Nicholas called "Generals January and February" often make up by their exceptional severity for previous exceptional mildness. Of course, it is a great gain to have got so far through the winter without having a single Metropolitan industry stopped by frost. There are many, however, which always grow slack during winter, no matter what the temperature may be, and the number of unemployed is consequently greater than at other seasons. The solicitation of Mr. Booth that the Salvation Army shall be given or lent many thousands of pounds by the State for relief purposes can scarcely have been meant seriously. We take it rather as a gentle hint to wealthy Salvationists to strengthen Mr. Booth's charitable resources. To have granted this amazing request would have brought down upon the Home Secretary a deluge of similar applications from every sect in the kingdom. For although there may not be quite such keen rivalry in providing funds as might be desired, there is very keen rivalry indeed for the post of public almoner. Perhaps the best system of unofficial relief yet devised was that which the great parish of Paddington carried out last winter with admirable results. Committees being formed and funds raised, the parish relieved its own poor in a singularly effective manner, without waste or "leakage." At the East End and in South London, where some parishes have no well-to-do inhabitants, funds would have to be supplied from the outside. But the relieving machinery should always be composed of local materials, and should confine its ministrations within the four corners of the parish.

CHARITY TOUTING.—Mr. J. A. Dow, the Secretary of the Charity Voting Reform Association, 30, Charing Cross, has sent us a letter on this subject, with the spirit of which we entirely agree. He points out that the present system of canvassing for votes involves a vast amount of trouble and expense to candidates for admission to charities and to their friends. Poor creatures stand election after election, and finally die unsuccessful. The remedy is obvious, namely, that the subscribers to these charities should give up their privilege of voting, and should elect a committee to select the requisite number of appointments from the list of candidates. But it is quite possible that the subscribers may decline to approve of this reform. A good many years ago (we remember Sir Charles Trevelyan was then living) an extensive newspaper correspondence took place on this very subject. We believe it ended in a plebiscite being taken of the subscribers to some of the leading charities, and there was a large preponderance of suffrages in favour of keeping things as they were. The case is analogous to that of competitive examinations. They are confessedly an evil, but they are the only practicable substitute for jobbery. In like manner, charity subscribers prefer trusting to their own choice rather than to that of a committee chosen by themselves. The want of confidence thus practically expressed is a satire, and not an undeserved satire, on representative bodies generally.

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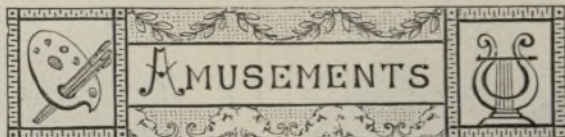
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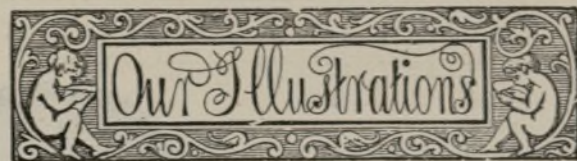
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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE CAT IN EGYPT," written and illustrated by J. R. Weguelin.



NATIONAL ART CONGRESS AT LIVERPOOL

THIS Congress was the first of a series which the "National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry" proposes to hold annually in the principal manufacturing towns of the Kingdom in rotation. The aims of this Association, the President of which is Sir Frederick Leighton, and which possesses a distinguished body of Vice-Presidents, is to discuss problems of a practical nature connected with the welfare of the Arts, Fine and Applied. It is felt that the use of machinery has annihilated many minor handicrafts, and has rendered obsolete the old traditions of design. It is highly important therefore to adopt artistic design to modern methods of manufacture, and to cherish or rehabilitate many crafts which are independent of machinery. Commercial instincts also point in this direction, because in these days of unrestricted competition this country can only thus hope to hold her own in the markets of the world. The proceedings of the Congress began on December 2nd, when a sermon was preached by Archdeacon Farrar, and the subsequent addresses during the remainder of the week were delivered in the rooms of the Walker Art Gallery, where the pictures collected for the Autumn Exhibition were still hanging. The addresses were delivered, among others, by the President, Sir F. Leighton, and by Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Walter Crane, Aitchison, and Alfred Gilbert, who are respectively presidents of the sections of Painting, Applied Art, Architecture, and Sculpture. Other of our sketches respectively depict Sir J. A. Picton, who acted as chairman; Mr. Bate, the Secretary of the New Art Club; and Mr. William Morris, the poet.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

AMONG the witnesses examined on Wednesday, December 5th, were Richard Williams, a farmer of Fermoy, who was shot in the groin for holding an evicted farm; Cornelius Regan, a white-haired old farmer, of Charleville, who was boycotted and shot at; James Walsh, described as a stupid-looking youth of nineteen, who in cross-examination admitted that he had embezzled the funds of a society of which he was secretary; and Jeremiah Buckley, who had had part of an ear cut off for paying his rent, and was so deaf that Mr. Graham had to go down to the witness-box to examine him. On Thursday a witness named Molloy, a good-looking young man



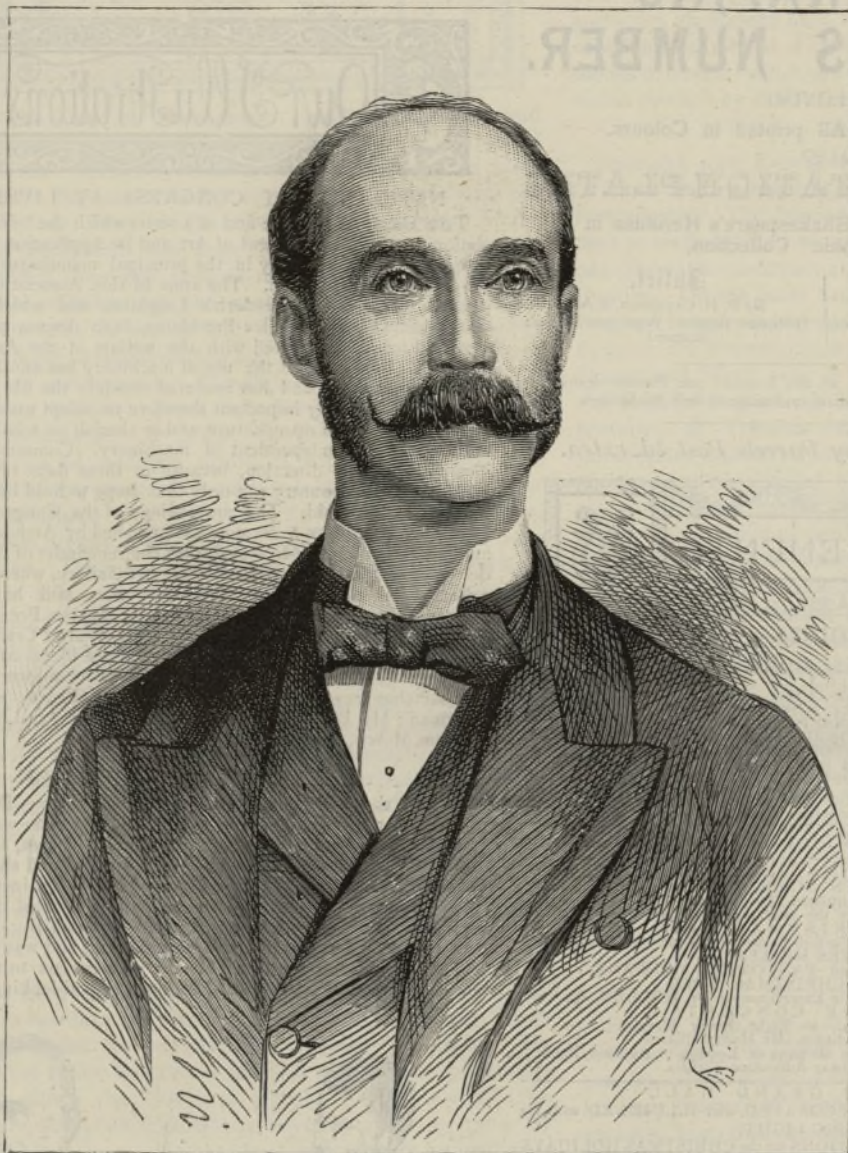
John Dillon, whose father, Luke Dillon, was murdered in 1881.
District-Inspector M. Ardel, who is stationed in County Mayo between 1881 and 1887.

of twenty-six, was brought up in custody, charged with contempt. He had been arrested in Dublin for refusing to answer to a subpoena with which he had been served. The Court committed him to prison until further orders. The next witness examined was Michael Burke, a rough-coated peasant from the borders of Galway and Mayo, who was questioned closely concerning the murder of Lord Mountmorres, and was then severely cross-questioned by Sir C. Russell. Altogether he was three hours in the box. On Friday Patrick Molloy, the recalcitrant witness, was placed in the box. He stoutly denied all connection with Fenians or Invincibles, but was obliged to admit that he quitted the country suddenly after a public statement had been made that one Molloy had been deeply implicated with the Phoenix Park assassins. Then Mr. Walker, an assistant to the Times solicitor in Dublin, was put into the box, but his



Mr. Richard Tatlow, a Dublin solicitor, agent to a landowner near Charleville.
Mr. Carter, a landowner of Belmullet, shot in the leg, in consequence of alleged harsh dealings with his tenants.

expected revelations about Molloy were ruled out of order, so he had to retire. A Mayo landowner, Mr. Arthur Bingham, followed. He had been boycotted, shot at, and wounded. A woe-begone and haggard little woman, the widow of one of his tenants, named Barrett, who had been murdered, came next. Then the examination of two brothers named Hogan practically ended last week's proceedings. This week's doings will be found under the head of "Legal."



HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE
New Viceroy of India



THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE



1. An Artist in Tangiers is so common an object that he is passed without notice
2. Even a Lady-Artist only claims attention from Europeans

3. Paying Toll on the Pier Head
4. The Tangier Water Seller carries a bell
7. The Custom House is a primitive building

5. Drawing Water from a Fountain
6. Near which there are generally Puddles

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA," XII.—TANGIERS
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD



HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA
The Retiring Viceroy of India



THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA



CONVERSAZIONE OF THE BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, BOND STREET
MR. CORNEY GRAIN GIVES HIS MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

TWO INDIAN VICEROYS AND THEIR WIVES

IT is unnecessary to give here a formal biography of Lord Dufferin, whose public career is so widely known and appreciated. Beginning his labours in various subordinate offices in the Home Government, he has since served Her Majesty as Governor-General of Canada, as Ambassador to Russia and Turkey, as Special Commissioner in Egypt after the defeat of Arabi, and lastly as Governor-General of India. He has thus held some of the highest posts which it is in the power of the Crown to bestow, and in most cases at a time when there were exceptional difficulties to be encountered. In all his work he has found an admirable helpmeet in his wife, whom he married in 1862, and who is the eldest daughter of the late Archibald Rowan Hamilton, Esq., of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down. As Lord Dufferin is only sixty-two, a youthful age among modern statesmen, it is to be hoped that he may serve his country usefully for some years longer.—Our portraits of his lordship (who, by the way, is now Marquis of Dufferin and Ava) and of Lady Dufferin, are from recent photographs by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

Lord Lansdowne, who was appointed to succeed Lord Dufferin in the Governor-Generalship of India, and who has just landed at Calcutta, is a much younger man than his predecessor, as he was only born in 1845. Like Lord Dufferin, Lord Lansdowne began his political career in the Home service, having been successively Under-Secretary for War and for India; and, also like Lord Dufferin, he steps from Canada for India, having been Governor-General of the Dominion since 1883, where he has won golden opinions, in spite of the prejudice which a section of malcontents endeavoured to import against him, on the ground that he was an Irish landlord. He, too, has been ably supported as a social leader by his wife, the Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, to whom he was married in 1869, and who is a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn.—Our portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne are from photographs by J. Thomson, Photographer to H.M. the Queen, 70A, Grosvenor Street, W.

A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "VICTORIA," XII.

NOTES AT TANGIERS

TANGIERS being so easy of access from Gibraltar and Cadiz, the number of European visitors to this ancient city is great, and among them the votaries to Art are very conspicuous, inasmuch that, when engaged at their work, they are passed by with stolid apathy by the natives. Even a lady can paint unnoticed in the streets; and if by chance a shadow is cast over her canvas it will be some inquisitive fellow European who is peering over her shoulder.

The system of paying toll is always annoying, but in the case of the little pier at Tangiers it should be thankfully tolerated, as (except in some instances) it obviates the necessity of being carried ashore on a man's back—the former mode of landing.

The Tangiers water-seller is a picturesque, albeit somewhat oleaginous-looking personage, who tinkles a bell to advertise his calling. He is, no doubt, duly appreciated by his fellow citizens.

No. 5 is the wall fountain whence he obtains his water.

No. 6 shows a gentleman backing into one of the puddles that mark the vicinity of the fountain to avoid some water-laden donkeys which are peculiarly bluff in their manners.

No. 7 is the Custom House, littered with cases, barrels, crates, bales, fowls, and Moors. A more primitive building for such a purpose it would be difficult to imagine, and when it is said that the chief administrator is garbed in long flowing robes and an immense turban the utter absence of conventionality will be realised.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE British Nurses' Association, which celebrated its first birthday last week by a Conversazione at the Grosvenor Gallery, seeks to legalise the registration of trained nurses, so that no woman should be able to pretend to be a skilled attendant on the sick unless she had in very truth received the necessary training and experience. It is asserted that at the present time hundreds of ignorant women are, without let or hindrance, pretending to act as trained nurses, and by their ignorance causing incalculable harm, suffering, and danger to the sick. The remedy is simple. A register should be formed, under State control, upon which should be enrolled only the names of those women who prove themselves competent to tend the sick efficiently, and who alone would have a legal right to the title of "Trained Nurse." But to obtain a Royal Charter and carry out the system of legal registration of nurses will require large funds, to obtain which the Association appeals to the public. In the second place the Association pleads for help from the benevolent for nurses. These women spend life and health freely in ministering to others. It is not much to ask for in return that they should themselves be helped when overtaken by illness, misfortune, or old age. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Secretaries, Dr. Bedford Fenwick and Miss Catherine J. Wood, at 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.

The Conversazione on Friday last was a brilliant success. Some hundreds of nurses, all in their working uniforms, thronged the spacious picture-gallery. Every hospital was represented. There was a great variety of dresses—black, white, blue, pink, grey, and striped. Some of the nurses wore medals gained in war; others had the Geneva Cross. Almost all wore aprons and chatelaines. The caps were of every possible variety; some had pendant streamers floating down the back; others were tied under the chin with coquettish and becoming bows. Some resembled the headdresses of Normandy peasants; others were mere trivial arrangements of muslin and trimming. There was a sprinkling of men, and several ladies came in ordinary evening dress. Hospital appliances were exhibited, and were much discussed by the fair experts present. As regards the entertainments of the evening, the Pastel Exhibition was on view, there was a ballad concert, and Mr. Corney Grain appeared.

BROOKWOOD COMMON

JUDGING from the proceedings of the Council of the National Rifle Association which took place at their meeting on December 6th, it seems probable that Brookwood Common may be selected as the New Wimbledon. It is situated on a branch of the London and South-Western Railway, and at no great distance from Pirbright and Aldershot. Its proximity to the military centre has no doubt strengthened its claims to favourable consideration. A committee had inspected the place, which is north of the canal and railway, and the proposed firing points would be from Bisley Common. Ultimately the Council adopted the report of the Committee on the Brookwood site, subject to the provision that the land should be obtainable at a reasonable cost, and that the Association should be at liberty to make use of the adjacent Bisley Common.

THE NEW BURG THEATRE AND THE WATERLOO BALL-ROOM

See page 624.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION—"CHÉLA CRAG"

CHÉLA CRAG was taken by General Channer's force at noon on November 1st. The troops who actually captured the Crag were two companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers under Major

Cherry, and two companies of the Khyber Rifles under Major Mahomed Aslam Khan. "The Crag" writes the officer, who has sent us the sketch, "is almost precipitous, and rises some four hundred feet. It was held by the enemy in force, and they fired from behind the rocks, and hurled huge pieces of rock upon our men as they clambered up. The Crag is one of the strongest positions possible, and was carried in the most brilliant style, eliciting great praise from the General in command, who witnessed the assault from the ridge to the south. Our loss was three killed and wounded, the enemy's casualties being one hundred and seventy killed and wounded. Four men of the Northumberland Fusiliers and three men of the Khyber Rifles were respectively recommended for the Distinguished Service Medal and the 'Order of Merit.'"

TENERIFFE—THE NEW HEALTH RESORT

SITUATED in the North Atlantic, off the Coast of Africa, and abreast of the Northern limit of the Great Sahara, Teneriffe, the best known and most fertile of "The Fortunate Isles," has long been known to possess a most favourable climate for the treatment of lung-disease; but till within the last two years accommodation suitable for invalids was not to be found. At last, however, a Limited Company was formed to open an hotel and sanatorium at Porto Oratava, with agents in other towns, and so rapidly grew the popularity of the place that the four dependances found necessary, as well as the principal hotel, were filled soon after the opening day. This popularity has been maintained, the steamship companies, by offering cheap return tickets, available for twelve months, having added to the inducements to the tourist and invalid to visit this charming place and its sister islands. The time of passage by the fine New Zealand vessels from Plymouth is about four and a-half days, and from Liverpool from seven to eight days.

Santa Cruz, the port of Teneriffe, is a town of about 13,000 inhabitants, picturesquely placed on gently-sloping ground, one side of its roadstead being bounded by brown, precipitous mountains, whose serrated peaks proclaim most unmistakably their volcanic origin. In common with the other towns of the Canary Islands, it possesses few objects of interest to the casual visitor, who usually stays at Santa Cruz only long enough to break the journey to Orotava, but during the winter months the climate of the high ground on the outskirts of Santa Cruz, where a commodious hotel is now being built, is not surpassed by any in the Archipelago.

The drive to Porto Oratava, distant twenty-six miles from Santa Cruz, over a splendid road, is accomplished in about six hours, and may be made either in a pair-horse landau of French or English manufacture, or in the stage coach of the country, a well-worn vehicle drawn by an ill-matched team of four horses and mules. A box seat on the coach as a means of seeing the country is not to be despised. The ground rises to a height of 1,800 feet at Laguna, five miles from Santa Cruz, where lunch can be obtained at an excellent hotel; beyond which is a plateau of the most fertile land in the island. Some few miles after leaving Laguna a sharp bend in the road shows the traveller the whole of the Valley of Orotava, thought by Humboldt to be the most beautiful in the world: the little town of Porto Oratava, bathed by the waves of the blue Atlantic, lying in the distance below; while a bold spur of Las Cañadas, surmounted by the majestic Peak of Teneriffe, forms a fitting background to a harmonious picture.

Porto Oratava has no commercial importance, and is only frequented on account of the softness and healing power of its climate and its hotel accommodation. To carry visitors from the hotel to its dependances bullock carros have been imported from Madeira, whence also came the luxurious hammocks and their bearers, it having been found impossible to perfect the Teneriffians in the peculiar and gentle trot required. Remains of old Spanish fortifications are to be found at Porto Oratava, quaintly picturesque stone sentry-boxes, magazines, and wooded stockades.

Icod, beautifully situated about twenty miles along the coast from Orotava, is a convenient starting-place for an excursion to the huge ridges of lava, which flowed from the Peak during the last eruption, and are seen at their best at Garachico. The balconies, doors, and other wood work of the houses of Teneriffe are often elegantly carved in hard Canarian pine.

Many vessels returning from Teneriffe call at Madeira, a lovely island abounding in flowers of varied hue, allowing passengers time to explore the little town of Funchal, and enjoy a rush through the air as they descend at terrific speed some four thousand feet in a carro from the Mont Church.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. J. N. Lindley-Norman, F.R.G.S.

"THE CAT IN EGYPT"

See pp. 629 et seqq.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 633.

AN INDO-PORTUGUESE RAILWAY

THIS line, the West of India Portuguese Railway, was completed early in this year, and connects the Portuguese territory of Goa with British India by a junction with the Southern Mahratta Railway. The line is fifty-one miles in length, and starts from the quay at the seaport of Mormugao, and joins the Southern Mahratta Company's system at the frontier-line near Castle Rock. The last ten miles to the frontier were exceedingly heavy to construct, there being a dozen tunnels, ranging from 150 to 838 feet in length, which had to be cut almost entirely out of the solid rock. Apart from its commercial importance, the line possesses much interest for lovers of the picturesque, as it runs through magnificent scenery. In one part it rises 1,760 feet in thirteen miles, and traverses a belt of dense jungle some thirty miles wide. The Port of Mormugao, as well as the line, is the property of the West of India Portuguese Railway Company, and arrangements have been made so that the trade is as free there as in British India; while the British India Steam Navigation Company run vessels to and from Bombay, so that through bookings of goods can be made from Bombay to any part of the West of India or Southern Mahratta Railways. Mormugao is only a port of recent date, and six years ago presented a very different aspect. What was then a rock-bound headland, where a small boat could not effect a landing, is now converted into a quay, where a steamer of 4,000 tons can be berthed. Mormugao is to the south of Panjim, or New Goa, and is situated on the south side of the second bay, which is two miles across. A breakwater is at the entrance to the bay, and runs out 1,200 feet, and is to be extended 2,000 feet further. The opening ceremony took place at the frontier, Lord Reay, the Governor of Bombay, and the Governor of Portuguese India being present, and completing the junction of the line by tightening the bolts of the fish-plates, the National Anthems of both countries being played. After luncheon the whole party returned to Mormugao, where a banquet was given in the evening at the Old Palace. Highly complimentary speeches were made by the British and Portuguese Governors, and all united in congratulating Mr. E. E. Sawyer, the chief engineer of the railway, on the completion of his arduous task.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Somes, a local photographer attached to the railway works.

THE LARGEST DOCK IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

THE question of providing dock accommodation and coaling stations in our possessions abroad, where our cruisers can be overhauled, repaired, and refueled, has of late been exciting considerable

interest in view of any complications which might suddenly arise, and necessitate active operations on the part of our naval squadrons which are so widely scattered over the face of the ocean. This is particularly the case in the Eastern seas, and consequently our illustration of the Albert Dock at Singapore—the largest dock in the Straits Settlements—will be regarded with interest, as H.M.S. *Orion* was recently overhauled there, and also the three Chinese cruisers recently built by Messrs. Armstrong. The dock is the property of the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company, and is 480 ft. on the keel blocks, 60 ft. wide at the entrance, with a depth of 21 ft. on the sill at high tides. Extensive wharves adjoin these docks—there being a frontage of 1¾ miles—in which are stored large quantities of coal. Indeed, one steamer recently had 700 tons of coal put on board in the short space of one hour and fifty minutes.

GRÆCO-EGYPTIAN PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

AMONGST the recent acquisitions of the National Gallery are a portion of the series of Egyptian portraits which were exhibited for some weeks at Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie's collection at the Egyptian Hall, and which were discovered by him in excavations at Hawarah in the Fayoum. Eleven of the most important examples are now in the Gallery, five having been purchased, and six presented by Mr. H. Mostyn Kennard. The portraits are life-size, showing the face and neck, and are painted on panel. They were affixed to the outside covering of mummies in a position corresponding to the head of the corpse. The exact arrangement can be seen in two mummies of the same series presented by Mr. Kennard to the British Museum. The type of face—a writer in the *Times* remarks—is scarcely Egyptian, and it must be concluded that the cemetery belonged to some foreign settlers in the Fayoum, probably Greeks (the inscriptions, on small wooden tablets, are all in Greek characters) who had adopted the religion of the country. Mr. Petrie places the date of the series between A.D. 150 and 250—so they are certainly the oldest pictures in our National Collection. It is thought probable that the more excellent portraits were painted from life, and while many are generalised to the point of vacuous inanity (their vague and inanimate look and wide staring eyes would intimate that such were painted after death), others—as may be seen by the two selected for illustration—exhibit considerable individuality in the countenances.

A NURSE-BOYS' QUARREL, DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA,

"IN Natal," writes Mr. Dennis Edwards, of Cape Town, who has forwarded us this sketch, "there are only a very few coloured female servants, and men cooks, house-boys, and nurse-boys fulfil all domestic functions. The cooks are mainly Indian coolies, the remainder Zulus. Young boys from fourteen to eighteen are chiefly engaged as nurses, and very good nurses they make, only sometimes their warlike character displays itself, and the children are left to look after themselves until the dispute is settled."

