

Foreign Postage.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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No. 2063.—VOL. LXXIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

WITH } SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS } By Post, 6¹/₂d.



THE AFGHAN WAR: A PARTY OF THE GUIDE CORPS RECONNOITRING.

BIRTHS.

On the 16th ult., at Emmaville, Kingston, Jamaica, the wife of J. A. Duntze, Esq., 1st West India Regiment, of a son.
On the 22nd inst., at Dalzell, Lady Emily Hamilton, of a son.
On the 22nd inst., at 20, South-street, Park-lane, the Lady Eleanor Duntze, of a son.
On the 19th inst., at 55, Onslow-square, the Hon. Mrs. St. Clair, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 5th ult., at All Saints' Church, Point de Galle, Ceylon, by the Rev. J. Reinforth, M.A., James Wainhouse Simpson, to Lucy, eldest daughter of C. Williamson, Esq., of Tasmania.
On the 11th inst., at Kingston-on-Thames, by the Rev. J. Ainsworth, Michael Carroll, of Buenos Ayres, to Alicia Emma, second daughter of the late Dr. Gallagher, of Lima, Peru.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd inst., at Brith, after a short illness, Augusta, younger daughter of the late Thomas Miller, and granddaughter of the late Richard Miller, both of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, aged 48.
On the 20th inst., at No. 7, Endeavour-street, Tavistock-square, Francis Dudley, the second and only surviving child of Griffiths and Mary Jane Smith, aged 5½ months.
On the 23rd inst., suddenly, at Belle Vue, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, Charles Rawlinson, Esq., aged 73.
On the 11th inst., at High Warden, Hexham, John Errington, Esq., J.P., D.L., aged 71. R.I.P.
On the 23rd inst., at Mount Melville, Fifeshire, the Right Hon. Lady Catherine Whyte-Melville, wife of John Whyte-Melville, Esq., of Banochy and Strathkinness, and youngest daughter of Francis Godolphin, fifth Duke of Leeds, in her 81st year.
On the 21st inst., at Brighton, Lady Lawley, relict of Sir Francis Lawley, Bart.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, or Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 4, 1879.

SUNDAY, Dec. 29.	
First Sunday after Christmas.	Waitshall, 11 a.m. Rev. W. E. Erskine Knollys; 3 p.m., Rev. Francis Gordon, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.
Rev. xix. 1-11. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xxxviii. or xl.; Rev. xix. 11.	Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Andrew Johnson, Head Master of St. Olave's School, Southwark; 7 p.m., Rev. Prof. H. W. Watkins, Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. W. Russell; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Dr. C. A. Wilson, Vicar of Norton, Lincolnshire.	Temple Church, 11 a.m.; 3 p.m., Rev. A. Ainger, the Reader.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. St. James's, noon.	
MONDAY, Dec. 30.	
Accession of Alfonso XII., King of Spain, 1874.	W. F. Barrett on the Phonograph, Tachimeter, Carbon Telephone, and other Inventions of Mr. Edison.
London Institution, 5 p.m. (Professor Dewar on a Soap Bubble).	
TUESDAY, Dec. 31.	
Moon's first quarter, 1.57 p.m.	Aberdeen Dog Show.
Royal Institution, Christmas lecture, 8 (Prof. Dewar on a Soap Bubble).	Swindon Poultry, Pagan, Bird, and Cat Show (two days).
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1.	
Circumcision.	Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, 8.30 p.m. (Mr. H. Gore on Art in all Ages).
Union of Great Britain and Ireland.	Races: Manchester Steeplechase, Dublin meeting.
Bank Holiday in Scotland.	
British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.	
THURSDAY, Jan. 2.	
Accession of William I., King of Prussia, 1861.	London Institution, 7 p.m. (Professor H. Morley on the English stage).
Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor Dewar on a Soap Bubble).	Psychological Society, 8.30 p.m.
Royal Albert Hall, Mr. Carter's Choir, 8 p.m. ("The Messiah").	Shrewsbury Poultry and Pigeon Show.
FRIDAY, Jan. 3.	
Society of Arts, 7 p.m., Juvenile Lectures (Mr. W. K. Ralston on the Mythology of Fairy Tales).	Geologists' Association, 8 p.m.
SATURDAY, Jan. 4.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor Dewar on a Soap Bubble).	British Museum Lectures: Westminster Hospital, 11 a.m. (Dr. Carter Blake).
St. James's Hall, Morning (Ballad Concert).	

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 4, 1879.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
6 20	5 40	6 0	6 19	6 39	6 59	7 19
10 50	10 30	10 50	11 10	11 30	11 50	12 10

Now publishing,

FATHER CHRISTMAS: OUR LITTLE ONES' BUDGET, BEING A CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR YOUNG FOLK.

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In consequence of the great demand for copies of last year's FATHER CHRISTMAS, it has been reprinted, and a few copies are now on sale.

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INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.
The Thirtieth WINTER EXHIBITION is now OPEN from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
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FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, including forty Sketches and Studies from Nature, by R. W. Leader, is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—DE NEUVILLE'S Grand Work, LE BOURGET, Oct. 30, 1870, at the Twenty-Sixth Annual Exhibition of Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. See "Times," Nov. 6.

ELIJAH WALTON EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS (Ideas of Light, Air, and Eastern). ON VIEW and for SALE, at very moderate prices, at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till dusk. Admission (with Catalogue), 1s.

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THE GROSVENOR GALLERY will OPEN on MONDAY, DEC. 30, with an EXHIBITION of DRAWINGS by the OLD MASTERS, and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS by Artists of the British School. Admission, One Shilling. SEASON TICKETS, FIVE SHILLINGS.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Is now Publishing.

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By JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

The ILLUSTRATIONS are by G. D. Leslie, R.A., H. S. Marks, A.R.A., G. A. Storey, A.R.A., and several other Artists of note; and there is a Page of Pictorial Charades.

The Number contains

A TALE BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, Author of "George Geith," &c., entitled "MICHAEL GARGRAVE'S HARVEST;"

AND

SKETCHES AND VERSES by F. C. BURNAND and others.

The whole is inclosed in a Coloured Wrapper, and published apart from the ordinary issue.

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CHRISTMAS LECTURES.—ROYAL INSTITUTION
OF GREAT BRITAIN, ALBEMARLE-STREET, PICCADILLY. W.—Professor DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S., will deliver a course of Six Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Audience) on SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE, commencing on SATURDAY NEXT, DEC. 28, at Three o'clock; to be continued on Dec. 29, 30, and Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 1879. Subscription to this Course, One Guinea (Children under Sixteen, Half a Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE-GALLERY.—Open all the year round for the SALE of BRITISH and FOREIGN PICTURES. Important New Works have just been added. The Sales last year amounted to £4000. For particulars apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Superintendent of the Gallery.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn.
The successful Holiday Programme will be repeated at each representation. HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS AND PANTHEODRAMA OF PASSING EVENTS, with superb scenes of Cyprus and the Kyther Pass. Patriotic and Character Songs, Champion Skates, &c. The most varied and refined Entertainment in London. EVERY EVENING, at Eight; during the Holidays, at Three and Eight. Admission, 6d. to 3s. Bonnets allowed in Stalls and Boxes. No fee for booking seats. Carriages at 10.30.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE,
The Westminster Bridge-road.—This world-famed Establishment is NOW OPEN. The only one of its kind in the United Kingdom where the Drama, Burlesque, and Circus performances in their most unique form are represented. The Establishment has been newly decorated. The illuminations comprise 100,000 jets of gas in crystal devices. The stage on which the Hippodramatic and Pantomimic portions of the Entertainment is given is the largest in the world, and the Circle for the Circus performance is larger than any in London or on the Continent. The Christmas Entertainment will embrace novelties that cannot be equalled in any other Establishment. The performances will commence each Afternoon and Evening at Two and Seven (doors open one hour previous), with a celebrated Continental Staff of Riders, Rope-Dancers, Gymnasts, and Clowns, including Pietro and the Original Little Sandy. To be followed by a grand spectacular portion of

the fifth act, the Battle of Bosworth, Field and Death of White Surrey.

To be followed by the grand Christmas Pantomime of HARLEQUIN CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER; or, The Little Maid that was Made a Princess.

written by H. Spry, Esq., which is destined to make a hit in the Christmas season, a being the best performance produced of the year 1878-79. This latter portion will bear upon the incidents of the time seasonly.

THE AFGHANISTAN WAR AND THE FREEDOM OF THE KYBER PASS.
The above-named Entertainments will be given at each performance, Morning and Evening, embracing a staff of 100 persons, 180 Horses, 60 Ponies, 8 Camels and 20 Elephants, Zeluz, the Horned Horse, Polar Bears, & Grizzlies, and 12 ponderous performing Elephants, the eighteen splendid performing Lions that have been playing at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, during the Exhibition, and those that have been travelling with Mr. George Sanger's Company in Belgium and Germany, and the monster Lion, the son of Nemo, which is the largest in England, has been christened LORD BEACONSFIELD.

In honour to the noble Lord on his reception at Versailles.

The magnificent Scenery by Messrs. Dwyer and Coney, Wards by Mr. Bovey and assistants, Properties by Mr. John Rogers, Gas Arrangements by Mr. W. Pepper, the Electric Light by Messrs. Wells and Co., Music arranged and composed by Mr. J. George, Machinery by Mr. R. Gilbert.

The cast is especially strong, one, including the Misses Kate Allwood, Annie Perceford, Bella Richmond, Lilian Auld, Marie Marritt, &c.; Messrs. T. B. Appleby, A. Glover, H. Cornwall, H. Dales, F. Fanning, G. Bradfield, R. H. Langham, &c.

Box-Office open 12 to 4 till Four.
Stage Manager, Mr. R. H. Langham; General Managers, Messrs. Charles E. Stuart and Sidney Cooper. Sole Proprietors, Messrs. John and George Sanger.

MYERS' GREAT HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS, the most Gigantic Establishment in the World, from Paris and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, DAILY, from MONDAY, to SATURDAY NEXT, at the AGRICULTURAL HALL. See Advertisements in daily papers.

DO, PAPA, take me and see TRAFALGAR, at the CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. All the papers say it is the best spectacle ever produced; and I long to see the little boys in their manoeuvres, and the great Naval Battle.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
New Christmas Fairy Sketch, written by Frank Green, Esq., entitled A VISIT TO VENUS, in which Miss Nellie Power, supported by Misses Ada, Phyllis Broughton, and Florence Powell, will appear. The Brothers Harry, Little Louie (the Marvel of Second Sight), Fred, Albert, Edgar Wilson, Leront, Russel Grover, in BOTH SIDES OF THE HOUSE, and Walsatta (upon the invisible wire). TRAFALGAR Every Evening, at 9.45.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY; A TRIP TO CANTERBURY, by Mr. Corney Grain; and ENCHANTMENT, a Musical Fairy Tale. MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.—Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, written by Hicks, Son, and assistants. Preceded by, at Seven, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. First Morning Performance To-Day, Saturday, Dec. 28; second, Monday, Dec. 30; and every Children under Twelve half price to all parts of the house at Morning Performances, on payment at the doors only. Prices of admission.—Private Boxes, 41 4s. to 10s. Wednesday, and Saturday, 2s.; P. 2s.; and Gallery, 1s. The only authorised Box-Office, open from Ten to Five, under the portico of the Theatre, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
The Grand Pantomime, ROBIN HOOD; or, HARLEQUIN THE MERRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST. EVERY EVENING, at Seven. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard I. Morning Performances every Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday at One. Children under Ten half price. No fees for booking.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent-street and Piccadilly.
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY FESTIVAL PROGRAMME
again crowned with Unqualified Success. It will therefore be repeated EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE, and EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, until Jan. 13, after which date the Performances will be resumed in their regular order. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; Balcony in the Great Hall, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Children under Twelve half price to Stalls and Balcony. No fees. No charge for looking seats. No charge for Programmes. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the hall. Places may be secured for any day or night at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Daily, from Nine a.m. till Six p.m. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW AND DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT, ST. JAMES'S HALL,
EVERY DAY at THREE, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, until Jan. 13, after which date the performances will be resumed in their regular order.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL MODE of passing these cold and dreary afternoons is afforded at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, where all is bright, genial, and pleasant. Messrs. Moore and Burgess's Saloon is one of the most elegant and luxurious in London. Their Entertainment is universally admitted to be the most charming and refined that can be found amidst the entire round of metropolitan amusements. At the MOORE and BURGESS MATINEES (every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday) the most eminent members of the literary and artistic world may be found enjoying the perfect part-singing and solo-singing of this world-famed Company.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.
Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.—MOSES IN EGYPT.—An Extra Performance of Rossini's Work, "Mose in Egitto" will be given on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 11, at 2.30 precisely. Principal Vocalists: Madame Lemmings-Sherington, Mlle. V. Enquist, Miss Frita Elton; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Wallace, Wells, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Santley. Tickets, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d.—EXETER HALL.
NOTE.—This PERFORMANCE NOT BEING A SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT A LARGER NUMBER than usual of 3s. and 5s. TICKETS and STALLS, in best central positions, are ON SALE.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.
Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—Handel's SAMSON, FRIDAY, JAN. 17. Mrs. Osmond, Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Right, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Santley. Tickets now ready.

ANSWERS TO THE PICTORIAL CHARADES IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER:
Catastrophe. Petulance. Penitence. Patriarch.

ANSWERS TO THE REBUSES AND ENIGMAS:
Eve. Trill. Kiss. Glass.

ANSWERS TO PICTORIAL CHARADES, DEC. 21:
Misinform. Wheelbarrow.

* * * We crave pardon of our numerous correspondents for not giving (as we would have given, had space permitted) the long list of Answers received—many of which, however, as the writers will see by the Solutions here given, fall in some particulars.

THE AFGHAN WAR.

Several Illustrations of the Taking of Ali Musjid have been received from our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, and will appear next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

Another Christmas Day gone! Another year close upon its decease. Rigorous winter around us; distress everywhere prevailing; commercial depression, such as we have seldom seen in this country, and to the end of which we cannot yet see, making itself felt amongst a large section of the trading classes; manufacturing industry, to a fearful extent, paralysed; labour unemployed; destitution rapidly on the increase; all the springs of prosperity so low as to threaten exhaustion;—such is the gloomy position upon which we take our stand to glance back at the general character of the year which in a few days will have completed its course. It has been a year marked by a succession of surprises, of anxieties, of unrest. But a year which there is some reasonable ground for believing has carried us forward to a somewhat brighter region of hope.

The meteorology of 1878 has not deviated so far from traditional precedents as to awaken surprise. Its spring time was mild and genial, closing, however, with a long season of wet. Its Summer was chequered, but predominantly fine. Its Autumn was, for the most part, cheery and crisp. Its Winter is such as we see. In the North very severe; in the South (apart from dense fogs) "frosty but kindly." We had a magnificent hay harvest. We matured and gathered into the garner a fair average crop of wheat. Bread has been cheap. In the metropolis meat has been dear. But, taking the year through, the run of its weather has been favourable rather than otherwise.

So much, we apprehend, cannot be said of the business of 1878. At the commencement of the year the coal and iron trades in South Wales were already involved in gloom and were menaced by darker prospects. These were gradually realised, and were naturally cast upon the same trades in other parts of the kingdom, and, by refraction, upon other trades, a constantly deepening shade. Bank failures, at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, and Rochdale, have aggravated the severity of the advancing commercial crisis. Things look a little more quiet just at present—a panic, perhaps, may by prudence be staved off; but it is impossible not to feel that, as far as regards commercial

affairs, we are passing through a dangerous period, and, like Alpine tourists, must observe the utmost caution lest we bring down an avalanche upon our heads.

The political character of the year has been unusually exciting, not to say stormy. There have been no great measures affecting, either prejudicially or otherwise, home politics. Parliament, which met for "the despatch of business" three weeks before the usual time, and sat till the middle of August, or thereabouts, gave us a Cattle Plague Bill, an Intermediate Education (Ireland) Bill, and a Sunday Closing (Ireland) Bill, but not much else to speak of. It was absorbed in Foreign Policy. Its energies as well as its sympathies were fully preoccupied by the turn of affairs in South-Eastern Europe, by the Berlin Conference and its results, and by the unexpected outbreak of an Afghan War. The fall of Plevna, somewhat before the termination of last year; the remarkable winter campaign which followed it; the crossing of the Balkans by the Russians; the destruction and dispersion of the Turkish armies South of that range of mountains; the rapid advance of Muscovite troops first to Adrianople, afterwards to within a few miles of Constantinople and Gallipoli, alarmed the English people and roused in them a bellicose spirit which the Preliminary Treaty of San Stefano between Russia and Turkey did not help to soothe. A Vote of Credit for six millions sterling gave her Majesty's Government something like a *carte blanche* to act as their discretion might warrant. The dispatch of the Mediterranean Fleet though the Dardanelles to the vicinity of Constantinople, the calling out of the Army Reserve and of those of the Militia for permanent service, the ordering of 8000 Native Indian Troops to Malta, and the tone generally held by the friends of the Government, as against Russia, while they postponed from week to week the assembling of a Congress at Berlin, supplied fertile topics of heated discussion in both Houses of Parliament. At length, however, Russia and England having agreed upon the concessions they were disposed to make to one another, the Congress met. We all know the result. The peace of Europe was thereby preserved. Several things occurred during the deliberations of the Plenipotentiaries to challenge criticism—some, to provoke condemnation. But the people of the United Kingdom rejoiced so sincerely in the assurance given by the Berlin Treaty that it secured them from the peril of a general European War, as to dispose them to condone any minor defects or even palpable faults. It was not quite so with the Anglo-Turkish Convention, the existence and stipulations of which were brought to light a few days before the Berlin Treaty was signed. Still, it did not disturb, even though it might not serve to strengthen, immediate prospects of tranquillity in Europe. Parliament broke up with a full impression that little was to be apprehended as to the future relations of the Great Powers one to another. Unhappily, the political disease which had been general broke out locally, and was transferred from Europe to Asia, from Turkey to the North-west Frontier of India. We are now at war with the Ruler of Afghanistan. The country, through Parliament, has given its assent to the policy which precipitated it. We have also a war in South Africa, which will, no doubt, involve us both in increased trouble and expense. The political proceedings during the year, of which we give this most cursory résumé, can only be fairly judged of some time hence. They may be the commencement of a more settled period, or, on the other hand, they may be fraught with dangers peculiar to themselves. Perhaps it lies beyond the range of human wisdom to determine how far 1878 has contributed to the peace of the world, or how far it may have helped to stir up the war spirit which may hereafter overwhelm all human interests.

The Obituary of the year comprises the names of so many persons eminent in Science, Art, Literature, and Ecclesiastical position that we dare not venture upon a selection which would necessarily exclude a large number richly deserving respectful remembrance, and which, therefore, would assume an appearance of invidiousness. Our glance will be limited to what we may term the summit of social and political life. Foremost amongst Royal personages during the year Death has claimed for his own Princess Alice, the Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the beloved daughter of our Queen. She will not soon be forgotten by the English people. Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, Pope Pius IX., and the young Queen of Spain, but a few months after her marriage, have gone to their account. Two attempts have been made upon the life of the Emperor of Germany, the second of which inflicted months of suffering upon the venerated Monarch. Assassination, indeed, appears to have been one of the malignant tendencies of 1878. Alfonso of Spain narrowly escaped, and Humbert of Italy was murderously assaulted, and saved, perhaps, only by the loyalty and presence of mind of his Prime Minister, who received a serious wound in defence of his Sovereign. Of the casualties of the year we need hardly speak, but the appalling loss of life resulting from the collision of the Bywell Castle and the Princess Alice steam-ships off Woolwich, and from the explosion of the Abercrombie coal-mine (with some others that might be recalled to recollection), render it unfitting to conclude even this scanty summary of events without a word of recognition. The

anxieties, privations, miseries, and bereavements of the expiring twelvemonth, as well as its hopes, achievements, and triumphs, are now mostly over. The record of them will come to an end within two or three days, in anticipation of which we heartily wish our readers "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, arrived at Osborne House yesterday week from Windsor Castle. The Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their four children, who had been on a visit to her Majesty, left the castle the previous day. The Duke of Connaught left after the departure of the Queen, and the Earl of Beaconsfield, who had had an audience of her Majesty, left with Mr. Montague Corry the same morning for London. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and Prince Leopold arrived at Osborne on Saturday last. The Marquis of Hertford also arrived, having returned from Darmstadt, where he represented her Majesty at the funeral of the lamented Grand Duchess of Hesse. The Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, was present at Divine service in the house on Sunday, when the Rev. Canon Prothero officiated. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold were present at the service at Whittingham church in the afternoon. The Prince of Wales left Osborne on Monday for Marlborough House. The Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold accompanied his Royal Highness as far as Portsmouth, and returned at once to Osborne. The Marquis of Hertford also left. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold attended Divine service on Christmas Day, performed in the house by the Rev. Canon Prothero. Her Majesty, accompanied by the members of the Royal family, has walked and driven out daily.

At the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland and Princess Thyra of Denmark at Copenhagen on Saturday last the Queen was represented by Sir Lennox Wyke, the British Minister; the Prince of Wales, by Lord Colville; the Princess of Wales, by Colonel Teesdale; and the Duke of Cambridge, by Captain Mildmay.

Her Majesty's Royal bounty to the poor of the metropolis and its environs, and to others in certain country districts, was distributed at the Almonry Office, Whitehall, on the 20th, 21st, and 23rd inst., to as many poor persons as practicable. The ages of the recipients varied from sixty to ninety-five years; one woman had reached her hundredth year. The candidates were selected by the Dean of Windsor, Lord High Almoner, and the Rev. Canon E.R. Wilberforce, Sub-Almoner, assisted by Mr. John Hanby, Secretary and Yeoman of the Royal Almonry in Ordinary.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Princess of Wales left Marlborough House yesterday week for Sandringham. The Prince of Wales arrived at Sandringham on Tuesday. Their Royal Highnesses, with Princess Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise Victoria and Maud of Wales, attended Divine service on Christmas Day at Sandringham church. The Rev. F. Hervey officiated. The usual distribution of beef to the labourers on the Royal estate was made on Monday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their children left Clarence House, St. James's, for Eastwell Park, Kent, on Saturday last.

Prince Leopold has appointed Captain Stanier Waller, R.E., to be Equerry in Ordinary to his Royal Highness.

Prince Ibrahim of Egypt is visiting the Earl and Countess Delawarr at Buckhurst.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN CANADA.

The sad event which has plunged the Court into mourning this Christmas has naturally caused some of the ceremonies incident to the arrival of the new Viceroy and Princess Louise in Canada to be postponed for some weeks. But we have at hand abundant proof of the heartiness with which the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise have been welcomed by all classes to their new home. Continuing the series of Sketches from our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, we this week illustrate the popular progress of her Royal Highness and the noble Marquis from Halifax to Montreal, and show how the firing of *feux de joie* gave variety to the customary formula of presenting addresses of welcome at the various stages of their journey. The particulars of each sketch being printed underneath the cluster of illustrations on page 608, the Engravings call for no further remark, save that it ever affords us pleasure to testify to the cordial loyalty and attachment felt in the Dominion—in indeed, throughout the Empire—towards the Queen and the Royal family.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN LONDON.

Sermons special to the occasion were preached on Christmas Day in all the London churches, which, notwithstanding the extremely inclement weather, were largely attended.

Christmas fare on a very liberal scale was supplied to the inmates of the metropolitan workhouses, infirmaries, and asylums, those institutions being seasonably decorated.

In various parts of London, in accordance with the annual custom, Christmas dinners were provided for large numbers of poor children, who were supplied with substantial food and plum pudding. These treats are principally given in the poorer districts of the Central and Eastern divisions of London. At the Golden-lane Mission the children were, as usual, clothed in addition to being fed. Short services, or simple encouraging addresses formed in most of the places a part of the proceedings, the whole of which the little pe ople seemed to enjoy very much.

The Lord Mayor, at his own expense, provided a Christmas dinner for the inmates—about 400 in all—of her Majesty's prisons of Newgate and Holloway.

At the Asylum for the Houseless Poor, which is situated in Banner-street, St. Luke's, and gives nightly shelter and bread during the winter months to the houseless poor, nearly 200 needy persons were entertained to a substantial Christmas repast, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

It occurred to her Majesty's printers to do a very graceful act, which gave pleasure on the morning of Christmas Day to many suffering children in the London hospitals. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode ascertained from the authorities the names of the little ones who were prisoners in their wards on that day, and, having addressed to each of them a Christmas card, sent it direct through the post. We may be well assured that many a wan little face weary with suffering brightened with a gleam of pleasure when these unexpected but welcome letters arrived.

THE CHURCH.

PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Back, John, to be Vicar of Horsell.
Beamish, Samuel Henry; Vicar of Lamorbey.
Beauchamp, Sydney Charles; Rector of Little Laver.
Bradby, Edward Henry; Honorary Canon of St. Albans.
Bush, Paul; Vicar of Herodsfoot.
Cameron, Francis Martin; Vicar of Bilsington.
Davies, David Jones; Rector of North Benfleet.
Dutton, Alfred; Perpetual Curate of St. Thomas's, West Hyde.
Gallop, Edward J.; Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, H. mel Hempstead.
Hadow, J. L. G.; Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Aldershot.
Hobson, John Philip; Vicar of Stanstead Abbots.
Jelf, George Edward; Honorary Canon of St. Albans.
Matthews, W. P. P.; Rector of St. Brooke.
Moore, Thomas; Vicar of Holy Trinity, Maidstone; Surrogate.
Ponsonby, M. J. G.; Vicar of St. Paul's, Chichester.
Procter, John Mathias; Rector of Landon with Basildon.
Puxley, H. B. L.; Rector of Catton.
Quilter, Frederic William; Rector of North Piddle.
Saulze, E. C. P.; Vicar of Tadley.
Savage, Ernest Bickersteth; Vicar of Kirk Michael.
Tilbury, Robert; Incumbent of Hutton Magna.
Trimmer, William; Vicar of Broomfield.
Walker, Charles James; Rector of Cheddington, Dorset.
Wildig, G. L. B.; Vicar of St. John's, Bradford.
Williams, John Bunce; Vicar of Sheldon.
Woodard, Lambert; Vicar of Triplow.
Wright, H. H.; Vicar of St. Silas, Sheffield.—*Guardian*.

The Corporation of Trinity House has given £20 to the funds of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission.

A window has been placed in the south transept of Hereford Cathedral to the memory of the Rev. John Goss, M.A.

The Mercers' Company has given a hundred guineas to the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.

Yesterday week the peal of ten bells which formerly belonged to the demolished church of St. Dionis, Fenchurch-street, and which have been removed to All Hallows, Lombard-street, were rededicated, and rung for the first time in their new tower.

A special sermon, having reference to the death of the Princess Alice, was preached last Sunday morning by Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey before a numerous congregation. The preacher pointed out the universality and identity of human suffering and affection, and how the creation and growth of high offices brought before the world common things and feelings in a concentrated personal and yet public form.

The Governors of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation met on Saturday last at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, in order to distribute Christmas benefactions to Curates and other clergymen, their widows and families. Eighty-three clergymen received grants amounting in the aggregate to £1392, and the Governors also gave away £500 among fifty-three clergy widows, aged single daughters, and children.

