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THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. LYING IN STATE

Topics of the Week

THE decision of what we may call the Family Council of the Napoleons, to put forward no untimely pretensions, to excite no unpatriotic disturbances, but calmly and patiently to await the ripening of events in France, is one which will recommend itself to the English public, and probably to the French public also. There are a good many Englishmen who are utterly opposed to the revival of the Napoleonic Empire, just as, we may add, there are a good many Englishmen hostile to Bourbonism and Orleanism and Republicanism. It does not require very great powers of penetration to observe that at least the same state of things exists across the Channel. Whatever may be the future of France, it is eminently creditable to the Napoleons that they refuse to be parties to any agitation which would incalculably increase the unsettled condition of affairs, social and political, in France. Whatever objections may be raised against points in the policy of the late Emperor, there can be no doubt that his reign was productive of great and lasting benefit in many respects, while the amiability of his personal character created an amount of attachment and affection, even among political opponents, which too seldom falls to the lot of sovereigns. The widowed Empress and the youthful Prince are favourites with everybody; and we are certain that though staunch Bonapartists may salute the son of Napoleon III. in their hearts as Napoleon IV., the modest title of Comte de Pierrefonds, which has been selected as his public designation, will be all the more respected for the honourable recognition of accomplished, though not irreversible, facts which it implies. France is at liberty to choose her own rulers, and Englishmen can only wish that her choice may be for the best. Meantime, it is well to remark that already there are prophets, not confined to the Bonapartist ranks, who announce that whether the Republic outlive the Comte de Chambord, or the Comte de Chambord depose the Republic, the young Exile of Chislehurst is the destined heir of both.

THE arrest of the German clergyman, Hessel, on the charge of having been concerned in the Great Coram Street murder, may possibly turn out to be justified by evidence to be produced against him; but it is not pleasant to think that, if his innocence should be established, there is no principle known to our law under which he would be enabled to obtain redress for the wrong he will have suffered. Dr. Hessel was arrested by what must at least be regarded as a singular accident. It appears that shortly before the date of the murder, a German emigrant vessel, having sustained damage, put into Ramsgate for repairs. Aboard this ship was a German, named Wohlebe, who seemed to the police so closely to resemble the published descriptions of the murderer, that certain persons were sent for to identify him. Of these, however, not one could discover in Wohlebe any resemblance to the man of whom they had obtained a temporary sight on the night of the murder; but two of their number, observing another German present, who appears not hitherto to have been suspected, declared their belief that he was the man. On this evidence Dr. Hessel, who was the chaplain of the emigrant vessel, has been brought before a magistrate, and remanded; and meanwhile both he and Mrs. Hessel have been detained, while the ship in which they came to Ramsgate has sailed for Brazil. Pending the inquiry before the magistrate, it would of course be improper to discuss the facts which are publicly stated to be forthcoming in evidence of Dr. Hessel's being merely the victim of a mistaken impression on the part of these witnesses; but in this and similar cases, the public conscience would certainly be more easy if it were the practice ultimately to rectify unpleasant mistakes by some sort of compensation. No one indeed can blame the police for detaining Dr. Hessel on the testimony of two witnesses; and there would be danger in inspiring the authorities with too great a degree of caution and timidity in such cases. But it is not easy to see what inconvenience could result from giving persons innocently arrested a claim, if not to recompense for annoyance, at least to a reimbursement of any pecuniary loss to which they may prove to have been undeservedly subjected.

It was, we think, a happy thought of the late Captain Marryat that, in the good old flogging days of the British navy, led to an Admiralty order prescribing an interval of twenty-four hours between sentence and execution. None at that time dreamed of abolishing the "cat;" but it was felt that a culprit might reasonably be allowed the opportunity of an appeal from the captain in a rage to the captain in his calmer mood. The Governing Body of

Winchester College has dealt with the great "tunding" question in a somewhat similar spirit of merciful conservatism. The prefects will retain the power of inflicting corporal punishment. The criminal will, in all cases, have the alternative of an appeal to the decision of the Head Master. The "Victim," if we remember rightly, appealed to the Master of his House, and was advised to submit to prefectorial commands. The new appeal, it may be presumed, to Dr. Ridding himself, will be a more real safeguard against any fresh instance of over-strained authority. He that would have been tunded before will doubtless, in most cases, be tunded still; but we may hope to hear less of the ashen sticks in mere caprice, or for the breach of an imaginary code. Their use in future will best be confined to those offences in the inner life of a school which boys, after all, judge better by tribunals of their own than masters can do for them. It was, perhaps, quite as well not to rejudge, save by a passing censure, the case which had led to the inquiry, and most of the suggestions of the Governing Body had been already anticipated by Dr. Ridding. The pith of their resolution lies in its clear recognition of the Head Master as responsible for all and superior to all—even to that traditional school usage whose influence, though at times hardly acknowledged, is nowhere more powerful than where, as in our public schools, the great body of masters is mainly recruited from the ranks of "old boys." Whether the legitimate authority of the prefects could not be kept up by some fitter weapon than ashen rods is a point on which, in spite of the minute of the Governing Body, the public at large will probably form its own opinion. After all, however, Winchester was never so flourishing; and if its somewhat rough discipline gains the approbation of parents, pupils, and governors, the outside world, perhaps, has little right to hazard uncalled-for criticism.