It is with extreme regret that we announce the death of Mr. Richard Wake, a young artist of great promise, who had gone to Suakim to make sketches for this journal. Mr. Wake, who had been in Suakim only a fortnight, rode out of the town on the 6th inst. to make a sketch of the Gezimeh, or Left Water Fort. While talking to some officers, a bullet from the enemy's trenches struck him in the neck, penetrating the spine. Paralysis almost immediately set in, and despite the unremitting exertions of three English surgeons of the Egyptian army, and two of the Royal Navy, Mr. Wake died early the following morning. His funeral was attended by the Sirdar and his staff, the Governor-General, Captain May of the *Racer*, and many other officers and civilians. Mr. Wake was but twenty-three years of age, and his modest unassuming demeanour had won for him many friends at Suakim. In the last letter we received from him, he wrote that he hoped there would shortly "be something for him to do," meaning that he was anxious to see some fighting. Mr. Wake was the son of Mr. Herwald Craufurd Wake, who was a Civil Magistrate of Arrah during the Indian Mutiny, and who was made a C.B. for successfully defending the Puckah House, near Patna. He is now residing at Folkestone. Mr. Wake's uncle is Admiral Charles Wake, J.P., of *Bull Dog* notoriety. His mother is a daughter of the late Sir George Sitwell, Bart., of Renishaw Hall, near Chesterfield, a niece of the late Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. Several of Mr. Wake's sketches are on their way to us from Suakim; and next week we hope to publish his portrait.



THE House of Commons is hard at work six days a week, meeting at three in the afternoon every day except Wednesday and Saturday, when it assembles at noon, and on most days adjourning between two and three on the following morning. This equal division of the day between labour and rest would be hard enough in any circumstances. Still, the infliction could be borne from that high sense of duty which animates legislators, if only there were adequate result to be shown in the way of accomplished work. But that is certainly not the case. Supply is still the Order of the Day, and the Speaker leaves the Chair at an early hour that is full of promise. But when the cry of "Who goes home?" echoes through the lobby, the Minister in charge of the Votes wearily walks away with the consciousness of another night almost lost. On Monday, the House sitting till two in the morning, as many as nine Irish Votes were agreed to; which, on the face of it, is in these days a remarkable accomplishment of work. But, with one exception, the Votes were of a non-contentious character, and the one about which all the talk had hitherto been moved on Saturday, and had occupied the whole of that sitting.

When last week Mr. Smith announced his business arrangements for what remained of the Session, he took credit to himself for not proposing to suspend the Twelve o'clock Rule beyond Monday's and Thursday's sittings. Tuesdays and Fridays, as he said, preceded days on which it was necessary for the House to meet again at noon, and he would not ask it to suspend the Twelve o'clock Rule at these sittings. That is all very well; but on Wednesday as on Saturday morning, the House was still sitting at two o'clock, although the Twelve o'clock Rule had not been suspended on the previous night. This condition of affairs, puzzling to the public, arises out of a little proviso cunningly introduced into the Rules of Procedure, and passed without recognition of its true bearings. It was then settled that the Report Stage of Supply may be taken at whatever hour it is brought on, in defiance of any early-closing Regulation. This Rule being established, the course of the Financial Secretary is exceedingly simple. Supply is put down as the first Order of the Day, Report of Supply as the second. It follows that when midnight is reached, and, in accordance with the New Rules, Committee of Supply must peremptorily close, the Chairman of Committees leaves the table, the Speaker takes the Chair, Report of Supply (the final approval of the Votes obtained at previous sitting) is brought up, and the House just sits till whatever hour may be necessary to pass this stage.

Although night after night, all night long, the House has been pegging away at Supply, the stage reached seems scarcely appreciably more advanced than it was when writing this time last week, and yet Christmas Day is little more than a week off, and if the Prorogation is to take place on Christmas Eve Supply must be finally closed on Tuesday next. That can be done only by resolute and wholesale application of the Closure, of which it is easier to talk than to find it accomplished. The reluctance of the Chair to be made the instrument of peremptorily closing debate rather grows than diminishes, and unless either Speaker or Chairman consents, the most imperious Minister is helpless. Close upon midnight on Tuesday, after the Vote for the Salary of the Secretary for Scotland had been under discussion for nearly eight hours, the Closure was moved and carried by a substantial majority. The question thus ordered to be put was a proposal to reduce the vote by a nominal sum, the third amendment of the same kind that had been moved during the sitting. The Committee divided a second time, and the amendment was rejected. There still remained the Vote to be agreed to, and Mr. Goschen, in temporary charge of affairs *vice* Mr. W. H. Smith, worn out, claimed that the Vote should be put, that is to say, that what the House had been talking about for eight hours should now be divided upon. But Mr. Courtney, with cast iron patience, demurred—urged that a little more time should be given. It is only fair to say that this manifestation of solicitude for the rights of free speech had immediate effect upon the Scotch members, who, not to be outdone in generosity, refrained from making more than an additional speech, and the Vote was thereupon agreed to.

Whilst Supply has been the continuous occupation of the working hours in the Commons, the opportunity of putting questions has been vigorously utilised, with the result of adding variety to the proceedings. The ball which Lord Randolph Churchill set rolling in his famous motion, calling attention to the expedition to Suakin, has been diligently kept on its course from the Front Opposition Bench. Every night Mr. John Morley, who leads the Opposition during the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, and the temporary absence of Sir William Harcourt, puts a question designed to clear up current rumours with respect to the Suakin Expedition. On Monday he succeeded in drawing forth an important statement from Mr. Stanhope. Was there, he asked, any truth in the statement that reinforcements have been telegraphed for from Suakin? The House, crowded at this hour, manifested a keen interest in the forthcoming answer. This was the crux of the whole matter. If General Grenfell had demanded reinforcements Lord Randolph's position was justified, and the country saved from great disaster. Mr. Stanhope, who since he has come to the front in circumstances of unusual difficulty, has developed unexpected resources, quietly answered by reading the terms of a telegram just received from General Dornier. It was to the effect that General Grenfell was still confident that with the forces at his disposal he would be able to accomplish his mission; but that, in face of repeated offers of reinforcements made from the War Office, he did not feel justified in any longer standing out. Therefore, let the reinforcements come. This despatch was heard with unimpaired satisfaction. There is no question that the disclosure made by Lord Randolph Churchill of the opinions of the military authorities at home as to the adequacy of the expeditionary force greatly disquieted the House, and Conservatives joined with Liberals in congratulation on the turn which events had taken.

The Lords had their usual weekly meeting on Tuesday, with critical work before them. When the Land Purchase Bill reached the other House on the preceding Thursday, an Amendment had been introduced, fixing at 4 per cent. the rate of interest payable to landlords pending the completion of purchase under Lord Ashbourne's Act. News of the acceptance of this provision, brought by pallid messengers into the House of Commons, spread consternation on the Treasury Bench. It meant that the Bill must come back to the Commons, and there was the certainty that, upon this provocation, the Irish members would once more raise the too familiar debate. At least a whole sitting and much stirring up of bad blood would be the result. This prognostication was verified by preparations made by Irish members for the fray. Mr. Tim Healy dug up a ruling given in the Irish Court of Exchequer fixing the rate of interest payable to landlords in the circumstances at 3½ per cent. An eager landlord in the other House had induced his friends to carry a provision overriding the rule of the Court of law, and giving the landlords an additional ½ per cent. Happily, but unexpectedly, just as the contending forces were drawn up in battle array, Mr. Balfour capitulated, and consented to the Amendment being struck out. The Bill went back to the Lords on Tuesday, and the question was, Would they insist upon their Amendment, and so bring about chaos at Christmas time? Lord Salisbury's influence was quietly used in support of his nephew's action in another place, the snub from the Commons was quietly accepted, and the Land Purchase Bill now awaits the Royal assent.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Goschen addressed on Wednesday a great Unionist meeting at Birmingham, presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, and in reply to the taunt that the only Irish policy of the Government is one of coercion, he pointed out, among other remedial measures, its legislation to multiply the number of peasant proprietors in Ireland. Yet this, which he called an "eminently Radical policy," had met with the fiercest opposition in Parliament from the very man who complained that nothing was being done for Ireland. The waste of Parliamentary time through systematic obstruction, and the consequent delay in carrying useful measures, he ascribed to the want of responsible leadership on the part of the Opposition, and Mr. Gladstone's abandonment of it to the Tanners, Conybeares, and Laboucheres. He dwelt at some length on the results of the financial measures of the Government, showing that the financial provisions of the Local Government Act would give a relief of 5d. in the pound to every rate-payer in Birmingham. He described with great force the responsibilities entailed on us by our world-wide commerce, our colonial Empire and our dependence on the foreigner for food, and declared that a larger expenditure on the Navy than there had been in times past was absolutely indispensable for the security of the Empire.—On the same day, a Gladstonian meeting in Clerkenwell was addressed by Mr. John Morley, who attacked the Government for the naval operations on the East African coast and for its defence of Suakin, admitting at the same time that he looked back with regret to what had been done in Egypt in 1883 by a "Government of our own principles." Much of Mr. Morley's speech was devoted to the local taxation of London, and to an attempt to show that the owners of real property in the Metropolis were favoured, fiscally, at the expense of the occupiers, and that the leasehold system was inequitable.—Lord Hartington, it is announced, is withdrawing from the National Liberal Club, in consequence of its increased identification with Gladstonianism. His resignation will, it is understood, be followed by that of many Unionist members.—Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, has expressed his readiness to become Conservative candidate for the seat vacant at Colchester through the death of Colonel Trotter, who at the last General Election was returned by a majority of 295.

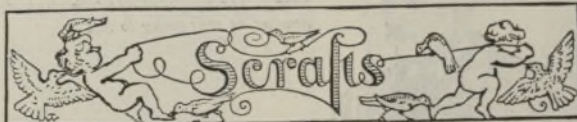
MR. GLADSTONE leaves London on Wednesday next for a sojourn in the vicinity of Naples, and will not return to England until Parliament reassembles.

THE LONDON UNEMPLOYED AND DESTITUTE.—Acknowledging a resolution adopted at a meeting of unemployed at Clerkenwell Green, asking for outdoor relief to be conceded to those who cannot obtain employment, and the execution of works of public utility to provide employment, Lord Salisbury holds out no hope of a departure "from the general policy of the Poor Law as sanctioned by Parliament."—The Lord Mayor received a deputation of six from a gathering of unemployed on Clerkenwell Green, the spokesman of which urged, with considerable bluntness, that work for them should be found similar to that given by the Chelsea Vestry some years ago, or in the erection of artisans' dwellings. The Lord Mayor expressed doubts as to the propriety of providing work at the expense of the ratepayers; and, in reply to his question whether the members of the deputation would accept work at the Chelsea rate of pay if he offered it to them on the morrow, was told, in reply, that "they were not asking for themselves, but for their class."—During the last nine months a depot, opened near the West India Docks by "General" Booth on the part of the Salvation Army, has provided men and boys with 235,000 beds and 470,000 meals at prices varying from a farthing to a penny each. He proposes to open, in the poorest parts of London, ten rescue homes and ten food-and-shelter homes, with accommodation for 1,000 women and 500 men nightly. For this 15,000l. is needed; and, at an interview with the Home Secretary, Mr. Booth asked that the Government should provide this sum by grant or by loan without interest. Mr. Matthews promised the proposal his most careful consideration.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, an inoffensive farmer, residing near Ennis, having become obnoxious to the local Nationalists because he refused to subscribe to the Parnell Indemnity Fund, was waylaid and savagely beaten as he was returning home one night recently. He was found lying insensible on a foot-path, and was removed to the Ennis Hospital, where, on regaining consciousness, he named two men as among his assailants, and they, with others suspected of being accomplices, have been arrested.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Duke of Sutherland has placed at the disposal of the Crofter Commissioners more than 8,000 acres, mostly pasturage for sheep, to be assigned to crofters desirous of extending their holdings.—An appeal is being made for 300l. to enlarge, under favourable circumstances, Bedford College, the well-known educational institution for ladies, the number of students attending which rose from 68 in 1873 to 118 in 1887.—To celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," its editors, contributors, and publishers dined together on Tuesday in the hall of Christ's College, Cambridge, of which Professor Robertson-Smith, who occupied the chair as editor-in-chief since the death of Mr. Spencer Baynes, is librarian.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-seventh year, of Lady Augusta Poulett; of Lady Alan Spencer Churchill; in his fifty-third year, the result of a fall from his horse, of Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Trotter, since 1885 Conservative M.P. for Colchester; in his sixty-seventh year, of Major-General Harry Rivers, late of the Royal Engineers, Bombay Presidency; in his forty-third year, of Alderman F. Smith, Mayor of Birkenhead; in his eighty-third year, of the Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, Assistant Minister of the Sheffield Parish Church, in 1831 Senior-Wrangler and Smith's prizeman, author of "Treatises on Statics and Dynamics," among other works; in his seventy-second year, of Professor Paley (grandson of the famous Dr. Paley), the eminent classical scholar, whose annotated editions of the principal Greek writers are highly valued, who translated Æschylus and Pindar into English prose, and, having become in 1846 a Roman Catholic, was in 1874 appointed Professor of Classical Literature in the Catholic University College, at Kensington; and in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. John Rylands, since the death of his father, in 1847, head of the great manufacturing and mercantile house of Rylands and Sons, Manchester, Liverpool, and London (in 1873 it was converted into a Limited Company), which carries out on a colossal scale the varied operations of almost every branch of the cotton manufacture, and employs in about a score of factories nearly twelve thousand workpeople. Mr. Rylands, in politics a Liberal, in religion a Congregationalist, was a generous supporter of philanthropic effort.



"ROBERT ELSMERE" has been dramatised at Chicago.

A CROCODILE which had "taken the pledge" was recently shot on the Daintree River, Queensland. The creature's stomach, the *Colonies* tells us, contained a Father Mathew temperance medal, dated 1880.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS are not yet accurately posted up in English news. The Paris *Figaro* gravely announces that Queen Victoria has entertained her daughter, the Empress Frederick, by the manoeuvres of a squadron of Indian cavalry, held in the courtyard at Windsor Castle. This interesting paragraph was evidently inspired by reading about feats of arms which a single Indian trooper recently performed before the Royal party.

A NEW WAY TO SHOW OFF A COSTLY DINNER SERVICE was recently adopted at a Philadelphia dinner. A set of plates had been specially made and imported from Europe at the cost of 11l. apiece, each being of a different design. When the guests sat down to dinner, they found these plates before them, and duly admired the design and execution. In a minute the plates were removed and a fresh course served on other china, but at the end of the course back came the expensive plates, each guest having a different one from before. This plan was pursued between each course till the plates had gone the round of the table without once being used for food.

THE FIRST RESULT of setting French schoolboys to athletic games has been to show that they simply have no idea how to play systematically. They can run and shout, but are quite ignorant of the rules of sport. So now a certain number of the upper boys in each school are being solemnly and systematically instructed by experts how to play football, cricket, hockey, and so on, and as soon as their training is complete they must teach their schoolfellows. French names, also, are to be found for British pastimes, football being styled "Jeu à la barette," or "Barette Française," and hockey "La balle à la crosse," but at present "le cricket" retains its national title. The tight-buttoned and padded frock-coat of the French Lycée, moreover, is pronounced unsuitable for such violent exercise, and is to be replaced by a more free and easy garment.

SPANISH LIFE, PEOPLE, AND PRODUCTS are to entertain Londoners next year, replacing Italy and the Wild West at Earl's Court. A Spanish Exhibition opens in April, under the presidency of the Duke of Wellington (as Grandee of Spain), and it is hoped that the Peninsula and her colonies will provide a fine display of their manufactures and resources. Cordova leather, Toledo steel, Damascene ware, lace, and similar national industries, minerals and raw materials, sculpture and painting are to be fully shown; while for the picturesque side of the Exhibition there will be Spanish villages, streets, and shops, with the inhabitants in various provincial costumes playing their trades. Even the national bull-fights will be held in the arena—shown, however, of their cruel features.

"WANTED, A NATIONAL ANTHEM," is the cry across the Atlantic. During the recent Presidential campaign the Americans sorely needed some patriotic song which would rouse the people and unite all shades of politics, colour, and nationality, not party strains connected with some particular body. The "Star-Spangled Banner" often claims to be the air of the United States, but very few people know the words, while "Yankee Doodle" is rejected as only fit for a fife and drum band. The Hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," usually a favourite in patriotic gatherings, could not be used in the last campaign, because it is sung to "God Save the Queen," and so evokes unpleasant memories. So now is the opportunity for some musical genius to compose a strain which shall thrill every denizen of the United States just as the "Wacht am Rhein," or the "Marseillaise," rouse the enthusiasm of Germans and Frenchmen.

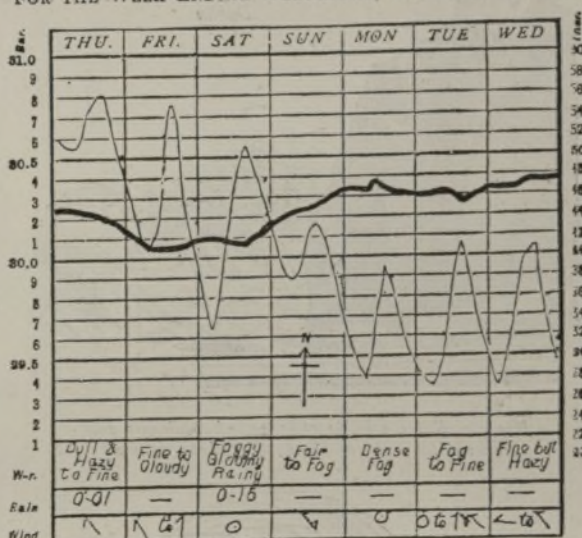
THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT on March 4th next is intended to be one of the biggest affairs yet known in the United States. Two hundred thousand persons witnessed the inauguration of President Cleveland, but the Republicans hope to beat the record in celebrating their return to office. Already the Washington hotels and boarding houses are overdone with applications for rooms on the eventful day, chiefly from New York, Indianapolis, Buffalo, and Boston. There will be a magnificent military display, and the Republicans reckon that the inauguration expenses must reach 15,000l. Meanwhile, General Harrison has somewhat disappointed his party by his reserve and cold manners. He "thawed out" into geniality just before the election, but now that all is secure he has relapsed into his former quiet style, and refuses to be "drawn" or give anyone a hint of his political intentions.

THE FINE ART SECTION OF THE COMING PARIS EXHIBITION has now been definitely organised. There will be five distinct departments. First will come the Centenary Section, representing French Art from 1789 to 1878, and containing from 500 to 600 of the finest national masterpieces. These will be arranged in rooms decorated according to the different periods—the Louis XVI., the Empire, &c. Next there will be the "Decennial" collection of works, dating from 1878 to 1889, both French and Foreign, those foreign works which are sent privately by the artists, and not under the auspices of their respective Governments occupying a separate room. No pictures will be "skied." A third section will embrace the national arts and manufactures—i.e., Gobelins, Sevres, Beauvais, &c. The fourth will be devoted to educational drawings. The fifth will be the Exhibition of Historical monuments, housed in the Trocadero Palace, and reproducing a host of national buildings and monuments. In this section will be found treasures of decorative art in metal and enamel work, carving, china, sculpture, &c., ranging from the thirteenth century to the present day.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,461 deaths were registered against 1,352 during the previous seven days, a rise of 109, but being 357 below the average, and at the rate of 17·8 per 1,000. There were 139 deaths from measles (a fall of 2), 30 from scarlet fever (a fall of 6), 35 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 12 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 13 from whooping-cough (a decline of 7), 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 6), and not one from small-pox, ill-defined form of continued fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 277, a rise of 21, and were 210 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths; 56 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 20 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,644 births registered against 2,367 during the previous week, being 41 below the average.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (12th 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 rough and squally but abnormally mild conditions, so long prevalent over our Islands, gave place gradually to light breezes, occasional clear skies, and locally misty or foggy weather, with much lower temperature in most places. During the first two days of the period low pressure systems continued to skirt our North-Western Coasts in a North-Easterly direction, while an anticyclone was Central over Germany or France. The prevailing winds were therefore Southerly, and varied in strength from a moderate breeze in the South-East to a slight gale on our Western Coasts. Dull, gloomy weather was experienced in most parts of the country with drizzle in many places, and heavy falls of rain at several of the Irish Stations. About this time the daily maximum temperatures ranged from 12° above the average in the South, to 15° or 16° over the Central parts of England and Scotland, while the minimum thermometer also showed equally abnormal readings over various parts of the Western portions of the United Kingdom, so that by the following Monday (10th inst.) the eastern side of an anticyclone was shown over Ireland, the high pressure in the East meanwhile not moving much, while the lowest pressures were shown off the extreme North-West of Norway. Light Westerly or Northerly breezes were now felt for a time, while local mists or fogs set in, and temperatures, which had fallen very distinctly on Friday (7th inst.) in the South of England, have shown a very sensible falling off generally. The weather on the whole was very fair. By Monday (10th inst.) the high pressure area in the West had shifted to Great Britain, and then after moving Southwards subsequently travelled well away to the Eastwards, while large depressions again began to skirt our Western Coasts in a North-Easterly course. Thus, while Southerly winds of some strength were blowing in the West with unsettled rainy weather, calms, or very light airs with cold weather and local fogs prevailed elsewhere. Throughout Monday (10th inst.) and Tuesday (11th inst.) a thick fog hung persistently over the Metropolitan Area. Temperature as a whole was above the average. Sharp frost, however, occurred by night over England towards the close of the week.

The barometer was highest (30·38 inches) on Monday (10th inst.); lowest 30·03 inches on Friday (7th inst.); range 0·35 inch. The temperature was highest (56°) on Thursday (6th inst.); lowest (27°) on Tuesday and Wednesday (11th and 12th inst.); range 29°. Rain fell on two days. The total fall 0·15 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·15 inch on Saturday (8th inst.).



Jeremiah Buckley, a deaf witness, examined by Mr. Graham. He paid his rent, and Moonlighters cut off the lobe of his right ear. "What sort of scissors did they use?" "I don't think they were good ones."



Peter Kelleher, took proceedings against Mat Kelleher, to whom he had lent money. Visited by Moonlighters, fired at and hit in the face.



Jeremiah Buckley, a deaf witness, cross-examined by Sir C. Russell. "You have joints of roast meat every day?" "What's that?"



Michael Brown, who took an evicted farm. A month after Moonlighters beat him, and shot him in the knee.



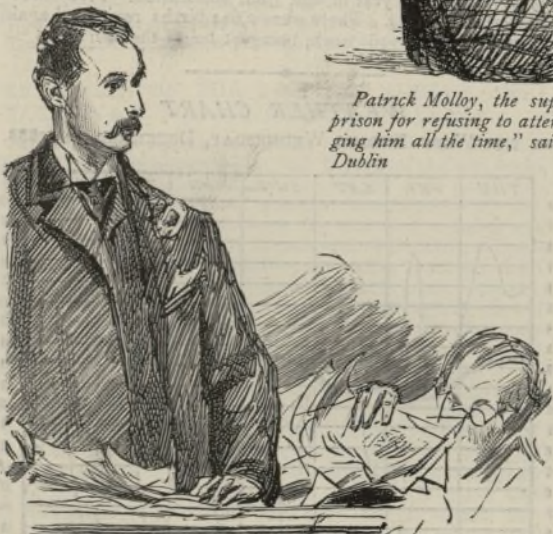
Patrick Molloy, the supposed "Invincible," who was sent to prison for refusing to attend on a subpoena. "I was humbugging him all the time," said Molloy of the "Times" Agent in Dublin.



Cornelius Regan, threatened by Captain Moonlight to be left "lonesome of his ears like Rory."



Mrs. Walker, the "Times" agent, who took Patrick Molloy's evidence in Dublin.



Inspector Royce, who, in 1883, seized documents and books at the house of Henry O'Mahony, at Scull.