St. George's Church, near Bristol, was destroyed early on Sunday morning by fire, which was caused by the over-heating of gas-stoves. Only the registers and the communion plate were saved. The peal of bells was destroyed, and the vicarage was slightly damaged. The church had recently been restored, and the loss is estimated at £6000. A wedding took place in the ruined porch in the morning.

The Incorporated Church Building Society held its usual monthly meeting on the 19th inst., at 7, Whitehall. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects:—Building new churches at Hammersmith, St. Simon, Middlesex; Stillington, near Stockton-on-Tees, and Stockton-on-Tees, St. Peter; rebuilding on a new site the church at Wribbenhall, near Bewdley, Worcester; enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Bosley, St. Mary, near Congleton; Cannock, Stafford; Crasswall, near Abergavenny; New Hampton, St. James's, Middlesex; Houghton Regis, near Dunstable; West Putford, North Devon; and Silksworth, near Sunderland. Grants were also made from the Mission Buildings Fund towards building mission churches at Brimington-common, near Chesterfield; Cremorne-gardens, in the parish of St. John's, Chelsea, Middlesex; Highfield, near Keighley, and New Somerby, near Grantham. During the past year grants amounting to £14,820 have been made towards the erection of thirty-six new churches (thirty-one of which are entirely free and unappropriated), the rebuilding of twenty-three, and the enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in ninety-nine existing churches. The carrying out of the above works called forth from the promoters of them the sum of £425,336. The committee have also granted the sum of £742 towards building twenty-nine school or mission churches.

The New River Company is sinking a deep well at Turnford, near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, in search of the water of the lower greensand, and has reached a depth of 900 ft. The drill is of steel, in the form of a ring or shallow cylinder, 23 in. in diameter and 9 in. deep. On its edge are forty-eight opaque diamonds set in holders.

We have been requested to publish appeals for assistance to missions, schools, and numerous other charities; but have not space at disposal for a tenth of the appeals sent—they fill columns in the daily papers. We can only request our readers to make inquiries in their own neighbourhoods—not overlooking modest poverty, that shrinks from obtruding itself on public notice—and they are sure to find ample scope for their benevolence.—There is at this time great distress throughout the country. In sending a donation of £200 from the Queen to the Bishop of London, as president of the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association, General Ponsonby writes:—"The Queen, notwithstanding the deep sorrow which has fallen upon her, has noticed your appeal on behalf of the suffering poor of London, and has commanded me to send the inclosed cheque as her Majesty's contribution for alleviating distress in the metropolis." The Duchess of Edinburgh has sent £5 to the Leicester-square Soup-kitchen and Refuge. Mr. H. W. Ripley, M.P., has presented £500 in aid of the relief of the distress in the Bowling Ward at Bradford, Bowling being the township with which he is intimately connected by trade and property. At Chester and many other towns Poor Relief Committees are sitting constantly for the relief of the starving poor.—The Chesterfield board of guardians have been informed by one of their parish surgeons that many outdoor paupers are the owners of dogs, which "are fed from the tables, whilst the members of the family are actually being deprived of food." The board resolved to give no relief to any person who kept a dog. A correspondent of the *Times* sends the following recipe for a hundred gallons of soup:—"Take bullocks' heads or legs (heads cheapest), 1 cwt., stew well in separate boiler if you can; onions, half a bushel, carrots, turnips, &c.; three quarters of a bushel of split lentils or peas; a paillful of rice, ditto of flour, to thicken. This will make a substantial soup.—M. Hippolyte P. Delanoy, an artist in Paris, has sent to the Lord Mayor a painting, with a request that it may be sold and the proceeds given to some object of benevolence in London, at his discretion. The picture is to be seen at the Mansion House.

THE CABUL EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

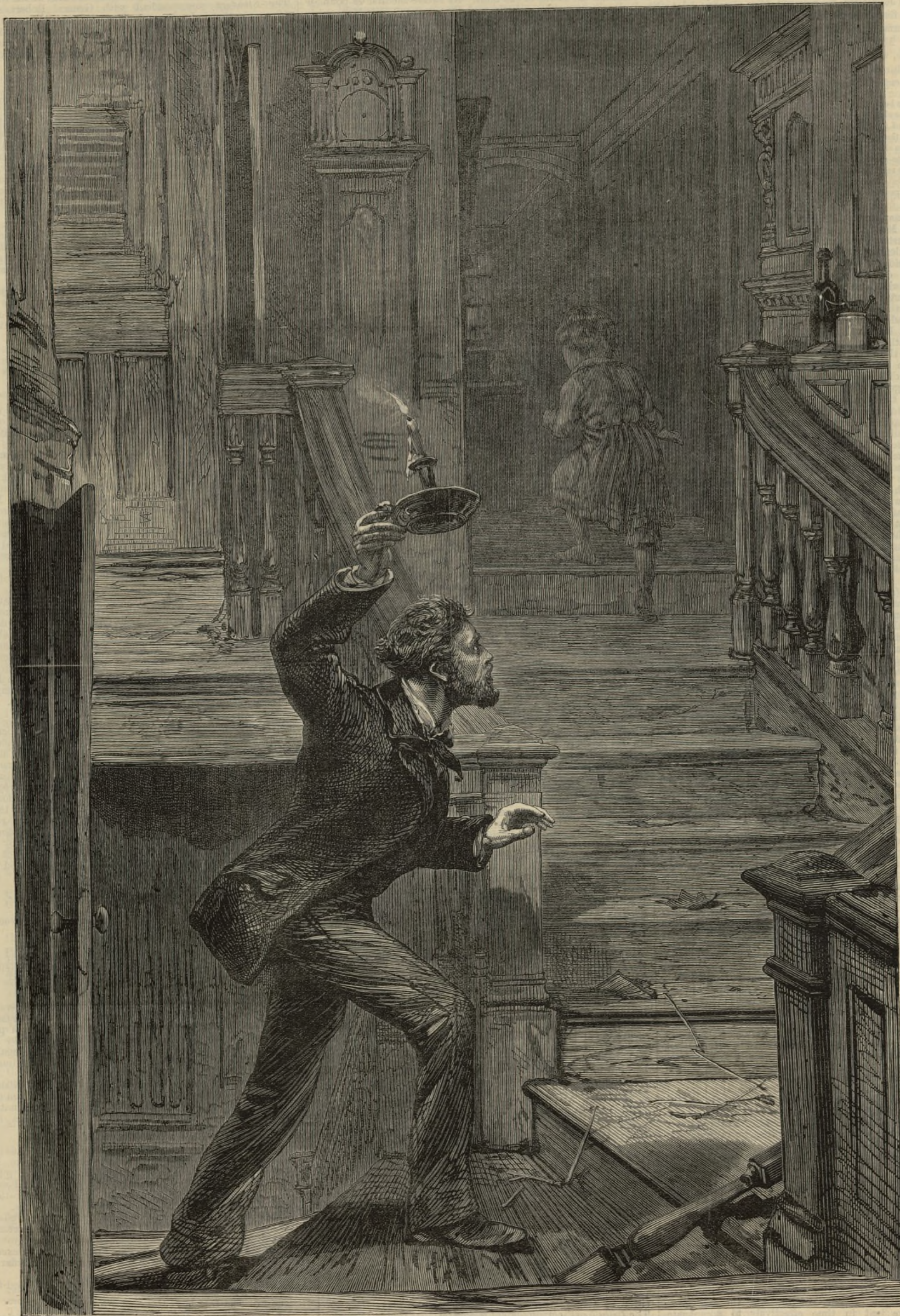
FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT PULLEY, ADJUTANT OF THE 3RD GOORKHAS.



THE CUISINE: A SKETCH IN CAMP AT MEEAN MEER, PUNJAUB.



THE 2ND (QUEEN'S OWN) BENGAL LIGHT INFANTRY ENCAMPED AT MEEAN MEER.



"Mr. Stainton pursued as fast as he could follow. Up the easy steps he ran at the top of his speed; but, fast as he went, the child went faster."

ILLUSTRATION TO MRS. RIDDELL'S GHOST STORY, "WALNUT-TREE HOUSE."

THE AFGHAN WAR.

THE ATTACK ON ALI MUSJID.

Simultaneously with the good news that the Ameer Shere Ali had fled from Cabul, that Yakoub Khan, his son, had been liberated from prison, and that General Sir Samuel Browne had marched into Jellalabad, we received from our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, his first sketches of actual warfare in the present campaign. With these sketches of the attack on Ali Musjid Mr. Simpson sent the following hurriedly-pencilled note, which will give some idea of the risks run and hardships endured by the Special representatives of the Press in the fulfilment of their duty:—

I write this to be ready with the first chance of going into Peshawur. I have sent you the sketches cut out of my book. I have been all yesterday out in the thick of it, and my tent is not yet up. I have had to work on the ground with the wind blowing in strong gusts; so it is all very rough. Inclosed are large sketches of the 81st Regiment, who fired the first shot. I came into this to-day with the General, and two of the sketches inclosed were made while reconnoitring the place to see if it was evacuated. Slept last night *à la belle étoile*, but have got one of the enemy's tents for the night. Do not know when my own will come up.

Yours faithfully, Wm. Simpson.

A sketch-map sent by Mr. Simpson to elucidate the plan of attack on Ali Musjid is engraved on page 619; and this plan, with the illustration forming our Special Supplement, will afford our readers a pretty clear notion of General Sir Samuel Browne's rapid success, if we add a few extracts from the vigorous description of the advance given in Mr. Archibald Forbes's letter in the *Daily News* of Monday last. Premising that the General had on the evening of Nov. 20, and in the small hours of the following morning, dispatched the 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Tytler, and the 1st Brigade, under General Herbert Macpherson, away to the north-west, to Lashora, with orders to march thence and bring a flanking fire to bear on the defences of Ali Musjid, we follow the main advance of the 3rd and 4th Brigades from Jumrood in the early morning of Thursday, Nov. 21. Mr. Forbes tells us that "the march began when the broad daylight had illuminated the mouth of the Pass and the intervening region. There is a little clear space among the boulders flanking the road from Jumrood Fort and the mouth of the Pass. Immediately in our front was the village of Jum, and its adjacent shrine overhung with acacia-trees, and between the village and the shrine passed the narrow roadway. The General, with his Staff, sat here on horseback to watch the march-past of the advance guard. As the wing of the 14th Sikhs that led the advance strode past with a long, swinging stride, the sunlight broke out and lit up with a golden glory the brown gully and grey crags of Sarkai and Rhotas. Behind the Sikhs marched a wing of the 81st Queen's; then came two companies of native sappers, with their mules laden with tools; and then followed them Manderson's fine troop of horse artillery (I.C.). This completed the advance guard, which was under the personal command of Colonel Appleyard, the soldierly Brigadier of the 3rd Brigade.

"At length (continues Mr. Forbes) the door of the Shadi Bhugiar Pass was reached and penetrated, the General leading the way. He pushed his pony up the steep isolated knoll that stands in its throat and, from beside the old tower on its summit scanned the scene in front. All that was seen of interest was the red-coated picket on the peak in advance, quietly watching us. Upon the top of Rhotas, on our right, had been visible all along another picket, whose camp fire had during the night glowed up against the dark sky. Behind there was a nasty grip, leading down into the level bed of the nullah. In view of the possibility of getting as soon as possible a long shot at the Afghan picket, two of Manderson's horse artillery guns had been ordered forward under Captain Walsh. These were handsomely stayed down the grip with guy-ropes, and came along the bottom at a hard gallop in the true horse artillery style. Just where Mackeson's road leaves the bed of the hollow we had a nearer view of the enemy's picket upon the peak of Koti Givat in our front, but it was still out of range of the guns. . . . The skirmishers crowned a low ridge, from the top of which the Afghan picket was visible, distant, perhaps, a thousand paces. It had deployed, and the men had sent their horses to the rear, behind cover. At ten o'clock our Sikhs and the 81st detachment opened fire against the straggling party of the Afghans. There was some response—nothing to speak of; and the Afghan people quickly fell back, when the bugles sounded 'Cease firing,' and the skirmishing advance was continued.

"At the top of this ridge the view of Ali Musjid first opened up to us. It stands on a precipitous isolated crag, everywhere naturally more or less scarped. Its summit either is level by nature or has been levelled by art, and on this summit is built the fort, covering entirely the flat surface. Roughly, it is a square, with circular bastions at each corner, and one large one in the centre of its front looking down the Pass, and there is a prolongation of the curtain down to a detached square tower on the slope of the crag opposite the Khyber glacis. It is built of rough stones, uncemented, and partly faced with mud, and as a fortification has no pretensions, although its natural strength is very great. The Afghan engineer, whoever he was, had a very fair notion of constructing a defensive system with the means at his disposal. A great hill rises immediately behind Ali Musjid fort, its face almost precipitous. In its front rise three isolated peaks; one—being the one to the proper left—is that on which the fort is built. . . ."

Our skirmishers had little difficulty in dislodging the Afghans from the Shagai Ridge; but the cool daring of one Afghan horseman, who rode slowly in front of a ruined tower amid a perfect shower of bullets, excited the admiration of our troops. Swarming down into the valley, and crossing the stream, our skirmishers next occupied the deserted village of Lala Chena. Then "Walsh's two guns came up; and, while we waited here for the 40-pounders, they were ordered to open fire on the fort, the range being about 2500 yards. Their practice did not at first sight seem very successful. Their shells for the most part failed to reach the fort, striking and exploding downward on the steep scarp in front of it. Their fire was, however, only *pour passer le temps*, till the 40-pounders should come up, and a messenger sent to the rear brought back word that they could scarcely be in position till an hour should have elapsed. It was at twelve o'clock that, according to the General's expectation, Macpherson's co-operation might be anticipated from the top of the precipice of Rhotas to our right of Ali Musjid, and the big guns would thus arrive just in time effectively to accentuate the combination. Meanwhile a wing of the 14th Sikhs was sent forward to our right front, to feel their way over the successive ridges projecting from about the base of Rhotas and constituting its lower features. In reply to the first shot fired by Walsh, a shell was fired from Ali Musjid that burst high in the air; but the second shot fired from the fort passed close over the heads of the Staff on the bluff, and fell among some Sikhs a hundred yards behind. It was a blind

shell; had it exploded it would have done some damage. As it was, it was exhumed and became the property of Colonel Waterfield, the Commissioner of Peshawur. Henceforth, in reply to Walsh's fire, the shooting from the guns of Ali Musjid was admirable; the range had evidently been correctly ascertained beforehand, and every shot fell close to us as we lay behind the knolls of the bluff. At twelve the first 40-pounder came into action a little way in our rear, and Magennis's 9-pounders also threw in an occasional shell. Our fire was directed at all three of the enemy's main positions, but chiefly at Ali Musjid, and the dilapidated condition of that fort when we occupied it next morning proved that the fire had been much more efficient than we had imagined."

There being no sign of Macpherson as the afternoon of the 21st wore on, it was resolved to attack with the 3rd and 4th Brigades. "Appleyard took his 3rd Brigade on to the heights on the left of the Khyber Valley, with intent to press forward and assail the right flank of the enemy's position by a turning movement. The 4th Brigade, with which General Browne remained, moved forward over the rocky ridges, direct in our front, confronting Ali Musjid, and having the potentiality of working round upon its left." But, as it was thought a direct infantry assault on Ali Musjid would lead to an unnecessary sacrifice of life, it was resolved to abandon the attack for the day. "Lord William Beresford, one of Sir Sam's aides, was intrusted with the arduous and dangerous duty of descending from our height on the right bank, crossing the valley swept by the artillery and infantry fire of the Afghans, and ascending to the eminence on the left bank, to inform Appleyard of the resolution to desist from further action. Lord William successfully carried out the duty and Appleyard halted. But a portion of his brigade was far in advance. Detachments of the 14th Sikhs and 27th Native Infantry had pressed on, and in the grey of the twilight were fighting their way up the steep grassy slope on the peak above, which was the enemy's right flank position. In vain did the bugle sound the recall; its strains were borne unavailingly down the wind. The Afghans, behind their breastworks of stone, fought every step of the ascent, while the artillery of their left enfiladed the advance of our men as they struggled onwards and upwards. The end was disaster relieved by devoted bravery. A young officer of the 27th, by name Maclean, had rushed on with a handful into a spot where he found himself in deadly trouble. He called back for assistance with urgent vehemence to his support, commanded by Major Birch, in command of the 27th. That officer would not hear in vain the entreaty of his subordinate. He rushed forward, only to fall, shot dead in the effort. Those to whose succour he advanced fell back, and the gallant Major's body remained abandoned out to the front. One of his young officers—a Lieutenant, of whom everyone speaks well, Fitzgerald by name—would not have it that his chief's body should be left there to the mercy of barbarians. He called on the men of his own command to follow him to its rescue, but they hung back. In angry despair, he called for fifteen volunteers from an adjacent detachment of the 14th Sikhs, and the appeal was nobly responded to. Fitzgerald and his Sikhs sallied out. He was twice wounded ere he reached Birch's body, but he raised it, and was aiding in its removal when a third shot killed him. Most of the gallant Sikhs fell around him. They had to be left where they fell; the Afghan fire was no more to be faced. But the bodies were found yesterday morning unharmed, and at sundown yesterday Birch and his gallant subaltern found a soldier's grave under a tree close by the head-quarter camp at the foot of Ali Musjid, the whole head-quarter staff paying by their presence fitting honour to valiant comrades who had fallen gloriously with their faces to the foe."

Among our other Engravings illustrating the Afghan campaign will be found a two-page drawing showing that they are no mole-hills which the artillery have to surmount in those mountainous regions. The Guides, who figure on our front page, were of good service to General Sir Sam. Browne in his advance through the Khyber Pass. Colonel Jenkins commands them. The sympathetic pen of Mr. Forbes does justice to their prowess in these words:—"The services of this Punjab frontier force, of which the Guides may be called the *corps d'élite*, are scarcely known at all to the mass of stay-at-home Britons. I wonder no soldier of the force who could use a pen as well as a sword has ever undertaken the task of writing the chronicles of the Guides. The number of their hill campaigns has been legion—and no bloodless campaign either. Deeds of valour have been done by them, officers and men, that under circumstances of greater publicity would have earned not a few Victoria Crosses. But wounds are more abundant trophies of hard fighting among the Guides than are decorations or brevets. . . . It was an unexpected pleasure to find out here among the officers of the Guides, under the shadow of the mountains of the Khyber, an old comrade of the Franco-German war, in Captain Wigram Battye, one of five brothers whose names are throughout the Indian service a synonym for bravery, modesty, and loveliness of character."

We are indebted to the courtesy of two officers for the remainder of our sketches. Lieutenant Charles Pulley, of the 3rd Goorkhas, who had previously obliged us with a series of characteristic drawings, furnished us with the sketches from the Meer Meer Camp reproduced on page 600; and Lieutenant Martin, R.E., sent us the quaint sketch of General Roberts leaving Kohat for the front. Lieutenant Martin writes in explanation of his sketch that, "General Roberts, who has remained till the last to make final arrangements, left Kohat this morning to drive the sixty miles into Thull in what is known in these parts as a Murree cart. A kind of low dog-cart, this is, with a pair, or sometimes three, sorry tugs, or ponies, abreast; sometimes these have some blood in them, and when once they have stopped jibbing from the first rubs of the breast harness on their galled shoulders and withers, they will settle down into a good gallop and keep it up over the villainous tracks they have to cross for the whole of their five miles' stage. The driver is a picturesque-looking Sikh generally, with flowing turban, black beard, leather thonged whip, gaiters, and battered bugle, with which he warns the carts and camels off the road."

The reported flight of the Ameer Shere Ali from Cabul was confirmed by two telegrams received on Monday from the Viceroy. Yakoub Khan has been released from prison, and left at Cabul. Shere Ali is said to have lost nearly all authority at Cabul, and his soldiers were deserting. A *Daily News* telegram states that Shere Ali is said to be journeying towards Balkh with the retreating Russian Mission.

Jellalabad, the Afghan stronghold rendered remarkable by General Sir Robert Sale's prolonged defence of the place against Akbar Khan, was entered without opposition by General Sir Samuel Browne on Friday, Dec. 20. The *Daily News* correspondent telegraphs that General Browne passed through Jellalabad at the head of a column of troops, with bands playing. He then encamped on the south side of the place. The correspondent adds that Major Cavanari received on the same day an important communication from the Ameer, the contents of which had not been made public. According to Russian news received at Berlin, the Ameer, mistrusting his sons and courtiers, fled to Balkh for the purpose of raising an army among the Turcoman tribes, and the

members of the Russian Legation return directly to Turkestan. But it is announced from St. Petersburg that no official confirmation has been received there of the departure for Balkh of the Ameer with the Russian Mission.

Captain Powell, of the 5th Goorkhas, who was wounded in the recent skirmish with the Mangals, has died of his wounds. The *Standard* correspondent with General Roberts's force telegraphs that it has been decided that nothing can be done against the Mangals this season. The hill tribes about Kuram are giving a good deal of trouble, and the telegraph wires are frequently cut. A *Times* telegram states that Wali Mahomed has arrived at Khushi, sixteen miles to the south-west of the Shutargardan Pass, with eleven regiments of infantry and four of cavalry, which are supposed to come from Balkh. It is not supposed, however, that Wali Mahomed will venture to cross Shutargardan at this season.

Yet another telegram from the *Daily News* Special Correspondent at Dacca states that the expedition against the Zukkur Khels met with a good deal of firing from the hill-men, and that our loss was one man killed and three wounded. The columns of Colonel Doran and Colonel Tytler advanced along opposite sides of the valley, burning the villages and blowing up the towers, and then returned to Dacca and Ali Musjid.

The Special of the *Daily Telegraph* at Quetta sent home word on the 23rd inst. that:—

"Replying to the orders of Shere Ali, his father-in-law, Mir Afzul, who commands at Candahar, has plainly told him that, without foreign aid, any opposition to the British forces would be futile, and that he could not even defend the Khojick Pass.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the loyal and willing assistance rendered throughout by the Khan of Khelat. His heir, with a small body of men, may possibly accompany General Stewart. The advance of the British troops continues unopposed, and they are in excellent health."

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

Last Saturday the Chambers adjourned until Jan. 14. They had previously settled the Budget dispute, the Senate withdrawing its demand for the immediate augmentation of the pay of the lower clergy, and the Chamber agreeing to give up the stamp on cheques.

M. Gambetta took the chair on Monday at a lecture in Paris on behalf of some district free and lay schools, and made two speeches, in one of which he spoke of the political prospects of the coming year. At the Grand Hôtel on Tuesday a dinner was given to him by the Commercial Travellers. More than 500 persons sat down to dinner. M. Gambetta, in replying to the toast of his health, made a speech. Ambitious designs were imputed to him, but he desired no better recompense than the esteem of his countrymen. He predicted that the Republicans would have a majority of twenty-five votes in the Senate after the elections of Jan. 5.

The manifesto of the United Branches of the Left of the Senate has been issued.

The lottery drawings are to begin on Jan. 15. The 150,000f. prize will be first drawn; then about 2000 prizes, each exceeding 2000f. in value, which at 250 a day will last eight days; next the smaller prizes, which at 3000 a day will occupy about twelve days; and, lastly, two prizes of 50,000f. and 100,000f.

The Shah has presented to the city of Paris the Persian building which attracted so much curiosity at the Exhibition.

M. Damour, the mineralogist, distinguished for the analysis of crystalline rocks, has been elected by the Academy of Sciences to the seat vacant by the death of M. Belgrand.

ITALY.

Yesterday week Signor Depretis presented the members of the new Cabinet to the Chamber of Deputies. He declared that the Ministry would maintain public order with the aid of the existing laws without displaying weakness or having recourse to arbitrary measures. He also stated that the Government would proceed with the bills of the late Ministry, with regard to the Electoral Law, the Grist Tax, and the construction of railways. In the Chamber of Deputies on Saturday a letter from Signor Farini, the President of the House, was read, resigning his office. The Chamber, however, unanimously refused to accept his resignation. A bill presented by the Minister of Finance sanctioning the provisional exercise of the Budget for two months was approved. The Senate voted two twelfths of the Budget as a provisional measure, and adjourned till Jan. 14.

General Maze de la Roche, the new Minister of War, has been made a senator.

Cardinal Asquini died on the 22nd inst., aged seventy-seven.

SPAIN.

Both Houses of the Cortes have definitively approved the bill relating to the copyright of literary works and telegraphic despatches, and the new law will shortly be promulgated.

RUSSIA.

One hundred students of the Institute of Engineers at St. Petersburg assembled on the 19th inst. before the house of the Russian Minister of Public Works for the purpose of presenting a petition. Three of them were summoned to the presence of the Minister, who explained to them the illegality of the step they were taking, whereupon the students immediately dispersed, without making any disturbance.

The *Golos* of Saturday last contained a letter dated Cabul, Oct. 13, describing the reception of the Russian Mission and the progress of the negotiations with the Ameer, terminating in the conclusion of a convention between Russia and Afghanistan.

GERMANY.

Official denial has been given to a statement circulated in the German newspapers that the Emperor William, on the occasion of his resuming the duties of Government, had received and replied to a congratulatory letter from the Pope.

The German Emperor has conferred orders and decorations upon the principal officers of the late Exhibition at Paris.

Prince Bismarck has written a long letter to the Federal Council, in which he sets forth his views upon financial reform. He advocates a return to the Prussian Customs House system, and contends that it is necessary to tax all imports, except such raw materials as Germany does not produce, in order to develop commercial prosperity at home.

The German Tobacco Inquiry Commission has rejected the proposal of a monopoly by eight votes against three.

The Prussian Diet has adjourned until Jan. 8.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, the United States Minister to Germany, died at Berlin, somewhat suddenly, on the 19th inst. Mr. Taylor was in his fifty-fourth year, and for the greater part of his life was well known as an author and a member of the staff of the *New York Tribune*. He entered the diplomatic service of his country in 1862 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and in 1863 became Chargé-d'Affaires at the same capital. In 1864 he returned to America and resumed his literary pursuits, and was appointed Minister to Germany not very long

ago. Mr. Taylor was a great traveller, and as late as 1874 paid a visit to Iceland on the occasion of its centennial anniversary. His funeral took place at Berlin on Sunday afternoon. All the foreign Ambassadors, various members of the Government, and many persons connected with art, literature, and science, attended the service. The Emperor and the Crown Prince both sent their Aides-de-Camp to represent them. Herr Berthold Auerbach gave an address, and the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, chaplain to the American Legation. The Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that the German Government has addressed a letter of condolence to the United States Legation expressing profound regret at the loss of Mr. Bayard Taylor.

DENMARK.

The marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with Princess Thyra was celebrated last Saturday evening with great pomp in the chapel of the Royal Castle of Christiansborg. A reception was afterwards held, followed by a banquet. At half-past eleven the newly-married couple drove through the town to the railway station, and proceeded to the summer residence of the King of Denmark.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

It is stated that the Emperor will return to Vienna on Jan. 2, and the sittings of the Reichsrath are to be resumed in a fortnight from that date.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet on the 19th inst. adopted by 179 votes to 125 the Government bill to issue forty million florins of Gold Renten for the purpose of redeeming Treasury Bonds. After Herr Tisza had made a speech in support of the proposal, the House further passed, by a very large majority, the bill relative to the levying of recruits in 1879.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath adopted last Saturday the motion for prolonging the present army law, as well as a proposal that a new bill on the subject should be introduced next session, and a resolution recommending the Government to take steps for facilitating a future reduction in the military expenditure. The bill fixing the number of recruits to be levied in 1879, the commercial treaty with Germany, and a bill making preparatory arrangements for a treaty of commerce with Italy were also adopted.