ARE we going to have another Russian war on our hands? It is to be hoped not, and for some time, at any rate, it is to be expected not. Probably, with the mingled exercise of firmness and courtesy, which is due both to our own dignity and the dignity of our great rival in Asia, we shall succeed in conciliating the safety of our Indian Empire with the indisputable rights of Russia in the East. Russia has a difficult part to play amid the fierce and independent barbarians of Turkestan. If we cast our eyes upon America, we can learn from the conflict between the Great Republic and the Red Indians of Oregon how sorely tried a civilised State can be by brave and revengeful savages; and when Russian envoys tell of the cruelties practised on unoffending merchants and travellers by the brutal Khivans, it is very hard to say that Russia has not a right to exact retribution. If we interpret aright the policy of our Government, we should decidedly say that we are not going to protect the Khivan fanatics—a furious Mohammedanism is at the bottom of half the trouble—from richly-deserved punishment; but here comes another question:—Cannot Russia exact retribution without enforcing annexation, just as we maintain order on all the confines of British territory in India without unduly extending the area of British conquest? And, furthermore, what has brought the Russians behind our backs, so to speak, into the perfectly peaceful territories of North-eastern Persia? It was not to curb rebellious Khivans that Russia has established a fort on the Attrucks, which directly menaces Herat, which is so important a key of British India. We are afraid that Russia means a great deal more than the necessary punishment of barbarous neighbours, and it is the duty of our Government to keep an encroaching ambition within proper bounds.

THE forgery of those cabalistic signs which the Goldsmiths' Company are accustomed to affix to gold and silver articles, in testimony to their quality, is well known to be a very common kind of fraud; but it is not pleasant to be told that even genuine Hall-marks cannot be relied upon. Private correspondents of the newspapers, however, write to complain that articles bearing this certificate often prove to be considerably below the standard certified to; and the manager of the Liverpool Assay Office in his work upon Hall-marks, declares that he is frequently called upon to test gold articles which are stamped as of eighteen carats fineness, but which prove on assaying to be of no more than thirteen or fourteen carats. The remedy proposed for this by a practical jeweller is that the system of Hall-marking should be abolished, and the public left to exact a written warranty of fineness from the tradesmen. Every one, however, knows that few persons can have an opportunity of testing the quality of gold and silver articles which they purchase; and the unpleasantness of demanding a guarantee with each article would probably render the system proposed satisfactory to no one but practical jewellers, who in the majority of cases would be asked for no guarantee at all. The true remedy appears to be to compel the Goldsmiths' Com-

pany to perform efficiently the duty which they undertake. This might easily be done by giving the victims of their carelessness a remedy against them; or, if this were insufficient, imposing a fine upon them for proved carelessness. Unfortunately, however, fines cannot be recovered without some machinery for putting the law in force; and this our Legislature almost habitually omits to provide. The forgers of Hall-marks are said to flourish simply because it is nobody's business to detect and expose their ingenious counterfeits.

To be all but turned out of office on a question of teaching Latin verses in schools might seem hard measure for a Minister of Public Instruction, even under the Provisional Government of France. But that minister was Jules Simon, Liberal Republican, and *libre penseur*, the one member of the Government of the 4th of September who still holds office under M. Thiers, and whose influence in the country has of late been decidedly on the increase, and all the Right wing of the Assembly was marshalled against him by the classic Bishop of Orleans to condemn his late circular suppressing Latin versification and recommending greater attention to modern languages and gymnastics. Something more, we think, may be said for Latin composition as a part of education than M. Simon and his school are disposed to admit, and we may quote Mr. Gladstone against Mr. Lowe for the value as a means of mental training of much which utilitarians are pleased to call useless knowledge. But there can be no doubt that in France themes and verse exercises have been carried to an absurd extreme, wearying the pupil with endless repetition, and excluding the study even of the great masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature. The servile and laborious imitation of doubtful models into which these exercises so easily degenerate in the case of most school-boys, might advantageously be replaced by tasks more calculated to test the thinking power, or by the acquirement of those living languages of which the average Frenchman is so strangely ignorant. Still M. Simon, for all his eloquence, triumphed only after a second division, the Right, when they saw their chance was gone, sulkily declining to vote. Perhaps his dexterous allusion to German familiarity with the French language saved him. Waverers who disliked M. Simon disliked the Germans still more, and voted with him, lest by his defeat France should be thrown back in her efforts for that solid and practical education, whose efficacy, in the case of her great rival, she had proved by bitter experience.