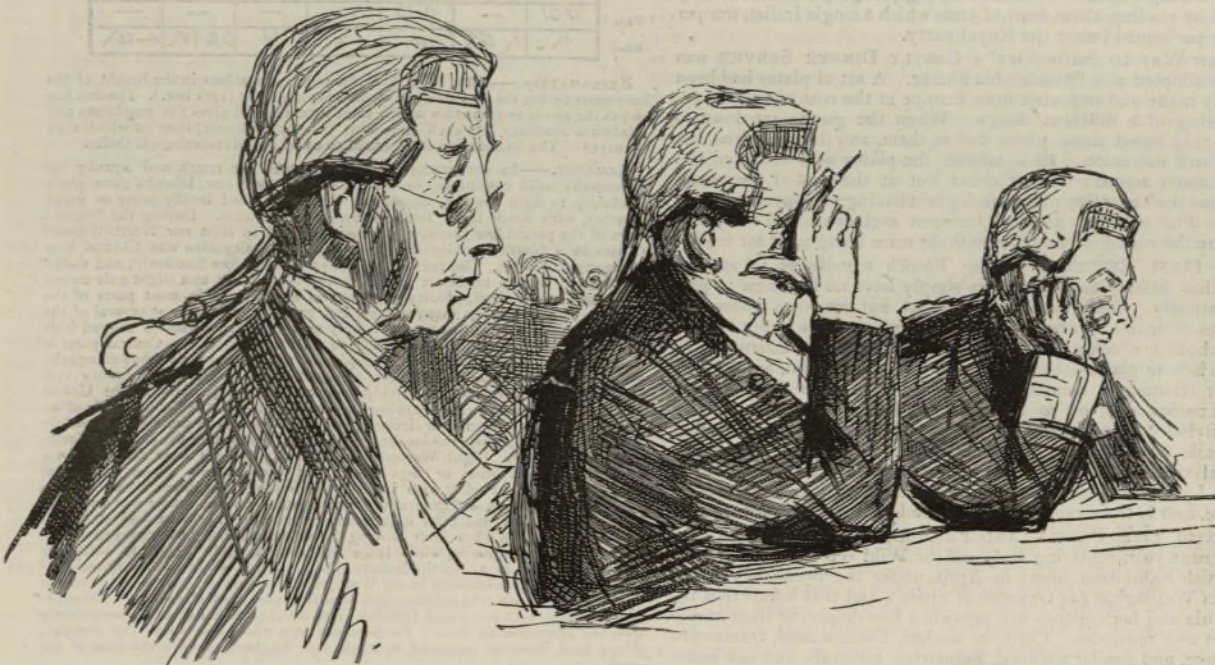
George Scott, landed proprietor. After taking an evicted farm shots were fired at his house.



Bridget Barrett, whose husband, Thomas Barrett, took grazing land from Mr. Bingham. He was shot dead through the window as he was going to bed.



The Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) cross-examining a witness.

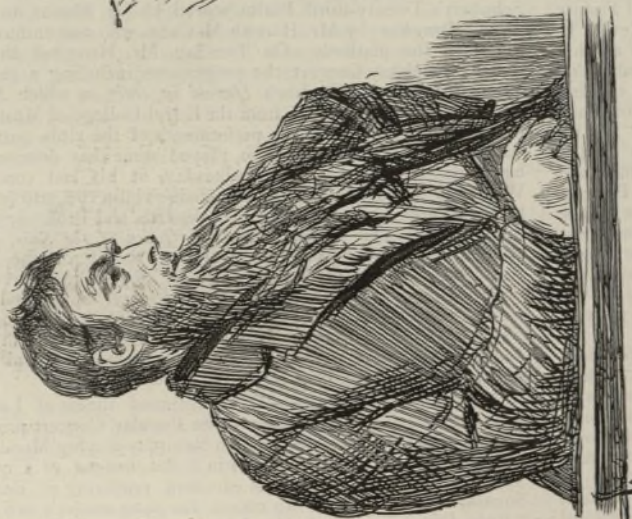


Determined and gallant attempt of the Judges to keep their countenances when a witness floors all the counsel!



Arthur Bingham, landed proprietor, pointing out the place where he was shot in the side, after a Land League meeting. His hay was fired, and he was boycotted.

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



Michael Burke cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell:
"Just turn your face to me, Sir."



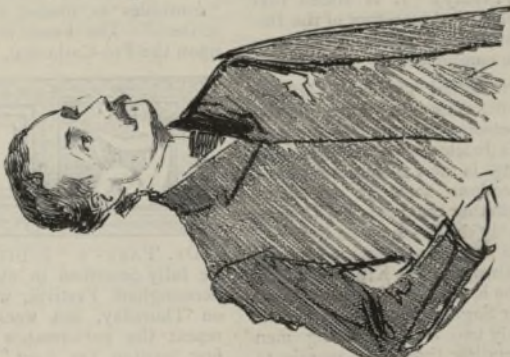
Philip Cremlin, caretaker
on a farm, from which a
tenant had been evicted
in 1886. Boycotted
after a meeting
presided
over by Dr
Tanner.
Stoned
at the
chapel



Williams, who, in 1884,
took an evicted farm. He
was shot in the groin and
legs by Moonlighters



Sergeant Lang,
who never heard the
term "land-grab-
bers" used till he
came into
Court



Mr. Starkey



J. Walsh, the boy informer, from Mayo



Sergeant Jacob Ruttle reading a report of
a speech by Miss P. Russell. Sir James Hannen
(at the end): "I did not like to interrupt
a lady's speech but really— Sir
Charles Russell: "It is very enter-
taining." Sir J. Hannen:
"We have no time for
entertainment."



Mr. H. Reid, Q.C., cross-examining a witness

High Hogley

Camp

Brookwood Railway Station

Hog's Back

Wisdom Corner

Asylum Prison



Butts

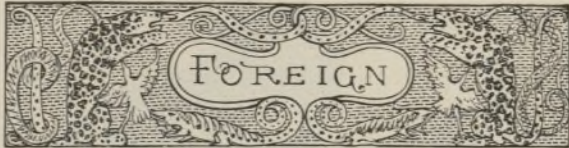
600 Yards

800 Yards

1,000 Yards

2,000 Yards

BROOKWOOD COMMON, NEAR WOKING, SURREY
THE SITE SELECTED FOR THE "NEW WIMBLEDON"—LOOKING FROM THE BUTTS TOWARDS THE FIRING POINTS



THE campaign at SUAKIN may be said to have begun in earnest on Saturday, when Colonel Kitchener and Colonel Barrow made a reconnaissance with the Egyptian cavalry. In order to ascertain more clearly the position of the Arabs, they endeavoured to get to the rear of the enemy's right. There they were met by a detachment of Arab horsemen, and a sharp skirmish ensued, the Egyptian casualties being one man killed and two wounded, nine of the enemy being killed. Next day, the sailors from H.M.S. *Racer* and *Starling*, under Captains May and Paget, mounted a 64-pounder gun upon the Gemeiza fort, and next day a heavy fire from all the forts was opened upon the enemy's positions. The missiles of the 64-pounder told with considerable effect, and one of the enemy's redoubts was nearly destroyed. The Arabs returned the fire with considerable spirit both on that and the next day, but with no noteworthy result. As had been generally expected, the British force at Suakin is not considered sufficient for any effective attack upon the Arabs, and a squadron of the Hussars and three hundred men from the Welsh regiment have been ordered up from Suez as reinforcements. At present the British forces at Suakin amount to 600 infantry and 110 mounted infantry, while, including the Egyptian troops, the whole expeditionary force numbers 4,500 men. The commander-in-chief is Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, Major Settle Pasha being his senior Staff-officer. The first native brigade, composed of three Soudanese battalions, is commanded by Colonel Kitchener Pasha, and the second native brigade, consisting of three Egyptian and one Soudanese battalions, by Colonel Hotted Smith Pasha. The British infantry are commanded by Colonel Coke, and the mounted troops by Colonel Barrow. Amongst the Soudanese troops is the well-known 9th battalion under Kempster Bey, considered to be the crack regiment of the Egyptian army, from its gallant conduct at Ginnis, for which colours were presented to it by the 70th Regiment in memory of the event. The troops had marched from Korosko to Kosseir in five and a half days, previous to embarking for Suakin, and, on being reviewed on Tuesday, were highly complimented by General Grenfell. Pending the arrival of reinforcements, all preparations are being made for the general attack, and the Egyptian transport *Shiheen* is being fitted up as a hospital-ship for the British wounded. The health of the troops at present is excellent, and the temperature is not excessive. As for the enemy, the number is officially estimated at 1,700, but it is believed that Osman Digma has a large force in reserve for use when the trenches are attacked.

Farther southwards, in EASTERN AFRICA the blockade is being carefully maintained by the British and German fleets, and it has now been extended by the Portuguese from the Rovuma to Pomba, a careful supervision being maintained over the Mozambique province, so that neither arms nor ammunition may be imported. There has been some sharp fighting at Bagamoyo, which was occupied by the insurgent chief, Bushire, with 2,500 men, most of whom were armed with breech loaders, and two guns. Bushire entrenched himself before the fortified stronghold of the German officials, cutting off their retreat to the sea, and successfully prevented the Germans from landing boats from their men-of-war. Thereupon the town was bombarded, and Bushire retired, first burning the town, gutting the houses, and looting the stores of the British Indians. A number of Unyamwezi caravan porters in the town were seized by Bushire, their ivory taken, and those refusing to join his force were killed or had their hands cut off. The success of Bushire and the capture of so much plunder, is attracting fresh chiefs to his standard, and his forces are daily increasing. There has been no outbreak in the districts under British supervision, while at Zanzibar all appears to be quiet, and the Sultan is said to be slowly recovering his health, but fast losing his popularity.

The whole question now forms the all-absorbing topic in GERMANY. Count Herbert Bismarck, who had been down to Friedrichsruh to see his father on the subject, discussed the matter with the Budget Committee on Tuesday, and is stated to have expressed a wish that the Reichstag should show sympathy with the undertaking. If this is done by a large majority, it is understood that the Government will assist in restoring order in the German East African settlements, and a proposal is now under discussion by which they should be placed under a German protectorate. A "White Book" relating to the rising in East Africa, has been published in which the treaty between the German East African Company and the Sultan of Zanzibar is given. By this the administration of the ceded provinces was to be carried on "in the Sultan's name, and under his flag, and subject to his sovereign rights." The Germans, however, appear to have paid no attention to this proviso, but to have done everything in their own name, and even to have gone so far as to haul down the Sultan's flag, and hoist their own in its place, thereby undoubtedly fanning the embers of a latent insurrection into flame. For this flagrant infringement of the Treaty Prince Bismarck, in a despatch, gave the company a sharp reprimand, the Prince subsequently remarking that "the Company's conduct, as it appears to me, was more energetic than circumspect; and energy in a region which is beyond the range of our guns can only be displayed at the cost of incommensurate sacrifices." This is very trite and apposite—but the "incommensurate sacrifices" are now being borne by the unfortunate British Indians, who pursued a peaceful and prosperous calling long before the Teuton conceived the happy idea of carrying Hamburg enterprise into Eastern Africa. Lieut. Wissmann will start for Zanzibar in a few days. He will take with him Dr. Wolff, a young Bavarian traveller, and a retired Prussian soldier to drill the natives in the use of the breech-loader.

Political affairs in FRANCE continue in the same unsatisfactory and unsettled condition. Angry scenes take place constantly in the Chamber, where the Deputies use language to each other the very reverse of parliamentary. The various scandals to be revealed during the trials of M. Numa Gilly and M. Wilson for libel and the coming divorce trial of General Boulanger are discussed with unhealthy eagerness, but a wholesome indignation is being displayed towards M. Gilly, who at the eleventh hour declares that he is not only not the author of "Mes Dossiers," but that he never saw or read the manuscript, and had no knowledge of the documents it contained. Moreover, on seeing the book announced he telegraphed to the publisher to withhold the work. This repudiation comes somewhat late in the day, and on his appearance in the Chamber he was sent to Coventry by his colleagues. The Boulangerists are, as usual, to the fore this week, and have now been avowedly joined by the Bonapartists on the ground that both parties advocate the right of the people to choose their own form of Government by a plebiscite. Captain Driant, the General's son-in-law, has been the hero of the week, as he has been ordered a month's imprisonment for writing a work, "The Future War," in which it is presumed that he betrayed certain defensive precautions which he ought to have kept from the world in general, and from Germany in particular.

The ill-feeling against the Germans has been still further heightened by the publication in the *North German Gazette* of a list of French officers who have been expelled from Germany as spies. M. Camille Dreyfus calls energetically for retaliation in the form of a clean sweep of "all the German *embloyés* who fill our shops,

offices, and counting-houses. When we have savages to deal with," he adds "it is folly to treat them as civilised beings." In curious contrast to this is the language used towards Russia, which is in high favour just now. The Russian Loan brought out in Paris has been covered several times over, and the Russian grievances against Persia for her *rapprochement* to England are warmly ventilated, the coming discomfiture of England in the matter being prophesied with much exultation. Another financial project—the Panama Lottery Loan—is being somewhat anxiously discussed, and great pressure is being put on the Government to secure State support to the enterprise, the failure of which would injure hundreds of thousands of small investors, who would attribute their misfortunes to the existing Government. The loan subscription closed on Wednesday, and it is said that the minimum number of 400,000 bonds, the subscription for which M. de Lesseps had declared to be absolutely necessary for the continuation of the works, had been more than covered. The Duchess de Galliera, who devoted more than two millions sterling out of her large fortune to charitable purposes, died on Sunday, genuinely respected alike by Royalists and Republicans.

RUSSIA is still venting her anger against Persia for having thrown open the Karun River to the world's commerce at the instance of England, and, seizing the excuse that the Shah will not permit a Russian to reside at Meshed, and that the frontier authorities prohibit the export of corn, is stated to be meditating the despatch of a very threatening note to Teheran. In calmer circles, however, it is pointed out that Russia is in fault for not having sufficiently maintained her influence over the Shah, and that the best thing to do is to compete commercially with England on the Karun. By the Shah's decree merchant steamers of all nationalities can sail up the river, from Mohammera opposite Bussora, as far as Ahwaz, beyond which point only Persian sailing-vessels may proceed. Foreign merchants may reside in the towns as long as their business may render it necessary. As the Karun is fairly navigable, communication is thus directly opened between the Persian Gulf and the interior of the country.

INDIA has been welcoming Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and regretfully bidding farewell to Lord and Lady Dufferin. Lord Lansdowne reached Calcutta on Saturday, was received with the usual honour, and was entertained by Lord Dufferin at a State banquet. On Monday Lord Lansdowne assumed the Viceroyalty, and Lord Dufferin left for Bombay on his return to Europe. Lady Dufferin last week gave a grand State farewell reception to native ladies in the Throne Room. That portion of the palace was converted into a Zenana for the occasion, every man being rigidly excluded, and even the Viceroy was compelled to absent himself until after the ceremony. There is little political news. Generals Channer and Galbraith have been officially thanked for their services in the Black Mountain Campaign, while the Sikkim troubles will now probably be shortly settled, as the Chinese Envoy was expected to arrive at Gnatong yesterday (Friday). It is stated that Lord Dufferin has recommended the number of members of the Imperial Legislative Council to be increased to thirty—a portion to be elected by the various sections of the community.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The rumoured unfriendly feeling between GERMANY and AUSTRIA having created some uneasiness, two affectionate letters which passed between the two Emperors on the occasion of the Austrian Sovereign's Jubilee have been officially published. The Emperor of Germany is now completely convalescent.—In SERBIA the rural elections show an enormous Radical majority, and it is doubtful whether the proposed Constitution will now be voted. If the Assembly decline to do so, it will be dissolved, and the ordinary Skupstina summoned for the transaction of business under the present Constitution; the King, however, is now showing signs of going over to the Radicals.—In SPAIN there has been a Ministerial crisis, and Señor Sagasta has formed a new Conservative-Protectionist Ministry, only two members being men of note.—THE UNITED STATES is sending three war vessels to Hayti to enforce compensation for the seizure of an American ship during the blockade. At Birmingham, Alabama, there has been a serious riot, owing to the Sheriff having forcibly resisted an attempt on the part of a mob to lynch a murderer. The Sheriff fired upon the crowd, and several persons were killed. He is now in custody on the charge of having murdered them.



THE Queen goes to Osborne for Christmas next Tuesday. The Empress Frederick will accompany Her Majesty, and there will be the customary seasonable festivities in the Isle of Wight, including a distribution of gifts to the Royal Household, and to Whippingham School children on Christmas Eve, while the Royal party will dine in the usual State on Christmas Day off the traditional baron of beef, boar's head, and game pie. The beef, weighing 300 lbs., will be cut from a shorthorn bred at Windsor. Meanwhile there has been a family gathering at Windsor to commemorate the double anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice yesterday (Friday). The Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, and Lords Knutsford and Rowton stayed at the Castle at the end of last week, and on Saturday the Comte and Comtesse de Paris lunched with the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and Sir Theodore Martin joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon preached. After service the Empress Frederick and her youngest daughter, Princess Margaret, lunched at Cumberland Lodge with Prince and Princess Christian, and in the evening Princess Christian and her eldest daughter, Princess Victoria, dined with the Queen. On Monday Prince and Princess Henry left for Darmstadt, owing to the serious illness of the Prince's father, Prince Alexander of Hesse. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales and family arrived to stay till Friday. Princess Louise subsequently came to Windsor, and yesterday the Queen and Royal family would attend the commemorative Services at the Frogmore Mausoleum, laying wreaths on the tombs of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice. The Queen has accepted from the Prince of Wales the Badge of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, which Her Majesty intends to wear as Head and Patron of the Order.

The Prince and Princess would return to town last (Friday) night, and to-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess go to Ealing to open the Jubilee Memorial Hall, and next week they return to Sandringham for Christmas. On Wednesday the Prince came for a few hours to London to preside at the council meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The Prince has sent presents of game to Mr. Bright and to several of the London hospitals. In January the Prince and Princess will be the guests of Lord Zetland at Aske Hall, Yorkshire, when they will open the new Municipal Buildings at Middlesbrough.

The Empress Frederick and Princess Sophie have received a deputation from the Greek community in England, presenting a congratulatory address on the betrothal of the Princess to the Crown Prince of Greece.



THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER expects to sail for Sydney immediately after Christmas, and intends to return home in April. The Bishop of Travancore will undertake the confirmations before Easter. The laity of the Diocese of Rochester having raised a sum of 1,180*l.*, guaranteed for three years, to provide their Bishop with episcopal assistance he intends, he intimates, to ask for the services of one who is already a member of the Episcopal order, and who can join him after Easter, "instead of waiting longer for the leisure or benevolence of Parliament."

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN has issued a somewhat lengthy address to the clergy and laity of his Diocese on the impending prosecution. The gist of it lies in the two following sentences:—(1). "The contents of the Ornaments Rubric quite sufficiently cover the principle of Ritual for which we contend." (2). "The Rubrics are broken every week in numberless churches by all kinds of clergymen, and yet they are not prosecuted as law-breakers."

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW to Admiral Blake in St. Margaret's, Westminster, designed by Mr. Frampton, will, Archdeacon Farrar intimates, be unveiled by Lord Charles Beresford, on Tuesday, December 13th, at noon. The church will be open to the public at 11.45. St. Margaret's is the church of the House of Commons, for members of which solely are seats to be reserved.

THE HOME SECRETARY has received a deputation, headed by the Duke of Westminster, from the Church of England Burial Reform Association, to ask for an inquiry into the condition of cemeteries and modes of burial, with a view to legislation. The Association favours the speedier resolution of the body into its constituent elements, by the use of a slight, perishable, and inexpensive coffin. Mr. Matthews spoke of the necessity of great caution in legislating on such a matter, and promised to make efficient the inspection of burial grounds.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At a Solemn Memorial Service at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in connection with the recent death of Dowager Lady Kinnaird, Lord Kinnaird and other members of the family being present, Prebendary Forrest, Vicar of St. Jude's, Kensington, pronounced, in his sermon, a eulogium on her character and career.—The Rev. J. W. Horsley, late Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, and since 1884 Secretary of the Homes for Waifs and Strays Society, has accepted the living of Holy Trinity, Woolwich.—The *Record* understands that the Rev. G. C. Grubb, the well-known Missioner, is about to start on a two years' mission-tour round the world.—The "Cardinal Manning Silver Jubilee Fund," the *Tablet* says, "continues to mount up. More than 1,000*l.* has now been subscribed." The Fund is to be applied to the removal of the debt upon the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.



DR. PARRY'S "JUDITH."—Dr. Hubert Parry's oratorio, which we fully described in our special correspondence from the recent Birmingham Festival, was produced for the first time in London on Thursday, last week, by Messrs. Novello's Choir, who will repeat the performance at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The first portion (or "act," as it is called) of *Judith* again made a marked impression, partly owing to Madame Patey's graceful delivery of the quaint little Hebrew ditty sung to the Royal children, but more especially owing to the magnificent delivery by Novello's Choir of the Moloch choruses, and of the final scene in which the approach of the Assyrian army and the conquest of Israel are so dramatically depicted. In the earlier portions of the second act it will be recollected the action halts, and the music is not equal to that which precedes and follows it. This blemish has now been remedied by wholesale excisions, and thus the interesting night-scene on the walls of Jerusalem, the return of the victorious Judith, and the Handelian air in which King Manasseh celebrates his victory are brought into greater prominence. Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, and Mr. Lloyd repeated the parts they created at Birmingham, Mr. Plunket Greene replaced Mr. Santley, and Dr. Mackenzie conducted.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The last of this season's Orchestral Concerts, under Mr. Manns, was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and the series will not be resumed until February 9th, when little Otto Hegner will appear. On Saturday, the programme was of a more than usually diversified description. Of orchestral music, pure and simple, it included the overture to Sir A. Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard*, which, albeit thoroughly in place, was probably the first extract from a comic opera ever heard at the Saturday Concerts; Mozart's symphony in G minor, which Mr. Manns' orchestra performed in a manner little short of perfection; and Dr. Praeger's symphonic prelude to *Manfred*, in which the composer, an avowed admirer of Wagner, has sought to follow in the master's footsteps. The result, however, was not more cordially received than when the prelude was first given here in 1880. M. Marsick played Wieniawski's second violin concerto, of which the Gipsy *finale* is always popular; and chorus and orchestra were heard in Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, scored by Mr. Manns, and in *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, by Mr. Hamish McCunn, who was enthusiastically called to the platform.—On Tuesday, Mr. Henschel directed the fourth Symphony Concert, the programme including a remarkably fine performance of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, in which Mr. Emil Kreuz, a young gentleman from the Royal College of Music, greatly distinguished himself by his performance of the viola part, and M. Saint-Saëns's G minor concerto, played somewhat demonstratively by Madame Essipoff.—On Wednesday, at his last concert, Mr. Waldemar Meyer played Dr. Mackenzie's violin concerto (conducted by the composer) and Beethoven's concerto, and Professor Stanford produced his new festival overture, *Queen of the Seas*, in which is celebrated the tercentenary of the defeat of the Armada. According to the description given by Sir George Grove the two principal themes here represent England and Spain, and (after a telling reference to a hymn tune from Day's three-century-old "Whole Booke of Psalmes") the two chief subjects are in the free fantasia, treated in a fashion said to represent a naval battle, in which, of course, England comes off victorious.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The continued illness of Lady Hallé has necessitated some changes in the Popular Concert programme, M. Straus taking her place, and on Saturday playing Mendelssohn's beautiful "Canzonetta" quartet in E flat instead of a quartet by Spohr. Miss Janotha gave an excellent rendering of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 90, with, for an encore, the same master's variations on "Rule Britannia;" and Mr. Lloyd sang two charming songs by Dvorák. But the gem of the concert was Schumann's pianoforte quartet, with Miss Janotha at the piano.—On Monday Madame Essipoff was the pianist, and, after playing some fugitive pieces, she gave as an encore a little work by the Russian composer,

Paderewski.—Some works by the same writer, and pieces by Schumann, Bach, Schubert, Leschetizky, Chopin, and others, made up the programme of Madame Essipoff's last recital on Wednesday.—At a recital given at Steinway Hall, Mr. Max Heinrich, accompanying himself, showed with what artistic finish he could sing Schubert's songs. Mr. Emanuel Moor, the pianist on this occasion, gave a somewhat exaggerated reading of the *Appassionata* sonata, but succeeded far better in some little works of his own.—The Heckmann quartet party on Wednesday announced an imposing programme, which included Beethoven's "posthumous" quartet in A minor, and rarely heard piano and violoncello sonata in D, Op. 102, besides Mendelssohn's "Canzonetta" quartet in E flat.—Chamber concerts have likewise been given by Mr. St. John Dykes, the students of the Royal College of Music, Herr von Czeke, the Fraser Quintet, and others.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Patti, fresh from triumphs in Paris, appeared at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, supported by Madame Sterling, Mrs. Eissler, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and a small orchestra conducted by Mr. Ganz. The programme was of the conventional order, and it is only necessary to add that the star of the evening, in her best voice, sang "Ah non creda," the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," and with Mr. Lloyd a duet from *Don Pasquale*. The last two were repeated, and the *prima donna* likewise sang for encore "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home."—Madame Patti has now returned to Paris, but will appear again at the Albert Hall on January 8th and 22nd.—Among the quarter of a hundred or more concerts also given were those by Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Dora Barnard (a promising contralto pupil of Mr. Cummings), Mrs. Bateman, Messrs. Ellis and Cammeyer (a banjo concert), the East London Institute of Music, Mr. Thomas Murby, Messrs. Hann, Mr. Glanville, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The novelties at the forthcoming Leeds Festival have now officially been fixed as follows:—A new cantata on Pope's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," by Dr. Hubert Parry, a new cantata, *The Sword of Argantyr*, words and music by Mr. F. Corder, and based on a Scandinavian subject; a new short cantata, mostly for chorus, *Sacrifice to Peace*, words by Dr. Hueffer, music by Dr. Creser, and a work not yet decided upon by Sir Arthur Sullivan.—M. Rubinstein has written a new sacred cantata to celebrate the escape of the Czar and Czarina from the recent railway accident.—Mr. Carl Rosa announces a two month's opera season at Liverpool, beginning New Year's Eve. During this period he will produce Meyerbeer's *Star of the North* and will revive *Lohengrin*.