The Economical Committee of the Reichsrath has accepted, almost with unanimity, the treaty of commerce with Germany.

ROUMANIA.

After a prolonged discussion, both Chambers of the Legislature on the 19th inst. voted the respective Addresses in reply to the Speech from the Throne. In the Senate the majority in favour of the Government was 37 votes against 10, and in the Chamber of Deputies the Address was passed with only two dissentients.

AMERICA.

A Message has been sent by President Hayes to the United States Senate, in which, replying to an inquiry, he says that it is most important that the rapidly increasing export trade should not be allowed to suffer for want of the means of communication with foreign countries. He at the same time incloses a memorandum from Mr. Evarts urging the necessity of increased postal facilities with Central and South America.

Congress has adjourned for the Christmas recess, re-assembling on Jan. 7, the Senate having previously ratified the treaty of commerce with Japan.

The Russian cruisers *Europe* and *Asia* sailed from Philadelphia last Saturday, having cleared for Sitka, Alaska. They were commanded by American captains, but were to be handed over to the Russian officers as soon as they were outside American waters.

CANADA.

The elections in Manitoba have resulted in favour of the Government.

The Government has determined to complete the Canada Pacific Railway between Lake Superior and the city of Winnipeg with the utmost speed, so as to prevent the permanent diversion of the north-west traffic through the American lines.

Official correspondence, it is stated, will begin in January between the Governments of Newfoundland and Canada with reference to the admission of the former province into the Dominion.

THE CAPE COLONIES.

A telegram of Cape news to the 3rd inst. has been received. Cetewayo has not yet replied to the message sent to him by Sir Bartle Frere. The military preparations on the part of the British authorities continue. The chief, Gassibone, and his two sons have been captured, and the two latter will be tried for the murder of Mr. Francis Thompson at Kurramann.

It is believed that the new elections to the Legislative Council have resulted in the return of the majority for the Government.

AUSTRALIA.

In consequence of the vote of want of confidence passed in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly the Ministry resigned, and a coalition Ministry has been formed with Sir Henry Parkes as Premier and Colonial Secretary; Sir John Robertson as Vice-President of the Executive Council, with a seat in the Legislative Council; Mr. James Watson as Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Francis Bathurst Sutton as Justice and Public Instruction; Mr. William Charles Windyler as Attorney-General; Mr. James Hoskyns as Secretary for Lands; Mr. John Lackey as Secretary for Public Works; Mr. Saul Samuel as Postmaster-General; and Mr. Ezekiel Alexander Baker as Secretary for Mines.

A telegram from Hobart Town, dated the 23rd inst., states that the Tasmanian Ministry has resigned, and a new Cabinet has been formed by Mr. Reibey.

The Viceroy has arrived, according to a Reuter's telegram, at Calcutta.

A Reuter's telegram, dated Hong-Kong, Dec. 21, states that the total export of tea to date has been 156,000,000 lbs.

The death is announced, in his sixty-fifth year, of Bishop J. P. B. Wilmot, the Bishop of Louisiana, one of the bishops who was present at the Pan-Anglican Synod.

Mr. F. W. Rowsell, of the Middle Temple, Director of Navy Contracts, has accepted the post of British Commissioner of the ceded Daira lands in Egypt.

The first stone of the statue to be erected at Cannes, in memory of Lord Brougham, was laid last week in the presence of a large number of English residents.

German newspapers report that Princess Mathilde of Saxony, the eldest daughter of Prince George, the King's only brother, is about to be betrothed to a Bavarian Prince. The Princess is not quite sixteen.

The ship *Clyde*, 1140 tons, Captain Teasdel, chartered by the Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney, on the 20th inst., with 418 emigrants. The Agent-General for Queensland has been advised of the safe arrival at Townsville of the ship *Scottish Prince*, which sailed from Gravesend on Sept. 6 with 328 emigrants on board.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

The Company of Saddlers has given £10 in aid of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum.

It was announced at the final meeting of the year of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute that 141 members had joined during the year, of whom forty-one reside in the colonies.

The electric light was experimentally used at the London-Bridge terminus of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway last Saturday afternoon and evening for lighting the open space between the main line and Crystal Palace line booking-offices and the platform barriers.

The anniversary festival of the Commercial Travellers' Schools was held on the 19th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern, with Mr. Colman, M.P., in the chair. It was stated that more than a thousand children had been educated in these schools, which have three hundred scholars at present. Upwards of £2000 was contributed in the room.

Mr. Baron Pollock having reserved judgment in the action brought by Sir Rowland Hill and others against the Metropolitan Asylums District Board, whose smallpox hospital at Hampstead the jury declared to be a nuisance, the arguments in the case were heard last Saturday, and judgment was postponed to the January sittings.

In the Chancery Division yesterday week a compulsory order was made by Vice-Chancellor Malins to wind up the West of England Bank. The investigation into the affairs of the Bank showed the debts to be £3,300,000; and the assets being sufficient within £304,000 to meet the liabilities other than legal expenses, the creditors, his Lordship said, would no doubt be paid in full, an adequate number of shareholders being sufficiently solvent to meet all the claims that might be made against them.

The wardnotes for the election of Common Councilmen for the City of London were held last Saturday. For the most part the retiring members were re-elected; but in seven wards polls have become necessary by the nomination of one or two more than the number of vacancies. Resolutions of condolence with the Queen were passed at several of the meetings; in two wards objection was made to the use of asphalt pavements in the City; the construction of a new bridge was approved by one ward; and the completion of the Inner Circle Railway was also the subject of some discussion.

The trial of the action for libel brought by Mr. Wybrow Robertson against Mr. H. Labouchere for an alleged libel in *Truth* was brought to a close yesterday week. The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, said the question the jury had to decide was whether the defendant had or had not failed to justify his publication of the statement that the plaintiff had been dismissed for dishonesty. The jury found for the defendant; and said, in answer to the Judge, that they considered that the charge of dishonesty against Mr. Robertson was proved. On the application of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, the Lord Chief Justice consented to stay execution, in order to allow a point of law to be argued.

Estimates were submitted at the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week showing that the expenditure for the ensuing year will amount to £1,053,283. This is a considerable increase upon the present year, and will require a rate of a small fraction under sixpence in the pound, which is an increase of one penny upon the present rate. It was stated that since the Board had come into existence the population of the metropolis had increased by 1,300,000, that the number of houses had increased by 150,000, that 600 miles of streets had been constructed, that the assessment had more than doubled itself, and that upwards of twenty millions sterling had been expended in improvements, six millions of which had been repaid.

We have received the Christmas Numbers of the *St. James's Magazine*, the *Charing-Cross Magazine*, the *Masonic Magazine*, and the *Gardener's Magazine*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, late of the 57th Regiment, has been elected Chief-Constable of the Ipswich borough police, vacant by the resignation of Superintendent Mason.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have published a Bible to which are appended references in the New Testament to passages in the Old Testament, a chronological table of the Gospel history, and an index to the persons, places, and subjects mentioned in the Scriptures.

The liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank were engaged last Monday in receiving payment of the first instalment of the call which has been made upon the shareholders—viz., of £250 per £100 stock. A few had already sent in their amounts, but the great majority of the proprietors only paid on Monday. Some time will elapse before it is known how much this first payment has yielded.

Private theatricals, without costly scenes or costumes, and with a proper selection of the subject performed, are not an unprofitable diversion at this festive season. A book of "Plays for Young People," including songs and choruses, has been composed by the Rev. J. Bamby, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. These seem to be modelled on the popular Fairy Extravaganzas of Mr. J. R. Planché, and they are not unworthy of that class of dramatic literature. The music is adapted and arranged by Mr. T. Rogers, of New College, Oxford, Precentor of Durham. Messrs. S. Tinsley and Co. are the publishers of this acceptable volume.

The quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool last week from the United States and Canada was again very large. Four steamers arrived in the Mersey having on board 5777 quarters of beef, 1352 carcasses of mutton, and 449 dead pigs. The steamers conveying live stock were five in number, their consignment amounting to 576 head of oxen, 748 sheep, and 42 pigs. A very large quantity of poultry arrived from Canada during the week, intended for the Christmas markets. The Caspian of the Allan line brought about 4000 turkeys, geese, and ducks, and the Dominion Line steamer *Mississippi*, 1600 turkeys and geese.

The principal events in the Volunteer world last week consisted of prize distributions. On Saturday the annual winter inspection and presentation of prizes to the 3rd Middlesex Artillery took place at Westminster Hall; the 26th Middlesex (Customs and Docks) had their prizes presented to them, in the great hall of the Cannon-street Hotel, by Mrs. Kennard, the wife of the commanding officer; and those of the 29th Middlesex were given by Lord Enfield, their honorary Colonel, in the St. Pancras Vestry Hall. There was a very large gathering at the Townhall, Stratford, on Wednesday week, to witness the distribution of prizes to the members of the 3rd Essex Artillery. Alderman Sir Thomas White presided, and Lady White distributed the prizes. The annual prize distribution of the 1st Sussex took place on Monday night, in the Corn Exchange, Brighton—Lieutenant-General Shute, M.P., the honorary Colonel of the corps, presiding.

COUNTRY CAROL SELLERS AND SINGERS.

For a month or so before Christmas one of the signs of the approaching season is seen, in sequestered villages and hamlets, in the shape of a vender of carols, rudely printed and still more rudely illustrated on flimsy-looking broad-sheets. To a rural population, this peripatetic carol-seller is the harbinger of Christmas, just as much as the carolling lark heralds the Spring and the swallow the Summer. And this wandering Autolycus is not only a carol-seller, but he is also a carol-singer; and, therefore, he is doubly welcome, especially to rustic hearers, like Mopsa, who dearly "love a ballad in print," even if it be sung "to a very doleful tune," which, in the majority of instances, is usually the case with the wandering carol-singer's collection.

In our modern Arcadia the shepherd's pipe is no longer the caten reed; nor is it the "one short pipe" that Beattie put into the mouth of that Edwin who "was no vulgar boy," such as was the urchin of Margate, who lives for us in the Ingoldsby legend; nor does the modern rustic Strephon address his Chloe in alternate verse, and with "rudest minstrelsy." It is only on rare occasions that he betrays himself into song, unless when fuddled with the nauseous mixture, slandering the name of beer, with which the village public-house drugs him. As a curly-headed ploughboy Hodge may whistle as he follows his team over the upturned tilth; but ordinarily he is no singer. Christmas, however, is one of those exceptional seasons when he bursts into song. He is a very Robin Redbreast in this particular, that his song sounds all the more inspiring from its being so cheerily piped in the cold and wintry weather.

But, if Hodge bursts into unaccustomed song at Christmas, his vocal efforts are not made solely with a reference to his own pleasure, nor does he carol from mere exuberance of feeling and from harmony with the season. Hodge is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to be a severely practical man, and to care more for bread and bacon than for Shakespeare and the musical glasses. The one will feed himself and family more or less fully and satisfactorily; the other would only set his poor wife a wool-gathering. And so Hodge becomes, for the brief Christmas season, a professional performer, and sings for money, not, like the Christmas Robin, "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," but, by dint of careful study, much painstaking, and private practice. For, anything that he can earn at Christmas will be an extra indeed, and doubly welcome as helping to provide for his family something in the shape of Christmas cheer—although that comforting phrase, so suggestive of turkey, roast beef, and plum-pudding, may mean to him nothing more than a scrag end of mutton, a lump of boiled pork, a pot of beer from the public, and a big suet dumpling in which a few raisins are playing at hide-and-seek. But it is with the brilliant prospect of this family festivity before him, and with the fond hope of gleaming one or two shillings' worth of coppers out of the bounteous monetary harvest of Christmas, that Hodge is induced to look out for the appearance of the country carol-seller, as keenly and expectantly as the opera-frequenting anticipates the debut of some new Swedish nightingale or Terra-del-Fuego cantatrice.

He comes at last—the last minstrel for the year—an unwashed individual, with a battered hat and muddy garments, and with a general appearance of sleeping under haystacks and living on gin-and-water—or, perhaps, gin without the water. But he has his bundle of carols with him, and he can sing them to certain tunes, although with a husky voice and indifferent intonation. There they are, however, printed on fly-sheets after the old fashion, on wretched paper and with miserable type, from the presses of Pitt, or Batchelor, of Moorfields, or the redoubtable Jemmy Catnach, of Monmouth-court, Dudley-street; and they seem to bring with them a flavour of St. Giles's and the Seven Dials, which will be improved by ventilation in the pure country air. Each carol-sheet is headed by a bleared woodcut, which is presumed to have some reference to the verses underneath, but whose style of art is so pre-Catnachian that the subject is as obscure as a buried treasure, or a mephitic "nocturne." But the vender knows the tastes of his hearers, and is well aware that if he offered them a spick-and-span new carol, tastefully printed and illustrated on a clean white sheet, they would turn away from it, and reject it as not being the genuine article. And so he brings them the easily-recognised coarse and flimsy broadsheets, and they welcome them as old friends and Christmas acquaintances. After all, there is much virtue in early associations, more especially at Christmas; and Hodge may be credited with the desire to stand in the old paths.

Great is the choice that is offered to him. He can have "God rest you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay;" or, "I saw three ships come sailing by;" or, "When Christ was born of Mary free;" or, "Behold the grace appears;" or, "As I sat on a sunny bank;" or, "The first good joy our Mary had;" or, "Christians, awake! salute the happy morn." Or he can pick and choose among these—"Come, all you faithful Christians;" "Lullaby, my baby, what meanest thou to cry?" "When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he;" "As it fell upon a day, when Dives made a feast;" "A Virgin most pure, as the prophets did tell;" "A glorious star from heaven appeared;" "While shepherds watched their flocks by night;" "Ye faithful triumphant, enter into Bethlehem;" "It is the day, the holy day, on which our Lord was born;" "Come Christians all, behold the Lamb;" "High let us swell our tuneful notes;" "On Christmas night all Christians sing;" "Now, thrice welcome Christmas, that brings us good cheer;" or the always popular "Hark! the herald angels sing." The choice of tunes is as great as the choice of carols; and any quaintness of words or roughness of metre is smoothed and mellowed to the hearers by time and long familiar usage. Anything new-fangled in the way of tunes is avoided, and "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and "Moody and Sankey" are but sparingly laid hands upon to supply the melodies for these country-sung carols.

Hodge gives a copper for the broadsheet; listens attentively to its tune as it is hoarsely bawled in gin-inspired strains; and—perhaps greatly assisted thereto by a sharp little child blessed with a good ear—catches something near enough to the melody to pass muster when sung out in the cold, in the village street or before the farmer's door, on a Christmas night. Up to the time of its public performance his spare moments are industriously given to mastering the words of the song and in *da capo* repetitions of its tune. In cowsheds and stables, with his team, or among those "beasts of the stall" to which the theme of the carol is not inappropriate, he hums it over and over to himself, and works it out more elaborately in his own cottage, with the help of his little Lizzie and Johnny, before the mother puts them to bed, there to dream of the coming joys of that season when the herald angels sang Peace on earth.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

There was a considerable fall of snow in London on Sunday. In Scotland several railway lines have been blocked by the drifted snow. Ice accidents are reported from Warwickshire and Enniskillen, causing the loss of six lives.



ON THE ROAD TO ALL MUSJID.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I am not going to join in the general chorus of doleful complaint concerning the inclemency of the weather; nor, on the other hand, do I partake of any marked extent in the enthusiasm of the optimists who talk about "A regular old-fashioned Christmas, Sir! Fine bracing, invigorating weather!" The enjoyment of Christmas when there is a hard frost, when the snow lies thick on the roads, and the temperature is bitterly cold, depends very much upon our material circumstances. With twenty thousand a year and nothing to do for it, a gentleman need not feel the cold to any appreciable extent. With nothing a year but what he earns by day labour, and that labour not in demand; with the victuals out and the brokers in, and the teapot full of nothing but pawnbrokers, duplicates, Christmas and bitterly cold weather somehow fail to come in agreeable association.

Meanwhile the streets are either in a perilously slippery or a disgracefully sloppy condition. In the city of St. Petersburg, the capital of that "semi-barbaric" country, Russia, where the winter begins in mid-November, and does not always end with March, you may walk or drive about the streets without difficulty and without discomfort. You should wear a far *schoub* if you be rich enough; or, should you be poor, a *touloupe* or sheepskin coat, with the leathern side out and the woolly side in, will serve your turn as effectually as a similar material served Mr. Bryan O'Lynn in the ballad. That gentleman found a sheepskin "mighty convenient." In St. Petersburg the foot-pavement on the streets is carefully scraped and sanded twice a day throughout the winter. The cab-horses do not fall down, because the horses are properly shod. In London there is a little perfunctory scraping of doorsteps on a frosty morning; but the *troitotir* not immediately in front of private dwelling-houses is left to take care of itself; and the icy waste is speedily taken possession of by gangs of roughs and street boys, who make long slides and "keep the pot boiling" thereupon, to the peril of the lives and limbs of elderly and infirm foot-passengers. If one of the sliding roughs be remonstrated with, he launches a torrent of foul abuse at the remonstrant, or if there be a heap of snow lying handy, constructs a snowball (possibly with a stone in the middle) and hurls it at the stranger's head.

Mem.: Snowballing in a picture is a very pretty pastime indeed. In one of Wilhelm von Kaulbach's noble illustrations to Goethe there is an admirable representation of a skating-scene, in which a pretty girl is playfully pelting one of the male skaters, a pensive youth of aristocratic mien, with snowballs. Now, I am not young, nor is my mien aristocratic; but I am pensive; I am purblind, and I am "shaky on my pins," or unsteady on my legs. I do not care about being snowballed in the public streets either by pretty girls or by ugly roughs. Yet, I suppose that we have all thrown snowballs, more or less, in our time. I remember well that when I first went as a small boy to school in France I availed myself of the first snowy morning in the playground to fashion the biggest snowball my hands could mould and to "heave it" at a passing playmate. I saw no harm in the act. He did. Snowballing was not among the recognised diversions of that particular school, and I found that I had gotten myself into a terrible scrape. It was a "Star Chamber matter," almost. I was haled before the supreme authority of the school. I was accused of "*conduite singe*" and "*conduite d'ordonnée*." I was charged with having been guilty, *solemment et notoirement*, of certain *voies de fait envers un camarade*; and M. le Proviseur was for sending me to the *cachot*, or black hole, for three days, on a bread-and-water diet, when the worthy mathematical professor, who had happened to have lived long in England, good-naturedly explained to the Chief that English boys were accustomed to throw snowballs almost so soon as they could throw anything. So I got off with fifty "*mauvais points*" and a hundred lines of Virgil to learn by heart. But it was a fearful narrow escape. Is snowballing accounted a crime in English schools at the present day, I wonder?

Touching the cab horses. I asked a civil and intelligent cabby, the other day, why he did not get his horse's shoes roughed? "Why, Sir," he made answer, "it costs a shilling to get 'em roughed; and then to-morrow, p'raps, it'll thaw; and then, bang goes another shilling to get 'em unroughed; and, more than that, there ain't enough farriers in London to rough all the horses, if the frost's a heavy one." It seems to me that, after all, roughening the shoe is but a clumsy way of making horses sure-footed. A correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out that in Germany horseshoes are punctured with a hole at either end, into which, when the roads are slippery, a small iron spike is screwed. When the horse comes home to its stable the groom unscrews the spikes and screws in a couple of buttons or studs to prevent dirt getting into the orifices.

Amplifying this reasonable hint, Mr. Colam, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, informs the public that there is an English horseshoe analogous to the German—one called the "Fleming" shoe, which can be made by any farrier, seeing that Mr. Fleming has generously waived all claims to patent rights or royalties in the invention. But we ought to have had such a safeguard against slipperiness long ago. Why, Cribb and Belcher, Tom Spring and Jem Ward, never fought in the old days of the Ring without "sparrow-bill" shoes, the soles of which were spiked or studded to prevent their wearers slipping down on the smooth sward.

Yet one more seasonable item. We have, it is pitifully obvious, a vast amount of utter destitution in our midst, destitution which we are all doing our best, according to our several means to alleviate. In particular, many kind-hearted people are busied with the pleasant task of regaling the poor, ragged, hungry children of the Great City with good hot, nourishing dinners. That truly benevolent clergyman and accomplished ornithologist, the Rev. F. O. Morris, has, however, pointed out that we have around us vast multitudes of destitute and hungry little creatures that, through the severity of the weather, are perishing from starvation. They are not, fortunately, ragged, since Providence has endowed them with beautiful suits of clothes made entirely of feathers; and they live in homes which they make for themselves, without hands, and for which they pay no rent; but just now they have nothing to eat. No worms. No berries. Who will compassionate the small birds? It is the easiest and most inexpensive thing possible to administer to the immediate needs of these tiny feathered folk. You may keep your money in your pocket and your cheque-book in your drawer. To relieve the misery of the birds you have only to bid the parlour-maid to be careful to scatter the crumbs from the tablecloth after each meal over the back garden. If you have no back garden, crumb your window-sill well; and when you go skating in the parks take a bag of crumbs with you and throw them into the frozen bushes of the plantations. Did you ever see the pigeons fed in St. Mark's Place, Venice? Did you ever stroll into the courtyard of the "Pigeon Mosque"—it is the Mosque of Bayazid, I think—at Stamboul while the birds are at dinner? Pious

endowments have been founded to give the birds bread all the year round for ever.

Touching our feathered friends, here is a puzzle for the French Editor of the *World*; but, lest that Sage should not be an adept at guessing conundrums, I will append the solution. What, *M. le Rédacteur Français*, is the cheapest way of catching small birds? The recipe must be given in French. "Vous ouvrez votre fenêtre et vous jetez sur le seuil de la mie de pain. Les petits oiseaux viennent et le mangent. Le second jour vous ouvrez votre fenêtre, et vous jetez du froment. Les petits oiseaux viennent et le mangent. Le troisième jour vous ne jetez rien du tout. Les petits oiseaux viennent; et ils sont attrapés." But it would be both cruel and cowardly thus to "catch" little birds. Let us therefore follow the counsel of the Rev. F. O. Morris, and feed them with our waste crumbs.

Mem.: What is a "snaire"? I find this (to me) astonishing word used in the third line of an enigmatical copy of verses in French in the last number of the *World*. Has "snaire" anything to do with "the Hunting of the Snark;" or is it a misprint for "suaire," a winding-sheet? G. A. S.

NEW BOOKS.
BIOGRAPHICAL.

Whoever reads history, the newspapers, and the periodicals, especially those portions of them which relate to politics, must necessarily be familiar with the greater part of what is contained in the two volumes entitled *The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.*, by Francis Hitchman (Chapman and Hall); but it is not everybody, even in these latter days, who can manage such a course of reading. To those who cannot, as well as to those who can, the two volumes may be recommended, to each group for a different reason; to the former as a new and interesting study, to the latter as a means of collation, so as to compare notes, to reconsider hastily formed conclusions, to correct downright mistakes. Those mistakes are for the most part, probably, connected with what can only by a stretch of meaning be included in the range of his "public life;" mistakes, in fact, concerning his school-days, if he ever had any, concerning the pecuniary circumstances of his early life, concerning the extent to which he was tarred with the attorney's brush, and so on—affairs which are generally considered to belong to the private side of a man's life, unless, indeed, the life of a boy at a public school is to be taken as public in the sense in which the term is applied to the soldier's, the sailor's, the politician's, and many other careers. The author announces, with an air of satisfaction not likely to be shared by his readers, that the "illustrious subject" of his book "has been in no way consulted or concerned in its preparation," and that his "personal relations with him have been confined to a formal presentation some six years ago." This announcement is, of course, sufficient to remove any apprehensions of collusion; but, after all, a gentleman, even a nobleman, is himself the best authority on many points connected with his own life, and it is an advantage for his biographer to have consulted him as to matters of fact relating to his birth, parentage, education, and the rest of it. However, the author, by diligent research, has been led to conclude that the present Lord Beaconsfield is, what nobody has ever denied, "by descent a Jew," of the stock of the Sephardim; that he was born, as is not so generally admitted, on Dec. 21, 1804; that he was baptised, though the date has often been disputed, on July 31, 1817, in the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn; that "no public school can boast of numbering him amongst her sons," and "no University can claim the honour of being his Alma Mater;" that, "if he were ever at school, the name of his schoolmaster has been forgotten," and that "he seems to have been brought up in his father's library, and to have been in a great measure left to educate himself;" that he was never "a copying clerk in a lawyer's office," and that he was never even articled, though he made a brief trial of existence at an attorney's in Old Jewry, where, however, he did not write, for all the statements to the contrary, his first novel; that certainly he "has risen from the ranks," though he was never "a poor man in any sense of the term;" that he was never a journalist, to the extent, at any rate, of being "a constant contributor to the daily and weekly press;" that his "Vivian Grey," which may be regarded as his first serious bid for fame, "made its appearance in two instalments—the first, of three slim volumes, being published in 1826, the second, of two volumes, in 1827," that he "took the town by storm" thereby, and that, being at that time a "lion" in London society, he "seems to have been guilty of some little foppery in dress and manner;" that, "as is evident" from his book, he had already travelled when, in 1829, he set out to explore "the mystic East;" that, after his return from his travels, in 1832, he was a contributor for several years to Lady Blessington's "Annals;" and that from that date he commenced his course of active politics by standing for High Wycombe and suffering his first defeat. Henceforth the biography is for the most part a compilation, a careful and laborious compilation, from all manner of published documents, equally open to anybody else, but unlikely to tempt anybody else to undertake a similar operation for the satisfaction of personal interest. To the compiler, therefore, many thanks are due for the trouble he has taken in weaving together into a connected narrative scattered pieces of information and all that tends to throw light upon the various phases of a great career, with the addition, be it gratefully observed, of an index, even if he appear now and then to spin out his work with unnecessary detail, tedious analysis, unprofitable criticism of newspapers' criticism. The spirit of the biography is that of hero-worship, of an unbounded admiration which political opponents are pretty sure to describe as almost fulsome adulation. That Lord Beaconsfield has suffered from abuse and detraction is not to be denied; but "hard words break no bones," and we ought all of us by this time to have learnt the lesson taught by the eminent Frenchman, who said of a political foe, "he calls me scoundrel, miscreant, a wretch unworthy to live; what he means is that we hold different opinions." Perhaps, when we have thoroughly learnt and digested that lesson, our public speakers and writers may exhibit more moderation in their language, if only because they are aware that no importance whatever will be attached to their "wild and hurrying words," and that they will fall under suspicion of untrustworthiness for the very reason that they "protest too much." Between a "master of invective" and a "master of Billingsgate" the shade of difference is often almost imperceptible.