THE TURF.—The country has gained a good mare in Plainsterie, bought by Sir Tatton Sykes for 2,400*l*. On the other hand it is going to lose a still better horse. Orreonde, rumour says, has been sold to an American breeder for 17,000*l*.—a tempting price, even for the Duke of Westminster.—At Sandown, on Thursday last week, Chancery won the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, and The Sinner the Tally-ho Hunters' Hurdle Race. Next day, Coraline won the Grand Annual Hurdle Race, and Dornoch beat Stourhead and a couple of others in the Lambton Open Hurdle Race. On Saturday, the Great Sandown Steeplechase fell to Hettie, and the Priory Hunters' Steeplechase to Mazzard; The Sinner, who was favourite for the latter event, coming to sad grief. Altogether, backers had a bad time of it, as not a single favourite was successful. They made up for it at Manchester on Tuesday, however, when every favourite was successful. Et cetera passed the post first in the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase, but was successfully objected to, and the stakes went to Johnny Longtail. Next day, Stourhead won the Maiden Hurdle Race.

FOOTBALL.—The Light Blues are to be congratulated upon having beaten Oxford in the Rugby match at the Queen's Club on Saturday. Forward the Dark Blues quite held their own, but their half-backs were weak, and their passing generally left much to be desired. The winners, on the contrary, passed exceedingly well. Two of their three tries were gained by as pretty bits of play as one could wish to see, but, on the whole, the game was a dull one. Each University has now won six matches, while four have been drawn. The New Zealanders have fallen victims to Lancashire, but beat a weak team of Yorkshire, and made a somewhat lucky draw with Batley; while Edinburgh University has succumbed to both Cambridge University and Bradford. All the crack clubs were engaged on Saturday. Blackheath sustained a severe defeat at the hands of the Old Leysians, who are exceedingly well together, and Richmond and London Scottish played a draw. Lack of space compels us to pass over the Association matches of the week.

ROWING.—The match between Cambridge and Yale turns out to have been promoted by an unauthorised private individual belonging to the latter University, and is likely to be declared "off."—Searle won the International Sculling contest on the Brisbane River this week. Unfortunately, Beach, who had won his heat, would not take part in the final, on the ground that two of his opponents should have been disqualified.

CRICKET.—The County Cricket Council met on Monday. It was decided that the Local Government Act (with its new County of London and so on) should not be held to apply to cricket; and the proposal of Sussex that during the two years that a cricketer is qualifying for a new county he should be allowed to play for his old one, was carried, subject to the approval of the M.C.C.

BILLIARDS.—White played a steady, cautious game in his money-match with Peall last week, and though the latter made many good breaks, he never quite got on terms, and was defeated by 319 points.—This week Taylor seems likely to beat McNeill in their spot-barred game.—Mr. A. P. Gaskell won the National Amateur Championship on Wednesday, at Manchester, beating Mr. Lonsdale, the holder, by 151 points.



THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.—The most interesting of the evidence given on Tuesday and Wednesday this week was that of Irish landowners and land-agents, among them the famous Captain Boycott, a middle-aged and middle-sized grey-bearded gentleman, who told the story of his long and cruel persecution briefly and effectively, and whom Sir Charles Russell and the other Parnellite counsel refrained from cross-examining. Very interesting evidence was that of Mr. E. M. Richards, who has been a resident landlord in County Wexford since 1860, who never had any disagreement with his tenants until they were coerced by the National League into refusing to pay more than a certain proportion of their arrears. He gave a striking description of the unwillingness with which many of his tenants submitted to this terrorism. A telling instance of the kind was his account of how one man, supposed to be a prominent Leaguer, arranged to meet him in a wood at night

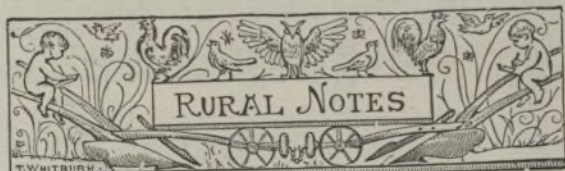
and paid his rent, saying, "For God's sake, don't tell." This witness, too, was not cross-examined. A protest by Sir Charles Russell against what he alleged to be a proposal by the Attorney-General to enlarge the area of the inquiry, elicited from the President an earnest expression of the wish that the utmost would be done to compress the evidence within due limits. "Rarely, if ever," Sir James Hannen said, "can any legal investigation be exhausted. Life is not long enough," he added, "and I do hope we shall be relieved, or that we shall be allowed to entertain the hope that years of our lives will not be consumed."

A SINGULAR FORGED WILL CASE from Wales has been tried in the Probate Division by Mr. Justice Butt and a jury. A certain William Mainwaring, belonging to the neighbourhood of Swansea, died, leaving a considerable amount of property, none of which was freehold. He was not known to have made a will, and it was supposed that his estate would be divided among his widow and four grown-up children, a son named Philip and three daughters. A few weeks after his death, however, a will was produced in which one John Davies was named sole executor with a small legacy, and the property was bequeathed to the widow and the son. The widow opposed probate on the ground that the will was a forgery. Ultimately a compromise was effected, by which the widow seems to have admitted, if only for form's sake, the validity of the will, and received the leasehold property, a sum of money being paid to Philip. The mother and son quarrelled, and the mother, it seems, made a will leaving all her property to her eldest daughter, and nothing to the other two. The latter then took proceedings to have their father's alleged will pronounced a forgery. The widow, who had effected a compromise because she contended that the will was forged, now appeared as a witness to testify to the genuineness of the alleged testator's signature, and to most of the questions put to her respecting the proceedings she had previously taken to have the will declared a forgery, she replied that she had no recollection. Most striking incident of all, the son Philip and Davies, who had not only drawn the will, but, with his brother attested it, went into the box and swore that Mainwaring's signature to it had been forged by Davies, not only with the knowledge and consent but with the co-operation of Philip. The jury decided against the validity of the will, and the Judge, who observed that there was an unfortunate habit in Wales of forging wills, said, that he would direct the evidence given, and the papers put in, to be placed in the hands of the Solicitor to the Treasury, for him to take such action in the matter as might seem desirable.

THE BETHNAL GREEN VACCINATION OFFICER prosecuted an inhabitant for not having had his child vaccinated. The Act allows a "reasonable excuse" to be pleaded, and this, it was contended for the defendant, was to be found in the fact that his four children were born healthy, but after being vaccinated soon after birth they became sickly, two of them dying. The Worship Street magistrate, though not without hesitation, accepted evidence to this effect as furnishing the reasonable excuse required, and dismissed the summons. It was intimated that the parish authorities would appeal.

NEWGATE PRISON AND THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT are to be demolished, and on the site the Corporation intend to erect a grand new Session House, with a handsome row of shops.

MR. W. H. MACNAMARA, who has been for some years Registrar to the expiring Railway Commission, will act in the same capacity to the new Railway and Canal Commission.



THE BUTCHERS' CARNIVAL has been the agricultural event of the week. The Smithfield Show at Islington retains its huge popularity, notwithstanding the squalid surroundings amidst which it continues to be held. The Smithfield Club on every other ground, deserves congratulation. The Show has been a magnificent one, whenever the light and fog allowed of its being seen at all. The entries were extremely numerous—six hundred and four, and the mean quality extraordinarily high. There is an increase in Devons, a breed which, of late years, had not seemed to meet with all the appreciation its high character demanded. The cross-bred stock was so remarkably good that the lovers of pure breeds would ordinarily have felt some discouragement. As it was, however, the extremely fine display of both the great pure breeds, Herefords and Short-horns, made the score level. The sheep like the Devons were a larger show from last year, and their general excellence excited unusual praise. The improvement in the Oxfordshire Downs and in the Cotswold breeds was very marked, and led to sundry well-known patrons of these West and Midland races being warmly congratulated. The pigs were rather better than usual, and we noted with satisfaction the erection of Tamworths into a separate class. They have always appeared to us to possess all the needed characteristics of a district breed, and their previous classification as simply "cross-bred pigs" was not accurate, neither did it encourage pure breeding. It remains to be noted that the pressure for space on the implement and miscellaneous galleries has this year beaten all record, though the Ensilage Society and a few other annual exhibitors were absent, reserving their efforts for the Jubilee of the Royal Agricultural Society at Windsor next June.

THE JUDGES this year seem to have been accepted without demur by every section of the agricultural public, and it would indeed be hard to find more acceptable names for judging cattle than Messrs. Henry Simmons, John Hill, George Napper, Charles Hobbs, Richard Stratton, Edward Terry, B. Simpson, W. Robertson, and J. A. Lowell. As to the judges of sheep, it may fairly be said, of Messrs. Hutchinson, Godwin, and Casswell "what there is to know, they know it;" while as for knowledge of pigs, Mr. Sanders Spencer was a tower of strength in himself, even had he not been joined by such excellent authorities as Messrs. Harrison and Beck.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS included such distinguished names as Her Majesty (first for Devon cows), the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Walsingham, Lord Wantage, Sir John Swinburne, the Duke of Sutherland, and the Duke of Manchester. The Prince of Wales, who visited the Show about lunch-time on Monday, was able to congratulate Mr. Risdon on winning the first prize for Devon steers under two years old, Mr. Wortley under three years, and Mr. Skinner under four years. The first prize for Devon heifers, as already mentioned, was gained by the Queen. With respect to the other breeds, space prohibits us from more than mentioning, in addition to names already given, those of Mr. Colman, Mr. Alfred Taylor, Sir Harry Bullard, Mr. John Hammond, Colonel Platt, Mr. James Maxwell, and Mr. H. C. S. Drummond Moray. The best sheep were shown by Mr. Silden, of Leeds (Leicesters), Mr. Russell, of Swanwick (Cotswolds), Mr. George Judd, of Winchester (Hampshire Downs), Mr. Ellis, of Guildford (South Downs), Mr. Williams, of Tring (Oxfordshire Downs), and Mr. Ambrose Barry, of Birmingham (Shropshires). As regards daily increase of weight, some of the cattle shown at the recent Norwich Show, compared favourably with the best beasts shown in London, where however several exceeded the daily increase of two pound since date of birth.

THE BERKS AND OXON CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE met at Reading last Saturday, and passed a resolution expressing regret at the withdrawal of the Van and Wheel Tax, and the hope that the loss of 700,000*l*. to the County Council revenue entailed thereby would be met by a subsidy of a similar amount from other sources.

THE BIRMINGHAM SHOW OF CATTLE turned out the most successful of recent years, the number of visitors being 46,192, and the amount of gate-money taken 1,816*l*. This is satisfactory, as the returns from the Show will now, it is believed, leave a profit over expenditure—a welcome change from the experiences of each of the three preceding years.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.—At the Farmers' Club on Monday evening Major Craigie read an excellent Paper on the Farmers' Labour Bill—and indicated that wages have nearly gone back to their level of twenty years ago, but that as many articles of prime necessity are cheaper now, the workman's comfort is greater than it was.—One family—Father, Mother, grown-up Son, Boy of fifteen, and two younger Children, earn and live upon 34*s*. weekly:—but we do not see any balance left for shoes and clothes!

THE REVIVING PROSPECTS of Agriculture, as seen by Mr. Wells, and explained by him at the Surveyor's Institute this week, appear to favour the conclusion that competition has done its worst, and must rather shrink in the future through the rapid increase of American population, which is to become in two generations 240 millions, where now there is but sixty millions! Mr. Wells made out a case where a farmer employing 4,000*l*. getting up early and working late, might probably secure an income of 380*l*., the wages of a clerk in a good commercial firm, for less work and no capital.

PRODUCE STATISTICS, Great Britain, have just been issued, being earlier than usual. Several thousands of estimators return the gross wheat yield as nine millions of quarters, or at 28*o*5 bushels per acre on 2,564,237 acres, being 4*o*2 bushels under the growth of 1887. Of this total crop, there is said to be a large proportion of light corn, and the grain is generally of inferior quality. Barley 32-84 bushels per acre, with a crop of 8,560,000 quarters is 1*o*52 bushels more than in 1887. (The character of the sample, however, is found to be at the markets nearly always of second and third-rate quality only.) Oats, total crop 13,400,000 qrs. yield, at the rate of 37-24 bushels per acre, against 34-24 bushels last year. The Privy Council Office have published their returns, made up from vast figures (some 600,000 sums having to be worked) with welcome promptness.



The Duchess of Bayswater and Co., a comedieta, or more properly a farce, brought out at the HAYMARKET, proves to be a rather mild satire on the modern aristocratic propensity to embark in commercial projects. The young Duke, performed by Mr. Brookfield, is represented as in partnership with his mamma in some establishment that supplies apparently most of the material articles which are needful to man's sustenance and comfort. This will naturally awaken an expectation of seeing a busy emporium crowded with merchandise; but not so. The Duke and Duchess are simply at a watering-place, seeking as much repose as a restless habit of looking out for custom will permit. Mr. Heathcote, the author, has introduced a few amusing satirical touches, and his dialogue is lively enough; but there is really little to give employment to the talents of such excellent performers as Mr. Brookfield, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mr. Allan; for the sole function of the piece is to cure an elderly gentleman of his admiration of the aristocracy, and thus induce him to consent to the marriage of his daughter with a young gentleman whose only fault is that his name and fortune are associated with the plebeian occupation of dealing in tinned meats.—*Captain Swift*, we may here note, reached its hundredth performance on the night of the production of this trifle, and appeared to be still in full favour with Mr. Beerbohm Tree's patrons.

A professional audience, among whom were Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Mrs. Stirling, Lady Monckton, Mr. Terriss, and numerous other distinguished performers witnessed the morning performance of *Brantingham Hall* at the St. JAMES'S on Tuesday, and were fortunate enough to see Mr. Gilbert's new play under more favourable conditions than those of the first night. Some slight, but not unimportant, modifications have been introduced, and Miss Julia Neilson now plays with more grasp of the character of the heroine and more spontaneity than she was able to exhibit when first seen in the part. Miss Norreys and Mr. Duncan Fleet as the youthful couple of lovers greatly diverted the professional audience, and the performance was received with unstinted applause.

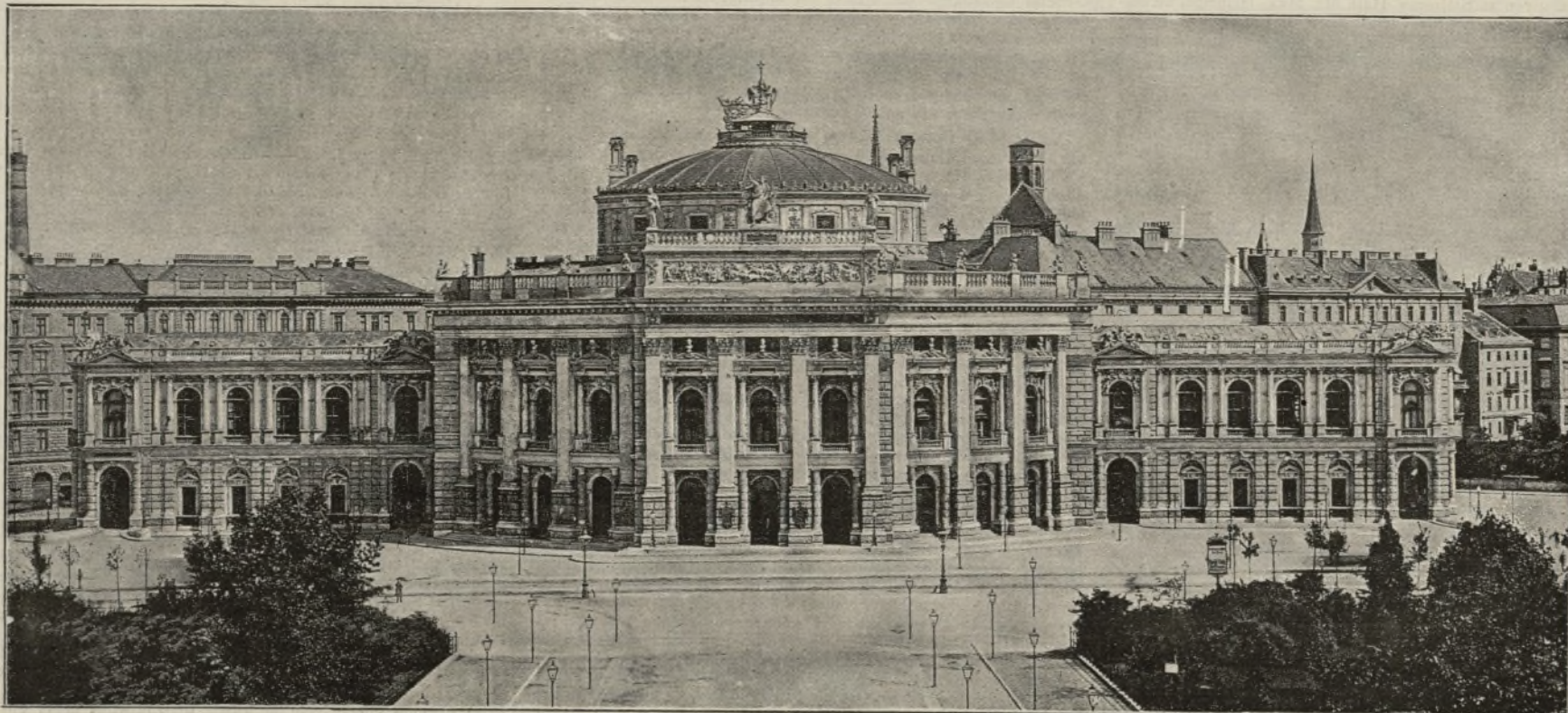
Storm Coast, a new drama by Mr. Vanneck, brought out at the GLOBE Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, is a rather weak and immature production, which seems to have been inspired by a reminiscence of *The Bells*. Unfortunately, the audience, like the author, were unable to banish the recollection of Mathias and his terrible dream; and this fact operated to Mr. Vanneck's disadvantage. A curious circumstance in connection with the play was the extreme brevity of its scenes. The whole four acts, including the intervals between them, were presented in an hour and three-quarters.

Miss Kate Vaughan and her company have been playing during the present week at the new GRAND Theatre, Islington, in *Love and Honour*, a version of *Monsieur Alphonse*, by Alexandre Dumas the younger.

The date finally determined on for the reopening of the ADELPHI with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's *Break of Day* is Saturday next, the 22nd inst.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.—We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Kelly and Co. the receipt of that work, indispensable to all business men, "The Post Office Directory for 1889," with corrections up to date. This is the ninetieth year of its publication. It is unnecessary to say anything in praise of such a well-known compilation, but we may mention as a proof of the information contained in it being brought down to the most recent date, that although Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., was not elected a Member of Parliament until December 4th, his name is to be found entered in the Parliamentary Directory.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, when visiting the Royal Female School of Art in Queen Square on Friday, December 7th, also inspected the work carried on at the Chromo-Lithographic Art Studio, 24A, Gloucester Street, which is a new branch of employment for female art students, and is meeting with great success. The Queen and the Prince of Wales have expressed their appreciation of the admirable manner in which the diploma of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition was reproduced at this establishment.



THE FAÇADE OF THE NEW BURG THEATRE, VIENNA

THE SUPPOSED WATERLOO BALL-ROOM, BRUSSELS

THIS sketch represents the room in the Brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie in Brussels, recently described as the probable scene of the famous Waterloo Ball by Sir William Fraser, who has brought forward the following facts in support of his case. The back of the building abuts on what was at that time the garden of the Duke of Richmond's house; it is situated in the street where the ball is known to have been held; and the premises, though now used as a brewery, were then occupied by a coach-builder, which accords with tradition, and the size of the room also meets the requirements of the case.

It is extremely probable that Sir William Fraser has discovered the house, and that this room, or one underneath it, now used as a cellar, whose claims have been more recently advocated by Mr. Danvers Power, must have been the actual place where "Bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men" on that memorable night.



ROOM IN THE RUE DE LA BLANCHISSERIE, BRUSSELS
Supposed to be that in which the Duchess of Richmond's Ball was held on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo

At present it is used as a storehouse, and certainly is a fine old room, though low in proportion to its extent. In the corners lie heaps of malt, and sacks hang ready for use between the pillars which run along its centre. The floor is in fair condition after seventy years of rough usage.

The very pleasant and agreeable lady who resides on the premises is most interested in the discovery, and is quite satisfied that either her beer-cellar or her malt storehouse must be the ball-room.

Our sketch is from a photograph taken by Dr. Lewin Jones, of 6, West Street, Finsbury Circus.

THE NEW BURG THEATRE, VIENNA

THIS magnificent theatre, which was built at a cost of 2,400,000*l.*, is undoubtedly the finest house in the world. Neither pains nor money have been spared to make the exterior architecturally beautiful, and



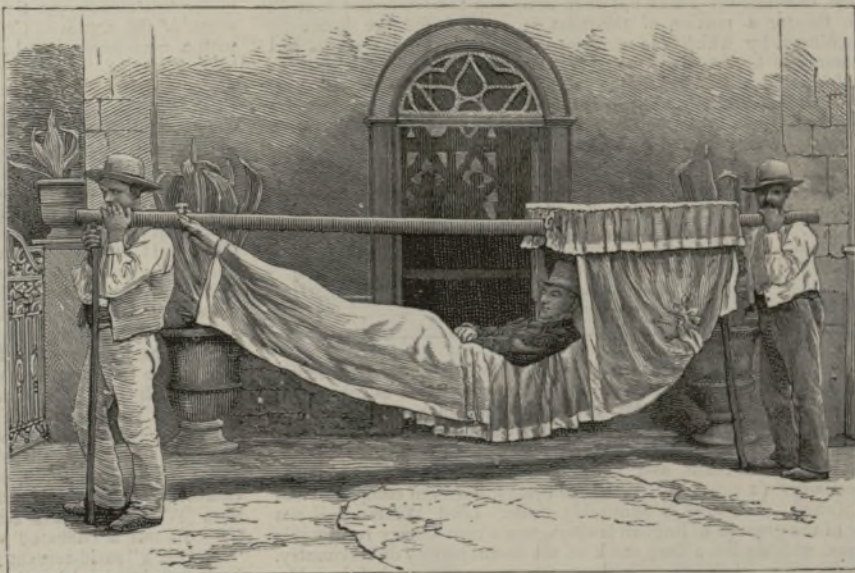
THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION, WESTERN HIMALAYAS
CAPTURE OF THE CHÉLA CRAG BY NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AND KHYBER RIFLES, UNDER BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHANNER, V.C., NOVEMBER 1, 1888



SANTA CRUZ, THE PORT OF TENERIFFE



A BULLOCK CARRO



THE TENERIFFE MODE OF LOCOMOTION



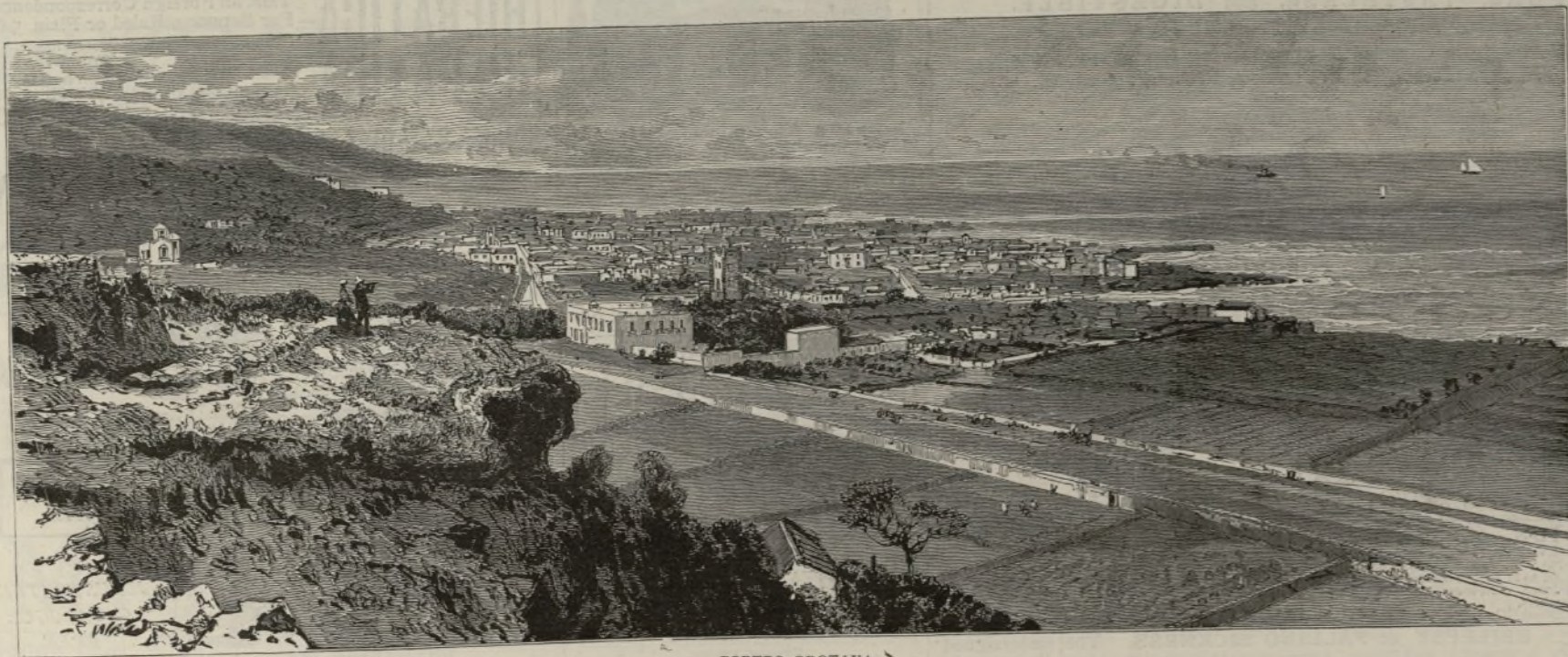
A TENERIFFE HOUSE



OLD SPANISH SENTRY-BOX, OROTAVA



A DATE PALM



PORTEO OROTAVA

NOTES IN TENERIFFE, CANARY ISLANDS, THE NEW HEALTH RESORT IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

the interior luxuriously comfortable, while especial attention has been devoted to making the building as fireproof as human ingenuity can contrive. As little wood as possible has been used in the construction, stone and iron having been almost exclusively employed, there are countless entrances and exits to the auditorium and to the stage, while the lighting is wholly by electricity—there being some 5,000 lamps, of which 2,100 are on the stage—the scenic effects being obtained by means of coloured glass. The building was designed by the architect, Baron Hasenauer, and stands in the Ringstrasse, opposite the Town Hall. The architecture is in the Late Renaissance style, and the building is semicircular in front, square at the back. The semicircle forms, in four storeys, the entrance and the foyers, embracing the four tiers of boxes and the parterre. The square part at the back forms the stage. Two wings projecting on either side of the semicircle are entirely taken up by the staircases, under which are two private entrances—one for the Emperor's, the other for the Archdukes' carriages—the public driving up under a covered doorway at either wing and at the foot of the great staircases. The front is profusely ornamented with busts of dramatic authors and celebrities of all nations, together with numerous mythological and classical deities and representations of the Grecian drama. Inside, staircases and foyers are gorgeously decorated with marble, alabaster, paintings, statues, and tapestry hangings, while in the auditorium, which will accommodate 2,000 persons, the colours are white and gold, the boxes and furniture being covered with crimson plush. On the stage, with the exception of the flooring, everything above and below is of iron, and the whole scenic fittings are as perfect as they can be made. The stage occupies the exact site of the old moat, in which the Turks fell when besieging the town, and beneath the theatre a portion of the moat is utilised for the hydraulic machinery, by which the stage can be lifted or lowered, pushed forwards or backwards, at will. The actors are provided with large well-furnished dressing-rooms, and a special feature in the new house is the ventilating-apparatus, both for the auditorium and the stage, which is worked by three steam-engines, and which propels a current of warm, filtered air throughout the building.



THE long-delayed biography of Lord Westbury has at last been published, and it is one of the most interesting books of the season. Originally undertaken by Mr. R. N. Kennard, that gentleman died before he could complete his task. The unfinished MS., together with many family papers and letters, was then handed to Mr. Thomas Arthur Nash, and by him "The Life of Richard, Lord Westbury" (2 vols.: R. Bentley and Son), has been completed and published. The work is admirably done. Lord Westbury, if not one of the greatest of English lawyers, was a man of very remarkable talent, who has left a deep mark on the recent history of his country. His life offers ample opportunities to the biographer, and of these Mr. Nash has very fully availed himself. We do not say that the book is in any sense one of the classic English biographies. But it is well written, the matter is excellently arranged, there is no undue hero-worship, and the reader, when he closes the book, has a clear image of the character of the man about whom he has been reading. Lord Westbury's rise was extraordinarily rapid. He became a Q.C. when comparatively young, and was soon the leading counsel of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell's Court. So complete was his ascendancy over Sir Lancelot Shadwell that one of the other leaders, on being defeated by Lord Westbury (then Mr. Bethell), exclaimed, angrily, "It is useless to argue in this Court." "Mr. Vice-Chancellor," said Bethell, in his gentlest tone, "I move that this Court adjourn till my learned friend has recovered his temper." This is a specimen of those stinging speeches which gained for Bethell so many enemies. His self-confidence was excessive, and his intellectual power so great, that he had an impatience of all dull persons. Mr. Nash gives an excellent analysis of Bethell's method as an advocate. Many of his most pungent sayings are reported in these pages, and many more are among the traditions of the bar. Once when a Judge and a Q.C. were quoting Latin against each other, the judge said, "Mr. Rolt, we must be careful how we make our quotations in the presence of that distinguished scholar, Mr. Bethell." Whereupon Bethell coolly remarked: "I beg your lordship's pardon; I thought my learned friend and yourself were quoting from some Welsh author." After he became Solicitor-

General, Bethell's most noteworthy achievement was his conduct in the House of Commons of the Bill to facilitate divorce. On the Opposition side the fiercest opponent to the measure was Mr. Gladstone, and the debate resolved itself into a duel of eloquence between these two. Bethell was more than once disappointed before he received the Lord Chancellorship. Of the unfortunate Edmunds case, and the other matters which led to a vote of censure upon him, and to his resignation of the Woolsack, Mr. Nash gives a full account. After his resignation Lord Westbury appeared but seldom in the House of Lords. He gave himself up to that country life which he loved so well. Yet he died in harness, having presided at an Arbitration Court a very few days before his death. Lord Westbury was a man who will not soon be forgotten. His services in simplifying legal procedure were immense; and Mr. Nash's excellent volumes are worthy tributes to his genius.

The second volume of Mr. Ernest Law's "History of Hampton Court Palace" (George Bell and Sons) deals with the Stuart times. It was Mr. Law's hope to complete the book in two volumes, but so plentiful did he find the material at his disposal that he has had to extend it to three. While, therefore, the present volume brings the story down to the close of the reign of James II., the third will carry it on to the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria. It is scarcely possible to praise too highly the skill and industry which Mr. Law has given to his task. He appears to have left no authorities unconsulted, and he has put together his very bulky materials with such skill, and such full regard to proportion, that the narrative has all the interest of a romance. He is very painstaking in the archaeological and architectural departments, and full descriptions and excellent plans render quite clear the many changes which the palace and grounds underwent at different times. But the chief interest is human, and some of the scenes of Court life at Hampton Court are described with a completeness and a power which gives to them an air of the highest reality. James I. visited Hampton Court very early in his reign, and gave great masques, and other entertainments. King Christian IV. of Denmark had a rollicking time at Hampton Court, the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, of the Court freely giving way to intoxication. Charles I. was much at Hampton Court. Thither he retired on his quarrel with the Queen, and thither, again, he fled after the unsuccessful attempt to arrest the five members. Of the King's escape from Hampton Court, of Cromwell's subsequent residence there, of the early wedded days of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza, with the King's insolent and finally successful attempt to force Lady Castlemaine upon the Queen as one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber—of this and much more Mr. Law's pages give the fullest details. Well written, admirably illustrated, both with copper-plates, etchings, and wood-engravings, and excellently printed, the book is one which it is a pleasure to read and a pleasure to praise.

"The Mother: The Woman Clothed with the Sun" (2 vols.: Field and Tuer), professes to set forth a new revelation of religious truth. In 1877, when the writer, who styles himself "the recorder," was very badly off, three middle-aged ladies came to lodge in his house. To one of these, whom he calls "The Mother," he told his troubles, and thenceforward she exercised a miraculous influence over him. We learn that she acted under constant direction from angels; she cast out a "debased woman's spirit" who had "obsessed" the "recorder's" maid-servant; she caused "the recorder" to be miraculously anointed with oil; money (the exact amount of a single return fare) came miraculously into her purse; and through her agency "beings invisible to the ordinary eye" came to help an old washerwoman raise "the damp articles, some of them heavy, on to the clothes line." At last "the recorder" became convinced that "The Mother" was no other than *The Woman clothed with the Sun* who appears in the Apocalypse; she herself saying in one of her letters (December 19th, 1878), "I am the only person qualified to stand on earth as the Representative of the New Jerusalem—because I am not mortal." Finally "The Mother" miraculously suffered death by crucifixion, only one witness (not "the recorder") being present. This story is wrapped in pages and pages of tedious and inexplicable twaddle about texts, prophecy, mystic numbers, "Old Moore" hieroglyphics, and Piazzi-Smyth pyramid absurdities.

The late Earl Stanhope first attracted the notice of the Duke of Wellington by a certain speech against the Reform Bill which the Earl delivered in the House of Commons in 1831, and after that time the two gentlemen met frequently, and had many conversations. Of these Earl Stanhope made copious memoranda, which were privately printed and read by a small circle. Believing them to be of wide general interest, the present Earl Stanhope has published the notes under the title "Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, 1831-1851" (John Murray). The conversations, truly, are of much value and interest. They ranged over a variety of subjects, chiefly dealing with war, and with

Wellington's campaigns in India, the Peninsula, and France, but discussing also such topics as Clarendon's History, the Catholic question, the Salic law, pews in churches, and the origin of suspension bridges. A series of footnotes, giving references to the Croker Papers, adds to the value of the book from the biographical point of view. That the conversations throw any new light upon the character of the Duke cannot fairly be said; they rather fill in the character as we know it from other sources. The book is necessarily scrappy, and, being arranged chronologically, the same subjects recur constantly at different places. Perhaps the most interesting conversations of all are those in which Wellington gives his opinion of Napoleon and Napoleon's generalship. Of the Waterloo campaign he said that Napoleon was certainly wrong in attacking at all; he might have stationed himself on the Meuse with 300,000 men, and might have manoeuvred from one invading army to the other, and attacked them separately. "He might have given us great trouble, and had many chances in his favour. Instead of this, by Waterloo he put an end to the war at once. But the fact is, he never in his life had patience for a defensive war." There are some good stories about Sheridan and some about Talleyrand, who, by the way, Wellington thought by no means deserved his reputation. One of the Duke's dicta is that revolutionary times do not produce great men. A good index adds to the value of the book.

The third volume of Mr. Frith's "Reminiscences" (Bentley and Son) is scarcely so fresh and amusing as the two which preceded it. It is to some extent biographical, and the earlier chapters take us once more to the famous school of Mr. Sass, where the future painter had his earliest instruction. Mr. Frith appears to have been from boyhood a genial and companionable fellow, and he early became acquainted with the leading literary men and painters of London. One of the merriest chapters describes a dinner at Egg's old house in Black Lion Lane—now Queen's Road, Bayst water; a dinner at which Dickens, Forster, Leech, Mark Lemon, and others were present. The book, generally, is very bright and entertaining. Mr. Frith has a dry yet pungent way of telling his stories, which is curiously effective.

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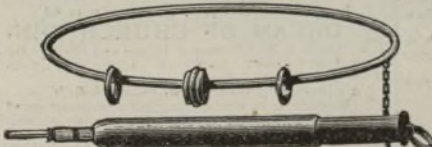
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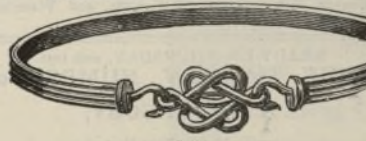
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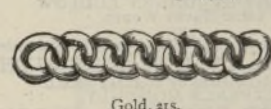
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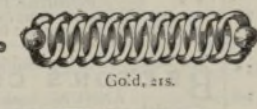
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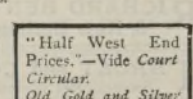
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THE CAT, says M. Champfleury in his delightful book, "Les Chats," would seem to have been acclimatised in Egypt at the same time as the horse, viz., about the beginning of the New Empire, or 1668 B.C.

There appears to be no doubt that the ancient Egyptian cat was a tabby: rather longer in the leg and lighter in colour, perhaps, than our own cats, but with hair of the same length, and not furry, like the Persian.

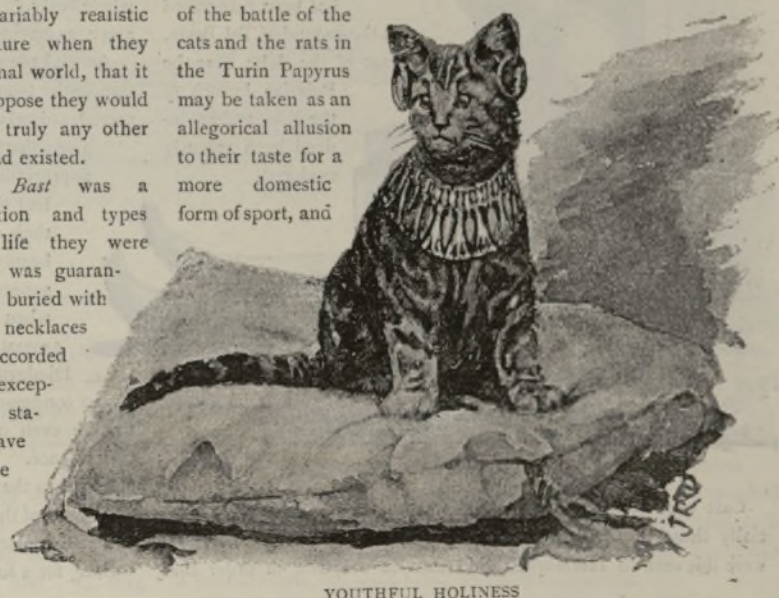
Paintings and statuettes of striped cats frequently occur, but

cat, and, as being under her protection and types of herself, all cats were sacred. During life they were treated with respect, and their personal safety was guaranteed by rigorous laws, and when dead, they were buried with solemnity. They wore earrings in their ears and necklaces about their necks; but whether this honour was accorded to all cats, or only to those of high degree and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain, as only some of the statuettes show these ornaments, while some have also a jewel on their foreheads. Figures of cats were kept in the house and buried in the tomb, and trinkets, representing both the goddess and the cat, pure and simple, were worn upon the person, and were, no doubt, indicative of a special devotion on the part of the wearer.

Besides, however, the religious dignity of representing *Bast*, they also had a very practical use, and Diodorus Siculus says that the cat owed to its usefulness in the destruction of noxious reptiles the reverence it received. They were largely used for sporting purposes, for the capture and retrieving of wild fowl, &c. A beautiful picture of this mode of taking game is to be found in the British Museum, and is represented above. In it the cat clings to the bending stems of the papyrus, holding a goose in her mouth, and with two other birds in her claws. In the rest of the picture, of which part only is shown here, the fowler himself is seen standing up in his boat, apparently about to cast an instrument not unlike a boomerang, grasping in his other hand three birds of the wader tribe; at his side is his wife, and at his feet crouches a slave girl. Other paintings exist of a similar

kind, showing cats about to spring into the water after their quarry. This is remarkable, when we recollect the intense hatred of our modern cats to that element, and is, perhaps, evidence in favour of the scientific speculation that the cat was originally a fishing animal.

The drawing, too, of the battle of the cats and the rats in the Turin Papyrus may be taken as an allegorical allusion to their taste for a more domestic form of sport, and



proves that their sanctity did not prevent their attending to what may be called their legitimate business.

"According to Horapollo," says Champfleury, "the cat was adored in the Temple of Heliopolis consecrated to the sun, because the pupil of its eye dilates and contracts according to the height of the sun above the horizon, and it is from this peculiarity a type of that marvellous orb." And, again, "Plutarch in his treatise on Isis and Osiris relates that the head of a she-cat is placed on the top of the sistrum (often shown in the statues of *Bast*) as an emblem of the moon, because she has a variegated skin and because she works at night, and also because of a peculiarity in her mode of reproduction. She gives birth first to one kitten, then to two, then to three, then to four, and so on, up to seven, which make twenty-eight in all, a number equal to the days of the month." "This," says Plutarch, "smacks of the fabulous," and he adds, "but it is a fact that the pupils of her eyes become larger at the full moon and diminish in size at its waning." Thus while Horapollo sees a mystic analogy between a cat's eyes and the sun, Plutarch sees a likeness to the moon.

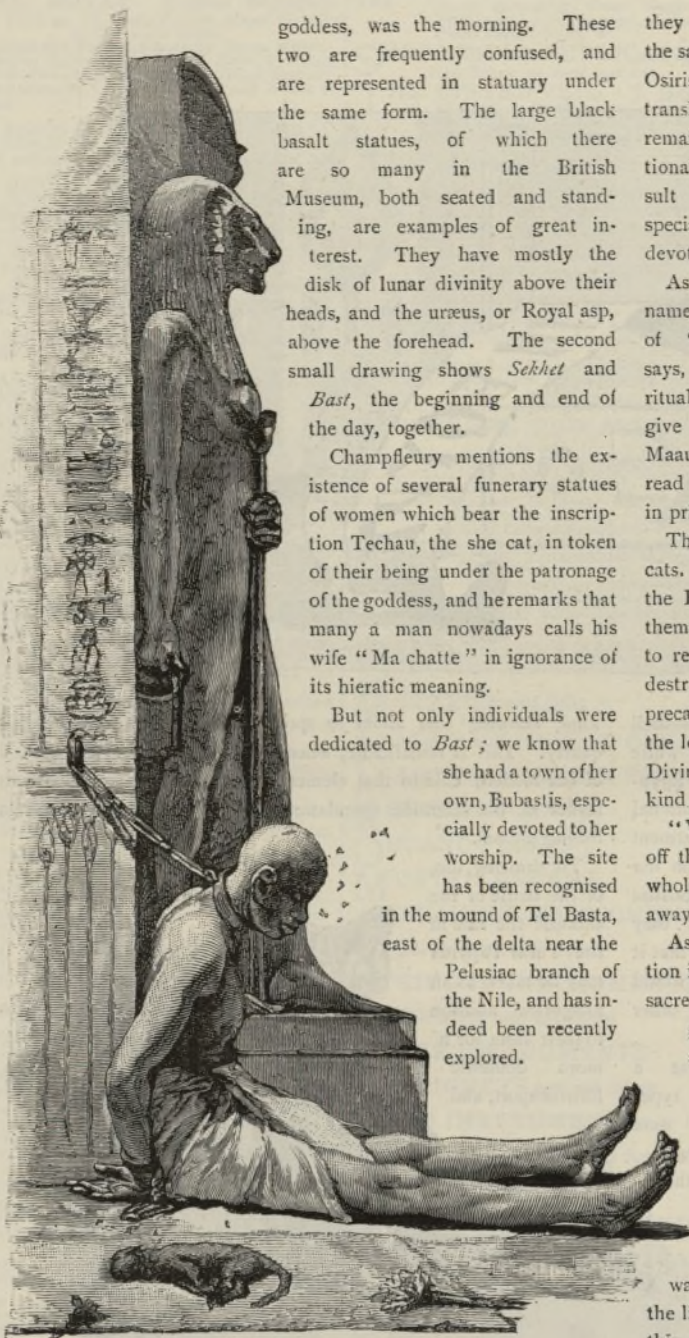
Without examining more closely than can be done here the system, as far as it is known, of Egyptian sun-worship, it would be difficult to show the exact position occupied among the divinities by *Bast* and her relation to *Ptah*, or *Ra*, the sun, but it may suffice to say generally that she was the Egyptian Diana and the goddess of light.

The curious extract given at the side of the next page, from an inscription of the XVIIIth Dynasty (the cat decapitating a serpent), typifies the triumph of light over darkness.

Bast was also the evening, while *Sekhet*, the lion



CAT TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE AS DESCRIBED BY HERODOTUS



THE MAN WHO KILLED A CAT

Cats were sometimes sent to the sacred city to be buried, especially those that had been venerated in the temples of *Bast*. So were ibis sent to Hermopolis, and men to Abydos, in order that

goddess, was the morning. These two are frequently confused, and are represented in statuary under the same form. The large black basalt statues, of which there are so many in the British Museum, both seated and standing, are examples of great interest. They have mostly the disk of lunar divinity above their heads, and the uræus, or Royal asp, above the forehead. The second small drawing shows *Sekhet* and *Bast*, the beginning and end of the day, together.

Champfleury mentions the existence of several funerary statues of women which bear the inscription *Techau*, the she cat, in token of their being under the patronage of the goddess, and he remarks that many a man nowadays calls his wife "*Ma chatte*" in ignorance of its hieratic meaning.

But not only individuals were dedicated to *Bast*; we know that she had a town of her own, *Bubastis*, especially devoted to her worship. The site has been recognised in the mound of *Tel Basta*, east of the delta near the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and has indeed been recently explored.

they might rest in the same grave with *Osiris*; but this translation of the remains was exceptional, and the result probably of special wishes or devotion.

As to the cat's name, the author of "*Les Chats*" says, "The ancient rituals in the Louvre give *Mau*, *Maï*, *Maau*, and some Egyptologists have read *Chaou*, but it ought to be read *Maou*, and is one of the examples of onomatopœia so frequent in primitive tongues."

The father of history, *Herodotus*, has something to tell us about cats. He says:—"When a house caught fire the only thought of the Egyptians was to preserve the lives of their cats. Ranging themselves, therefore, in bodies round the house, they endeavoured to rescue these animals from the flames, totally disregarding the destruction of the property itself; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, the cats, leaping over the heads and gliding between the legs of the bystanders, rushed into the flames as if impelled by Divine agency to self-destruction; and when an accident of this kind happens, a deep sorrow takes possession of the Egyptians."

"When a cat dies a natural death the people of the house shave off their eyebrows, but if a dog dies they shave the head and the whole body." All the provisions in the house, too, were thrown away, as having become unlawful food.

As we have said, there were some cats kept especially for veneration in the temples of *Bast*, and *Herodotus* tells us of these and of sacred animals generally, that not only were necessary provisions given them, but luxuries also, which they were incapable of appreciating. They were bathed, anointed, perfumed—they had rich carpets and ornamental furniture, and females of their own species given them, who were chosen for their beauty. The cats and *ichneumons* were fed on bread sopped in milk, and on Nile fish cut into strips, and when dead they were embalmed with oil of cedar and aromatic spices.

Diodorus Siculus says that any one who killed a cat or an ibis was condemned to death, and that it was found impossible to save the life even of a Roman citizen who had accidentally committed this offence. When one thinks of the privileges and immunities attached to the title of "*Civis Romanus*," this is sufficient to show the rigour of the law and the strength of popular feeling.

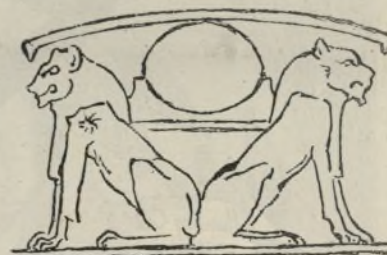
The populace, indeed, generally lynched the malefactor, without waiting for a form of trial, so that "For fear of such a calamity, if



BATTLE OF THE CATS AND RATS



TRIUMPH OF LIGHT OVER DARKNESS



SEKHAT AND BAST

a person found one of these animals dead he stood afar off, and, crying with a loud voice, made every show of grief, and protested that he had found it lifeless." Even in times of famine, when in their extremity they were driven to eat human flesh, the Egyptians preserved their cats.

In the illustration we see an unfortunate cat-slayer chained by the neck under the tall statue of the cat-goddess, her praises, in the usual formula, inscribed at her side. He is pilloried out there in the blazing sun, with the flies (Egyptian flies!) in a cloud round his head and round the body of the victim—the "*corpus delicti*"—by his side,—an object of execration to all men.

He is stripped of his outer tunic of muslin, of his collar of beads woven in patterns, of his bracelets, of his rings, and, lastly, of his wig, for the ancient Egyptian, as a rule, shaved his head as clean as a billiard-ball, and wore, at least in the higher class, a most elaborate



LADY GOING INTO MOURNING



LAST FAREWELL

coiffure—on the top and as far as the ears the wig was a thick mass of curls, and below, down to the shoulders, hung a close row of small plaited tails. This was the wig of a gentleman, that of an inferior was the same without the tails.