Memory recalls in a hazy way the achievements of a wonderful man, as soon as the eye is cast upon the two volumes entitled *William Cobbett: A Biography*, by Edward Smith (Sampson Low and Co.), a man who, though of very humble origin, came to be a power in the State, and to wield a personal influence, through the press, such as in any country but England might have cost him not only his liberty but his head. His biography carries us back a long way. He was born at

Farnham, Surrey, on March 9, 1762, and he died on Jan. 18, 1835. His grandfather was a day labourer on a farm; his father, having improved his condition, was a small farmer; and he himself, the third of four sons, arrived, when old enough, "at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding the plough." But he was destined to shine in another field, for which at the outset he seemed to be as little qualified as any human creature could be. When, at about eleven or twelve years of age, he took French leave of his home and set off one fine morning for Kew Gardens in search of gardener's work, he could just read well enough to be enchanted with that "Tale of a Tub" on which he spent his last threepence, at the expense of his grumbling stomach, and which, no doubt, sowed the first seeds of intellectual culture within him. When, at the age of twenty or twenty-one, having been previously "spoiled for a farmer" by a glimpse of the sea and the thoughts awakened thereby at Portsmouth, he fairly ran away from home for good, emphatically and literally for good, and became quill-driver to an attorney in London, he "could write a good plain hand," but he was still all abroad as to grammar and orthography. And this was his condition of education when, after a short spell of quill-driving, he "took the King's shilling" and "went for a soldier" to Nova Scotia. The state of the British private, as described by Cobbett, was at that time simply awful; but it was in all probability the making of Cobbett, though it would have been, and undoubtedly was, the ruin of many a man not so well constituted physically, mentally, and morally, and let it be borne in mind, so thoroughly instructed in sound and honourable principles by his humble but excellent father. The very misery and starvation, and the want of occupation which drove his comrades to seek a solace in drink, when they could get it, and in all manner of dissolute and frivolous pastime, impelled him, with his sober, healthy, active habits, for activity is of the mind as well as of the body, to take refuge from hunger and idleness in hard, sustained, uncompromising study. And so, when he left the army, after seven or eight years' service, having reached the grade of sergeant-major, he had a very considerable knowledge, not only of grammar, but of logic, rhetoric, and arithmetic; he could write something more than "a good plain hand," and he had made the acquaintance of French and fortification. And all this he had taught himself; the same time ploughboy had transformed himself into a comparatively learned man. After this, in 1792, feeling the influence of the Republican spirit which was abroad, he must needs go and see things for himself, first in France, with an oblique intention of improving himself in the French language, and then in the United States. It is not long, then, before the ex-ploughboy is actually teaching "the English language to French people in Philadelphia," and composing a grammar which was so successful as to be, after a while, "in general use all over Europe." He had not been long in the United States before his indignation was greatly kindled by attacks upon his country; and his indignation did not, like Juvenal's, "make verse," but it made prose flow from his pen, such prose as nobody who differed from him had any difficulty in understanding. And so he became a political writer. He also became, by force of circumstances in the first instance, his own publisher and bookseller. He was not without experience of the publishing business, therefore, when he returned to England, full of hatred for Republicanism, in 1800; and he was already favourably, or, at any rate, honourably known in his own country under his celebrated pseudonym of "Peter Porcupine." The ex-ploughboy was soon in the thick of newspaper writing and newspaper publishing, was hand and glove with Tories of the highest standing, had the ear of a vast audience, and in 1802 started the famous "Political Register." In 1803 he projected, it appears, the publication which has become identified with the name of Hansard. He had begun his course of political writing in England by lauding Mr. Pitt to the skies; he soon finds reason to change his tone, and to denounce the "heaven-born Minister." He showed himself strong in language, strong in measures, strong in the arm; he would probably have called himself a law-abiding man, but he inflicted prompt personal chastisement on occasion, when libellous charges seemed to render it excusable. He was in truth what is called a "masterful" creature, with such bodily health and thews and sinews as a bully would desire above all things, but with such mental force and capacity as a bully seldom or never possesses. In December, 1832, he was returned as member of Parliament for Oldham; and thus was fulfilled a desire which the ex-ploughboy had not cherished until late in life. His Parliamentary career was short and scarcely brilliant. When "the House assembled on the evening of June 19, 1835," "a whisper circulated upon the benches to the effect that the member for Oldham was dead." To class Cobbett as a politician is what few people would attempt to do; perhaps he should be put in a class by himself, and labelled nameless. As a man he was wonderful certainly, if he be not altogether admirable; and among his personal characteristics must be included enormous egotism and sublime self-assertion. The story of his life is well worth the trouble, if it be a trouble, of reading; but what, if any, reason there may be for telling, or retelling, it just now is not to be discovered from any statement in the two volumes devoted to the purpose, which two volumes, it must be thankfully recorded, have an index, as well as an appendix containing a "bibliographical list of William Cobbett's publications."

Popularity, in the widest sense of the term, can hardly be predicted for the *Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D.*, by his son, the Rev. James T. Hodgson, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.), but it may safely be affirmed that the two volumes will be read with extraordinary interest and delight among a comparatively, but by no means positively or superlatively, small circle. The author, for lack of "personal recollections or original letters," has "endeavoured to make the letters of friends, as far as possible, illustrative of the life and character of their correspondent," and to bring out certain phases of the period, social, political, or literary, "by indicating mutual opinions on matters of contemporary interest." He calls this "a novel mode of procedure," and considers it "liable to much adverse criticism;" but only an unreasonable being would object to a method which, to say nothing of dire necessity, results in an oblation of letters written by Lord Byron, by members of Lord Byron's family, and by all kinds of celebrities, especially of the scholarly order. That scholars should predominate is but natural, inasmuch as the subject of the memoir is that Rev. Mr. Hodgson, sometimes but erroneously called Dr. Hodgson, who was elected to the Provostship of Eton, on May 5, 1840, and whose "best memorial of his work at Eton is to be found in the numerous improvements which by his resolute energy, his conciliatory kindness, and his consummate tact, he successfully inaugurated—improvements which gave an impetus to similar efforts, and formed a fitting conclusion to a life devoted from the first to the best interests of religion and literature." That life began on Nov. 16, 1781, at Croydon, where the father of Francis Hodgson was master of Archbishop Whitgift's school, and terminated at Eton just two days before the end of the year

1852. Provost Hodgson will go down to Etonian posterity with acclamation or execration, as the stern abolisher of "mentem." To Eton he had gone as a boy in 1794; and in 1799 "he was elected to a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees, being excluded," we are told, "from public classical competition by the prejudicial restrictions then imposed upon Kingsmen." In 1808 we find him residing at Cambridge, as fellow and tutor of King's; in 1814 he married the first of his two wives, Miss Taylor, "a young lady of great beauty and refinement," who died in 1833; and in the interval between 1808 and 1814 he had cemented with Lord Byron that intimate friendship which, with its accessories, will be considered by the general reader, to whom, probably, Eton and Cambridge and scholars and scholarship will be matters of indifference, to invest the memoir with a singular charm. The cement of the friendship was undoubtedly Lord Byron's open-handed generosity at a pinch which it is not necessary to particularly specify here. Suffice it to say that Lord Byron laid his friend under so heavy a pecuniary obligation that the "reverence" of the latter could not well help being more tolerant than would otherwise have been expected towards the irreverence of the former. It is quite refreshing to read of such a transaction nowadays, when the good old fashion of opening one's purse to a friend, without any subsequent and consequent coolness on either side, is regarded very generally as incompatible with prevailing social conditions; and it is still more refreshing when we reflect that the friend who needed and obtained a helping hand lost neither self-respect nor the respect of others, as narrow-minded preachers of a sordid creed would have us believe such a man must do, but arrived at great honour and dignity in society, in the Church, and especially in the sphere of duties connected with the education of youth. In May, 1838, Mr. Hodgson married his second wife, daughter of Lord Denman, then Chief Justice of England; and in 1840, as has been already stated, he was elected Provost of Eton, where he left his mark in the shape of many notable reforms. He had some poetical pretensions, and he fulfilled Byron's prediction, "You will go on rhyming to the end of the chapter;" but whether he ever did more than "rhyme" is a question which it were bootless to discuss, and which, with the name and presence of Byron continually at hand to overshadow him, it would be almost impossible to discuss dispassionately. It might give some idea, however, of Mr. Hodgson's place in the poetical scale to state the following approximate proportion: as the better sort of Cambridge prize-poem is to "Childe Harold," so is Hodgson to Byron. And it must be remembered that the names of Tennyson, Macaulay, and other bright luminaries are among those of the heroes who have won prize poems. But all this is apart from the main interest of the two volumes, which will be read principally for the numerous, various, valuable letters. The writers of those letters may be discerned at once by a glance at the useful index.

A ROMANTIC WALK.

Illustrated, but, unfortunately, not provided with an index, *On Foot in Spain*: by J. S. Campion (Chapman and Hall), contains in one large volume a very pleasant, chatty, interesting, instructive account of a romantic walk undertaken by the author from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean. An "unhackneyed route," and the experiences of a traveller "journeying in a different manner from any preceding him," are certainly attractions to which no reader ought to be insensible. It was close upon winter in 1876 when the author cast about for a country whither he might run from the English climate and customs, and, having read that "as a pedestrian tour for pleasure is a thing utterly unknown in Spain, walking is not to be thought of for a moment," was at once inspired by the demon of opposition with the happy thought and firm determination of actually doing what he was forbidden even to think of. He would fain have found a congenial friend; but, such an one not being discoverable, he went forth alone to seek his fortune. And though he met with nothing very astounding, he had adventures, and adventures of which it is very pleasant and amusing to read his account. He is a sportsman, and thereby hangs his first tale of adventure. For no sooner had he left Bayonne and San Sebastian, the limit of his travelling by rail, behind him, than he found some difficulty in recovering his trusty gun, of which he had been not unreasonably deprived at the frontier, and in obtaining a license to carry arms. He also discovered that he was in "the land of to-morrow," where an applicant for anything and everything—at any rate, if the application be made to an official—is always, apparently, put off with the courteous admonition, "Wait till to-morrow and go with God." So agreeable, however, did he, as his readers also will, find San Sebastian, that he stayed there much longer than he had intended; so long, indeed, from the 14th to the 30th of November, that he began to fear for his chances of reaching the Mediterranean. But at last he was off, with his dog Juan for sole companion, on foot and, in respect of human beings, alone, notwithstanding the ghastly warning he received from a Frenchman, who exhibited the scars of two ugly wounds as evidence of the treatment in store for the lonely traveller. The first place of importance which lay before him was Pamplona, and there he arrived early in December, having in the interval had some strange but, on the whole, by no means unpleasant experience. At Pamplona he made the acquaintance of an eccentric Lieutenant in the Spanish army, who conducted himself in an extraordinary manner described with much vivacity; and, soon after leaving Pamplona, where he remained a few days, he is vindicating the claims of Englishmen to consider themselves superior to all other men in athletics by "dancing down" his partner, the loveliest and lithest of her sex, in an improvised "jota" at the chief hotel of Tafalla. Anon we find ourselves in the author's company at Tudela, and not nearly so much disappointed with his description of it as he appears to have been with the place itself. He chooses this occasion for giving a pretty full account of the aforesaid "jota," or "national dance," which seems to be a sort of first cousin to the "cancan," and therefore not likely to make much way in circles frequented by Mrs. Grundy, or, indeed, in any circles where the proprieties are very carefully studied, however exhilarating it may be to a wild pedestrian traveller who has qualified for the roughest pastimes in the regions of Arizona. Having spent with the author a somewhat embarrassing time among the pretty girls of Tudela, whose beauty, free manners, and freer language are calculated to shock a particularly well-regulated mind, we are once more off on the tramp with him; and in due time, leaving the boundary of Navarra behind us, are informed that we are in Aragon. We now have rather a bad time of it, what with two scores of labouring men whose outward resemblance to one's ideal of the "forty thieves" probably does them injustice, what with an ill-tempered mistress of a café, what with inability to obtain bed and board, and what with the importunate friendliness of a generous but drunken and verminiferous "caballero," until we arrive at Alagon. Here again we watch the author as he dances a "jota," the Aragonese "jota," which differs from that of Navarra, both in other respects and in a total absence of "flagrant improprieties." It is just possible,

however, that the author's experience of the "jota" as danced in Navarra was obtained under exceptional circumstances. Zaragoza next claims our attention; and we are as pleased as the author declares himself to have been with the greater part of what he saw there. Early on the morning of Jan. 26, 1877, our author "walked forth from Zaragoza, bound for Lerida across *Los Montes*, a tract of country which" he "had been solemnly warned against attempting to traverse on foot or alone." But a wilful man must have his way; and in this case the wilfulness resulted in nothing much worse than imminent peril of drowning in the Ebro, savage people, penetrating alkaline dust, roads hard as iron, bad quarters, scanty fare, hot sun, and long marches. At last he reaches Lerida, and is once more in clover. We obtain just a glimpse of the way in which the Carnival is kept at Lerida; we are taken to a masked ball, we are entertained with much delightful gossip about the old place and its inhabitants and its neighbourhood, and then we are marched off to Mollusa, whence, after a night's rest, we move forward to Tarrage and to Cervera. It is not long before we sight Montserrat, as we pursue our way; and after a while we put up at "the considerable town of Igualada." Hereabouts, we learn, on the authority of a certain priest, that Queen Victoria "has for some time been reconciled to Mother Church," but that the fact is not generally known, because "there are reasons of state for great discretions." We next follow the author into a monastic institution, that of Montserrat to wit, where he was admitted as an inmate to remain for three days; and with him we ascend the mountain and share his feelings as he gazes forth and sees the glimmer of the Mediterranean, the limit of his wanderings. On Thursday, Feb. 22, 1877, the author delivered into the proper hands his votive offering to "The Pearl of Cataluna," "Jewel of the Mountain," and "Queen of Montserrat," &c., slung his gun and haversack, and, going "at a rattling pace," had struck before noon "the high road from Igualada to Barcelona." At Barcelona the author detains us, but very agreeably, for an unusually long time, introduces us to different persons, places, and things, and shows us what sort of a reception is accorded to King Alfonso. At Barcelona, too, the author changes his travel-stained costume and puts on the appearance of a civilised being who desires to exhibit himself clothed and in his right mind; at Barcelona he bids adieu to the dog which had been his faithful comrade; at Barcelona he takes the "through ticket to Perpignan, via rail and diligence;" and at Perpignan, after five months, or nearly five months, of romantic rambling, he arrived in due course. There we may take leave of him, with many thanks for his book, with a murmur of regret at the absence of both map and index, with the distinct assertion that the tale of his experience will upset many an accepted idea about Spain and the Spaniards, with the remark that his want of complete grammatical command over a certain English verb and a certain English relative scarcely interferes at all with the favourable impression made by his narrative, any more than the occasional tone of fastness and flippancy interferes with the general enjoyment of his sprightly, genial, straightforward style, and with such a hope of meeting him again before long as may be aptly expressed in the words with which his trip has made him especially familiar: "Go with God, and return to-morrow."

IN TYROL.

Anything more grotesquely and ludicrously profane, as many good Christians count profanity, than the earliest portions of *Gaddings with a Primitive People*, by W. A. Bailie Grohman (Remington and Co.), it would be difficult to conceive; but the author of the two volumes would, no doubt, repudiate with indignation any intention of irreverence, and would plead that he simply states facts which came under his notice, and which he deeply regrets to be obliged to record; at the same time that he would be among the first to improve off the face of the earth, and (especially off the face of Tyrol, the ignorance, the superstition, the mis-called religion, to which such regrettable occurrences are, as he and others may think, to be attributed. But, of course, when an author undertakes to describe a dramatic entertainment in which Divine personages, too awful, almost, to be mentioned by name, are introduced upon the stage and subjected to much such treatment as the clown in a pantomime bestows with a red-hot poker upon pantaloon or another, the most fearful profanity is an inevitable consequence. So much it was necessary to say to prepare the reverent class of readers against the shock to be encountered in the description, with which the first of the two volumes opens, of "The Paradise Play," akin to that "Ober Ammergau Passion Play," of which everybody has probably heard too much, though its performance at the Westminster Aquarium was not permitted to advance beyond the phase of a mere proposition. Having dealt with the "Paradise Play" and its curious if not very edifying associations, the author proceeds to sketch, for the information and amusement as well as instruction of his readers, certain "Alpine characters," such as "the village priest" and "the village schoolmaster," to say nothing of "the antiquarian in Tyrol" and of "the mountain belle." Mention of the "belle" naturally suggests weddings; and, accordingly, we have quite a noticeable number of chapters devoted to the subject of "weddings here and there in the Alps." We are then treated to a chapter concerning "a Tyrolean 'kirchtag' and rifle-match," the "kirchtag" being "the grand fête day of the year in the secluded valleys in Tyrol." After this there is a chapter in which we pay "a visit to a Tyrolean peasant watering-place;" and then comes the concluding chapter, in which we are taken for "an Alpine walk." The author is, or should be, well known already as one who writes with knowledge, as well as in a bright, forcible, picturesque style, and with the sympathies of the sportsmen added to the qualifications of a generally keen and observant spectator, about Tyrol and the Tyrolean, for he has before now given the public a taste of his quality in a very charming and readable book. He assures us that it is a mistake to consider all Alpine subjects written out; that whoever uses such language can only justify it by confining it to mere "surface matter;" and that not one, but many volumes, were still to be written when he began his present work, if full justice were to be done to his favourite mountain-land. His two volumes will unquestionably go a long way to establish the truth of his statement, for he has collected together, and has presented in a very attractive manner, a quantity of material which he has woven into the form of a pleasant and interesting narrative, conspicuous for novelty and freshness. And long residence in the land about which he has written invests him with a character of unusual trustworthiness; there is little or no hearsay, little but knowledge obtained at first hand, to be met with in his account. However, in the "chapter on watering-places in Tyrol" there is a romantic tale which, though it has "found its way into several books," may not be generally familiar. It is a tale about the "man of blood and iron," the redoubtable Prince von Bismarck. There is in the Ulten valley in South Tyrol a small peasant's watering-place, called Mitterbad. Thither, as the story goes, young Bismarck, "then in the first prime of youthful manhood," went for the first time in 1841, and fell a victim to the

charms of Josepha Holzner, daughter of the man who then owned the bathing establishment. The visit to Mitterbad was renewed from year to year, and the flirtation was continued. At last the "man of blood and iron" actually proposed to the lovely "washerwoman," as a "junker" might have called her, and—was refused, not by Josepha, it appears, but by her uncompromising father, who, as "a staunch Catholic peasant," was amazed beyond description at the thought of uniting his daughter with a heretic, storned and swore, and once for all declined the honour. The "man of blood and iron" might well have adopted strong measures, but we are told that he simply "left Mitterbad the next morning," and Josepha, several years afterwards, married the mysterious personage known to sentimental song-writers and novelists under the general name of Another. We need not proceed to consider the questions suggested by the author as likely to arise from a perusal of "this simple little love story;" we may rest content with referring the reader to the author's own pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Wish of His Life. A Novel. From the French of Victor Cherbuliez. 2 vols. (Bentley and Son.)
Tally ho. Sketches of Hunting, Coaching, &c. By Fred Field Whitehurst. (Tinsley Brothers.)
The Students' Reminder and Pupils' Help. By Thomas Marsh. (Stevens and Haynes.)
The "Birket Foster" Portfolio of Gems. (Raphael Tuck.)
Winifred: An English Maiden of the Seventeenth Century. By L. E. G. (John E. Shaw and Co.)
Lady Betty's Governess. By Lucy E. Guernsey. (Shaw.)
The Gardener's Year-Book, 1879. By R. Hogg, LL.D. (171, Fleet-street.)
Counter Seats for Women. The Standing Era. By Dr. A. Edis. (Ridgway.)
Knowing and Doing. Eight Stories founded on Bible Precepts. By Mrs. Paul. (Hodder.)
The Gladiator. 2nd Edition. (C. Kegan Paul.)
John Heywood's British Empire Atlas. (Heywood.)
Within Sound of the Sea. 2 vols. 2nd Edition. By the Author of "Vera." (C. Kegan Paul.)
Border Tales: Around the Camp Fire, Rocky Mountains. By Captain Tuttle. (Low.)
Nanny's Adventures: The Tale of a Goat. By N. D'Anvers. (Kegan Paul.)
The Birthday Book of German Literature. By J. W. L. (Laurie.)
The Railway Diary and Official Directory for 1879. (W. H. Smith and Son.)
Fairy Tales: their Origin and Meaning. By J. T. Bunce. (Macmillan.)
A Memoir of Matthew Davenport Hill. By his Daughters. (Macmillan.)
The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell. Edited by E. J. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
The Irish Bar: comprising Anecdotes, Bon-mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland. By J. R. O'Flanagan. (Sampson Low.)
Forty Years in New Zealand; including A Personal Narrative, An Account of Maoridom, and The Christianisation and Colonisation of the Country. By the Rev. James Buller. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The English Army: Its Past History, Present Condition, and Future Prospects. By Major Griffiths, 63rd Regiment. (Cassell, Petter, and Co.)
Pillars of the Empire: Sketches of Living Indian and Colonial Statesmen, Celebrities, and Officials. Edited, with an Introduction, by T. H. S. Elliott. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1878.

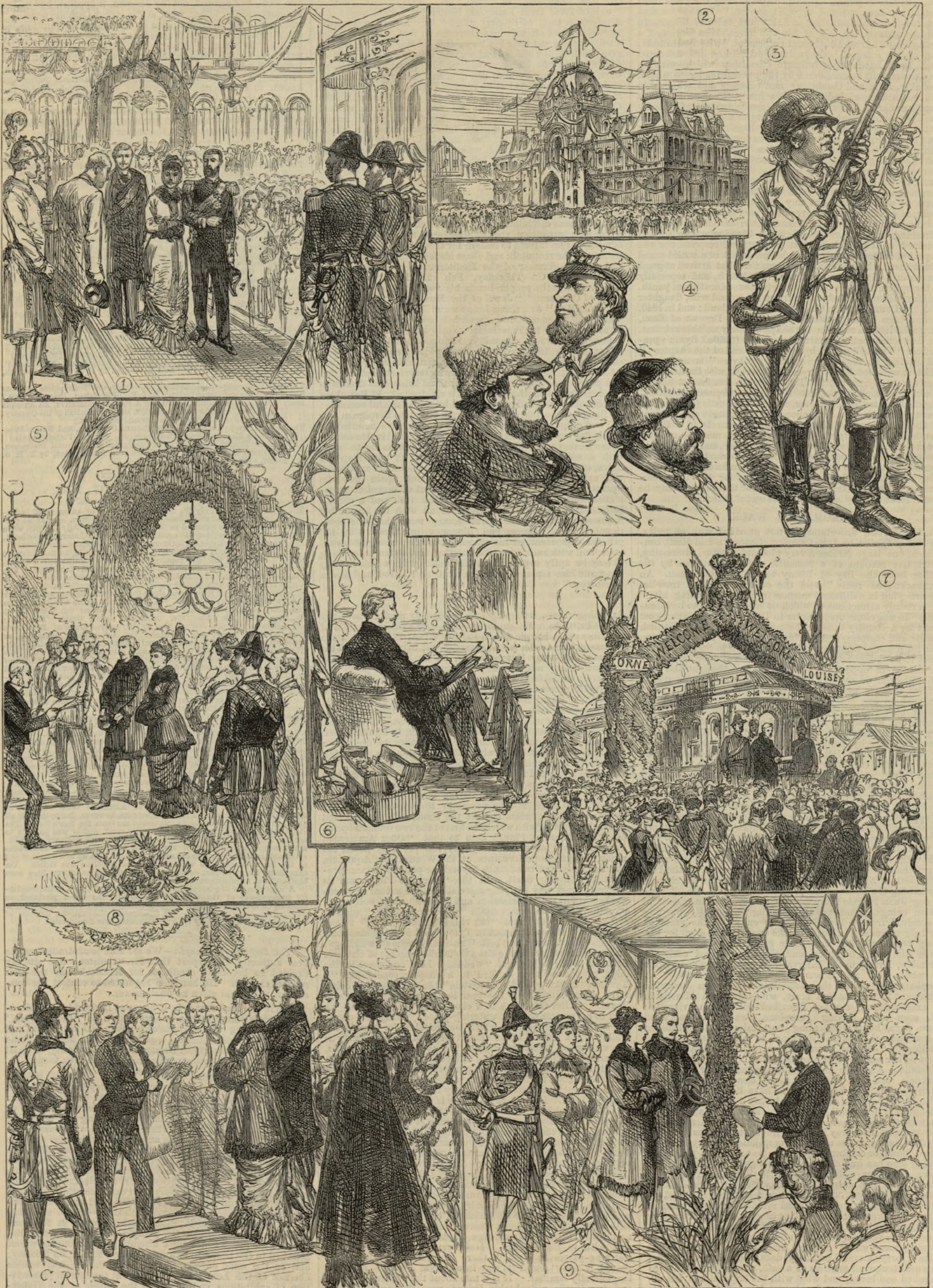
(From the "Illustrated London Almanack.")

The Solar Eclipse of July 29, 1878, was observed by an array of instrumental appliances, and under conditions such as had been seen at no previous eclipse. It was regarded as the return of that of July 18, 1860, when the Moon's shadow crossed the northern parts of the American continent, and, sweeping over the Atlantic Ocean, passed across Spain and Africa. At La Junta, shortly after two o'clock on July 29, 1878, as the Moon cut into the solar disc, the light rapidly waned, and a peculiar yellow colour, gradually changing to a dark neutral tint, overspread the landscape. The cloudless sky became of a leaden hue, and a few minutes before totality Venus and Mercury were plainly visible; immediately afterwards a streak of yellow light seemed to open out along the northern horizon, and the dark shadow rushed across the plain. A few seconds before the Moon's disc completely covered over the Sun, the corona shone out distinctly at 3h. 32m. 20s. (10h. 30m. 27s. Greenwich mean time). From the commencement to the end of the totality not a trace of Leverrier's long-looked-for planet was detected; but for several seconds after totality the corona stood out clear and distinct, and slowly faded away. The duration of the totality was 163 seconds, three seconds shorter than the computed time. A fine series of photographs were obtained, in each of which was shown an amount of detail and structure of the corona far beyond anything previously seen. In two of the prominences there was a well-defined "filamentous" development, and it was noticed that, with the increased exposure of plates, an extension of the corona took place, as noticed by Schuster in the Siam eclipse. The outlying portions of the prominences seemed to extend between three and four diameters away from the Sun. The western extension exhibiting more of the "filamentous structure." The rose-coloured prominences, usually the most striking objects in a total eclipse, were not seen by any of the La Junta observers. With a Nicol's prism and a thick quartz plate radial polarisation was distinctly observed, the polarisation near the limb of the Moon was about 10 per cent. decreasing outwards. Photographic evidence of polarisation was obtained by exposing gelatin-bromid prepared plates in a Ross symmetrical lens camera of five-inch focus and 0.5 effective aperture, at the back of which was a double-image prism. The plate was exposed about eighty seconds. At West Las Animas (latitude 33° 04' and longitude 99° 52' min. 48' sec., west Greenwich) spectroscopic observations of the eclipses were made, and the well-known green line 1474 of Kirchhoff's scale was seen in the continuous spectrum. Line and spectrum, however, disappeared at all points at a height of about eight minutes of arc from the Sun's limb. The violet parts of the spectrum were remarkably vivid, and it was possible to see far into the ultra violet much further than with ordinary sunlight. Spectroscopic examination of the corona showed a strong continuous spectrum, reaching nearly to the calcium line H, and up to a height of 0.3 of the Sun's diameter no weakening of the spectrum was visible. On examining the green part of the spectrum indications of two lines were observed, but no measurements could be made. A large number of general observations were made, such as the wonderful transparency of the Colorado atmosphere, the effect produced on animals, on the colours of objects, their visibility, &c., whilst the darkness was far from being so great as was anticipated, although the decrease of temperature, as indicated by Edison's tasimeter, was considerable.