At the foot of the preceding page is a lady going into mourning for the death of her favourite cat, by shaving off her eyebrows. She, too, has her wig off, for women as well as men shaved the head. Paintings exist which show women with their natural hair in long plaits, but wigs would seem to have been generally worn.

The wig used by women was simpler and more graceful than that of the other sex, being merely the hair combed straight and arranged in long flat plaits, which begin close to the head; these are sometimes rather broad, but more often narrow and very numerous, as may be seen in the head-dress of the slave-girl in the drawing. This was encircled generally with a wreath of lotus-buds, and one or two fully-open flowers were pinned across the top of the head, so as to hang over the forehead. Sometimes, however, as in mourning, a simple fillet was worn.

The lady holds her razor in her hand, and examines in the mirror

ideas, her style of beauty is not one which can afford to be placed under many such disadvantages.

The objects of the toilet lie about, the tweezers exactly like our own, the razor very similar, only pointed instead of round at the end; the reed box for the paint brushes—for Egyptian ladies "made up" regularly—and the indispensable perfume spoon, carved in wood, in the form of a bunch of lotus.

An Egyptian lady wore slippers, and these were embroidered in graceful patterns, and when in mourning, as on this occasion, but one garment, a petticoat, or sack, as it has been called, beginning below the bust, and reaching to the feet. It was gathered together in large broad plaits in front, and kept up by straps across the shoulders.

The necklaces were of various kinds, from simple strings of the beautiful turquoise-blue and cornelian beads, to elaborate collars, row upon row, of precious stones and enamelled lotus.

In the next drawing a girl pays the last token of respect to a sacred cat. The mummy—if it were not a bull to say so—might be described as lying-in-state under a funeral canopy in the ante-chamber of the tomb—the mummy-pit to which it will presently be consigned, to keep company with its forefathers, is below.

The girl offers incense while she makes her petition for its happiness, and she and other devotees have provided for its future wants: they have brought great jars of water and milk for its spirit to drink, and pigeons and fish and mummied provisions for it to feast on in the other world.

The mummy cat is a grotesque object; with its shrunken features, tightly swathed in cloth, it has an oddly

human look; and in the collection in the British Museum, of which a selection is given, may be seen many such caricatures of ourselves.

The swathings of the bodies are of narrow strips of cloth, plaited in patterns, a different one for each mummy.

The colours of the cloth are now two, reddish brown and drab, and the heads in some cases show signs of having been painted.

In some instances the body was enclosed in an outer mummy case, but the honour was most likely reserved for sacred cats. These cases were painted, and divided in half down the centre like a bullet-mould, the head being sometimes separate.

Thebes appears to have been a favourite burying place for cats, and we know already that they were sometimes sent to Bubastis. Dogs, snakes, ibis, cats, ichneumons, and shrew mice have been found buried together in the same pit, but in the animal tombs recently opened the cats were all piled together in one chamber, while another was filled with crocodiles, and a third with ibis, packed



CAT ANTIQUITIES



CAT MUMMIES AND MUMMY CASE

each in a jar. A selection is given of the many cat antiquities in the British Museum, which have been discovered in the tombs, &c., and shows both idols of *Bast* and simple figures of cats.

The fragment of pottery in which the cat has two kittens seated on her head is remarkable as being unique, and the meaning of this singular position has not been explained.

The love of the cat still lingers in Egypt, and Wilkinson says that in his time every day at the Palace of the Cadi and the Bazar of Khan Khaleel a free ration was distributed to the cats, and a cats' home is said to exist now, founded by a friendly (or superstitious) soul for the maintenance of old and deserted animals.

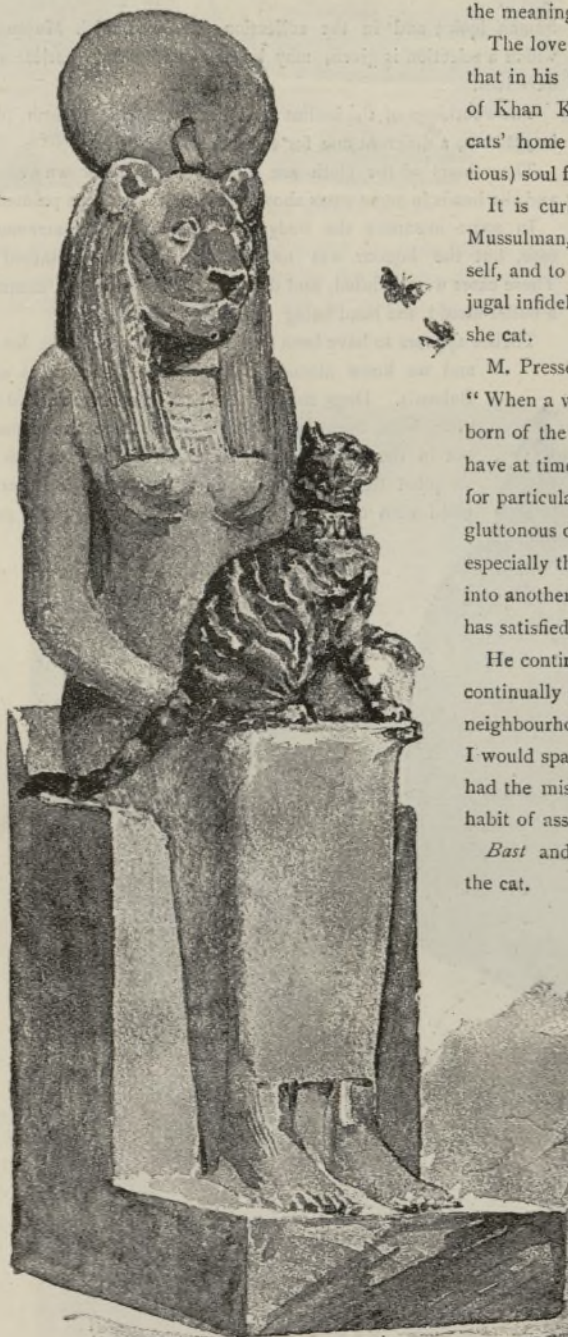
It is curious, too, that while a dog is an abomination to a Mussulman, he will allow a cat to feed from the same dish as himself, and to play with his children; and women convicted of conjugal infidelity are thrown into the Nile tied up in a sack with a she cat.

M. Presse d'Avennes gives an account of a quaint superstition. "When a woman has given birth to twins, boys or girls, the last born of the two (whom they call 'baracy'), and sometimes both, have at times, and it may be all their life long, an irresistible craving for particular eatables, and in order to satisfy more easily their gluttonous desires they assume the shape of different animals, and especially that of the cat. During the transmigration of the spirit into another shell the human body is as a corpse, but when the spirit has satisfied its desires it retakes its proper form."

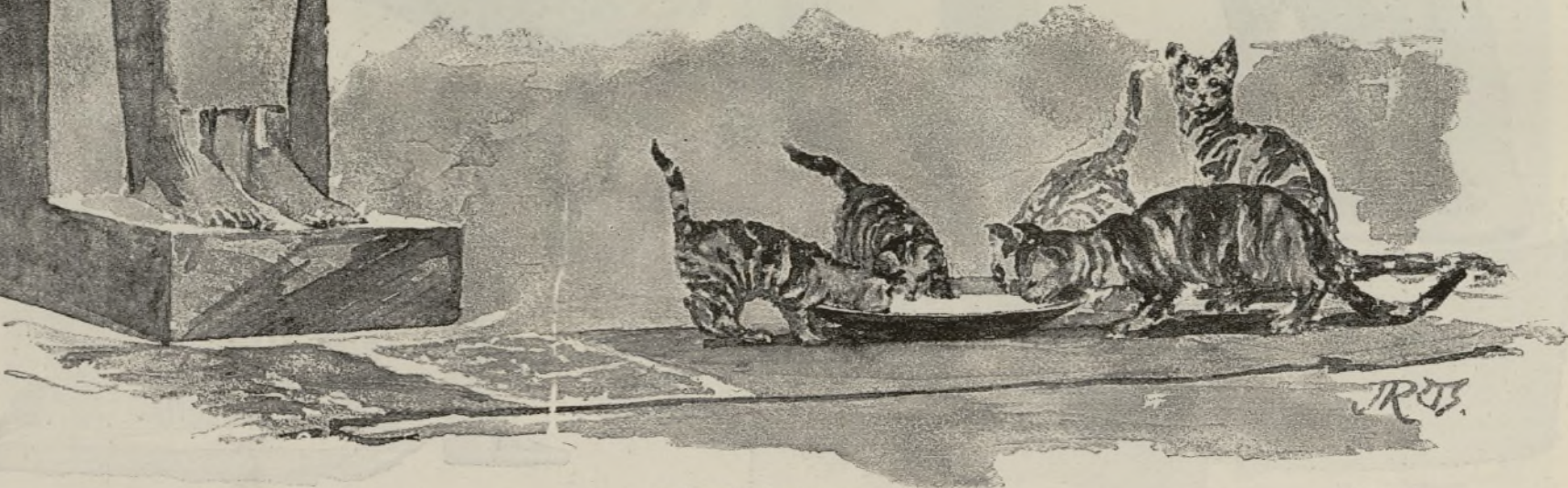
He continues, "Having one day at Luxor killed a cat that was continually making inroads upon my larder, a drug merchant of the neighbourhood came to me in a state of great alarm to entreat that I would spare these animals, for he said that he had a daughter who had the misfortune to be 'baracy,' and that she was often in the habit of assuming the shape of a cat to eat my pudding."

Bast and her worship are dead, but Egypt is still the land of the cat.

J. R. W.



A "BARACY"



CATS AND CAT GODDESS



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL.

"Hush! Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Dobbs, fairly clapping one hand over his mouth, and pointing with the other to the window

THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

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

CHAPTER XLIII.

"AND you got jealous! You actually were jealous of Owen and that poor, dear, pretty Mrs. Bransby?"

"Yes, Granny."

"And you were such a *goose*—I won't use a stronger word, though I could—as to pay any attention to what that idiot of an aunt of yours—Lord forgive me!—chose to say in her anger and disappointment?"

"Yes, Granny."

"And you let the jabber of poor Amelia Simpson—as kind a soul as ever breathed, but as profitable to listen to as the chirping of sparrows on the house-top—prey upon your mind, and bias your common sense?"

"Yes, Granny."

"Why, then, I'm ashamed of you, May! Downright ashamed—there, now!"

"Oh, thank you, Granny!"

And May seized her grandmother's hands one after the other as the old woman drew them away impatiently, and kissed them in a kind of rapture.

This little scene, with but slight variations, had been enacted several times since May's arrival on the previous evening at Jessamine Cottage. May had ceased to make any excuses for herself, or to endeavour to describe and account for her state of mind. She was only too thankful to have her doubts treated with supreme disdain. To be scolded and chidden, and told that she did not deserve such a true lover as Owen, was such happiness as she could not be grateful enough for!

"Jealous of Owen because a parcel of mischievous magpies had nothing better to do than to dig their foolish bills into a poor widow's reputation? Why I think you must have had softening of the brain!" Mrs. Dobbs would say. Whereupon May would kneel down, and bury her face in her grandmother's lap, and laugh and cry, and murmur in a smothered voice,

"Bless you, Granny darling!"

"Not but what," Mrs. Dobbs admitted afterwards in a private confabulation with Jo Weatherhead, "not but what I do think it's pretty well enough to soften any one's brain to undergo a long course of Mrs. Dormer-Smith. I thought I knew pretty well what she was, and I told you so long ago, Jo Weatherhead, as you must well remember. But, mercy! I hadn't an idea! Her goings on, from what the child tells me, and that *fool* of a letter she's written to me, display a wrongheadedness and an aggravating kind of imbecility that beats everything."

Mr. Weatherhead, for his part, was inclined to be seriously wrathful with everybody who had contributed to make May unhappy—not excluding Mr. Owen Rivers, who, said Jo, might have had more gumption than to rush to Mrs. Bransby's the moment he returned to England, and make such a fuss about her, just as though she, and not May, were the object of his solicitude and affection.

"And I think, Sarah," said honest Jo, "that you're too hard on Miranda. It's all very fine, but it seems to me that she *had* enough, and more than enough, to make her uneasy. What with disagreeable things being dinned into her ears from morning to night, and facts that couldn't be denied interpreted all wrong, and no friend near to interpret 'em right, and her own modesty and humble-mindedness making her suspect that the young man had offered to her before he was sure of his own mind, and had begun to repent. Take it altogether I consider it's unkind and unfair to bully her as you do, Sarah, and so I tell you."

"You do, do you?" answered Mrs. Dobbs, who had listened with much composure to this attack. "Well, I'm not likely to quarrel with you for *that*. But you needn't worry yourself about May. I think I understand the case pretty well. If you doubt it, just try sympathising with her, and telling her you think Mr. Rivers behaved bad and thoughtless. You'll see how pleased she'll be with you, and what a lot of gratitude you'll get for taking her part. Try it, Jo."

Mr. Weatherhead, on reflection, did not try it. The unexpected legacy from Lucius Cheffington to his cousin was hailed by Mrs. Dobbs with heartfelt thankfulness. May's account of it at first was a very vague one. She had only imperfectly heard Mr. Bragg's communication in the railway carriage. And, indeed, at that moment, it had seemed to her an affair of very secondary importance. But now, when it occurred to her that this money would render them so independent as to put it out of the question for Owen to have to seek his fortune in South America, or any other distant part of the world, she was as elated by it as the best regulated mind could desire.

"And it isn't so *very* much money, after all, is it, Granny?" she said, with an air of satisfaction, which Mrs. Dobbs did not quite understand.

"Well," she answered, "it seems a pretty good deal of money to me. Between four and five hundred a year, as I understand."

"Yes; but it isn't a *fortune*. Mr. Bragg said it wasn't a fortune. I mean—it is very little more than Owen has, with what he earns, Granny."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs, a light beginning to dawn upon her. "I see. Well, you can't have the proud satisfaction of marrying

him without a penny belonging to you. But perhaps he might take a situation for five years on the Guinea Coast, so as to bring his income up above yours."

"Oh, Granny!"

"Why not? It would be quite as natural and sensible as his wanting to marry poor Mrs. Bransby and her five children. Things are getting too comfortable to be let alone. The least he can do is to undergo a course of yellow fever, and—"

"Granny, how can you?" And the young arms were round Granny, and the blushing face hidden in Granny's breast.

"Was I ever so foolish about Dobbs, I wonder?" murmured Mrs. Dobbs, as she stroked the girl's hair. "He was a personable young fellow, was Isaac, in our courting days, and a temper like a sunshiny morning, and we were over head and ears in love, I know that; and, yes, I believe I was every bit as soft-hearted and silly, the Lord be praised!"

Mr. Bragg called at Jessamine Cottage about noon the day after May's return. He asked to see Mrs. Dobbs, and remained talking with her alone for some time. He had made up his mind, he told her, to give Mr. Rivers a permanent post in his employment, if he chose to accept it. He thought of offering him the management of the Oldchester office, if, after a three months' trial, he found it suited him, and he suited it. There was no technical knowledge of the manufacture needed for his post: merely a clear head, honesty, the power of keeping accounts, and of conducting a large business correspondence.

"I think he can do it," said Mr. Bragg; "and, if he can, he may." Then he informed Mrs. Dobbs that he had telegraphed to Mr. Rivers to come down to Oldchester. He would there find, at the office in Friar's Row, a letter, with all details. "As for me," said Mr. Bragg, "I shall cross him on the road. I am going to town by the three-thirty express. You needn't mention what I've told you to Miss C. I thought, perhaps, she'd like better to hear it—as an agreeable bit of news, I hope—from him."

What more may have passed between them Granny never reported. He went away without seeing May, merely leaving a message, "His kind regards, and he hoped she was feeling well and rested."

"Oh, I wish I had seen him!" exclaimed May, when this message was faithfully delivered by Granny. "I wanted so much to thank him again. It's too bad! I wonder why he went away without seeing me."

"Do you?" said Granny, shortly. "Well, perhaps he thought he'd had bother enough with you for one while. He's got other things to do besides dancing attendance on young ladies who

wander about the world, fainting from want of food, and requiring special trains, and all manner of dainties."

Privately she observed to Mr. Weatherhead that innocence was mighty cruel sometimes, as could be exemplified any day by trusting a young child with a kitten.

"H'm! Mr. Bragg isn't exactly a kitten, Sarah," returned Jo. "True, a kitten will scratch! He's a man, and a good 'un; and I'll tell you what, Jo, if Joshua Bragg wanted his shoes blacked, I'd go down on my old knees to do it for him."

May's legacy was a great piece of news for Mr. Weatherhead. He was not only delighted at it for her sake, but he enjoyed the importance of disseminating it. Jo went about the city from the house of one acquaintance to another. He also looked in at the Black Bull, where he ordered a glass of brandy-and-water in honour of May's good fortune. The item of news he brought was a welcome contribution to the general fund of gossip. The subjects of Mr. Lucius Cheffington's funeral, and how the old lord had taken the death, and whether Captain Cheffington would come back to England now that he was the heir, and make it up with his uncle, were by this time beginning to be worn a little threadbare; or, at all events, had lost their first gloss.

In this way it speedily became known to those interested in the matter that May Cheffington had arrived at her grandmother's house. Among others, the intelligence reached Theodore Bransby. Theodore had been frequently in Oldchester of late, on business of various kinds; chiefly connected with the approaching election. He had never relinquished the hope of winning May; and he believed that the death of Lucius was a circumstance favourable to his hopes. He did not doubt that the new turn of affairs would bring Captain Cheffington to England forthwith. And he as little doubted that many doors (including Mr. Dormer-Smith's) would be opened widely to him now, which had been closed to him for years. Moreover, Theodore was convinced that one immediate result of her father's presence would be to separate May altogether from Mrs. Dobbs, and the unfitting associates who haunted her house, and claimed acquaintanceship with Miss Cheffington. May, he knew, had a weak affection for the vulgar old woman. But her father's authority would be strong enough to sever her from Mrs. Dobbs. And, for the rest, Captain Cheffington was his friend; whereas he was instinctively aware that Mrs. Dobbs was not. Latterly, too, ever since his father's death, May's manner to him had been very gentle.

He was meditating these things as he walked up the garden path to Jessamine Cottage. May caught sight of him from the window, and sprang up in consternation, crying to Granny to tell Martha he was not to be admitted. Mrs. Dobbs, however, told May to run upstairs out of the way, and determined to receive the visitor herself. "I'm so afraid he will persist in asking for me! He is wonderfully obstinate, Granny!" said May, ready to fly upstairs at the first sound of the expected knock at the door.

"Ah!" rejoined Mrs. Dobbs, setting her mouth rather grimly. "So am I. Show the gentleman into the parlour, Martha."

Theodore was ushered into the little room, and found Mrs. Dobbs seated in state in her big chair. The place was far smaller and poorer than the house in Friar's Row. But in Theodore's eyes it was preferable. There was the possibility of some pretensions to gentility on the part of a dweller in Jessamine Cottage. Whereas Friar's Row, though it might, perhaps, be comfortable, was hopelessly ungentle.

Theodore, when he entered the room, made a bow, which, unlike his salutation on a former occasion, was distinctly a bow, and not a nondescript gesture halfway between a bow and a nod. He had learned by experience that it did not answer to treat Mrs. Dobbs *de haut en bas*. He also made a movement as if to shake hands. But this Mrs. Dobbs ignored, and asked him to sit down, in a coldly civil voice.

She had been knitting when he came in, but laid the needles and worsted aside on his entrance, and sat looking at him with her hands folded in her lap.

Theodore could scarcely tell why, but this action seemed to prelude nothing pleasant. There was an air of being armed at all points about the old woman, as she sat there looking at him with a steady attention unshared by her knitting. But possibly the work had been laid aside out of politeness. In any case, Theodore told himself that he was not likely to be disconcerted by such a trifle.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dobbs?" he asked, when he was seated. "Very well, I'm much obliged to you."

Here ensued a pause. "It is some time since we met, Mrs. Dobbs."

"It's over a twelvemonth since you called at my house in Friar's Row, Mr. Theodore Bransby."

Another pause. "There has been trouble in the Cheffington family, since then," said Theodore, at length. "Ah, how strange and unexpected was the death of the eldest son! Lucius, of course, was always delicate. Still, he might have lived. His death has been a sad blow to Lord Castlecombe."

Theodore considered himself to be condescending and conciliatory, in thus assuming that Mrs. Dobbs took some part in the affliction of the noble family. In his heart he resented her having the most distant connection with them. But he intended to be polite. "There has been trouble in other families besides the Cheffingtons," returned Mrs. Dobbs, gravely, with her eyes on the young man's mourning garments.

"Oh! Yes. Of course. But no trouble with which you can be expected to concern yourself," he answered. He was annoyed, and preserved his smooth manner only by an effort. "And, anyway," continued Mrs. Dobbs, "Lord Castlecombe's sons have left no fatherless children, nor widows, nor any one to be desolate and oppressed—like your poor father did."

Theodore raised his eyebrows in his favourite supercilious fashion. "Your figurative language is a little stronger than the case requires," he said.

"Widowhood is a desolate thing, and poverty oppressive. There's no figure in that, I'm sorry to say."

"Oh, really? I was not aware," said Theodore, nettled in spite of himself, into showing some *hauteur*, "that Mrs. Bransby and her family had excited so much interest in you!"

"No; I dare say not. I believe you were not. I think it very likely you'd be surprised if you knew how many folks in Oldchester and out of it are interested in them."

The young man sat silent, casting about for something to say which should put down this old woman, without absolutely quarrelling with her. He was glad to remember that he had always disliked her. But he had come there with a purpose, and he did not intend to be turned aside from it. Seeing that he did not speak, Mrs. Dobbs said, "Might I ask if you did me the favour to call merely to condole upon the death of my late daughter's husband's cousin?"

This was an opening for what he wanted to say, and he availed himself of it. He replied, stiffly, that the principal object of his visit had been to see Miss Cheffington, who, he was told, had returned to Oldchester; and that, in one sense, his visit might be held to be congratulatory, inasmuch as Miss Cheffington inherited something worth having under her cousin's will. He did not fear being suspected of any interested motive here. Besides that, he was rich enough to make the money a matter of secondary importance; his conscience was absolutely clear on this score. He had desired, and offered, to marry May when she was penniless; he still desired it, but truly none the more for her inheritance.

"Oh! So you've heard of the legacy, have you?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Heard of it! My good lady, I was present at the reading of the will. There were very few persons at the funeral; it was poor Lucius's wish that it should be private, but I thought it my duty to attend. There are peculiar relations between the family and myself, which made me desirous of paying that compliment to his memory. I think there was no other stranger present except Mr. Bragg. You have heard of him? Of course! All Oldchester persons are acquainted with the name of Bragg. After the ceremony Lord Castlecombe invited us into the library, and the will was read. I understood that the deceased had wished its contents to be made known as soon as possible."

This narration of his distinguished treatment at Combe Park was soothing to the young man's self-esteem. He ended his speech with patronising suavity. But Mrs. Dobbs remained silent and irresponsive.

"I wish," said Theodore, after vainly awaiting a word from her, "to see Miss Cheffington, if you please."

Mrs. Dobbs slowly shook her head. He repeated the request, in a louder and more peremptory tone.

"Oh, I heard you quite well before," she said composedly; "but I'm sorry to say your wish can't be complied with."

"Miss Cheffington is in this house, is she not?"

"Yes; she is at home. But you can't see her."

Theodore grew a shade paler than usual, and answered sharply, "But I insist upon seeing her." He threw aside the mask of civility. It evidently was wasted here.

"Insist," is an unmannerly word to use;—and a ridiculous one under the circumstances: which, perhaps, you'll mind more. You can't see my granddaughter."

He glared at her in a white rage. Theodore's anger was never of the blazing, explosive sort. If fire typifies that passion in most persons, in him it resembled frost. His metal turned cold in wrath. But it would skin the fingers which incautiously touched it. A fit of serious anger was apt, also, to make him feel ill and tremulous.

"May I ask why I cannot see her?" he said, almost setting his teeth as he spoke.

"Because she wishes to avoid you. She fled away when she saw you coming," answered Mrs. Dobbs, with pitiless frankness.

He drew two or three long breaths, like a person who has been running hard, before saying, "That is very strange! It is only a few days ago that Miss Cheffington was sitting beside me at dinner; talking to me in the sweetest and most gracious manner."

"As to sitting beside you, I suppose she had to sit where she was put. And as to sweetness—no doubt she was civil. But, at any rate, she declines to see you now. She has said so as plain as plain English can express it."

"Your statement is incredible. Suppose I say I don't believe it! What guarantee have I that you are telling me the truth?"

"None at all," she answered quietly.

He stared blankly for a moment. Then he said, "Mrs. Dobbs, for some reason, or no reason, you hate me. That is a matter of perfect indifference to me." (His white lips, twitching nostrils, and icily-gleaming eyes, told a different tale.) "But I am not accustomed to be treated with impertinence by persons of your class."

"Only by your betters?" interpolated Mrs. Dobbs.

"And, moreover, I shall take immediate steps to inform Captain Cheffington of your behaviour. He will scarcely approve his daughter's remaining with a person who—who—"

"Says she'd rather not see Mr. Theodore Bransby."

"Who insults his friends. With regard to Miss Cheffington, I have no doubt you will endeavour to poison her mind against me. But you may possibly find yourself baffled. I have made proposals to Miss Cheffington—no doubt you are acquainted with the fact—which, although not immediately accepted, were not definitively rejected: at least not by the young lady herself. And I shall take an answer from no one else. Miss Cheffington's demeanour to me, of late, has been distinctly encouraging. If it be now changed, I shall know quite well to whose low cunning and insolent interference to attribute it. But you may find yourself mistaken in your reckoning. Mrs. Dobbs. Captain Cheffington is my friend: and Captain Cheffington will hardly be disposed to leave his daughter in such hands when I tell him all."

He was speaking in a laboured way, and his lips and hands were tremulous.

Mrs. Dobbs looked at him gravely, but with no trace of anger. "Look here," she said, when he paused, apparently from want of breath—"you may as well know it first as last—May is engaged to be married; has been engaged more than three months."

Theodore gave a kind of gasp, and turned of so ghastly a pallor that Mrs. Dobbs, without another word, went to a closet in the room, unlocked it, took out a decanter with some sherry in it, poured out a brimming glassful of the wine, and, placing one hand behind the young man's head, put the glass to his lips with the other. He made a feeble movement to reject it. "Off with it!" she said, in the voice of a nurse talking to a refractory child. He swallowed the sherry without further resistance, and a tinge of colour began to return to his face.

"You haven't got too much strength," observed Mrs. Dobbs, as she stood and watched him. "Your mother was delicate, and I suppose you take after her." She had no intention, no consciousness, of doing so, but, in speaking thus she touched a sensitive chord. Any allusion to his mother's feeble constitution made him nervous. He closed his eyes, and murmured that he feared he had caught a chill at the funeral; that the sensation of shivering pointed to that.

Mrs. Dobbs stood looking down on him as he sat with his head thrown back in the chair.

"And so, my lad, you think I hate you?" she said. "Why, I should be sorry to be obliged to hate your father's son; or, for that matter, your mother's son either. She was a good, quiet, peaceable sort of young woman. I remember her well, and your grandfather, old Rabbitt, that kept the Castlecombe Arms when I was young. No; I don't hate you. Not a bit! But I'll tell you what I do hate; I hate to see young creatures, that ought by rights to be generous, and trusting, and affectionate, and maybe a little bit foolish—there's a kind of foolishness that's better than over-wisdom in the young—I hate to see 'em setting themselves up, valuing themselves on their 'cuteness, ashamed of them that have gone before 'em. I hate to see 'em hard-hearted to the helpless. Young things may be cruel from thoughtlessness; but, to be cruel out of meanness—well, I'll own I do hate that. But as for you, it comes into my head that perhaps I've been a bit too hard on you." Mrs. Dobbs here laid her broad hand on his shoulder. He would fain have shaken it off. But, although the wine had greatly restored him, he thought it prudent to remain quiet, and recover himself completely before going away.

"You are but a lad to me," continued Mrs. Dobbs. "And perhaps I've been hard on you. There's a deal of excuse to be made. You love my granddaughter, after your fashion—(and nobody can love better than his best)—and it's bitter not to be loved again. You'll get over it. Folks with redder blood in their veins than you have got over it before to-day. But I know you can't think so now. And it's bitter. But if you'll take an old woman's advice—an old woman that knew your mother and grandmother, and is old enough to be your grandmother herself—you'll just make up your mind to bear a certain amount of pain without flinching:—like as if you'd got a bullet in battle, or broke your collarbone out hunting—and

turn your thoughts to helping other folks in their trouble. There's no cure for the heartache like that, take my word for it. Come now, you just face it like a man, and try my recipe! You've got good means and good abilities. Do some good with 'em! Some young fellows, when they're out of spirits, take to climbing up mountains, slaughtering wild beasts, or getting into scimmages with savages—by the way, I did hear that you were going into Parliament—but there's your stepmother now, with her five children, your young brothers and sisters, on her hands. Just you go in for making her life easier. There's a good work ready and waiting for you."

Theodore moved his shoulder brusquely, and Mrs. Dobbs immediately withdrew her hand. He stood up and said stiffly, "I must offer you my acknowledgments for the wine you administered."

Mrs. Dobbs merely waved her hand, as though putting that aside, and continued to look at him, with a grave expression, which was not without a certain broad, motherly compassion.

"I presume the name of the man to whom Miss Cheffington has engaged herself is not a secret?"

"It is Mrs. Hadlow's nephew; Mr. Owen Rivers," answered Mrs. Dobbs simply.

He had felt as sure of what she was going to say as though he had seen the words printed before him; nevertheless, the sound of the name seemed to pierce him like a sword-blade. He drew himself up with a strong effort to be cutting and contemptuous. But as he went on speaking, he lost his self-command and prudence.

"Miss Cheffington is to be congratulated, indeed! Captain Cheffington will, no doubt, be delighted at the alliance you have contrived for his daughter! Mr. Owen Rivers! A clerk in Mr. Bragg's counting-house—which, however, is probably the most respectable occupation he has ever followed! Mr. Owen Rivers, whose name is scandalously connected throughout Oldchester with that of the person you were so kind as to recommend to my good offices just now! A person whose conduct disgraces my family, and dishonours my father's memory! Mr. Owen Rivers, who—"

"Hush! Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Dobbs, fairly clapping one hand over his mouth, and pointing with the other to the window.

There at the bottom of the garden was Owen, hurriedly alighting from a cab, and May, who had witnessed his arrival from an upper window, presently came flying down the pathway into his arms.

Theodore had but a lightning-swift glimpse of this little scene, for Mrs. Dobbs saying, "Come along here!" resolutely pulled him by the arm into a back room, and so to a door opening on to a lane behind the house. He was astonished at this summary proceeding, but he affected somewhat more bewilderment than he really felt, so as to cover his retreat. And he muttered something about having to deal with a mad woman.

"Now go!" said Mrs. Dobbs, opening the door. "I can forgive a deal to love and jealousy and disappointment, but that cowardly lie is not to be forgiven. To think that you—you—should be Martin Bransby's son! Why it's enough to make your father turn in his grave!"

And with that she thrust him out, and shut the door upon him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MRS. DORMER-SMITH'S affectionate letter to her brother produced a result which she had not at all anticipated when she wrote it. He arrived in England by the next steamer from Ostend, and took up his quarters in her house. He had come ostensibly for the purpose of visiting Combe Park, and patching up a reconciliation with his uncle. This, indeed, was a pet scheme with Pauline. She had hinted at it in writing to her brother. Now that George and "poor dear Lucius" were gone, Lord Castlecombe might not dislike to be on good terms with his heir. He was old and lonely, and, as Pauline's correspondents had assured her, greatly broken down by the death of his sons.

Frederick scarcely knew which to regret the most—his niece's departure or his brother-in-law's arrival. He missed May very much, but very shortly he began to be reconciled to her engagement. Rivers was a gentleman and an honest fellow, and might be trusted to take care of May's money, which Mr. Dormer-Smith thought would be otherwise in imminent jeopardy from the arrival on the scene of May's papa.

That gentleman, indeed, who had at first taken the news of his daughter's engagement with supreme indifference, showed some lively symptoms of disapprobation on learning the fact of Lucius's bequest. A daughter dependent on the bounty of Mrs. Dobbs for food, shelter, and raiment was an uninteresting person enough. But a daughter who possessed between four and five hundred a-year of her own, ought not to be allowed to marry without her father's consent. Frederick dryly remarked that May's capital was stringently tied up in the hands of trustees, whether she were married or single. Whereupon Augustus indulged in very strong language respecting his dead cousin; and declared that the terms of the will were a pointed and intentional insult to him, who was his child's natural guardian.

Still, although the capital was secure, Frederick knew that the income was not. And the more he observed his brother-in-law, the more he felt how desirable it was that May should have a husband to take care of her.

Captain Cheffington had not improved during his years of exile. He smoked all day long; and even at night in his bed, incensing May's chamber, which he occupied, with clouds of tobacco-smoke. He had contracted other unpleasant habits, and his temper was diabolical. He had not brought his wife to England with him. He would sit for hours with his slippers on the fender in his sister's dressing-room, railing at the absent Mrs. Augustus Cheffington in a way which was most grievous to Pauline; for he showed not the least reticence in the presence of Smithson. Talk of "floating"—how would it be possible to "float" a woman of whom her own husband spoke in that way?

He had no very grave charges to bring against La Bianca after all. She had been faithful to him, and stuck to him, and worked for him. But he bewailed his fate in having tied himself to "a third-rate Italian opera-singer, without an idea in her head beyond painting her face and squalling!" It was just his cursed luck. Why couldn't Lucius die, since he meant to die, six months earlier?

At another time, he would openly rejoice in the death of his cousins, and express a fervent hope that the old boy wasn't going to last much longer. Pauline would remonstrate, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, and beg her brother not to speak so heartlessly of his own family: especially of "poor dear Lucius." But Augustus pooh-pooh'd this as confounded humbug. He was uncommonly glad to be the heir of Combe Park, and thought it about time that his family, and his country, and the human race generally, made him some amends for the years he had passed under a cloud! He would show them how to enjoy life when he came into possession of "his property," as he had taken to call Lord Castlecombe's estate. He planned out several changes in the disposal of the land, and decided what rent he would take for the house and home-park. For he did not intend to live in this d—d foggy little island, where one had bronchitis if one hadn't got rheumatism, and rheumatism if one hadn't got bronchitis. In one respect his visions coincided with his sister's, since he talked of having a villa on the Mediterranean coast, not far from Monte Carlo; but they differed from her's in several important points:—notably in providing no place for her in the villa.

Frederick would sometimes throw a shade over these rosy dreams by observing doggedly that, for his part, he doubted the likelihood of Lord Castlecombe's speedy decease, and that, looking at them both, he was inclined to consider Uncle George's life the better of the two; so that, on the whole, domestic life in Mr. Dormer-Smith's smart house at Kensington was by no means harmonious.

Meanwhile Pauline, with considerable pains and earnest meditation, composed a letter to her uncle on behalf of Augustus; she did not venture to entrust the task to Augustus himself. It would be impossible to persuade him to be as smooth and conciliatory as the case demanded. But she wrote a letter which, she thought, combined diplomacy with pathos, and from which she hoped for some satisfactory result. But the reply she received by return of post was of such a nature that she hastily thrust it into the fire lest Augustus should see it, and told him and her husband that "poor dear Uncle George was not yet equal to the effort of seeing Augustus, after the great shock he had suffered." Uncle George had, in fact, stated in the plainest terms that if Captain Cheffington ventured to show himself in Combe Park, the servants had orders to turn him out forcibly!

The object for which Captain Cheffington had come to England at that time being thus hauled, it would have appeared natural that he should return to his wife in Brussels. But day followed day, until nearly three weeks had elapsed since Lucius Cheffington's death, and still Augustus remained at Kensington. Every morning, with a dreadful regularity, Mr. Dormer-Smith inquired of his wife if she knew whether her brother were going away in the course of that day; and every morning the shower of tears with which Mrs. Dormer-Smith received the inquiry, and which generally formed her only answer to it, became more copious. Augustus, on the whole, was the least uncomfortable of the trio. He had contrived to raise a little ready money on his expectations; he was well lodged and well fed; the change to London (now that he had a few pounds in his pocket) was not unwelcome after Brussels; and as to his brother-in-law's undisguised dislike to his presence, he had grown far too callous to heed it, so long as it suited him to ignore it. Not but that he took note of it in his mind keenly enough, and promised himself the pleasure of paying off Frederick with interest, as soon as he should come into "his property."

All this time a humble household in Oldchester was a great deal happier than the wintry days were long. The news of Captain Cheffington's arrival in England had at first disturbed May. Perhaps he might insist on seeing her; and she shrank from seeing him. But she thought it her duty to write to him, and inform him herself of her engagement; and neither Owen nor her grandmother opposed her doing so.

If May had any lingering illusion about her father, or any hope that he would manifest some gleam of parental tenderness towards her, the illusion and the hope were short-lived. The reply to her communication was a hurried scrawl, haughtily regretting that Mr. Owen Rivers had not thought proper to wait upon him and ask his consent to the marriage, which he totally disapproved of! And adding that although Rivers of Riversmead was undoubtedly good blood, it appeared that the traditions of gentlemanlike behaviour had been lost by the present bearer of the name, since he entered the service of a tradesman. The letter ended with a peremptory demand for fifty pounds.

May and Owen had planned that Granny was to return to Friar's Row on their marriage. Mr. Bragg was willing to break the lease which he held, and to remove his office to another house hard by. And Mrs. Dobbs, with all her goods and chattels, was to be reinstated in her old home. As this scheme was to be kept secret from Granny for the present, it involved a vast deal of delightful mystery and plotting. Jo Weatherhead was admitted to the conspiracy, and enjoyed it with the keenest relish. A word or two had been said as to Mrs. Dobbs taking up her abode with the young couple when they should be married.

But this Granny instantly and inflexibly refused. "No, no, children; I'm not quite so foolish as that! It's very well for Owen to take May for better for worse. But it would be a little too much to take May and her grandmother, for better for worse!"

Of course it was not long before Owen took his betrothed to see Canon and Mrs. Hadlow. They walked together to the old house in College Quad:—where, however, their news had preceded them. The Hadlows were very cordial. Both of them were very fond of May; and Aunt Jane loudly hoped that Owen appreciated his good fortune; and declared it was far above his deserts, though in her heart she thought no girl in England too good for her favourite nephew. The lovers were affectionately bidden to come again as often as they could, and brighten up the old place with the sight of their happy young faces.

They agreed, as they walked home together, that the house in College Quad seemed a little gloomy and lonely without Conny. Conny was still away. She had only been at home on a flying visit of a few days during several months past. She was now staying with a Lady Belcraft, who had a handsome house at Combe St. Mildred's. Mrs. Hadlow had told them so; and a word or two, uttered in the same breath, about Theodore Bransby being often in that neighbourhood suggested a suspicion that Theodore might be thinking of returning to his old love. This idea annoyed Owen extremely. The hint which suggested it had been dropped almost in the moment of saying "good-bye" to Mrs. Hadlow, or he would have attempted at once to sound her on the subject.

He had interrogated his aunt privately—while May was being petted and made much of by the kind old Canon—as to a rumour which was rife in Oldchester—namely, that Constance had been betrothed to Lucius Cheffington. But Aunt Jane positively denied this. She admitted that the gossip had reached her own ears, and that she had spoken to her daughter about it.

"But Conny entirely disabused me of any such notion. She said that, in the first place, nothing was farther from Lucius's thoughts than love-making; and that, in the second place, it would have been a most imprudent marriage for her, since she could only expect to be speedily left a widow with a very slender jointure. Conny was never romantic, you know," said Aunt Jane, with a quick, half-humorous glance at her nephew.

Owen began to consider with himself whether it might not be his duty to acquaint Canon Hadlow with many parts of Theodore's conduct which were certainly unknown to him. All inquiries conducted either by himself or by Jo Weatherhead—who ferreted out information with untiring zeal and delight in the task—showed more and more plainly that the calumnies concerning Mrs. Bransby could be traced, for the most part, to her stepson, and, in no single instance beyond him. May had long ago acquitted Constance Hadlow of speaking or writing evil things of the widow. Constance had not, in fact, expended any attention whatever on the Bransby family since their departure from Oldchester.

She was spending her time very agreeably. Her hostess, Lady Belcraft, was a widow. She was a great crony of Mrs. Griffin's, and delighted with Mrs. Griffin's protégée. Having, so to speak, retired from business on her own account (her two daughters being married and settled long ago), Lady Belcraft was still most willing to renew the toils of the chase on behalf of a friend. She and Mrs. Griffin had carefully examined the county list of possible matches for Constance Hadlow; and had agreed that there was good hope of a speedy find, a capital run, and a successful finish.

It so happened that on the same afternoon when May and Owen were paying their visit to College Quad, Theodore Bransby was making a call at the residence of Lady Belcraft in Combe St. Mildred's.

Ever since his interview with Mrs. Dobbs—now several days ago—Theodore had been considering his own case with minute and concentrated attention. We are all of us, it must be owned, supremely interesting to ourselves; but Theodore's interest in himself was of a jealously exclusive kind. His health was undoubtedly delicate. He had felt the loss of a home to which he could repair when he was ailing or out of sorts ever since his father's death. He found, too, that he was apt to become hipped and nervous when alone. He came to the conclusion that he needed a wife to take care of him, and, after grave consideration, he resolved to marry Constance Hadlow.

If he could by a word have destroyed Rivers and obtained possession of May Cheffington he would have said that word without hesitation or remorse; but since that could not be he did not intend to wear the willow. He would marry Constance. That she would have accepted him long ago he was well assured; and his circumstances were far more prosperous now than in those days. Canon and Mrs. Hadlow could not but be impressed by his disinterestedness in coming forward now that he was in the enjoyment of a handsome independence. And, on his side, he believed he was choosing prudently. If he were ill, the attentions of a wife—a refined and cultured woman, dependent, moreover, on him for the comfort of her daily life—would be far preferable to those of a hireling nurse, who would have the power of going away whenever she found her position disagreeable. But this was only one side of the question. When he grew stronger (he always looked forward to growing stronger) Constance would be an admirable helpmate from a social point of view. She had acquired influential friends, was received in the best houses, and would do his taste infinite credit. And whether as a politician or a barrister she might have it in her power to forward his ambitions.

It was as the result of these meditations that he called at Lady Belcraft's.

He had met her occasionally in society, and she knew perfectly who he was. But there was a distinct film of ice over the politeness with which she received him when he was ushered into her drawing-room. She thought this little attorney's son was taking something like a liberty in appearing there uninvited. She forgave him, however, immediately when, in his most correct manner, he asked for Miss Hadlow.

Really it might do, thought Lady Belcraft. The young man was very well off, and presentable, and all that, and dear Conny, though simply charming, had not a penny in the world (neither was dear Conny her ladyship's own daughter). Yes; she positively thought it might do! She was so sorry that Miss Hadlow was not within, but she expected her every moment. She was walking, she believed, in the Park. "The Park" at Combe St. Mildred's meant Combe Park. Oh, yes; she was aware that Mr. Bransby was an old acquaintance. Playfellows from childhood? Really! That sort of thing always had such a hold on one—was so extremely—Oh, there was dear Conny coming up the drive.

Lady Belcraft sent a message by a servant, begging Miss Hadlow to come into the drawing-room, where she presently appeared.

She was dressed in a winter toilet of carefully-studied simplicity, and looked radiantly handsome. Theodore gazed at her as if he had never seen her before. Self-possessed she had always been, but she had now acquired something more than that—an air of conscious distinction—of "being somebody," as Theodore phrased it in his own mind, which he admired and wondered at.

"Here's an old friend of yours, Conny," said Lady Belcraft.

Constance had been pulling off her gloves as she entered the room, and she now extended a white, well cared-for, hand to Theodore, with a cool little "Oh, how d'ye do?" and the faintest of smiles.

Her hostess thought within herself that if there really was anything between her and young Bransby, Conny's behaviour was marvellous, and that all the training bestowed on her own daughters had left them far below the point of finish attained by this provincial clergyman's daughter.

"Did you walk far? Are you tired?" she asked.

"No, thanks, dear Lady Belcraft; I am not at all tired. I went to my favourite group of beeches—it's a capital day for walking. And what is the news in Oldchester, Theodore?"

Her calling him "Theodore" in the old familiar way seemed to have the mysterious effects of putting him under her feet; it implied such superiority and security. Theodore was conscious of this, but it did not displease him; she had doubtless resented his not making the expected offer earlier. He had thought when he met her in London that hurt *amour propre* had much to do with her cavalier treatment of him. But he had a charm to smooth her ruffled plumes.

After a little commonplace conversation, Lady Belcraft recollected some orders which she wanted to give personally to her gardener, and, with a brief excuse, left the room. Constance perfectly understood why she had done so. Theodore did not; but he seized the occasion which, he imagined, hazard had thrown in his way.

"I am very glad of this opportunity of speaking with you alone, Constance," he began very solemnly.

There was no trepidation such as he had felt in speaking to May. He neither trembled, nor stammered, nor grew hot and cold by turns. That chapter was closed. He was turning over a new and quite different leaf.

"Yes?" said Constance. "Really!" She removed her hat, smoothed the thick dark braids of her hair before a mirror, and sat down with graceful composure.

"I don't think we have met, Constance, since—" He glanced at his black clothes.

"No; I think not. I was very sorry. I begged mamma to give you a message from me when she wrote to condole with Mrs. Bransby."

"I merely allude to that sad subject in order to assure you that I am not unmindful of what is proper and becoming under the circumstances; and lest you should think me guilty of heartless precipitation."

He was beginning to enjoy the rounding off of his sentences—a pleasure he had never tasted in May's company; strong emotion being unfavourable to polished periods.

"Oh, I don't think you were ever guilty of precipitation," answered Constance quietly. But the mirror opposite reflected a flash of her handsome eyes.

"Nothing," continued Theodore, "could be in worse taste than to neglect the accustomed forms of respect. A period of twelve months would not be too long to mourn for a parent so excellent as my father. But six months could not be considered to outrage decorum. And I should not urge—"

He paused. He had been on the point of saying that he would not press for the marriage taking place before the summer, when he happily remembered that he had not yet gone through the form of asking Constance whether she would marry him or not. To him it seemed so like merely taking up the thread of a story temporarily interrupted, that he had lost sight of the probability that Constance's mind had not been keeping pace with his own on the subject. But it recurred to him in time.

Constance was sitting on a low couch near the fire-side, at some distance from him. He now took his place beside her. There was a certain awkwardness in making a proposal of marriage across a spacious room.

"There can be no need of many words between us, Constance," he began, with as much tenderness of manner as he could call up. Then he stopped. Constance had drawn away the skirt of her

gown on the side next to him, and was examining it attentively. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"I thought you had accidentally set your foot on the hem of my frock," she said. "And the roads are so muddy, although it is fine overhead! But it's all right. I beg your pardon: you were saying—?"

This interruption was disconcerting. He had had in his head an elaborate sentence which was now dispersed and irrecoverable. He must begin all over again. However, when fairly started once more, his eloquence did not fail him. He offered his hand and fortune to Miss Hadlow, "in good set terms."

She was silent when he had finished, and he ventured to take her hand.

"Am I not to have an answer, dearest Constance?" he asked.

She drew her hand away very gently and with perfect composure before saying, as she looked full at him with her fine dark eyes,

"You are not joking, then?"

"Joking!"

"Well, I know you are not given to joking, and this would certainly be an inconceivably bad joke; but it is almost more inconceivable that you should be in earnest."

He was fairly bewildered, and doubtful of her meaning.

"However," she continued, "if you really expect a serious answer, you must have it. No, thank you."

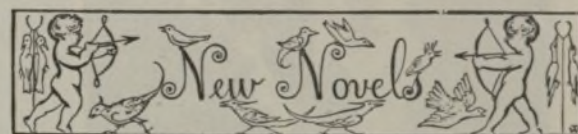
He stood up erect and stiff, as if moved by a spring. She remained leaning back in an easy attitude on the couch, and looking at him.

"I—Constance!—I don't understand you!" he exclaimed.

"I refuse you," she replied, in a gentle voice, and with her best Society drawl. "Distinctly, decidedly, and unhesitatingly. I think you must understand that. Won't you stay and see Lady Belcraft?" (Theodore had taken up his hat, and was moving towards the door.) "Oh, very well. I will make your excuses."

She rang the bell, which was within reach of her hand, and Theodore walked out of the room without proffering another word.