The Leeds Mercury says:—We are able to contradict on the best authority the report that Mr. Gladstone has actually decided to become a candidate for Midlothian at the next general election. He has been requested to contest the constituency, but has given no final answer.

There has been found in a house at Larkfield, near Maidstone, lately occupied by a woman known as "Becky Wise," an old stocking which contained about 500 sovereigns and twenty-three spade guineas, together with the deeds of some freehold house property at Brompton, and a quantity of small silver. No will disposing of the property has been found.

The usual Conference of Head Masters of Public Schools was held at Harrow on Friday and Saturday last week, under the presidency of Dr. Butler. They passed a vote of thanks to the Universities for their efforts to carry out the wishes of the conference in providing means for testing and certifying the efficiency of teachers. There was also a discussion on whether Greek might be made an optional subject for a degree at the Universities, about which there was a great difference of opinion.—Lord Houghton yesterday week distributed the prizes to the students at Goole Grammar School, and in his address referred with satisfaction to the establishment of board schools throughout the country, and expressed the hope that parents who could afford other means would send their children to middle-class or grammar schools.—On the same day Mr. W. S. Stanhope, M.P., distributed the prizes at the Doncaster Grammar School.—Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter, distributed the prizes to the boys attending the practising school attached to the Diocesan Training College, Exeter, on Monday; and on the same day Mr. Sheriff Bevan (in the unavoidable absence of the Lord Mayor) presided at the annual presentation of exhibitions and prizes to the pupils of the Haberdashers' (Hoxton) Schools. These schools were founded by Robert Aske, a member of the Haberdashers' Company, early in the seventeenth century, and at the present moment provide accommodation for 300 boys and 300 girls.



1. Leaving railway station at Halifax.
2. View of railway station.
3. Feu de joie at Amhurst.

4. Character heads at St. Flavie station.
5. Reading address at Monckton.
6. The Marquis of Lorne writing answers to the addresses in railway carriage.

7. Scene at Amhurst station.
8. Reading address at Truro.
9. Reading address at St. Hilaire.

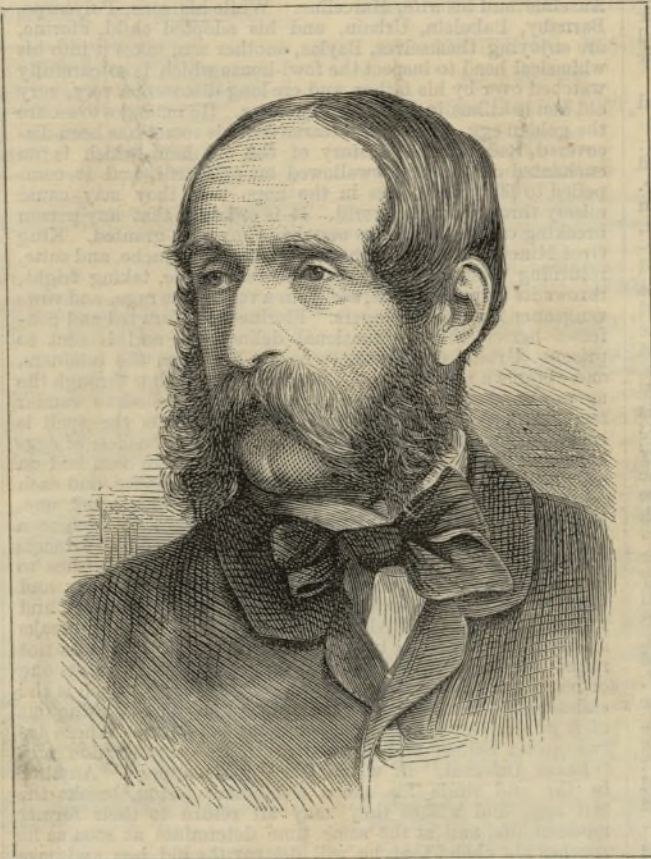
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE IN CANADA: SKETCHES ON THE JOURNEY FROM HALIFAX TO MONTREAL, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

MAJOR WHYTE-MELVILLE.

It is sadly noticeable how frequently distinguished horsemen meet their death from the most trivial accidents. George Ede, the most accomplished gentleman rider that ever weighed out, was killed at a fence that a schoolboy could have negotiated on his pony; Harry Grimshaw and George Stevens, who had "carried their lives in their hands" scores and scores of times, died from injuries received by being thrown out of gigs; and now Major Whyte-Melville, one of the most finished cross-country riders of the day, has been killed when galloping across a piece of ploughed land. His horse, probably distressed by the heavy state of the ground, came down, and the Major, falling heavily, dislocated his neck and died instantaneously. Major John George Whyte-Melville was born in 1821, and entered the Coldstream Guards in 1839. He became Captain in 1846, but retired from the Army about three years later. On the outbreak of the war with Russia, however, he joined the cavalry of the Turkish Contingent, and remained in that service until the declaration of peace in 1856. As a hunting man he was most catholic in his tastes, equally at home in the shires, with the wild deer on Exmoor, with Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds, or with the Baron's in the Vale of Aylesbury; and though by no means remarkable for expensive mounts, it was rarely indeed that he failed to hold his own in any country. But it is as a novel-writer that Whyte-Melville will be best remembered by thousands of his countrymen. "Digby Grand," which was, we believe, his earliest work, at once made him a reputation, and "Kate Coventry," "Market Harborough," "Satanella," "Katerfelto," and many other works, well sustained it. Few writers could boast of more versatility, for "The Gladiators," "Sarchedon," and others, which were written in a widely different style from those which we have previously mentioned, have also obtained great popularity. As the poet laureate of the hunting-field he stands quite alone, and his songs will not be forgotten nor unsung as long as there is a pack of hounds in England.

HENRY DAWSON.

This eminent landscape-painter died on Friday, the 13th inst. He was born at Hull, in 1811, but was taken to Nottingham when a year old, and, having resided there for thirty years, he always regarded himself and was regarded by the people of the town as a Nottingham man; hence the organisation of the remarkable exhibition of his works in the Art-Museum of Nottingham Castle last summer. He began life as a "twist hand" in a lace factory; but, the love of art manifesting itself, he devoted his spare time to painting, and adopted art as his profession in 1835. In 1844 he went to Liverpool, and in 1849 removed to Croydon, where he painted some of his finest works, including "The Wooden Walls of Old England," "The Rainbow," "The Rainbow at Sea," "The Pool from London Bridge," and "London at Sunrise." From Croydon Mr. Dawson went to Thorpe, where he painted the noble picture of "The Houses of Parliament." The last years of his life were spent at The Cedars, Chiswick, where he died, after a long and painful illness. Throughout his career, till a very few years back, the artist struggled on the borders of poverty through the lowness of



THE LATE MAJOR WHYTE-MELVILLE.

the prices at which he was obliged to sell his pictures. At the Academy his works were either rejected, "skied," or "floored." That he was to some extent a follower of Turner, though not a servile one, was doubtless prejudicial to him with an institution that was not only unjust to Turner himself, but has scarcely recognised the great branch of art in which many Continental artists and critics think our school has (since the time of Reynolds) won its highest distinction. The closing of the Old British Institution, where Mr. Dawson's pictures were always well placed, was a serious blow to him; and so was the failure of a movement (through the death probably of his friend, John Philip) to redress the injustice of his exclusion from the Academic ranks. At length, in 1872 and '73, when the artist was past sixty, his pictures were for the first time placed on the line at the Academy; and almost concurrently the market prices of his works increased in a proportion which has had

few parallels, except in the case of David Cox and Turner. He now received more to sign his early pictures than he had originally sold them for. As a single example of the rise in price, we may mention that "The Wooden Walls," which in 1852 was bought of the artist for £75, sold at Christie's in 1876 for £1400. Mr. Dawson will, we believe, rank in the history of our school but little, if at all, after Crome, Müller, Cox, and other of our long inadequately appreciated masters. He has left two sons who follow closely, perhaps too closely, the father's style.

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, 1879.

There is scarcely any annual publication which strikes us as more suitable or more acceptable for a Christmas present than a copy of this valuable work. A drawing-room is inadequately furnished without it, and the student's library cannot be considered complete unless the book is on the shelf. To official and legal men, and, indeed, to the public at large the information it contains is indispensable. As each year passes, we are enabled, on the receipt of Burke's Peerage, to make our annual retrospect of peerage and baronetcial events. During the past twelve months we find that only two new creations have been made, Cranbrook and Norton, the former conferred on Lord Beaconsfield's staunch colleague, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the latter on Sir Charles Bowyer Adderley, an ex-Minister who, in his time, has done the state good service. There has also been one promotion, and one justly deserved—that of the Lord Chancellor to the Earldom of Cairns. Historically, the Peerage is enriched by the restoration of the Scottish Earldom of Lindsay, and by the termination of the abeyance of the Baronies of Mowbray and Segrave in favour of Lord Stourton, the senior coheir. During the same interval fourteen Peers have died, and two Peeresses in their own right—viz., the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover), the Marquis of Ailesbury, Earls Bathurst, Ravensworth, Leitrim, Russell, Ashburnham, Lauderdale, and Dysart; Viscount Southwell; Lords Middleton, Kinnaird, Dynevor, and Chelmsford; the Countess of Newburgh, and Baroness Gray. It is a strange coincidence that the number of deceased Peers in the year 1878 is precisely the same as in the previous year, 1877.

Among these deaths occur those of Lords Russell and Chelmsford, and also that of the King of Hanover, an event which raises a curious point as to the precedence and position of his son, the present Duke of Cumberland. Sir Bernard, in his Preface, argues, and we think conclusively, that the title retains pre-eminence over all dukedoms not Royal. Whilst only sixteen Peers and two Peeresses in their own right have died, there have been no less than thirty-one deaths of Baronets. The more remarkable among these were the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, the distinguished soldier and writer; Sir William Stirling Maxwell of Keir and Pollok, still more eminent in literature; the Right Hon. Sir William Gibson Craig, Lord Clerk Registrar of Scotland; and Sir F. R. Goldsmid. One Baronetcy, that of East, has become extinct, and one new Baronetcy made, that of Buchanan. We find an interesting addition made this year for the first time—viz., an official list of the ladies decorated with the Royal order of Victoria and Albert, and with the Imperial order of the Crown of India.



THE AFGHAN WAR: WITH THE KHOORUM VALLEY FIELD FORCE.—GENERAL ROBERTS LEAVING KOHAT FOR THE FRONT.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

From the list we have already given of the Pantomimes we may observe that they are as numerous as ever; whether as entertaining, the public have had to decide. In the brief space of time that we have had to attempt an extended account of their contents, we can do little more than indicate their general character and such few details as can be collected of their specific subjects and treatment.

DRURY LANE.—The "Annual," as Mr. E. L. Blanchard delights to call his pantomime, at the national theatre, is entitled, as we have already informed our readers, "Cinderella; or Harlequin and the Fairy Slipper." The subject is old and frequently repeated, yet seems never to wear out. Mr. Blanchard adheres, as he always does, to the familiar story in all its leading incidents. It has pleased him on this occasion, however, to lay the scene on the borders of France and Germany. The action commences with a mountain pass and woody glen in the Black Forest by sunset, wherein the Princess Pumpernickel (Mr. Frederick Vokes) and the Prince Amabel (Miss Jessie Vokes) are amusing themselves with hunting the wild boar. The Fairy Iris, spirit of the rainbow, presents in a vision the face of Cinderella to the Prince, whom he resolves, as Sheridan Knowles would have said, "to win and wear." The famous slippers are the first objects of attention, as essential to the very motive of the drama, and these are especially made in the Glass Factory of the Basaltic Valley for the occasion. Next, Cinderella herself comes, as the modern Spiritualist would say, into manifestation, and we are induced to witness and sympathise with the sufferings which she receives from the cruelty of her elder sisters. These circumstances, and others relating to the famous invitation to the ball, and the various incidents recorded in the old fairy chronicles with which every child is acquainted, are all set forth in the action of the well-appointed scenes that compose the introduction to the usual harlequinade. The transformation scene is especially brilliant. It is called "The Assemblage of the Hours." The scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, is on an extensive scale, and comprises some singularly novel effects. Nor are the costumes neglected, which are, indeed, very elaborate, and designed, with the accessories, by the ingenious and fanciful artist M. Wilhelm; the dresses themselves are by Mrs. May. The properties and machinery are provided by Messrs. Hone and Tucker, and have the advantage of their extensive experience. The overture and music are composed and selected by Karl Meyder, a highly skilled and clever musician. Mr. John Cormack is, as usual, responsible for the ballets and general action. The performance is sustained and elevated by the splendid acting of Mr. Frederick Vokes and Miss Jessie Vokes, already mentioned; and these are greatly assisted by Fawden Vokes and by Miss Victoria Vokes, in the parts of the Baron's servant, Kobold, and Cinder-Ella. The wicked sisters, Pavana and Vixena, are forcibly represented by Miss Julia Warden and Miss Hudspeth. Mr. Fred Evans and Mr. Charles Lauri are the clowns.

COVENT-GARDEN.—"Jack and the Beanstalk; or, Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'Em," has been written expressly for this theatre by Frank W. Green, with new and magnificent scenery by Julian Hicks, dresses designed by Alfred Thompson and executed by Auguste and Co. The ballets are arranged by M. Dewinne. The music is composed and arranged by M. Marlois. The pantomime is invented and produced by Charles Harris. The Model Dairy Farm of the Widow Simpson; Jack's mother (Mr. Herbert Campbell), who is suffering from impetuosity, from which strait her son Jack (Miss Fannie Leslie) and her page, Thomas (Mr. G. H. Macdermott), are unable to suggest any outlet, opens the story; and they accordingly resolve to sell the cow, which the foolish boys unthinkingly exchange for a hatful of beans, which, thrown away by the dame, and taking root, grow to the skies. Jack climbs the beanstalk, and is followed by the dame, the page, and the dog Punch (Master Lauri). Jack next passes through Fairyland, where he receives a magic sword from the Fairy Queen (Miss Kate Paradise), and where we are treated to a ballet, with Mesdames Limido and Sidonie as principal dancers. Jack rescues the fair Princess Panste (Miss Clara Jecks) from the Giant's castle, and, after a series of astounding adventures, is directed by Quicksilver to the Grand Palace of King Pippin (Mr. E. J. George), where a fête is held in honour of Jack. "On the road to the beanstalk" we are introduced to the "Seven Champions as We've Christened 'Em," all of whom aspire to the hand of the Princess, promised to him who shall slay the giant. Quicksilver presents Jack with a magic axe, with which to cut the beanstalk. The fall of the beanstalk shows the giant lying dead, having in his descent crushed the houses of the villagers. Here a general rejoicing takes place, the soldiers take possession of the body, and the hero Jack is congratulated by them and the populace upon his achievement. The Throne-Room of King Pippin then shows us the union of Jack and the Princess, and Thomas is united to the blushing dame. We next pass to the grand Transformation of the Fairy Beanstalk, painted by Mr. Julian Hicks, which is on a scale of unusual splendour. The harlequinade gives us our old favourite Harry Payne as Clown, Misses Phillips and King as Columbine and Harlequina, Messrs. George Vokes and Tully Louis as Harlequin and Pantaloon. Messrs. A. and S. Gatti in this, their first dramatic production at Covent-Garden Theatre, have spared neither trouble nor expense. The excellence of Mr. Hicks's scenery, the dresses of Auguste and Co., and the properties of Messrs. Labhart and Burdett need no comment.

GAITEY.—The pantomime at this house anticipated the customary night by being produced on Saturday, the 21st, and proves to be a revival of Mr. H. J. Byron's "Jack the Giant-killer," originally produced at the Princess's in 1859. It is needless to say that it has been entirely rewritten and immensely improved. The scenic accessories have been supplied by Mr. Banks, and are of remarkable excellence. Some of them are marvels of perspective—such as a corridor of columns and windows of wonderful depth, the illusion of which is perfect; and a mechanical set of the Glowworm's Dell in the Haunted Forest, introducing a transformation scene of dazzling beauty and endless developments, implying an expenditure not easily to be calculated. The ballet scenes are equally remarkable, particularly one in which Mlle. Anea performs a "flying dance," together with many other startling and graceful things, and must command admiration and patronage. Miss Jenny Hill, a little girl, sustains the part of Jack with exquisite vivacity, singing and dancing with admirable efficiency. At length "the Golden Gates of Progress" let in the harlequinade troupe, Mr. W. Warde as Harlequin, Miss C. Gilchrist and Miss L. Wilson as Columbines, Mr. W. Orkins as Clown, and Mr. Bishop and Mr. Hector as Pantaloon and Policeman. The merits of this Christmas drama and its performance must ensure it an extended and prolonged popularity.

ALHAMBRA.—Here we have a version of "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or," as translated from the French of MM. Dennery and Clairville, and of which, except the last act, a grand dress rehearsal has been already presented to a select public. The rising of the curtain reveals a picturesque view of a chalet and

the ruins of a once handsome edifice, now converted into a fowl-house. This chalet, with its surroundings, has long been in the possession of Anselme, an old farmer. A village fête is taking place in the valley to celebrate the diamond wedding of Anselme and his wife, Marceline. While his sons, Polycarpe, Barnaby, Babolein, Urbain, and his adopted child, Florine, are enjoying themselves, Baylas, another son, takes it into his whimsical head to inspect the fowl-house which is so carefully watched over by his father, and ere long discovers a very, very old hen that has just laid a golden egg. He manages to secure the golden egg. His father learns that his secret has been discovered, and tells the history of the old hen, which is an enchanted one, having swallowed an evil genii, and is compelled to lay golden eggs in the hope that they may cause misery throughout the world. It is ordained that any person breaking one of these eggs may have any wish granted. King Gros Minet, with his daughter, Princess Fanfeluche, and suite, returning from hunting, the Princess's horse, taking fright, throws its Royal mistress, who is in a very great rage, and vows vengeance upon the villagers. Florine steps forward and confesses herself the unintentional delinquent, and is sent to prison. Urbain endeavours to rescue her from the retainers, and obtains a promise from Anselme to restore her through the agency of the Magic Eggs. Anselme is compelled to wander forth through the world, until by some means the spell is broken under which he suffers. One of the five baskets of eggs is a black one, which is filled with eggs that have been laid on a Friday. The five brothers come into the hen-house, and each takes a basket of eggs, Babolein choosing the black one. Polycarpe breaks one of the eggs, and wishes to become a mighty Emperor, in the hope of obtaining the hand of Princess Fanfeluche. Barnaby breaks another egg, and wishes to become a Grand Turk and make Fanfeluche his Sultana and head of his seraglio; and Babylas breaks one of his eggs, and wishes to be a second Alexander the Great; Babolein breaks an egg, and wishes to become King Perfume, but does not reign over the perfume he intended; whilst Urbain breaks one of his, and wishes that Florine were set at liberty. Such is the elaborate basis of this extravaganza plot. The working out of it would require more space than we can afford. There are two grand ballets and a scene in Hades—a procession and "Danse Infernal," in which the Girards appear. Anselme in the end reads his son a wholesome lesson, breaks the last egg, and wishes they may all return to their former mode of life, and at the same time determines as soon as he reaches his chalet that he will destroy the old hen and have no more golden eggs.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—The new pantomime, by the Brothers Grimm, called "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp; or, the Flying Palace and Big Ben of Westminster," is, indeed, altogether a splendid affair. Mr. Fawn, as an old widow, delights his audience with a catchword, owing its effect entirely to repetition, and Miss Kate Phillips, as an Eastern schoolboy, misbehaves herself to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Collette, as a masked demon, and a wicked magician, indulges in stage imitations as entertaining as they are exact; while Mr. Paul Martinetti as the dumb slave of Abanazar, delights us with some genuine pantomime action. The female element is remarkably strong in the cast of the action, and much fine scenery, by Mr. W. Perkins, illustrates the various incidents in a manner truly picturesque and brilliant.

SURREY.—"The House that Jack Built; or, Harlequin Dame Trot and the Little Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe" (written by Joseph Mackay), is the subject of the pantomime. We pass at once from the Haunt of the Hags and the Home-stead of Jack's Parents to a Forest Glade, where Robin (Mlle. Rosa Garibaldi) and Mopsa (Miss Madge Johnstone), having come out for a quiet stroll, are overtaken by an ominous storm, and the awful voice of the Giant Roar-and-buster is heard. The Giant is killed. The Building of Jack's House, of course, forms a main incident of the action. This is seen going on busily until it is completed, and the hero is in a position to regard himself in the light of a man of substance, carrying out the old nursery legend about the malt, &c., faithfully. Prosperity reigns supreme, and the Prince's revels are conducted in good old English style, introducing mummies, St. George and the Seven Champions, morris-dancers, choral singers, and a new grand Ballet of Nations, terminating with a princely magnificent tableau, and a transformation scene representing A Dream of Love in Fairyland, designed and painted by Mr. Charles Brooke. In the harlequinade we have as Clown Wattie Hildyard, as Harlequin Mr. George Canning, as Pantaloon Mr. Albert De Voy, as Columbine Miss Kate Hamilton, and as Policeman X X X X Z Mr. F. Hinde.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—"Robin Hood; or, Harlequin the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest" is the title of the Christmas pantomime by Mr. John Douglass. The story is thus told:—At the shop of Eustace de Smith, High Sheriff and butcher of Nottingham, we learn that Robin, the head man at the butcher's (Miss Milly Howes), has conceived an affection for his master's daughter. The master butcher has already promised her hand to the Knight Templar, the celebrated Sir Guy of Gisbourne (Mr. Frank Percival), who is very deaf. The knight arrives to dispute the claim of the butcher's apprentice, offers large bribes, and, of course, interests the papa on his behalf. The Sheriff proposes that day six months for a grand archery match, the Alceomers' prize to be his daughter's hand. Sir Guy is satisfied his own talent will succeed; Robin is crest-fallen, but the Fairy assistance determines to invest Robin with superlative skill as a marksman, and casts a spell on Sir Guy, that everything he aims at shall be continually on the move. Robin leaves the house and flies to the forest. The Sheriff's fête-day arrives, with the procession for the shooting-match. But an uneasy feeling prevails, the fame of the great Robin Hood being now established. Robin wins the match. The Sheriff refuses the prize to Robin, who thereupon seizes Marian and bears her off with the assistance of his bold outlaws. The Sheriff, visiting the forest for a picnic with his friends, is robbed and maltreated; and a grand ballet of Merry Men and Maid Marians takes place. King Richard now determines to proceed with the Crusades. A grand spectacular display follows, illustrating an event of peculiar significance at the present time—viz., the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard Cœur de Lion. The scene represents a dioramic view of Famugusta Bay from the heights overlooking the sea. The Crusaders, in gorgeous costumes and brilliant accoutrements, are supposed to have landed on the other side of the island, visiting Larnaca, and are seen descending the rocks by a rough circuitous passage, driving the wild inhabitants before them. Then follows a series of magnificent tableaux, pending the arrival of the King, and the elaborate and costly pageant terminates with an entirely original and unparalleled combination of colour and effect, representing the marriage of Richard I. and Queen Berengaria, with attendant festivities, as having historically taken place about 1192 in the island of Cyprus, now forming part of the British Empire. The whole of the magnificent scenery and the transformation-scene, representing the Hanging Bowers of Fairyland, are painted by Mr. Richard Douglass, assisted by Mr. John Neville.

ROYAL PARK.—The pantomime is founded on the popular Arabian Nights' story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, which it literally follows. The Transformation Scene represents the Home of the Lilies and Mystic Geni of the Cave. The pantomimists are composed of the Artelli Troupe.

PAVILION.—The pantomime, entitled "Little Red Riding Hood and the Gob(b)lin Wolf; or, Harlequin Jack in the Box," is founded on Mr. Frank W. Green's Christmas story of "Jack in the Box." The Grand Transformation Scene is designed and executed by R. M. Hyde, and the harlequinade is supported by the popular Alexander Family.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—We have already given a summary of the pantomime of "Dick Whittington" in our last, and need not repeat it in extenso. In this version Dick Whittington is sent to the Court of Cabul, whose chief is at war with this country. A good scene is made of the deck of the Adventure and a section of its cabins. A squall arises, and the sailors ascribe its cause to the presence on board of the cat, and they attempt to throw him overboard. The storm rapidly increases, and the ship (by an ingenious mechanical arrangement) sinks bodily, with all hands, the last glimpse we get showing Dick and the cat clinging to a mast in the open sea. We reach at last the Court of the King of Cabul. Dick is brought before the King, and eventually earns his Majesty's gratitude and rewards by disposing of the hitherto uncontrollable rats by means of his cat. Dick returns to his native land rich with presents from Cabul and raised to high honours. Mr. Henry Emden's transformation scene is entitled "A Christmas Card."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The pantomime is entitled "Robinson Crusoe," and written by Mr. Augustus Harris. We are at once introduced to Dame Perkins's Home, and to a dance of peasants. Robinson being advised to seek fortune abroad, and then return and claim Polly as his bride; Atkins, his rival, conspires with the captain of the ship to make away with Crusoe. Crusoe accordingly is interrupted in his loving farewell, and hurried away by the pirate crew. The next scene shows the ship in rough weather (all rocking and rolling). After a ballet on deck and a hornpipe, Crusoe is ill-treated by the Captain, and is in danger of his life. The waters rise over the ship, and the wicked Captain is gobbled up by the Octopus. Under the sea, the fishes visit the wreck and indulge in a grand ballet. We have next the usual scenes in Crusoe's Island. Then succeeds a Grand Indian Ballet. Ultimately, the King of Savages abdicates in favour of Atkins, and returns to the old country with Robinson. The ship, sailing up the Thames, arrives at the Tower Steps. The Presentation of the Freedom of the City by the Lord Mayor to Robinson and Friday leads to the Transformation (by W. Telbin), the subject of which is the Adoration of Venus. The general scenery is painted by Mr. F. Fenton.

SANGER'S.—The Christmas annual at this establishment is an old friend with a new face, the title being "Harlequin Cinder Ella and the Little Glass Slipper; or, The Kitchen-maid that was made a Princess," rewritten by the prolific pen of Mr. H. Spry, which opens with the Abode of Father Christmas (Mr. G. Bradfield), who, with the attendance of his accompanying friend Jollity (Mr. Hayes), deprecates the present state of affairs and domestic bereavements, but endeavours to dispel depression by summoning the condiments of Christmas cheer in the forms of Sir Gander the Goose, Sir Gobble the Turkey, Sir Sirloin of Beef, Old Tom, and Pine-apple Rum; but, lo! the Christmas pudding is forgotten. In the progress of the plot Cinder Ella (Miss Beresford), bewailing her well-known trials and sufferings, seeks consolation in "forty winks," during which the Fairy Godmother (Miss Marlett) appears to her in her dreams and reveals a vision of her future. Here a most charming effect is produced by a Lilliputian equipage approaching through the fireplace by the magic aid of Genecosa. The prince and Cinder Ella are converted into Harlequin (Mr. Laurene) and Columbine (Miss Nellie Flora). The wicked baron is converted into Clown (the great Little Sandy), while Beateous is transformed to Pantaloon (M. Pietro), when the fun of Harlequin and Clown commences. The pantomime terminates with a military display of the war in Afghanistan and passage of troops through the Khyber Pass.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.—The holiday amusements of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, inaugurated on the 26th, present as usual a great variety of performances, which are designed to continue, morning and evening, until Jan. 13. We may mention that the hall has just been magnificently decorated and illuminated, and that an entirely new and beautiful proscenium and scenery have been painted by Mr. Richard Douglass. The holiday programme is of surpassing merit, and has been selected with great care and judgment.

HAMILTON'S.—The excellent pictorial and musical entertainment given by Mr. Harry H. Hamilton, who has become the lessee of the spacious edifice formerly known as the Holborn Amphitheatre, will be sure to secure that prominent place in the list of holiday amusements to which it is so deservedly entitled. It may be noted that, in what is called "A Pansterorama of Passing Events," the landing of the troops in Cyprus will be followed by Views of the Khyber Pass in Afghanistan, accompanied by appropriate dramatic and musical illustrations. Morning performances are given on Mondays and Saturdays.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A change of lectures was inaugurated on Monday, the programme consisting of a musical promenade; a discourse by Mr. J. L. King on the Electric Light: its Production and Use; the clever illusion of the Zoocephalic troupe: Afghanistan, by Mr. T. C. Hepworth; and Notes on Noses, by Mr. J. W. Benn. To which may be added the customary diving-bell, and Mr. Oscar Hartwell's entertainment of "Raleigh's Queer Dream," entirely rewritten by Tiffins Thudd, Esq. Other lectures and entertainments are also on the card.

THEATRES.

At the PRINCESS'S, owing to the failure of the mechanical drama lately produced, the management have judiciously revived Mr. Charles Reade's popular drama, entitled "Never Too Late to Mend," which, after thirteen years, will, doubtless, still be found effective. The cast is a powerful one, and embraces the strength of the company.

The manager of the Gaiety has addressed the public on the success of the reforms introduced by him on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Gaiety on Dec. 21, 1868. He has kept, he says, the theatre open for ten years, without closing it for more than ten weeks at night. Within the same period, he had also given 379 matinées, which he had established on a new principle, that of presenting a different performance in the afternoon. He likewise congratulates himself, and deservedly so, on having abolished all fees, at the cost of £10,000.

We perceive that Mr. Irving at the LYCEUM is about to adopt the same policy, and to distribute gratuitously programmes and books. We have no doubt that the result will also prove to be profitable, and reward his liberality.

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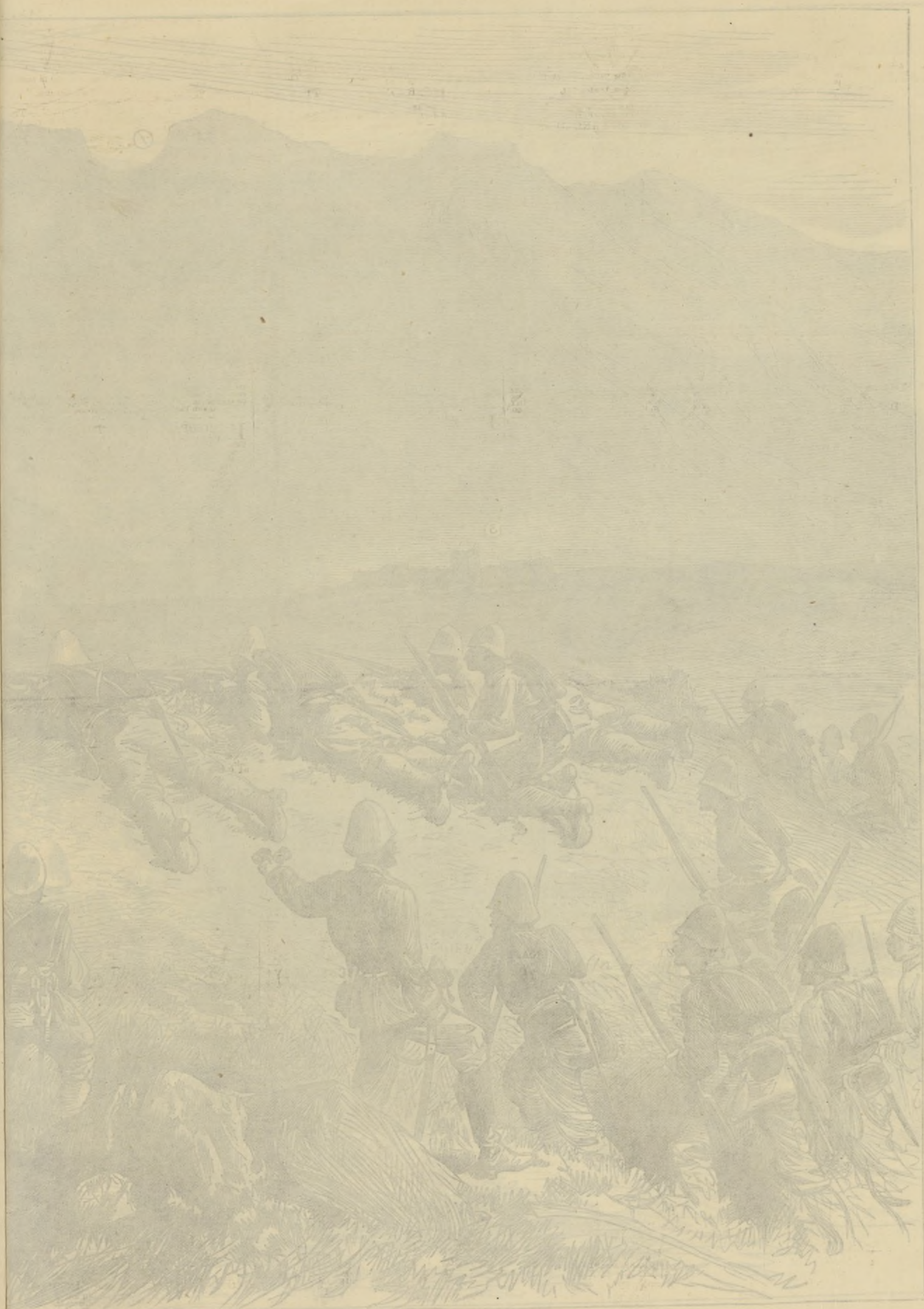
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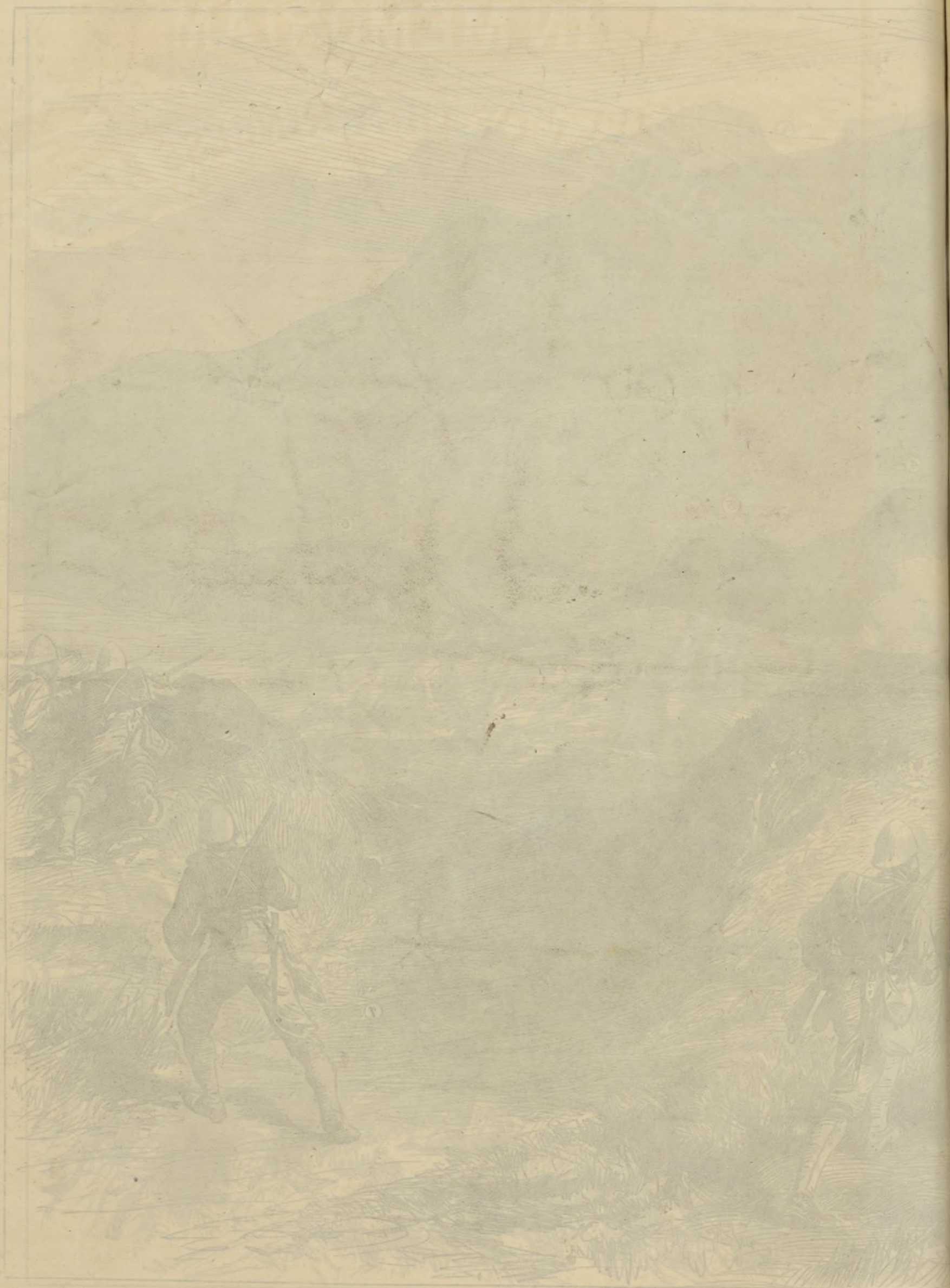
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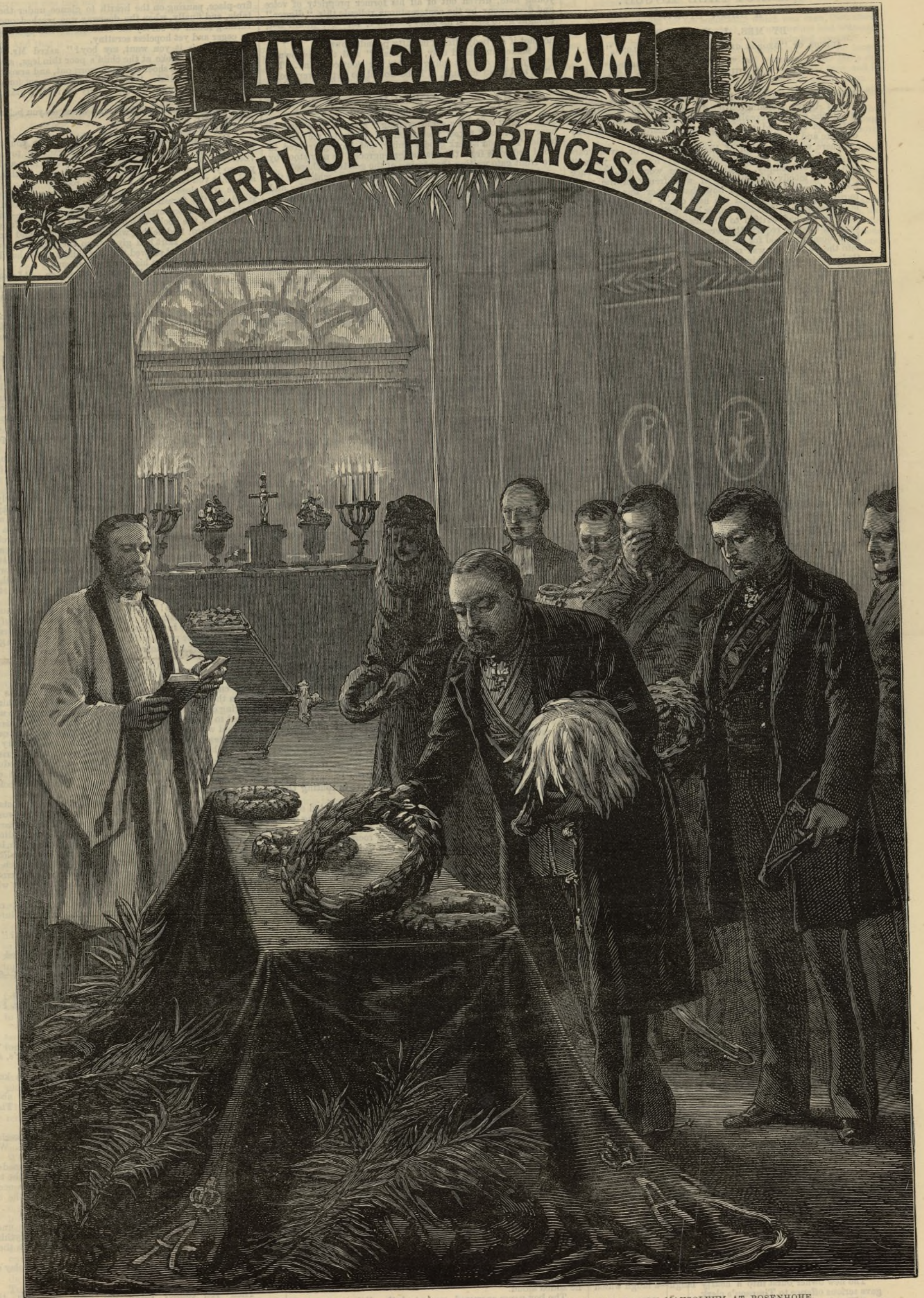
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FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



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THE TOWN AND TOWN OF ALL MOUNTAINS IN THE NORTH OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE LEOPOLD PLACING WREATHS ON THE COFFIN IN THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM AT ROSENHOHE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WALNUT-TREE HOUSE:

A GHOST STORY.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GRITH," "TOO MUCH ALONE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW OWNER.

Many years ago there stood at the corner of a street leading out of Upper Kennington-lane a great red brick mansion, which one very wet evening, in an autumn the leaves of which have been long dead and gone, looked more than ordinarily desolate and deserted.

There was not a sign of life about it. For seven years no one had been found to live in it; for seven years it had remained empty, while its owner wore out existence in fits of moody dejection or of wild frenzy in the mad-house close at hand; and now that owner was dead and buried and forgotten, and the new owner was returning to take possession. This new owner had written to his lawyers, or rather he had written to the lawyers of his late relative, begging them to request the person in charge of the house to have rooms prepared for his arrival; and, when the train drew into the station, he was met by one of Messrs. Timpson and Co.'s clerks, who, picking out Mr. Stainton, delivered to that gentleman a letter from the firm, and said he would wait to hear if there were any message in reply.

Mr. Stainton read the letter—looked at the blank fly-leaf—and then, turning back to the first words, read what his solicitors had to say all through once again.

"Humph," said the new owner, after he had finished. "I'll go and take a look at the place, anyhow. Is it far from here, do you know?" he asked, turning to the young man from Timpson's.

"No, Sir; not very far."

"Can you spare time to go over there with me?" inquired Mr. Stainton.

The young man believed that he could, adding, "If you want to go into the house we had better call for the key. It is at an estate agent's in the Westminster Bridge-road."

"I cannot say I have any great passion for hotels," remarked the new owner, as he took his seat in the cab.

"Indeed, Sir?"

"No; either they don't suit me, or I don't suit them. I have led a wild sort of life; not much civilisation in the bush, or at the gold-fields, I can tell you. Then, I have not been well, and I can't stand noise and the trampling of feet. I had enough of that on board ship; and I used to lie awake at nights and think how pleasant it would be to have a big house all to myself, to do as I liked in."

"Yes, Sir," agreed the clerk.

"You see, I have been accustomed to roughing it, and I can get along very well for a night without servants."

"No doubt, Sir."

"I suppose the house is in substantial repair—roof tight, and all that sort of thing?"

"I can't say, I am sure, Sir."

"Well, if there is a dry corner where I can spread a rug, I shall sleep there to-night."

The clerk coughed. He looked out of the window, and then he looked at Messrs. Timpson's client.

"I do not think"—he began apologetically, and then stopped.

"You don't think what?" asked the other.

"You'll excuse me, Sir, but I don't think—I really do not think, if I were you, I'd stay in that house to-night."

"Why not?"

"Well, it has not been slept in for nearly seven years, and it must be blue mouldy with damp; and if you have been ill, that is all the more reason you should not run such a risk. And, besides—"

"Besides"—suggested Mr. Stainton: "Out with it! No doubt, that 'besides' holds the marrow of the argument."

"The house has stood empty for years, Sir, because—there is no use in making any secret of it—the place has a bad name."

"What sort of a bad name—unhealthy?"

"Oh, no!"

"Haunted?"

The clerk inclined his head. "You have hit it, Sir," he said.

"And that is the reason no one has lived there?"

"We have been quite unable to let the house on that account."

"The sooner it gets un haunted, then, the better," retorted Mr. Stainton. "I shall certainly stop there to-night. You are not disposed to stay and keep me company, I suppose?"

With a little gesture of dismay the clerk drew back. Certainly, this was one of the most unconventional of clients. The young man from Timpson's did not at all know what to make of him.

"A rough sort of fellow," he said afterwards, when describing the new owner; "boorish; never mixed with good society, that sort of thing."

He did not in the least understand this rich man, who treated him as an equal, who objected to hotels, who did not mind taking up his abode in a house where not even a drunken charwoman could be induced to stop, and who calmly asked a stranger on whom he had never set eyes before—a clerk in the respectable office of Timpson and Co., a young fellow anxious to rise in the world, careful as to his associates, particular about the whiteness of his shirts and the set of his collar and the cut of his coats—to "rough" things with him in that dreadful old dungeon, where perhaps he might even be expected to light a fire.

Still, he did not wish to offend the new owner. Messrs. Timpson anticipated he would be a profitable client; and to that impartial firm the money of a boor would, he knew, seem as good as the money of a Count.

"I am very sorry," he stammered; "should only have felt too much honoured; but the fact is—previous engagement."

Mr. Stainton laughed.

"I understand," he said. "Adventures are quite as much out of your line as ghosts. And now tell me about this apparition. Does the 'old man' walk?"

"Not that I ever heard of," answered the other.

"Is it, then, the miserable beggar who tried to do for himself?"

"It is not the late Mr. Stainton, I believe," said the young man, in a tone which mildly suggested that reference to a client of Timpson's as a "miserable beggar" might be considered bad taste.

"Then who on earth is it?" persisted Mr. Stainton.

"If you must know, Sir, it is a child—a child who has driven every tenant in succession out of the house."

The new owner burst into a hearty laugh—a laugh which gave serious offence to Timpson's clerk.

"That is too good a joke," said Mr. Stainton. "I do not know when I heard anything so delicious."

"It is a fact, whether it be delicious or not," retorted the

young man, driven out of all his former propriety of voice and demeanour by the contemptuous ridicule this "digger" thought fit to cast on his story; "and I, for one, would not, after all I have heard about your house, pass a night in it—no, not if anybody offered me fifty pounds down."

"Make your mind easy, my friend," said the new owner, quietly. "I am not going to bid for your company. The child and I can manage, I'll be bound, to get on very comfortably by ourselves."

CHAPTER II.

THE CHILD.

It was later on in the same evening; Mr. Stainton had an hour previously taken possession of Walnut-Tree House, bidden Timpson's clerk good-evening, and, having ordered in wood and coals from the nearest greengrocer, he now stood by the front gate waiting the coming of the goods purchased.

As he waited, he looked up at the house, which in the uncertain light of the street lamps appeared gloomier and darker than had been the case even in the gathering twilight.

"It has an 'uncanny' look, certainly," he considered; but once I can get a good fire up I shall be all right. Now, I wonder when those coals are coming!"

As he turned once again towards the road, he beheld on its way the sack of fuel with which the nearest greengrocer said he thought he could—indeed, said he would—"oblige" him. A ton—half a ton—quarter of a ton, the greengrocer affirmed would be impossible until the next day; but a sack—yes—he would promise that. Bill should bring it round; and Bill was told to put his burden on the truck, and twelve bundles of wood, "and we'll make up the rest to-morrow," added Bill's master, with the air of one who has conferred a favour.

In the distance Mr. Stainton descried a very grimy Bill, and a very small boy, coming along with the truck leisurely, as though the load had been Herculean.

Through the rain he watched the pair advancing, and greeted Bill with a glad voice of welcome.

"So you've come at last; that's right. Better late than never. Bring them this way, I'll have this small lot shot in the kitchen for the night."

"Begging your pardon, Sir," answered Bill, "I don't think you will—that is to say, not by me. As I told our governor, I'll take 'em to the house as you've sold 'em to the house, but I won't set a foot inside it."

"Do you mean to say you are going to leave them out on the pavement," asked Mr. Stainton.

"Well, Sir, I don't mind taking them to the front door if it'll be a convenience."

"That will do. You are a brave lot of people in these parts I must say."

"As for that," retorted Bill, with sack on back and head bent forward, "I dare say we're as brave about here as where you come from."

"It is not impossible," retorted Mr. Stainton; "there are plenty of cowards over there too."

After he had shot his coals on the margin of the steps, Bill retreated from the door, which stood partly open, and when the boy who brought up the wood was again out with the truck, said, putting his knuckles to his eyebrows—

"Beg pardon, Sir, but I suppose you wouldn't give me a drop of beer. Very wet night, Sir."

"No, I would not," answered Mr. Stainton, very decidedly.

"I shall have to shovel these coals into the house myself; and as for the night, it is as wet for me as it is for you."

Nevertheless, as Bill shuffled along the short drive—shuffling wearily—like a man who, having nearly finished one day's hard work, was looking forward to beginning another hard day in the morning, the new owner relented.

"Here," he said, picking out a sixpence to give him, "it isn't your fault, I suppose, that you believe in old women's tales."

"Thank you kindly, Sir," Bill answered; "I am sure I am extremely obliged; but if I was in your shoes I wouldn't stop in that house—you'll excuse me, Sir, meaning no offence—but I wouldn't; indeed I wouldn't."

"It seems to have got a good name, at any rate," thought Mr. Stainton, while retracing his steps to the banned tenement. "Let us see what effect a fire will have in routing the shadows."

He entered the house, and, striking a match, lighted some candles he had brought in with him from a neighbouring oil-shop.

After an inspection of the ground-floor rooms he decided to take up his quarters for the night in one which had evidently served as a library.

In the centre of the apartment there was the table covered with leather. Around the walls were bookcases. In one corner stood a bureau, where the man who for so many years had been dead even while living kept his letters and papers.

He ate his frugal supper, and then, pushing aside the table on which the remains of his repast were spread, began walking slowly up and down the room, thinking over the past and forming plans for the future. Buried in reflection, the fire began to die down without his noticing the fact; but a feeling of chilliness at length causing him instinctively to look towards the hearth, he threw wood into the grate, and, while the flames went blazing up the wide chimney, piled on coals as though he desired to set the house alight.

While he was so engaged there came a knock at the door of the room—a feeble, hesitating knock, which was repeated more than once before it attracted Mr. Stainton's attention.

When it did, being still busy with the fire, and forgetting he was alone in the house, he called out, "Come in."

Along the panels there stole a rustling sort of touch, as if someone were feeling uncertainly for the handle—a curious noise, as of a weak hand fumbling about the door in the dark; then, in similar manner, the person seeking admittance tried to turn the lock.

"Come in, can't you?" repeated Mr. Stainton; but even as he spoke he remembered he was, or ought to be, the sole occupant of the mansion. He was not alarmed, he was too much accustomed to solitude and danger for that; but he rose from his stooping position and instinctively seized his revolver, which he had chanced, while unpacking some of his effects, to place on the top of the bureau.

"Come in, whoever you are," he cried; but seeing the door still remained closed, though the intruder was evidently making futile efforts to open it, he strode half way across the room, and then stopped amazed.

For suddenly the door opened, and there entered shyly and timidly a little child—a child with the saddest face mortal ever beheld; a child with wistful eyes and long, ill-kept hair; a child poorly dressed, wasted and worn, and with the mournfullest expression on its countenance that face of child ever wore.

"What a hungry-looking little beggar," thought Mr. Stainton. "Well, young one, and what do you want here?" he added aloud.

The boy never answered, never took the slightest notice of his questioner, but simply walked slowly round the room, peering into all the corners, as if looking for something. Searching the embrasures of the windows, examining the recesses beside the

fire-place, pausing on the hearth to glance under the library table, and finally, when the doorway was reached once more, turning round to survey the contents of the apartment with an eager and yet hopeless scrutiny.

"What is it you want, my boy?" asked Mr. Stainton, glancing as he spoke at the child's poor thin legs, and short, shabby frock, and shoes wellnigh worn out, and arms bare and lean and unbecomingly. "Is it anything I can get for you?"

Not a word—not a whisper: only for reply a glance of the wistful brown eyes.

"Where do you come from, and whom do you belong to?" persisted Mr. Stainton.

The child turned slowly away.

"Come, you shall not get off so easily as you seem to imagine," persisted the new owner, advancing towards his visitor. "You have no business to be here at all; and before you go you must tell me how you chance to be in this house, and what you expected to find in this room."

He was close to the doorway by this time, and the child stood on the threshold, with its back towards him. Mr. Stainton could see every detail of the boy's attire—his little plaid frock, the hooks which fastened it; the pinafore, soiled and crumpled, tied behind with strings broken and knotted; in one place the skirt had given from the bodice, and a piece of thin poor flannel showed that the child's under habiliments matched in shabbiness his exterior garments.

"Poor little chap," thought Mr. Stainton. "I wonder if he would like something to eat. Are you hungry, my lad?"

The child turned and looked at him earnestly, but answered never a word.

"I wonder if he is dumb," marvelled Mr. Stainton; and, seeing he was moving away, put out a hand to detain him. But the child eluded his touch, and flitted into the hall and up the wide staircase with swift noiseless feet.

Only waiting to snatch a candle from one of the sconces, Mr. Stainton pursued as fast as he could follow. Up the easy steps he ran at the top of his speed; but, fast as he went, the child went faster. (See Illustration.) Higher and higher he beheld the tiny creature mounting, then, still keeping the same distance between them, it turned when it reached the top story and trotted along a narrow corridor with rooms opening off to right and left. At the extreme end of this passage a door stood ajar. Through this the child passed, Mr. Stainton still following.