(To be concluded in our next)



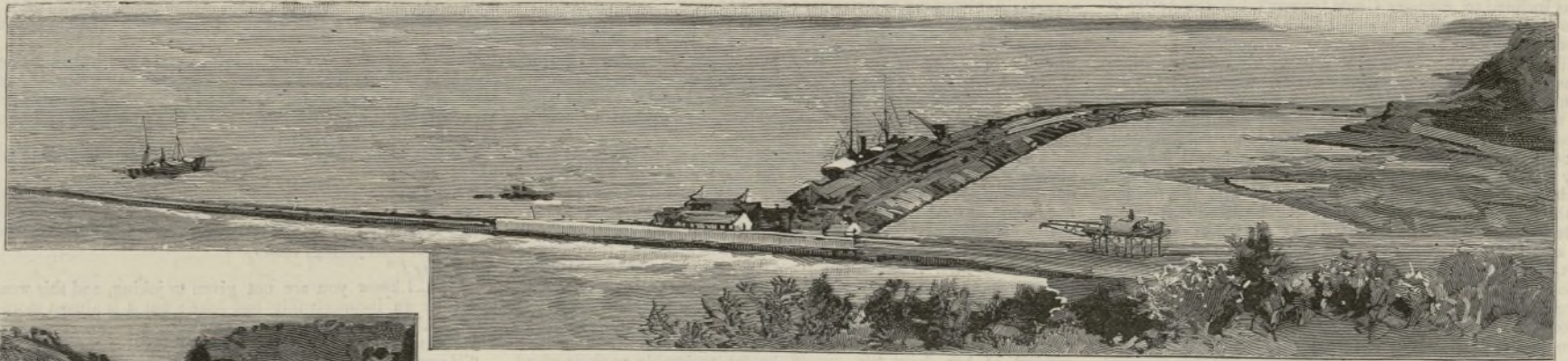
"THE ADMIRABLE LADY BIDDY FANE," by Frank Barrett (3 vols.: Cassell and Co.), is got up with a title-page of no particular period, and is written in the style of a good many, ranging from Tudoresque to modern journalese. So far as phrases and expressions go, the work is not a bad piece of mosaic; but the spirit is so undilutedly nineteenth-century that Mr. Barrett might have spared himself the trouble of keeping up his affectation. Mr. Benet Pengilly, the supposed narrator, flourished, so far as we can gather from other circumstances than his style, in the earlier portion of the seventeenth century; and that being so he would no more have obtruded his own self-conscious sentimentalities, and those of an honourable lady, into a public account of foreign adventure, than a modern novelist could exclude them. However, he is to be forgiven his habit of shaking hands with himself for two reasons. One is that he incorporates into his story the portrait of a really charming woman, for whom the setting of no particular period is required; the other, that the affected style takes off the raw edge of piracy, massacre, and so forth whereof the nineteenth century has now had enough to last it for many a hundred years to come. In short, the work is rendered tolerable by its affectations; which, but for this, would scarce have been worth the trouble of maintaining.

In exchanging his Zulus and Boers for publishers and for the members of the Probate Court Bar, Mr. Haggard has, in "Mr. Meeson's Will" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett), at any rate, given his readers the refreshment of a new departure. He says that his publishers are not in the least like any real firm, and we can well believe it, while wondering why Mr. Haggard should have lashed himself into such detailed indignation with a mere phantom of his own devising. That, however, is by the way. The story itself, the venerable old story of tattooing a document upon live skin instead of writing it on dead parchment, is amusing; though the humour of the farce would have been none the worse had Mr. Haggard been able to leave out of his joke the loss of a thousand human lives. Of course he is accustomed to slaughter on a large scale; but incidents of that nature are out of place in farce-writing. There was no occasion to sacrifice a thousand seamen, emigrants, and other presumably innocent persons, in order to save a single lady novelist, and to destroy a single publisher; indeed one cannot help feeling that the wild delight of all London over the rescue of Miss Smithers was, under the circumstances, a little brutal, as well as a good deal improbable. We have said that the incident to which all this leads up is amusing; but this is not meant to assert that the humour is of a high order. There is nothing particularly grateful to the fancy in the notion of a young woman to go through life with a will tattooed on her back, and on its having to be inspected by officials of the Probate Court. In short, the novel is decidedly of the school-boy order.

Mr. W. E. Norris's "The Rogue" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is a piece of clever work, without being as interesting as he usually succeeds in making his stories. It is a study of various characters, who are one and all very unmistakably alive; but their fault is that it is impossible to care about a single person among them, or what becomes of them. The last point is just as well, as it will prevent disappointment at the principal rogue's obtaining his full share in the general happiness at the close—a state, however, from which a much less undeserving rogue is rather unjustly excluded. The novel contains a good deal of brightness, and some wit, and it is certainly not open to the charge of creating false illusions about honesty as a policy.

In "From Moor Isles: a Love Story" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), Miss Jessie Fothergill has returned from her wanderings after Miss Broughton and Miss Mathers to her earlier style, in which she made a success with "The First Violin." The present also is to some extent a musical novel, and, probably for that very reason, is without the freshness which gave the principal charm to its forerunner. It is the sort of novel which would never have made a reputation, but which fairly maintains one which has been already made. Miss Fothergill's characters are sympathetic, and with a pleasant touch of romance about them; even when they are worldly, it is not quite with the worldliness of every day. Perhaps its chief faults are want of balance and insufficient skill in proportioning a due amount of prominence among the various incidents and persons. On the whole, however, the novel will certainly be read with pleasure and sympathy.

"Tribute to Satar" (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons), by J. Belford Dyke, tells how a murder was discovered by means of Mr. Edison's phonograph, which, as the author warns us, is antedated for the purpose. As this *dénouement* is in no way led up to, as the murder would unquestionably have been brought home in the ordinary course of things, and as it winds up about as uninteresting a story of black mail and suppressed letters as can well be imagined, the result is scarcely effective. However, the characters talk exceptionally well, though rather bookishly, and occasionally say good things; so that the volume is worth running through.



THE HARBOUR OF MORMUGAO, THE TERMINUS OF THE COMBINED RAILWAYS



"THE OCEAN OF MILK" WATERFALL AND THE RAILWAY VIADUCT

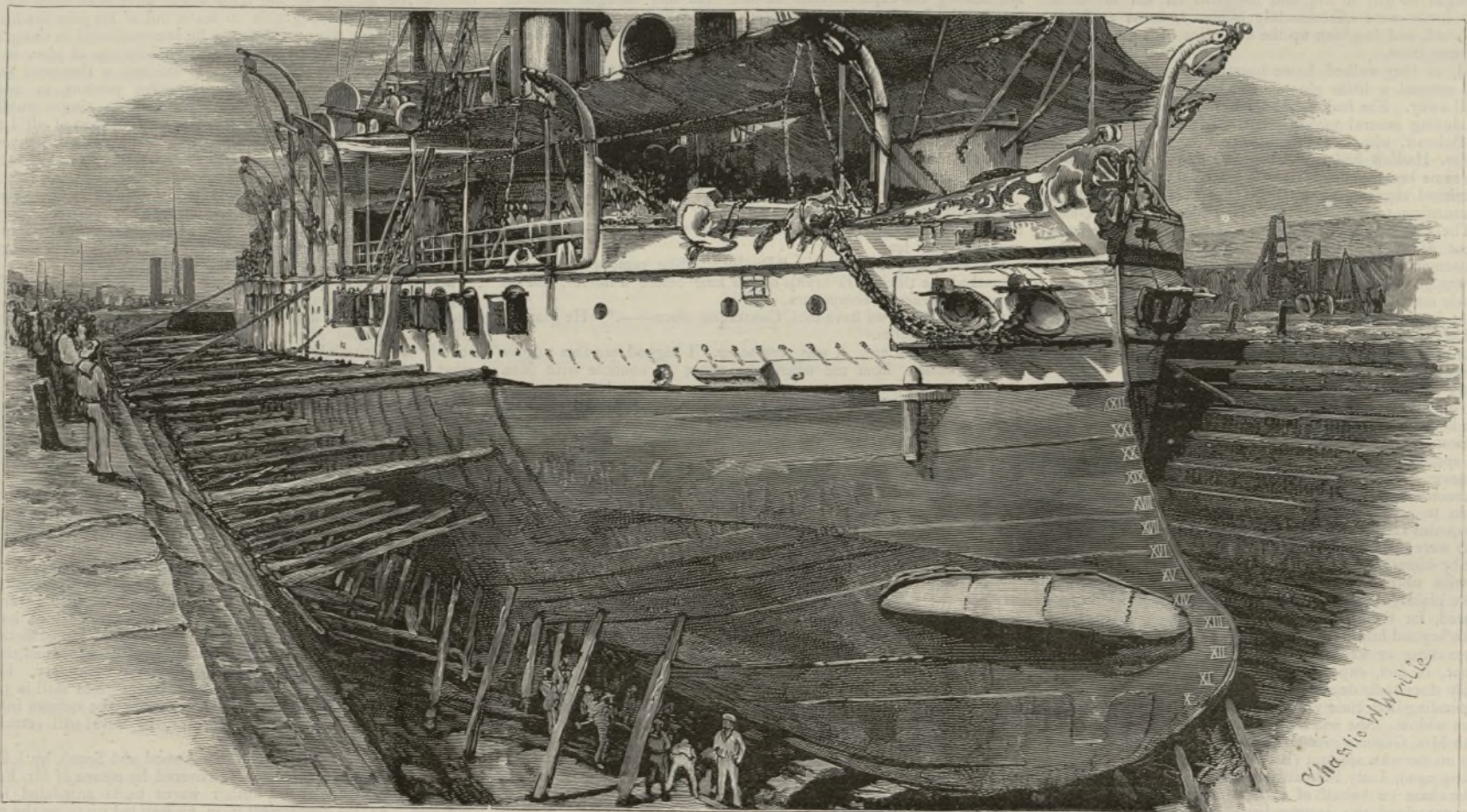


NATIVE WORKERS ON THE NEW LINE

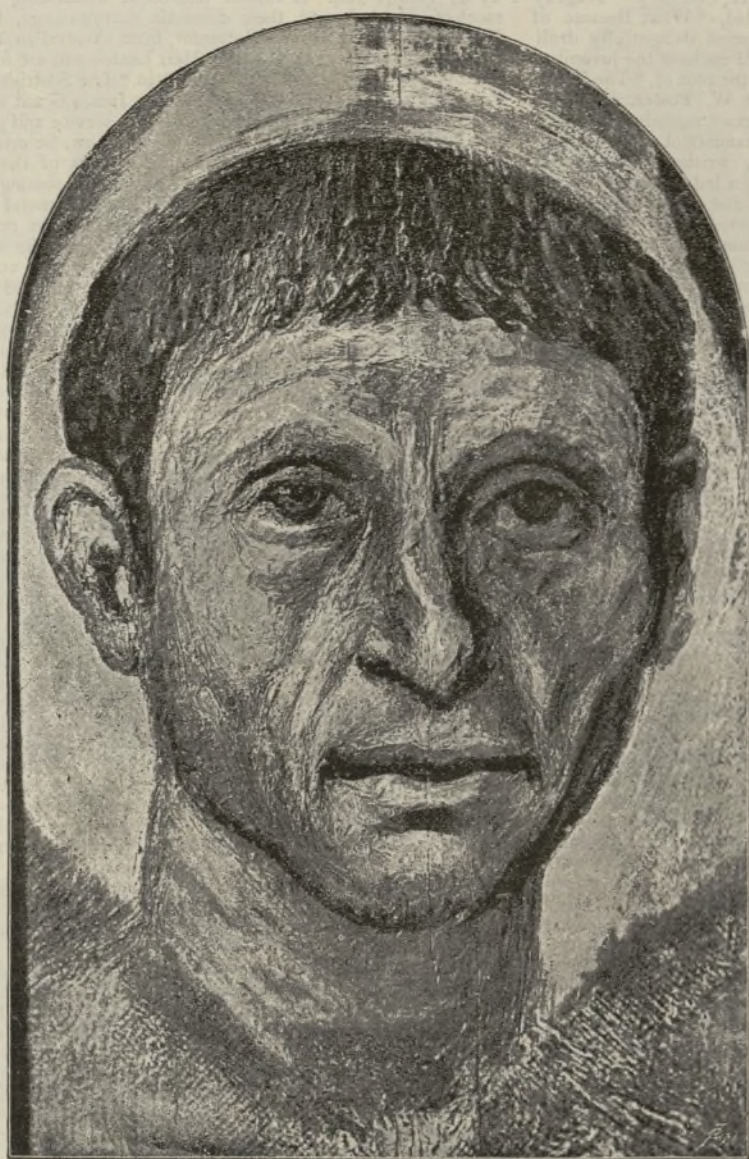


THE OPENING CEREMONY

RAILWAY EXTENSION IN INDIA
THE JUNCTION OF THE SOUTHERN MAHRATTA AND WEST OF INDIA PORTUGUESE RAILWAY



BRITISH DOCKS AND COALING STATIONS ABROAD
H.M.S. "ORION" IN THE ALBERT GRAVING DOCK, SINGAPORE, THE LARGEST DOCK IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS



SOME EARLY EGYPTIAN PAINTINGS
RECENTLY DISCOVERED BY MR. FLINDERS PETRIE, AT FAYOUM, AND NOW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY



THE "SERVANT DIFFICULTY" IN SOUTH AFRICA
NURSEBOYS QUARRELLING AT DURBAN, NATAL



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part LXXX, Vol. X., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains no work of importance, but will be found a useful addition to the repertoire of an organist. "Andante con Moto," by Reginald Steggall, A.C.O., is a brief and neatly-written composition. "Festival March," arranged for the organ from the Australian National Song "Southern Sons," by G. B. Allen, will please at a secular concert of a popular character. "Postlude," by Percy Jackmann, is fairly well written, and free from technical difficulties. The same may be said of "Bourrée," by Samuel Moss. Last, least, but most original of the contributions to this number is "Larghetto," by Claude Dupré.

MESSRS. E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.—Two songs of more than average merit, music by F. Allitsen, are "Unto Thy Heart," a serenade for voice, with violin obbligato, words by Victor Hugo (English version by E. O. Coe), and "Marjorie," a dainty little love-poem, by W. E. Kendall. Both these songs are published in three keys. A group of three pleasing pianoforte and violin duets for the drawing-room, by Guido Papini, consists of "Sérénade," a so-called Episode; "Dolce far Niente;" and "Lily of the Valley," a *mouvement de valse*.—Merry and sprightly, as its title would imply, is "Arlequin et Colombine," a *morceau caractéristique*.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A pretty little love song of the domesticated type is "Our Dear Old Home," written and composed by Michael Watson.—A song of the tender passion is "Love's Thorn," words by Searle, music by Tito Mattei.—Of the same sentimental school is "The Crown of Love," by G. Clifton Bingham and H. N. Lohr.—"La Cavalcade," a polka-march for the pianoforte, by J. Forbes Carter, is easy, but commonplace.—"Carina," a tuneful valse, by Ernest J. Reiter, will take a good place in a ball programme.

MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.—In readiness for the Christmas holidays, when the little folks require extra amusing, comes "A Child's Garden of Verses," twelve songs for children, written and composed by Robert L. Stevenson and Mary Carmichael. This excellent collection is No. 1 of the "Kindergarten Series," a publication which promises well for the delectation of the young people.—Shelley's graceful poem, "Good Night," has been set to appropriate music by Wentworth Bennett, for a tenor of medium compass.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS VI.

THE SMALL BOOKS and booklets supplying short poems and dainty landscapes and figures are simply legion. For taste Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner carry off the palm. Look, for instance, at Miss Havers's figures and Mr. E. Wilson's flowers in "Here's to the Maiden"—the most attractive of the collection—the latter artist's landscapes in the "Harvest Moon," or Mr. Yeend King's quarrelsome lovers and Miss West's birdies, illustrating Mr. F. Weatherly's ballad of "The Honeymoon." Miss West also collaborates with Mr. Sigmund in "The Light of Yule," while Mr. Sigmund alone contributes church scenes to "The Bells of Yule," and sea-views to "Songs of the Waves," which finds a suitable watery companion in Mr. Noakes's "River Flowers." As poet, Mr. Weatherly is most industrious. He supplies the religious verses of "The Good Shepherd," where Alice Reeve's presentment of sacred personages is not altogether successful; the child-songs of "Honeymaid," with St. Clair Simmons's graceful drawings of a

bonny damsel; of "Nursery Land," with Helena Maguire's pictures of children and their pets; of "Sunbeams," where E. K. Johnson portrays the small lads and lasses in colours, and E. Wilson provides tasteful mezzotint vignettes; and the joyous tale of "Two Kittens," the frolicsome pussies being represented by H. Coudery. Tragedy and Comedy combine in the exciting ballad, "What Became of Them," enriched by A. M. Lockyer with most delightfully droll rats and pigs, whose speaking likenesses will enchant the juveniles. Right merry, too, are the bird portraits and the plot of "The Truth Will Out" (Wells Gardner), depicted by W. Foster. But the children have a greater treat in store in the exact reproduction of the late Richard Doyle's original illustrated manuscript of "Jack the Giant Killer" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), written, drawn, and coloured by hand when the artist was only a lad of sixteen. The original MS. was recently sold by auction, and is now reproduced intact, its mistakes and erasures left unaltered, with the humorous drawings just as they came fresh from the brain of their gifted author.—Traces of former comic artists also linger amongst the familiar nursery rhymes brought out by Messrs. Griffith and Farran as "The Old Corner Series," for the traditional portraits of "Dame Trot" and "Mother Hubbard," still adorn their histories, though Mr. Gibbons draws the main part of the narrative afresh. "Dick Whittington," "Cock Robin," and "The Old Woman and Her Pig" also appear here in very artistic dress, to which a queer contrast is afforded by the elementary cuts accompanying another ancient publication, "Marmaduke Multiply's Merry Method of Making Minor Mathematicians" (Griffith and Farran)—rhymed multiplication tables.—Amongst children's picture books, "The Story Telling Album" (Wells Gardner), and "Our Own Picture Book" (Nisbet), by Emma Marshall, contribute a goodly store of large drawings simply explained. But the engravings are of very unequal merit, some being extremely old-fashioned.—Not so F. Marriott and F. Maplesstone's taking tinted designs decorating "Nurse's Memories" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), wherein Miss Yonge tells the nursery audience just the reminiscences which will rivet their attention.—Sunday entertainment for the little ones is provided by S. Wilson's unaffected "Hymns for Children" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), set to familiar tunes by Sir A. Sullivan, while J. Dealy and F. Marriott furnish a pretty pictorial accompaniment. Or the outline of Bunyan's famous allegory may be learnt from "The Little Christians' Pilgrimage" (Wells Gardner), wherein H. L. Taylor seeks to put the "Pilgrim's Progress" into a form and language more fitted for childish comprehension than the original. It is no easy task, but the authoress is very successful, and her book, with Miss H. Miles's pleasing drawings, will be thoroughly useful.—Elder sisters will appreciate the illustrated booklet of sacred poems by F. Langbridge, "Come Ye to the Waters" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), or the more elaborate record of fasts and festivals throughout the Christian year, "Holy Seasons" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). This would be a good Confirmation gift, as E. B. Coles has fitted appropriate texts, sacred verses, and a devotional extract from standard authors to each Church season, while the volume is also tastefully illuminated.

The pen is more important than the pencil in the next section. First, to deal with those works combining instruction with amusement, like "The Walks Abroad of Two Young Naturalists" (Sampson Low), translated from the French of C. Beaugrand by David Sharp. Here popular information on Natural History is conveyed in story-form, so as to tempt lazy people into acquiring knowledge without reading text-books, while the numerous illustrations further drive the lessons home. As President of the Entomological Society, &c., Mr. Sharp is fully suited to his work—witness his valuable foot-notes—but he scarcely understands the niceties of Gallic idioms, so that his translation halts occasionally.

Still no reader of these pages could fail to learn a great deal about the animal world.—Not zoology, but ethnology, is the study taught by "Graphic Pictures of Native Life in Distant Lands" (George Philip), also a translation, but from the German of Professor Kirchhoff by G. Philip, Jun. A capital text-book, illustrating the typical races of mankind amid their domestic surroundings, from Arctic Eskimo to South African Hottentot, from Australian aborigine to American Indian. The plates by Herr Leutemann are full and interesting.—Now for a touch of history in "The Scottish Soldiers of Fortune" (Routledge), wherein the late James Grant recounts the adventures of his countrymen who sought service and glory under foreign commanders. It is curious to note how, for centuries past, the canny Scot was to be found in all corners of the Continent wherever hard knocks and due rewards were forthcoming.—History, moreover, is the foundation of "The Captain-General" (Warne), which tells the tragic tale of the Dutch attempt to colonize New Holland, otherwise Australia, in the early part of the seventeenth century. Mr. W. J. Gordon converts the disastrous attempt into a most dramatic story, as full of mutiny, shipwreck, and bloodshed as the most sensational appetite could desire.

Honest mediocrity marks a large share of the story books, wholesome inoffensive novelettes suited to quiet folk. Some hail from over the Border, such as Miss Annie Swan's earnest Temperance plea, "Hazell and Sons, Brewers" (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), or her taking picture of a bitter old maid softened by a loving young girl, "Miss Baxter's Bequest" (same publishers).—In the same country "One False Step" (same publishers) entailed cruel punishment on an innocent girl, whom Mr. A. Stewart brings safely into the port of happiness at last, unlike the falsely-accused heroine of "The Root of All Evil" (Swan Sonnenschein), released from her burden only by death. In this village tragedy Mr. Alec Fearon spares his readers no horrors, killing off his chief *dramatis personæ* as in the ancient transpontine melodramas.—Yet another false step led to "Noel Chetwynd's Fall" (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), nor does Mrs. Needell inspire much sympathy with her artist hero, mean enough to cheat a dying friend.—Love is predominant here as among the men and maidens who spent "A Week in Arcadia" (Griffith and Farran) with pathetic consequences. Miss Holmes' story of the young English people in a French village is one of the most pleasing of the present batch, and may teach coquettish damsels not to play with edged tools.—It was love again which made the miner-lad work so vigorously "For Abigail" (Warne), where Mr. Silas Hocking spoils a well-told West Country tale by using the worn-out idea of a humble boy finding a long-lost father in a rich baronet.—Boy and girl friendship, ending in love, is further depicted by Ruth Lamb in "Captain Christie's Granddaughter" (Wells Gardner), which prettily sketches life in a North-country fishing town.

Christmas cards appear as tempting as ever, and overwhelm senders with an *embarras de richesses*. It is puzzling, indeed, to choose from Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's supply, which fully maintains their artistic reputation of former years. There are more novelties this season, notably the shaped cards—leaves, flowers, shells, and ships, concealing either greetings, landscapes, or floral vignettes—the embossed borders, especially taking in dark ivory framing sepia seascapes, the jewel-like embossed cards, and the cameo and Wedgwood specimens. Miss West's birds are among the prettiest, particularly an owl family, while A. M. Lockyer shows some really funny processions of penguins, storks, &c. Mr. Sigmund's crosses, enshrining churches, give the due wintry touch, and the same artist has done much good work, notably his vigorous drawings of yachts. The cards sent by the Religious Tract Society have greatly improved both in design and colouring. They are all of the same character, flowers and landscapes encircling texts and sacred verses, and are admirable for Sunday School and Mission distribution.

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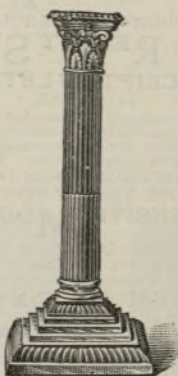
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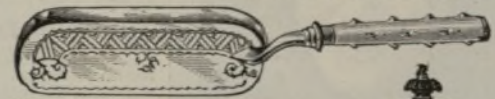


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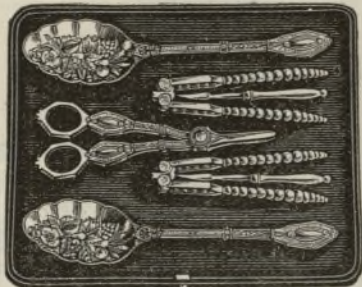


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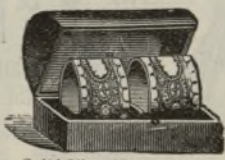
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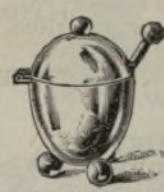
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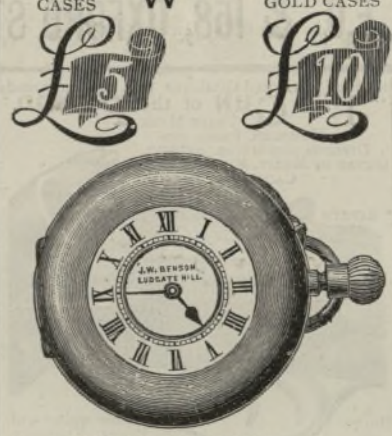
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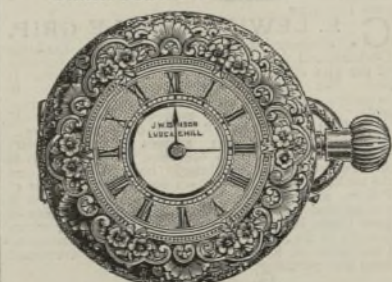


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