"I have run you to earth at last," he said, entering and closing the door. "Why, where has the boy gone?" he added, holding the candle above his head and gazing round the dingy garret in which he found himself.

The room was quite empty. He examined it closely, but could find no possible outlet save the door, and a skylight which had evidently not been opened for years. There was no furniture in the apartment, except a truckle bedstead, a rush-bottomed chair, and a rickety washstand. No wardrobe, or box; or press, where even a kitten might have lain concealed.

"It is very strange," muttered Mr. Stainton, as he turned away baffled. "Very strange!" he repeated, while he walked along the corridor. "I don't understand it at all," he decided, proceeding slowly down the topmost flight of stairs; but there all at once he stopped.

"IT IS THE CHILD!" he exclaimed aloud, and the sound of his own voice woke strange echoes through the silence of that desolate house. "IT IS THE CHILD!" and he descended the principal staircase very slowly, with bowed head, and his grave, worn face graver and more thoughtful than ever.

CHAPTER III.

SEARCHING FOR INFORMATION.

It was enough to make any man look grave; and as time went on the new owner of Walnut-Tree House found himself pondering continually as to what the mystery could be which attached to the child he had found in possession of his property, and who had already driven tenant after tenant out of the premises. Inclined at first to regard the clerk's story as a joke, and his own experience on the night of his arrival a delusion, it was impossible for him to continue incredulous when he found, even in broad daylight, that terrible child stealing down the staircase and entering the rooms, looking, looking—for something it never found.

At bed and at board he had company, or the expectation of it. No apartment in the building was secure from intrusion. It did not matter where he lay, it did not matter where he ate; between sleeping and waking, between breakfast and dinner, whenever the notion seized it, the child came gliding in, looking, looking, looking, and never finding; not lingering longer than was necessary to be certain the object of its search was absent, but wandering hither and thither, from garret to kitchen, from parlour to bed-chamber, in that quest which still seemed fresh as when first begun.

Mr. Stainton went to his solicitors as the most likely persons from whom to obtain information on the subject, and plunged at once into the matter.

"Who is the child supposed to be, Mr. Timpson?" he asked, making no secret that he had seen it.

"Well, that is really very difficult to say," answered Mr. Timpson.

"There was a child once, I suppose?—a real child—flesh and blood?"

Mr. Timpson took off his spectacles and wiped them.

"There were two; yes, certainly, in the time of Mr. Felix Stainton—a boy and a girl."

"In that house?"

"In that house. They survived him."

"And what became of them?"

"The girl was adopted by a relation of her father's, and the boy—died."

"Oh! the boy died, did he? Do you happen to know what he died of?"

"No; I really do not. There was nothing wrong about the affair, however, if that is what you are thinking of. There never was a hint of that sort."

Mr. Stainton sat silent for a minute; then he said,

"Mr. Timpson, I cannot shake off the idea that somehow there has been foul play with regard to those children. Who were they?"

"Felix Stainton's grandchildren. His daughter made a low marriage, and he cast her adrift. After her death the two children were received at Walnut-Tree House on sufferance—fed and clothed, I believe, that was all; and when the old man died the heir-at-law permitted them to remain."

"Alfred Stainton?"

"Yes; the unhappy man who became insane. His uncle died intestate, and he consequently succeeded to everything but the personality, which was very small, and of which these children had a share."

"There never was any suspicion, you say, of foul play on the part of the late owner?"

"Dear, dear! no; quite the contrary."

"Then you cannot throw the least light on the mystery?"

"Not the least; I wish I could."

For all that, Mr. Stainton carried away an impression Mr. Timpson knew more of the matter than he cared to tell.

"There is a mystery behind it all," he considered. "I must learn more about these children. Perhaps some of the local tradespeople may recollect them."

But the local tradespeople for the most part were new comers—or else had not supplied "the house."

"There is only one person I can think of, Sir," said one "family" butcher, "likely to be able to give you any information about the matter."

"And that is"—

"Mr. Hennings, at the Pedlar's Arms. He had some acquaintance with the old lady as was housekeeper both to Mr. Felix Stainton and the gentleman that went out of his mind." Following which advice, the new owner repaired to the Pedlar's Arms.

"Do I know Walnut-Tree House, Sir?" said Mr. Hennings, repeating his visitor's question. "Well, yes, rather. Why, you might as well ask me, do I know the Pedlar's Arms. As boy and man I can remember the old house for close on five-and-fifty years. I remember Mr. George Stainton; he used to wear a skull-cap and knee-breeches. There was an orchard then where Stainton-street is now, and his whole day was taken up in keeping the boys out of it. Many a time I have run from him."

"Did you ever see anything of the boy and girl who were there, after Mr. Alfred succeeded to the property—Felix Stainton's grandchildren, I mean?" asked the new owner, when a pause in Mr. Hennings' reminiscences enabled him to take his part in the conversation.

"Well, Sir, I may have seen the girl, but I can't bring it to my recollection: the boy I do remember, however. He came over here two or three times with Mrs. Toplis, who kept house for both Mr. Staintons, and I took notice of him, both because he looked so peaky and old-fashioned, and also on account of the talk about him."

"There was talk about him, then."

"Bless you, yes, Sir; as much talk while he was living as since he died. Everybody thought he ought to have been the heir. But if you want to hear all about him, Sir, Mrs. Toplis is the one to tell you. If you have a mind to give a shilling to a poor old lady who always did try to keep herself respectable, and who, I will say, paid her way honourably as long as she had a sixpence to pay it honourable with—you cannot do better than go and see Mrs. Toplis, who will talk to you for hours about the time she lived at Walnut-Tree House."

And, with this delicate hint that his minutes were more valuable than the days of Mrs. Toplis, Mr. Hennings would have closed the interview, but that his visitor asked where he should be able to find the housekeeper.

"A thousand pardons!" answered the publican, with an air; "forgetting the very cream and marrow of it, wasn't I? Mrs. Toplis, Sir, is to be found in Lambeth workhouse—and a pity, too."

Edgar Stainton turned away, heart-sick. Was this all wealth had done for his people and those connected with them?

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Mr. Stainton had expected to find Mrs. Toplis a decrepid crone, bowed with age and racked with rheumatism, and it was therefore like a gleam of sunshine streaming across his path to behold a woman, elderly, certainly, but carrying her years with ease, ruddy cheeked, clear eyed, upright as a dart, who welcomed him with respectful enthusiasm.

"And so you are Mr. Edgar, the son of the dear old Captain," she said, after the first greetings and explanations were over, after she had wiped her eyes and uttered many ejaculations of astonishment and expressions of delight. "Oh! I remember him coming to the house just after he was married, and telling me about the dear lady his wife. I never heard a gentleman speak so proud; he never seemed tired of saying the words, 'My wife.'"

"She was a dear lady," answered the new owner.

"And so the house has come to you, Sir? Well, I wish you joy. I hope you may have peace, and health, and happiness, and prosperity in it. And I don't see why you should not—no, indeed, Sir."

Edgar Stainton sat silent for a minute, thinking how he should best approach his subject.

"Mrs. Toplis," at last he began, plunging into the very middle of the difficulty, "I want you to tell me all about it. I have come here on purpose to ask you what it all means."

The old woman covered her face with her hands, and he could see that she trembled violently.

"You need not be afraid to speak openly to me," he went on. "I am quite satisfied there was some great wrong done in the house, and I want to put it right, if it lies in my power to do so. I am a rich man. I was rich when the news of this inheritance reached me, and I would gladly give up the property to-morrow if I could only undo whatever may have been done amiss."

Mrs. Toplis shook her head.

"Ah! Sir; you can't do that," she said. "Money can't bring back the dead to life; and, if it could, I doubt if even you would prove as good a friend to the poor child sleeping in the churchyard yonder as his Maker did when He took him out of this troublesome world. It was just soul-rending to see the boy the last few months of his life. I can't bear to think of it, Sir! Often at night I wake in a fright, fancying I still hear the patter, patter of his poor little feet upon the stair."

"Do you know, it is a curious thing, but he doesn't frighten me," said Mr. Stainton; "that is, when I am in the house; although when I am away from it the recollection seems to dog every step I take."

"What?" cried Mrs. Toplis; "have you then seen him, too? There! what am I talking about? I hope, Sir, you will forgive my foolishness."

"I see him constantly," was the calm reply.

"I wonder what it means—I wonder what it can mean!" exclaimed the housekeeper, wringing her hands in dire perplexity and dismay.

"I do not know," answered the new owner, philosophically; "but I want you to help me to find out, I suppose you remember the children coming there at first?"

"Well, Sir, well—they were poor Miss Mary's son and daughter. She ran away, you know, with a Mr. Fenton—made a very bad match; but I believe he was kind to her. When they were brought to us, a shivering little pair, my master was sending them here. Ay, and he would have done it, too, if somebody had not said he could be made to pay for their keep. You never saw brother and sister so fond of one another—never. They were twins. But, Lor! he was more like a father to the little girl than ought else. He'd have kept an apple a month, rather than eat it unless she had half; and the same with all else. I think it was seeing that—watching the love they had, he for her and she for him, coming upon them unsuspected, with their little arms round one another's necks, made the old gentleman alter his mind about leaving the place to Mr. Alfred; for he said to me, one day, thoughtful like, pointing to them, 'Wonderful fond, Toplis!' and I answered, 'Yes, Sir; for all the world like

the Babes in the Wood;' not thinking of how lonely that meant—

"Shortly afterwards he took to his bed; and while he was lying there, no doubt, better thoughts came to him, for he used to talk about his wife and Miss Mary, and the Captain, your father, Sir, and ask if the children were gone to bed, and such like—things he never used to mention before."

"So when he made the will Mr. Quinance drew out I was not surprised—no, not a bit. Though before that time he always spoke of Mr. Alfred as his heir, and treated him as such."

"That will never was found," suggested Mr. Stainton, anxious to get at another portion of the narrative.

"Never, Sir. We hunted for it high and low. Perhaps I wronged him, but I always thought Mr. Alfred knew what became of it. After the old gentleman's death the children were treated shameful—shameful. I don't mean beaten, or such like; but half-starved and neglected. He would not buy them proper clothes, and he would not suffer them to wear decent things if anybody else bought them. It was just the same with their food. I durstn't give them even a bit of bread-and-butter unless it was on the sly; and, indeed, there was not much to give in that house. He turned regular miser. Hoarding came into the family with Mrs. Lancelot Stainton, Mr. Alfred's great grandmother, and they went on from bad to worse, each one closer and nearer than the last, begging your pardon for saying so, Sir; but it is the truth."

"I fear so, Mrs. Toplis," agreed the man, who certainly was neither close nor near.

"Well, Sir, at last, when the little girl was about six years old, she fell sick, and we didn't think she would get over the illness. While she was about at her worst Mrs. May, her father's sister, chanced to be stopping up in London, and, as Mr. Alfred refused to let a doctor inside his doors, she made no more ado but wrapped the child up in blankets, sent for a cab, and carried her off to her own lodgings. Mr. Alfred made no objection to that. All he said as she went through the hall was,

"If you take her now, remember, you must keep her."

"Very well," she replied, "I will keep her."

"And the boy? the boy?" cried Mr. Stainton, in an agony of impatience.

"I am coming to him, Sir, if you please. He just dwined away after his sister and he were parted, and died in December as she was taken in the July."

"What did he die of?"

"A broken heart, Sir. It seems a queer thing to say about a child; but if ever a heart was broken his was. At first he was always going about the house looking for her, but towards the end he used to go up to his room and stay there all by himself. At last I wrote to Mrs. May, but she was ill when the letter got to her, and when she did come up he was dead. My word, she talked to Mr. Alfred! I never heard any one person say so much to another. She declared he had first cheated the boy of his inheritance, and then starved him to death; but that was not true, the child broke his heart fretting after his sister."

"Yes; and when he was dead."

"Sir, I don't like to speak of it, but as true as I am sitting here, the night he was put in his coffin he came pattering down just as usual, looking, looking for his sister. I went straight up stairs, and, if I had not seen the little wasted body lying there still and quiet, I must have thought he had come back to life. We were never without him afterwards, never; that, and nothing else, drove Mr. Alfred mad. He used to think he was fighting the child and killing it. When the worst fits were on him he tried to trample it under foot or crush it up in a corner, and then he would sob and cry, and pray for it to be taken away. I have heard he recovered a little before he died, and said his uncle told him there was a will leaving all to the boy, but he never saw such a paper. Perhaps it was only talk, though, or that he was still raving."

CHAPTER V.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

Mr. Stainton was trying to work off some portion of his perplexities by pruning the grimy evergreens in front of Walnut-Tree House, and chopping away at the undergrowth of weeds and couch grass which had in the course of years matted together beneath the shrubs, when his attention was attracted to two ladies who stood outside the great iron gate looking up at the house.

"It seems to be occupied now," remarked the elder, turning to her companion. "I suppose the new owner is going to live here. It appears just as dingy as ever; but you do not remember it, Mary."

"I think I do," was the answer. "As I look the place grows familiar to me. I do recollect some of the rooms, I am sure, just like a dream, as I remember Georgie. What I would give to have a peep inside."

At this juncture the new owner emerged from amongst the bushes, and, opening the gate, asked if the ladies would like to look over the place.

The elder hesitated; whilst the younger whispered, "Oh, aunt, pray do!"

"Thank you," said Mrs. May to the stranger, whom she believed to be a gardener; "but perhaps Mr. Stainton might object."

"No. He wouldn't, I know," declared the new owner. "You can go through the house if you wish. There is no one in it. Nobody lives there except myself."

"Taking charge, I suppose?" suggested Mrs. May, blandly.

"Something of that sort," he answered.

"I do not think he is a caretaker," said the girl, as she and her relative passed into the old house together.

"What do you suppose he is, then?" asked her aunt.

"Mr. Stainton himself."

"Nonsense, child!" exclaimed Mrs. May, turning, nevertheless, to one of the windows, and casting a curious glance towards the new owner, who was now, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, walking idly up and down the drive.

After they had been all over the place, from hall to garret, with a peep into this room and a glance into that, Mrs. May found the man who puzzled her leaning against one of the pillars of the porch, waiting, apparently, for their reappearance.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," she began, with a certain hesitation in her manner.

"Pray do not mention it," he said.

"This young lady has sad associations connected with the house," Mrs. May proceeded, still doubtfully feeling her way. He turned his eyes towards the girl for a moment, and, though her veil was down, saw she had been weeping.

"I surmised as much," he replied. "She is Miss Fenton, is she not?"

"Yes, certainly," was the answer; "and you are"—

"Edgar Stainton," said the new owner, holding out his hand.

"I am all alone here," he explained, after the first explanations were over. "But I can manage to give you a cup of tea. Pray do come in, and let me feel I am not entirely alone in England."

Only too well pleased, Mrs. May complied, and ten minutes later the three were sitting round a fire the blaze of which leapt and flickered upon the walls and over the ceiling, casting bright lights on the dingy mirrors and the dark oak shelves.

"It is all coming back to me now," said the girl softly, addressing her aunt. "Many an hour Georgie and I have sat on that hearth seeing pictures in the fire."

But she did not see something which was even then standing close beside her, and which the new owner had witnessed approach with a feeling of terror that precluded speech.

"It was the child! The child searching about no longer for something it failed to find, but standing at the girl's side still and motionless, with its eyes fixed upon her face, and its poor, wasted figure nestling amongst the folds of her dress."

"Thank Heaven, she does not see it!" he thought, and drew his breath, relieved.

No; she did not see it—though its wan cheek touched her shoulder, though its thin hand rested on her arm, though through the long conversation which followed, it never moved from her side, nor turned its wistful eyes from her face.

When she went away—when she took her fresh young beauty out of the house her presence seemed to gladden and light up—the child followed her to the threshold; and then in an instant it vanished, and Mr. Stainton watched for its flitting up the staircase all in vain.

But later on in the evening, when he was sitting alone beside the fire, with his eyes bent on the glowing coals, and perhaps seeing pictures there, as Mary said she and her brother had done in their lonely childhood, he felt conscious, even without looking round, that the boy was there once again.

And when he fell to thinking of the long, long years during which the dead child had kept faithful and weary watch for his sister, searching through the empty rooms for one who never came, and then bethought him of the sister to whom her dead brother had become but the vaguest of memories, of the summers and winters during the course of which she had probably forgotten him altogether, he sighed deeply—he heard his sigh echoed behind him in the merest faintest whisper.

More, when he, thinking deeply about his newly found relative and trying to recall each feature in her face, each tone of her voice, found it impossible to dissociate the girl grown to womanhood from the child he had pictured to himself as wandering about the old house in company with her twin-brother, their arms twined together, their thoughts one, their sorrows one, their poor pleasures one—he felt a touch on his hand, and knew the boy was beside him, looking with wistful eyes into the firelight, too.

But when he turned he saw that sadness clouded those eyes no longer. She was found; the lost had come again to meet a living friend on the once desolate hearth, and up and down the wide desolate staircase those weary little feet pattered no more.

The quest was over, the search ended; into the darksome corners of that dreary house the child's glance peered no longer.

She was come! Through years he had kept faithful watch for her, but the waiting was ended now.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISSING WILL.

Ere long there were changes in the old house. Once again Mrs. Toplis reigned there, but this time with servants under her—with maids she could scold and lads she could harass.

The larder was well replenished, the cellars sufficiently stocked; windows formerly closely shuttered now stood open to admit the air; and on the drive grass grew no longer—too many footsteps passed that way for weeds to flourish.

It was Christmas-time. The joints in the butchers' shops were gay with ribbons; the grocers' windows were tricked out to delight the eyes of the children, young and old, who passed along. In Mr. May's house up the Clapham-road all was excitement, for the whole of the family—father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters—girls still in short frocks and boys in round jackets—were going to spend Christmas Eve with their newly-found cousin, whom they had adopted as a relation with a unanimity as rare as charming.

Cousin Mary also was going—Cousin Mary had got a new dress for the occasion, and was having her hair done up in a specially effective manner by Crissie May, when the toilette proceedings were interrupted by half a dozen young voices announcing—

"A gentleman in the parlour wants to see you, Mary. Pa says you are to make haste and come down immediately."

Obediently Mary made haste as bidden and descended to the parlour, to find there the clerk from Timpson's, who met Mr. Stainton on his arrival in London.

His business was simple, but important. Once again he was the bearer of a letter from Timpson and Co., this time announcing to Miss Fenton that the will of Mr. Felix Stainton had been found, and that under it she was entitled to the interest of ten thousand pounds, secured upon the houses in Stainton-street.

"Oh! aunt, oh! uncle, how rich we shall be," cried the girl, running off to tell her cousins; but the uncle and aunt looked grave. They were wondering how this will might affect Edgar Stainton.

While they were still talking it over—after Timpson's young man had taken his departure, Mr. Edgar Stainton himself arrived.

"That is all right!" he said, in answer to their questions. "I found the will in the room where Felix Stainton died. Walnut-Tree House and all the freeholds were left to the poor little chap who died, chargeable with Mary's ten thousand pounds, five hundred to Mrs. Toplis, and a few other legacies. Failing George, the property was to come to me. I have been to Quinance's successor, and found out that the old man and Alfred had a grievous quarrel, and that in consequence he determined to cut him off altogether. Where is Mary? I want to wish her joy."

Mary was in the little conservatory, searching for a rose to put in her pretty brown hair.

He went straight to her, and said,

"Mary, dear, you have had one Christmas gift to-night, and I want you to take another with it."

"What is it, Cousin Edgar?" she asked; but when she looked in his face she must have guessed his meaning, for she drooped her head, and began pulling her sweet rose to pieces.

He took the flower, and with it her fingers.

"Will you have me, dear?" he asked. "I am but a rough fellow; but I am true, and I love you dearly."

Somehow, she answered him as he wished, and they all spent a very happy evening in the old house.

Once, when he was standing close beside her in the familiar room, hand clasped in hand, Edgar Stainton saw the child looking at them.

There was no sorrow or yearning in his eyes as he gazed—only a great peace, a calm which seemed to fill and light them up with an exquisite beauty.



FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ALICE: THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE ERNEST LUDWIG PLATZ, DARMSTADT.

FROM A SKETCH BY SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ALICE

As recorded in our last issue the funeral of the Princess Alice, Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was held at the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, on the 24th inst. The funeral was a most magnificent and impressive one, and was witnessed by a large number of the nobility and gentry of the Continent. The Princess's remains were placed in a magnificent caisson, and were conveyed to the cemetery by a large number of horses. The procession was headed by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and was followed by a large number of the nobility and gentry of the Continent. The funeral was a most magnificent and impressive one, and was witnessed by a large number of the nobility and gentry of the Continent.

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THE FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ALICE.

As recorded in our last issue, the funeral of the much-lamented Princess Alice (Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt) took place at Darmstadt on Wednesday, the 18th inst. Our present Number contains two illustrations of the Ceremony, from sketches by our Special Artist—one showing the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold placing wreaths on the coffin in the family mausoleum at Rosenhohe; the other the Funeral Procession passing through the Ernest Ludwig Platz. The chapel to which the body had been removed on the previous evening was thrown open in the morning to the public, and large numbers of persons visited the chapel and laid flowers around the catafalque. Between one and two o'clock those who were invited to the funeral service assembled in the chapel. Among these were the members of the diplomatic body in Darmstadt, the Ministers of the Grand Duke, and the members of the Diet. When these had assembled, some members of the Grand Ducal family, the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg and Baden, and others, arrived at the church, and were conducted to the seats allotted to them. The service, which was performed according to the rites of the German Evangelical Communion, was read by the Grand Ducal Chaplain, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sillitoe, the resident English Chaplain in Darmstadt. At the close of the service a procession was formed, which accompanied the hearse to the family mausoleum at Rosenhohe. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were lined with spectators, who preserved a respectful silence as it moved by. On the arrival of the cortege at the Mausoleum the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, and Prince Christian, with the Marquis of Hertford, representing the Queen of England, were found to be awaiting it; and, whilst the bands performed sacred music, the coffin was removed into the little chapel, where a prayer was offered up by Court Chaplain Bender. The Prince of Wales accepted the expressions of sympathy and condolence offered by those by whom he was surrounded, simply acknowledging them by shaking hands. The niche in which the coffin was placed was covered with floral offerings. The ceremony concluded, the Grand Duke drove back direct to the Schloss, while the Prince of Wales and his party returned to the railway station.

A funeral service was held at Berlin at the exact time appointed for the burial ceremony at Darmstadt. The Crown Prince and Princess, several members of the Royal family, Lord and Lady Odo Russell, and the Staff of the British Embassy, with their wives, were present.

At the same time the Queen and those members of the Royal family who were in England attended a special service in the private chapel at Windsor. Throughout the country there were various signs of mourning, such as the ringing of muffled peals of bells, the firing of minute guns, and other observances.

All places of business in Ottawa, Canada, were closed on Wednesday afternoon, the 18th inst., as a mark of respect on the occasion of Princess Alice's funeral; and prayers were said last Sunday in all the churches in Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto.

It has been arranged by the British Societies of New York to call a meeting for Jan. 9 next, for the purpose of passing resolutions on the occasion of the death of Princess Alice.

Sunday last was to be observed as a day of mourning for the late Princess Alice throughout the Australian colonies.

In Alexandria the British residents held a public meeting, and adopted messages of condolence to the Queen and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN ORDE, BART.

Sir John Powlett Orde, Bart., of Kilmory, and of North Uist, Inverness-shire, died on the 13th inst. at Kilmory, Lock Gilthead. He was born June 9, 1803, the only son of Sir John Orde, first Baronet, Post Captain R.N., and Governor of Dominica, by his second wife, Jane, eldest daughter of John Frere, Esq., of Roydon, in the county of Norfolk, and succeeded to the title at his father's death, 1824. The Baronet whose decease we record was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Argyllshire and Inverness-shire, and from 1830 to 1860 was Captain Argyll and Bute Militia. He married first, June 15, 1826, Eliza, eldest daughter and coheir of Peter Campbell, Esq., of Kilmory, by whom, who died 1829, he had two daughters and one son, now Sir John William Powlett Orde, third Baronet, Captain late 42nd Highlanders. Sir John married secondly, June 14, 1832, Beatrice, youngest daughter of James Edwards, Esq., of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and by her had two sons, who both died young, and one daughter.

COLONEL TOTENHAM.

Charles John Tottenham, Esq., of Woodstock, in the county of Wicklow, and Plas Berwyn, Denbighshire, Hon. Colonel Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry and Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Royal Merioneth Militia, died suddenly, at the Kildare-street Club, Dublin, on the 17th inst. He was born June 27, 1808, the eldest son of the Right Rev. Lord Robert Ponsonby Tottenham, Bishop of Clogher, by the Hon. Alicia Maude, his wife, third daughter of Cornwallis, first Viscount Hawarden, and was grandson of Charles, first Marquis of Ely. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and was formerly a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards. He was a J.P. and D.L. for the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Merioneth, and Denbigh, and served as High Sheriff of the last-named county in 1855; of Wicklow in 1859; of Denbighshire in 1861; and of Wexford in 1871. He married, Sept. 11, 1839, the Hon. Isabella Anne, daughter of Cornwallis, third Viscount Hawarden, and leaves three daughters and one son, Major Charles Robert Worsley Tottenham, now of Woodstock. Colonel Tottenham succeeded to the Tottenham-green estate, in the county of Wexford, and possessed seats in two of the most favoured spots of the United Kingdom—one in the Vale of Llangollen and the other in the beautiful county of Wicklow.

The deaths have also been announced of—

Mr. John Howard, for many years Mayor of Bedford, on the 23rd inst., at the age of eighty-eight.

Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq., of Ardross and Dundonnell, F.R.C.S., on the 12th inst., at Dundonnell House, Ullapool, N.B., aged seventy-two.

The Rev. Peyton Blakiston, M.D., F.R.S., late of St. Leonards-on-Sea, on the 17th inst., suddenly, at 140, Harley-street, in his seventy-eighth year.

Vere Dawson de Vere Hunt, Esq., formerly of Cappaghwaite, in the county of Tipperary, on the 9th inst., in London, aged forty-nine.

John Errington, Esq., J.P. and D.L., on the 11th inst., at High Warden, Hexham, aged seventy-one. He was called to the Bar in 1832, and was High Sheriff of Northumberland, 1865. Mr. Errington was three times married.

Mr. W. D. Jeans, C.B., late Secretary and Paymaster R.N. As secretary to Admiral Sir Michael Seymour he served throughout the China war from 1856 to 1859, and was specially mentioned for his services at the capture of Canton in December, 1857, and again for services at the taking of the Taku Forts in May, 1858.

Lady Catherine Whyte-Melville, at Mount Melville, St. Andrew's, on the 23rd inst., in her eighty-sixth year. Her Ladyship had been in delicate health for some years, and the death of her son, the late Major Whyte-Melville, affected her very deeply. She was a daughter of Francis Godolphin, fifth Duke of Leeds, and married Mr. J. Whyte-Melville, the Convener of Fifeshire, on June 1, 1819.

Mrs. Brown, for very many years the intimate friend and companion of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, at Lady Burdett-Coutts's residence, Stratton-street, Piccadilly, on the 21st inst., at a very advanced age. Mrs. Brown's accomplishments, intelligence, and amiability won for her the respect and affection of a large circle of acquaintance, including the most eminent persons of the time.

The Hon. Eliot Constantine Yorke, one of the Conservative members for Cambridgeshire, on the 21st inst., at Netley Castle, near Southampton, after a few days' illness, at the age of thirty-five. Mr. Yorke, who was a son of the late Earl of Hardwicke, and had represented Cambridgeshire for five years, married, in 1873, Annie, second daughter of the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild.

Mr. Joseph Nash, the water-colour painter, at the age of seventy-one. He began exhibiting at the Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1835, showing drawings of French cathedrals and antiquities. In 1838 was published "Architecture of the Middle Ages," with illustrations from his pencil; and between 1839-49 appeared "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," in four series, Mr. Nash's interiors, &c., being lithographed. Among Mr. Nash's pictures were "The Queen's Visit to Lincoln's Inn Hall," exhibited in 1846; "Interior Views of the Great Exhibition of 1851," "Charles V. visiting Francis I. during his Confinement," shown at the Water-Colour Society's exhibition in 1865; and "The Chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey," shown at the same place in 1876.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

N R (Freckenham).—It is surprising to find you tripping in two cases. Neither No. 1816 nor 1817 admit of any solution but the author's.

W H T (Yokohama).—Your Problem, unfortunately, admits of a solution by 1. Kt to B 3rd (ch), K to B 4th; 2. Q to Q 5th (ch), K to Kt 5th; 3. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), &c. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

J G F (Barnsley).—We shall be glad to receive the problems referred to in your letter. There are objections to all of those in hand.

A R G (Boulogne).—There is no English translation of the German "Handbuch." The original can be procured on application to Messrs. Veit and Co., Leipzig.

H M (Rampton).—We really have not space for an analysis of two-move problems. The key-move of No. 1796 is 1. B to Kt 6th.

W T P (Brighton).—We shall be glad to receive the slips of the Herald regularly.

W P (Paris).—Address the player named at Simpson's Divan, 101, Strand.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1815 received from Nortonsa, R T K, Barracala, H Barrett, and A R G.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1816 received from Emile Frau, J G K, Thorpe, J G Kidd, Barracala, H Barrett, and A R G.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1817 received from J de Honsteyn, Leonora and Leon, W Alton, F W (Liverpool), J Wontona, W Scott, Amicaine, Copiapino, J G K, Mechanic, Alpha, L. E. V. P., A Tremaine, L S D, G Polbrooke, East Marden, N Warner, An Old Hand, S Western, R Turner, S Farrant, C Elmore, A L S, M O Halloran, D W Kell, B Roughhead, Lulu, Helen Lee, H Barrett, Cant, H Langford, N Cator, R Jessop, L Sharnwood, F R Jeffrey, Elsie V. Kitten, R Arnold, E Elsbury, Jane Nye (Utrecht), B L Dyke, P Hampton, T Edgar, Onno G L Mayne, St J E, J H Skelton, T R Y, J F Parkinson, P Tompkins, J W W, W C Dutton, R Ingersoll, J P Gillard, O S Cox, L H B, T Greenbank, W Warren, T W Hope, M Whitely, R T King, Painter, W S B, and Thorpe.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1816.

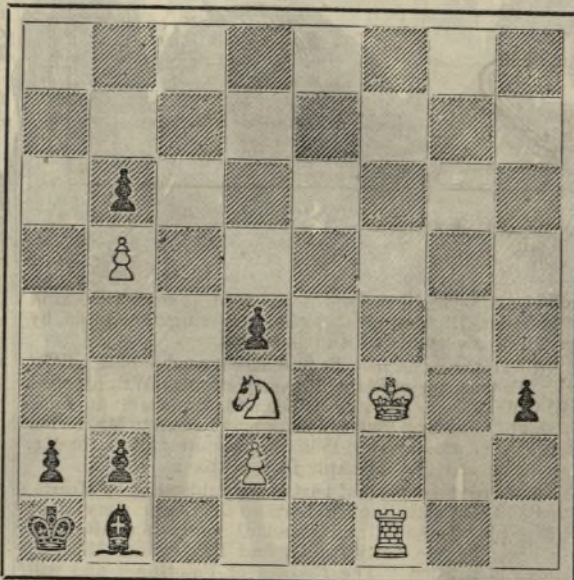
WHITE. 1. K to Kt 5th. 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch). 3. Kt to B 6th. Mate.

* If Black play 1. B to R 3rd (ch), White's answer is 2. K takes D, and 3. R or P mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 1819.

By J. G. Finch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

The state apartments at Windsor Castle are open to the public.

The North British Railway Company have announced that from Jan. 1 they will abolish all third-class fares which at present exceed the Parliamentary rate of 1d. per mile, and charge no more than 1d. per mile for third-class tickets to or from any station on their system.

A few weeks ago we had to commend a series of Christmas and New-Year Cards, designed and printed by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. This, we believe, was their first venture in this way. They forestalled all their competitors, and equalled the best of them in gracefulness and variety of design. Now we have to congratulate this firm on the production of something more important than these elegant trifles—"The Empress of India Album," which has been successfully printed from designs by Mr. Albert H. Warren. Too frequently portrait albums of an expensive kind are lavishly overlaid with ornament, giving them a gaudy, gilt-gingerbread appearance. But here all is simply elegant, and the style of the binding, morocco embossed, is in harmony with the interior, and worthy of commendation.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1878) of Mr. Francis Crawshaw, late of Bradbourn Hall, Sevenoaks, and of The Forest, Glamorgan, who died on the 6th ult., at No. 14, Eccleston-square, Pimlico, was proved on the 12th inst. by Francis Richard Crawshaw and Tudor Crawshaw, the sons, and Mrs. Laura Crawshaw, the widow, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £70,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife £500, all the cash at his banker's, certain jewellery, horses and carriages, various wines and spirits, including some particular white rum, absolutely, and £1500 per annum for life; he also leaves her his house in Eccleston-square and the Bradbourn estate, with the furniture and farming stock, for life or widowhood. There are several bequests to his children and grandchildren of wines, spirits, and ales. Among the gifts to his children, who are already handsomely provided for by their grandfather's will, may be mentioned the Bradbourn estate to his son Francis Richard on the death or marriage again of Mrs. Crawshaw; a certain part of the Forest estate is entailed on his son Tudor, conditionally on his setting up on the Tump in the ring of fir-trees in the park, round the family stone, the Master Druid stones lying about in the said park; if there is any failure to carry into effect this condition, the estate is to go away from his said son and his family. There are also special gifts to his sons William and De Barri. The residue of all his property is to be divided between his three sons, Francis Richard, Tudor, and De Barri.

The will (dated June 5, 1877) with a codicil (dated July 9, 1878) of Mr. John Jesse Bulkeley, late of Linden-hill, Wargrave, Berks, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Francis Beaumaris Bulkeley, the son, John William Rhodes and the Rev. Adam Henderson Fairbairn, the acting executors, the personal estate being sworn under £40,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Mary Bulkeley, £500 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages; to his executors £30 each; and the residue of the personality upon trust for his four children, Francis Beaumaris, Arthur Hugh, Constance Sarah Mary, and Cecilia Emilia, and his grandson, Charles Henry Bulkeley. His mansion house and estate at Linden-hill the testator devises to the use of his wife for life, with remainder to the use of his eldest son, Francis Beaumaris, for life, with remainder to his son, Henry Charles.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1833) of Miss Mary Henderson, late of No. 10, Kensington Gardens-terrace, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 29th ult. by William Henderson, the brother, the surviving executor, the personal estate in the United Kingdom being sworn under £45,000. The testatrix gives all her property to her said brother; the previous life interest given to her mother having lapsed by her death in the testatrix's lifetime.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1870) with four codicils (dated Feb. 2, 1875, and June 9 and Nov. 14, 1877) of Mrs. Charlotte Anne Hodgson, formerly of No. 3, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, and late of Oaks, Surbiton, who died on the 13th ult., was proved on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Charles Welland Edmonstone, the brother, and George Harris Hodgson, the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn under £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Church Missionary Society, and £100 to the Sea Bathing Infirmary, Margate, of which her late husband was secretary.

The will (dated July 30, 1874) with a codicil (dated Jan. 22, 1877) of General Sir John Garcock, G.C.B., Colonel of the 10th Foot, late of No. 81, Queen's-gate, South Kensington, who died on the 10th ult., was proved on the 7th inst. by Dame Lydia Emma Blanche Garcock, the widow, the personal estate being sworn under £14,000.

The will (dated May 12, 1860) of Sir Edward Shepherd Creasey, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon and late of Moira House, Hampton-wick, and of No. 15, Cecil-street, Strand, who died on Jan. 27 last, was proved on the 28th ult., under a nominal sum, by George Tamplin, the sole executor.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS.

The marked revival of the art of etching within the last thirty years, which was initiated in France by several able artists, and has been led in Germany by Unger and others, reached this country at a more recent period. The most efficient pioneer of the art in England was Mr. Seymour Haden, and it has been subsequently advanced by the publication of Mr. Hamerton's comprehensive volume on "Etchers and Etching," and the art-periodical of which that genial writer is editor, called "The Portfolio." To further promote the movement Mr. Haden has lent a selection from his fine collection of etchings by the old masters to the Fine-Art Society, and they are now on view at the gallery in Bond-street. The selection comprises choice proofs and, sometimes, rare "states" by Rembrandt, Ostade, Vandyke, Claude, J. Both, K. Dujardin, Hollar, and other representative etchers, together with some examples of the "painter-engravers," Marc Antonio, A. Dürer, and B. Beham, and the line-engravers, Agostino Caracci and Goltzius. The exhibition also includes eighty etchings by Mr. Seymour Haden himself. Most of these have already been reviewed in our columns, we therefore need only remark that we cannot make acquaintance with the whole again without being filled with renewed astonishment at finding that a surgeon in active practice should have found time to produce so extensive a series of pure etchings—in which there is no trace of inexperience except in the drawing of figures and hands, no resort to the expedients for representation more legitimately employed in engraving, but, on the contrary, a power of interpreting into black and white the most salient characteristics of a given scene with lifelike spirit and pregnant suggestiveness, yet—or, rather, because—with the smallest possible expenditure of means, which usually only comes with long professional practice. Mr. Haden has further written a pamphlet, entitled "About Etching," to illustrate the examples he has lent by the old masters, and in which he sets forth his own views of art and reasons for etching, and gives some tersely expressed significant hints touching the relations of etching to engraving, the inducements which led the old masters to adopt etching, the "states" of a plate, signature, dates, and printing.

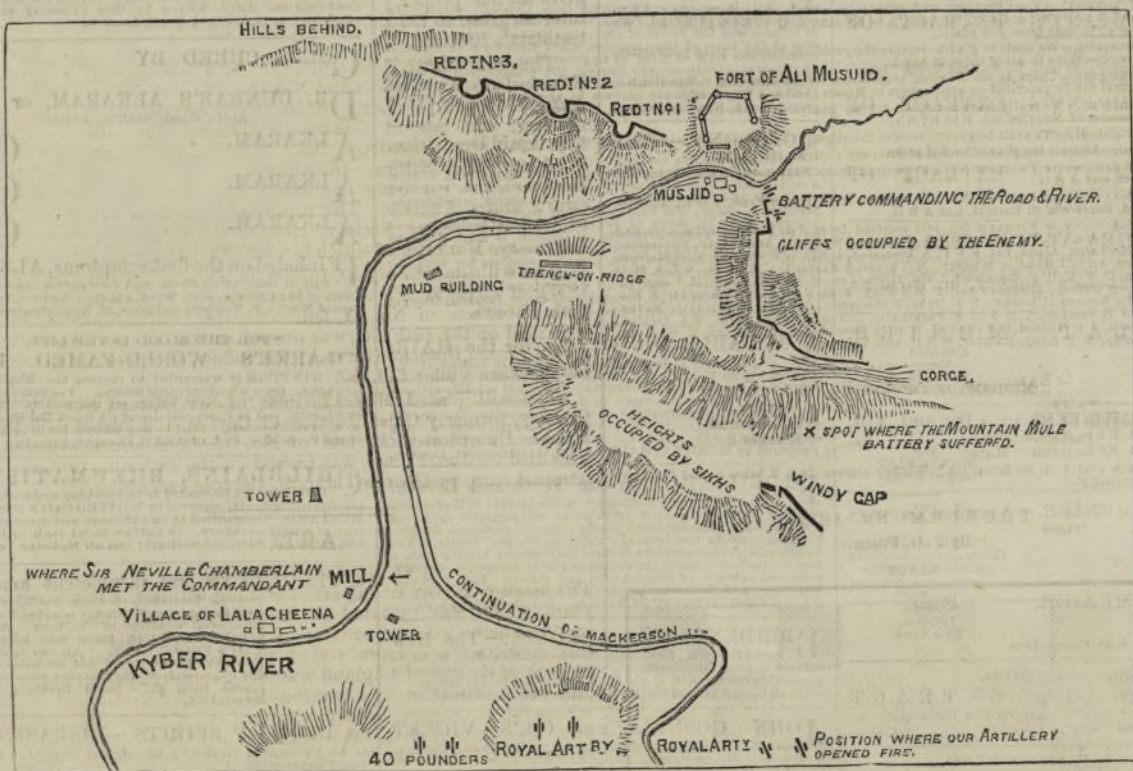
Mr. Haden has, however, in his devotion to his favourite art, advanced in this pamphlet, as we think, a very exaggerated estimate of the value of etching, which estimate, as embodying many prevalent misconceptions, it is important to controvert. In his comparison of etching with engraving he is also at once self-contradictory and cruelly unjust to the whole body of engravers. It may safely be asserted—though it is saying much—that on no recent art-topic has so much fanciful nonsense been said and written by amateurs and amateur critics as on that of etching. What would be of authority for the public would be not the dicta of those whose experience is limited to one of the most elementary modes of artistic expression—which we hold etching to be—but the opinion of those who, as well as being familiar with that mode, have mastered the most advanced and complete methods

of artistic realisation. Few painters would agree with Mr. Haden that etching is "the most difficult of the Arts." It is far easier to draw any line of etching than to hit many a subtle hue and tint. Of course, the etchings of a genius like Rembrandt are fascinating, and so would be a drawing in ink, sepia, chalk, or with the silver point from the same hands. It is a significant fact that artists who have failed in other branches of art have made very good etchers. Mr. Haden would have it appear that painting is inferior to etching because the painter can correct as he goes on, but not so the etcher. By so much, then, we say is etching inferior to painting: the very defects of the method are constantly lauded by its devotees as its greatest merits. Our author says again that etching "does not imply the loose treatment which belongs to the sketch." And in another place he resents the notion that an etcher should be supposed to be "merely sketching" when "he has learnt to select essentials and reject non-essentials, and to do this before nature." But, if this is not a correct definition of the very essence of sketching, we should like to know what is. The pamphlet contains many oracular texts which present one side of an art-truth in a plausible but delusive aspect, and are generally calculated to damage the unfortunate engravers. Thus, in making his confession of art-faith in French to M. Philippe Burty, Mr. Haden says, "Le premier jet émane de l'artiste, l'élaboration est la part de l'ouvrier." To which it may be replied that it often requires more tension of the artistic faculties, frequently more invention, and certainly more mature knowledge, to add the finishing touches to a work of art, than to conceive it in the first instance. "The man of feeling," we are told, "is one, the man of rules another." Yet Leonardo da Vinci, Albrecht Dürer, and even Michael Angelo were both. Again, the line of the etching point is "personal as the handwriting," but the line of the burin has "no identity"—meaning, we presume, no characteristic "individuality," or "identifiableness." But we fancy that the works of the great engravers might be (if unsigned) almost as easily discriminated as those of the etchers. Mr. Haden, no doubt, means that etching is a distinctly autographic art; which is true; but all art is more or less so. He will have it that engraving is a mere mechanical effort, whilst etching is brain impulsion; yet even

the wood engraver, who, as Mr. Haden would say, is a copyist at second or third hand, often gives life and meaning to the intermediate drawing on the wood, and impresses his own personality on his work. Mr. Haden admits the merits of Dürer and Beham's, and to a certain extent of Marc Antonio's, work with the burin, but he seems to think that that instrument was no longer capable of yielding expression or any other original art quality after a demand arose for the most perfect reproductions possible at a reasonable rate of cost and no longer attainable masterpieces.

Artists adopted etching primarily and mainly because it enabled them to execute a design, which could be reproduced in many impressions, at a comparatively very small expenditure of time. But this important element of time is not sufficiently taken into account by many writers on etching; and the material advantages, and even the limitations of the art, are supposed by them to facilitate the record of art-impressions that are valuable in proportion to their indefiniteness. When, too, a tyro finds the etching point gliding so pleasantly through the wax coating of the etching plate, he is delighted with his own cleverness, forsooth; and when his scribbling is printed he is as much amazed as was the Bourgeois Gentilhomme when he learnt for the first time that he had been actually talking "prose." This excessive facility with which the etching point slides over the plate renders it almost impossible to draw a perfectly accurate line; and, as errors cannot be rectified, Mr. Ruskin is justified in calling etching "a blundering art." The line is here a little within and there a little without the true medial line, and although this may produce a charming suggestiveness, it is incapable of affording sculptural severity of outline, and is therefore ill adapted for drawing the nude figure. Nor can legitimate etching do more than render conventional indications of flat breadths of gradation—or delicate modelling—it cannot perfectly realise them like line engraving. It is the last method of drawing a student should attempt; and we think the recent introduction of its teaching into the school at South Kensington is ill-advised.

The mind of the architectural world has been much exercised lately by the question whether the present and comparatively modern low-pitched roof of St. Albans Cathedral



SKETCH PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON ALI MUSJID.

should be retained and restored or whether a new high-pitched roof should be added. The restoration committee, after hearing a paper by Mr. J. O. Scott on Mr. Street's report to the Society of Antiquaries, have at length finally resolved to replace the present ruinous low roof by a new roof on the visible Early English lines, for which a considerable length of parapet has been rebuilt already. The committee were convinced that Mr. Street was wrong in saying there had been no parapet in Early English and Decorated and Perpendicular times, and had overlooked several indications of the levels both of walls and roof having been altered when the Norman roof with eaves was replaced by the Early English one with parapets, which were almost universal in great church roofs of all periods after the Norman. A further question as to the material for the roof has been raised. Several writers have recommended copper, on account of, among other merits, its lightness, and the agreeable greenish hue which it acquires with the "patina" of age—an effect which may also be obtained by the use of greenish slates. The buildings with copper roofs which have been cited in illustration are, however, generally those which are seen in combination with other buildings, or in countries where there is little foliage, at least of the fresher green kinds. The greenish hue of copper is obviously less desirable where the buildings group with masses of English foliage (which to some extent is the case at St. Albans); and the greater the mass presented by the pitch of the roof the less is it desirable.

Mr. Henry Stacy Marks has been elected from the grade of Associate to that of full Member of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Seymour Haden will deliver a series of lectures on etching at the Royal Institution, on Saturdays, from March 22 to April 5 next.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, was on Monday elected an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and Professor Turner honorary professor of anatomy.

Mr. Krabbe, of Brussels, has bought the picture, by Meissonier, "Une Halte de Cuirassiers," which was in the recent Great Exhibition, for 275,000*fr.* A countryman of his, M. Vanvenhuyem, has purchased a landscape by Théodore Rousseau, "La Hutte du Charbonnier," for 100,000*fr.*

An engraved bust vignette portrait of Dr. MacLagan, Bishop of Lichfield, has been published by Messrs. Hogarth, of

Mount-street. The likeness, which is good, is from a drawing by Miss Lillian Dickinson; and the engraving, in stipple, by Mr. F. Holl, is very careful and elaborate.

A subscription is on foot to purchase a marble bust of the late Mr. Thomas Wright, the property of Mrs. Wright, executed by Mr. Joseph Durham, R.A., and to place it in some public hall or library. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Dillon Croker, F.S.A., treasurer, 9, Pelham-place, Brompton; or Mr. C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., Temple Place, Strand.

We have received the first part of a republication by Messrs. Trübner and Co., with English text, of a series of sixty-eight "fadeless phototypes" from standard engravings after the *chefs-d'œuvre* by the Early Italian and Renaissance Masters. The series is entitled "The Classics of Painting," and will form a most valuable gallery of reproductions of the greatest works of art of modern times at a comparatively small cost.

An "Exhibition of Japanese and Chinese Art" has been opened at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club—admission by introduction of a member. The collection is not, of course, so extensive as that recently brought together in Paris at the Trocadéro; yet it is, perhaps, not less instructive, owing to the variety and judicious selection of the objects exhibited. The weakest portion of the collection is that of ceramics; but to adequately illustrate Chinese and Japanese porcelain and pottery would require an exhibition—and a much larger one—to itself. Enough, and more than enough, is shown to fill the mind with new and increased wonder at the skill of those great colourists, draughtsmen, and artificers of the Far East.

The National Provincial Bank directors have decided to take over the business of the West of England Bank at Plymouth, under its late manager, Mr. H. Cross.

The fixtures of the Royal London Yacht Club for the season of 1879 have been made as follows:—Opening cruise, May 17; first match (large cutters), May 30; second (schooners and yawls), June 17; third (tall cutters), July 1.

The polling for the election of a member for Londonderry county took place on Thursday week, and the result was made known on the following evening as follows:—Sir Thomas McClure (Liberal), 2479; Mr. Alexander (Conservative), 1878. There is no change in the political representation of the county.

MUSIC.

The close of the winter opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday (with a repetition of "Oberon") and the usual suspension of the serial concerts during the Christmas recess, although temporarily diminishing the number of musical performances, still leave something for present record.

The concert given at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening, under the title of "Gems from the Oratorios," included various familiar solo and choral pieces by eminent composers. Among the most effective of the latter were the choruses from "The Messiah," "And the glory of the Lord," and "Hallelujah," and the concluding "Christmas Hymn," finely sung by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, Mr. Leslie having conducted the performances, which included some excellent solo singing by Mrs. Osgood, Miss Annie Butterworth, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Thurley Beale. Miss Bessie Richards gave two pianoforte solos with great success, and Mr. Howard Reynolds was encored in a solo on the cornet. Between the parts of the concert Handel's Dead March in "Saul" was well played on the organ by Mr. J. C. Ward.

The usual Christmas performances of "The Messiah" have taken place, that of the Sacred Harmonic Society yesterday (Friday) week, having been the forty-seventh annual occasion by that institution. The soloists were Mrs. Osgood, Miss Enrique, Mr. Shakspeare, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Before the oratorio the Dead March in "Saul" was played, in memory of the late Princess Alice. Sir M. Costa conducted, and Mr. Willing was the organist.

On Thursday evening last the same oratorio was given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, the solo singers announced having been Mesdames Lemmens Sherrington and Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Shakspeare, and Thurley Beale.

The sacred music of last week likewise included an effective selection of airs and choruses from oratorios and other works, given at the Royal Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. Carter, whose excellent choir contributed to the programme, as did Mesdames Edith Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Hollins, Signor Brocolini, and other solo vocalists.

An extra Saturday afternoon concert took place at the Crystal Palace last week, when Miss Helen Hopekirk made her first appearance there. As previously mentioned by us, Miss Hopekirk is from Edinburgh, and has studied in Germany, where she has lately played with great success. Her chief performance on Saturday was in Grieg's pianoforte concerto, the difficulties of which were executed by her with admirable style and mechanism. Her touch is elastic, powerful, and sure, and her phrasing is that of a thoughtful and cultivated musician. The lady also gave, with great effect, two unaccompanied solos by Chopin and Schumann, in which she also produced so marked an impression that she will doubtless soon again be heard in public. The programme of Saturday's concert was of a miscellaneous nature, and included the successful first appearances at the Crystal Palace of two vocalists, Madame Louisa Mills (soprano) and Mr. Charles White (tenor). Orchestral pieces were also given, and the performances were ably conducted by Mr. Manns.

A National Holiday Festival Concert took place at the Royal Albert Hall, in the afternoon of Boxing Day, the programme having consisted chiefly of old songs and ballads rendered by some of our most eminent singers. Of the performances of the juvenile Italian opera troupe—announced to appear at the Criterion Theatre on the same day—we must speak next week.

The earliest performance of the new year will be that of "The Messiah," under the direction of Mr. W. Carter, at the Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday next. This will be followed by a special "London Ballad Concert" at St. James's Hall on Jan. 4. The Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed on Jan. 6; on Jan. 11 an extra (morning) performance of Rosini's "Moses in Egypt" will be given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall; and general musical activity will follow soon afterwards—among the important approaching events being the commencement of Mr. Carl Rosa's new season of performances of operas in English, on Jan. 25, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Readers will be glad to learn that the operation recently performed on Sir Julius Benedict for cataract has been successful.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Sonata for Piano and Violoncello. M. W. Balfé. (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.) Not long since we noticed a very effective and well-written pianoforte trio by the late Mr. Balfé, and we have here another posthumous instrumental work by the same composer. The sonata consists of three movements—"Allegro," "Adagio," and "Allegro vivace"—each containing some very clever writing, with melodious and brilliant passages, in which the two instruments are alternately contrasted and combined in a way to exhibit each to advantage. The "Adagio" has the peculiarity of being in five-four time, thus deriving a marked peculiarity of rhythmic phrasing. The work is altogether very pleasing, and serves—with the trio just referred to—to prove that Balfé might have succeeded as much in instrumental as in vocal composition had he cultivated the former as much as he did the latter branch of his art.

Messrs. Lucas, Weber, and Co. have also published a set of eight songs for three female voices, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, with the original German words and an English version by Julia Goddard. This work of the veteran composer is classed as op. 178, and is one of the many proofs he has given that age has not dimmed his powers of imagination. Each piece has a distinctive character, and the effect of the three voices in combination, and occasional contrast, is extremely good.

The same firm has likewise issued a pleasing setting, by Carl Hause, of Longfellow's lines, "It is not always May," in the form of a duet, in which the voices are blended and alternated very effectively. Another graceful vocal piece is Herr Henschel's "Lullaby," a setting of Scott's "O hush thee my babe." By the same composer (the eminent singer) is the vocal duet, "Kein Feuer, keine Kohle," in which the voice parts are written in canon form with much facility. An English version is given in addition to the German text.

"Five Pictures on a Journey" are characteristic pianoforte pieces by Francis Davenport (from the same publishers), are extremely well written movements, well contrasted in style, and evidencing both the composer's thorough knowledge of the instrument and his sound musical training.

"Ballade," and "Marche Hongroise," by Sydney Smith (Ashdown and Parry), are effective pianoforte pieces; the first including a graceful melody surrounded with florid passages (chiefly for the left hand)—the second a characteristic and brilliant imitation of the national style indicated by the title. "Tannhäuser" and the "Flying Dutchman" are well-written fantasias, based on themes from Wagner's operas, the first for pianoforte solo, the other a pianoforte duet. These are also published by Messrs. Ashdown and Parry, as is "Le Bivouac," another telling piece by Mr. Sydney Smith—in the military style, for two performers on the pianoforte.

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