IT was more than forty years ago, and in the very infancy of our railway system, that an enthusiastic engineer published a book showing how the system of tramways on common roads might be made subsidiary to the great iron ways, and prophesied a time when every farmhouse of importance would send its produce away by a tramway from its doors. If these sanguine predictions should fail to be realised, there are at least signs that some progress will be made in this direction. A company called "The East Norfolk Tramway Company" has obtained its Act of Parliament for an extensive system of trams, connecting manufacturing and agricultural districts out of the way of railway accommodation with certain stations on the Norfolk lines; and should this scheme prove successful, there can be little doubt that the example will ultimately be followed in all parts in which the country is tolerably free from physical difficulties. The whole capital proposed to be raised by the Norfolk company is only 100,000*l.* In fact, the cost of these tramways as compared with railways is exceedingly small. That this system will ultimately prove of great advantage to the public there can be little doubt; but it will be a serious oversight on the part of the Legislature if Acts of Parliament endowing private companies with powers over the high roads are not accompanied with substantial protection for the public interest. A Tramway Act confers a permanent way ready made, on which the companies have little to do but to lay down iron rails; and there is really no reason why so valuable a gift should be made without exacting the most favourable conditions possible for the public. As it would be impracticable to give more than one company power to occupy the road, such privileges must necessarily assume the form of a monopoly; and it will be in vain to expect that any considerations having reference to the cheapness of their system will deter the companies from adopting the tariff which will, on the whole, produce the greatest revenue for their shareholders. This, indeed, it would be their duty to do; but the Legislature has also a duty in this matter, which it is to be hoped will not be neglected.

It seems to be a matter for discussion whether the action of the United States with regard to Cuba has increased or diminished the difficulties of the Spanish Government. In the first place, the Spaniards being as

punctilious as Spaniards ought to be, traditionally speaking, the bare suspicion of foreign menace is enough to drive them frantic pretty nearly in proportion to their sense of inability to confront a Power like the United States. They are accordingly disposed rather to risk a war than to do good on compulsion. On the other hand, as the Spanish slavers are very little likely to do good, except upon compulsion, the United States have a fair excuse for saying that Mr. Fish's rather dictatorial note about Cuban slavery will help King Amadeo to abolish slavery. It is difficult to tell which theory will turn out correct. It is nothing new to hear that the countrymen of the Cid and the Guerillas are a curious mixture of good and evil. We would advise the boldest patriots of the Cortes, however, to burn as little powder as can possibly be helped against the United States, or, indeed, against any of the great Powers.

WITH the first of next month the silent halls and corridors of Greenwich Hospital will waken into new life. For on that day the first classes will be formed in the Naval College, which is to take the place of the old asylum, whose pensioners have dropped away to live more at ease in their respective homes. The new college is not designed to supersede any of the existing training establishments. Naval cadets will not be admitted. Gunnery instruction on board the *Excellent* and practical surveying at Portsmouth will be carried on as before. It will be open to all officers above the rank of midshipman; to a limited number of dockyard apprentices, chosen by competitive examination; to officers in the merchant service; and eventually to private students under similar regulations to those now in force at South Kensington. Theory will go hand-in-hand with practice. The gunnery lieutenant, after completing his term at the College, will be sent at once for a course of practical instruction to the *Excellent*. Other officers will have special consideration for the next appointments. The object, in fact, of the College is at once to give our officers the most complete theoretical training, and to develop scientific investigation in every department which affects our naval interests. The service has long felt the want of such an institution. It may be hoped that before long a term or two at Greenwich will be considered almost indispensable for promotion.



THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

THE great majority of our engravings this week relate to the mournful ceremonies which have recently been enacted at Chislehurst. These pictures, therefore, will be most appropriately described in the form of a continuous narrative. But as engravings cannot be produced as rapidly as letter-press the public have been placed in full possession of all these details more than a week ago, so that it will only be necessary here to reproduce such a brief summary as may contribute to a clear understanding of our successive pictorial delineations.

Even among the humblest a death is almost invariably succeeded by a sort of gloomy bustle in the house, so that a period of rigid seclusion is not so easily attained by those who mourn for the dead as may be imagined by people who have never undergone the painful ordeal. But when a personage of historical celebrity quits this mortal scene, especially under such remarkable conditions as the late Exile of Chislehurst, all this bustle is increased a thousand-fold. The Emperor died on Thursday, the 9th inst., and by Saturday the little village of Chislehurst was filled to overflowing with an influx of persons drawn thither by motives either of curiosity, of sympathy, or of respect. The inns and other places of accommodation were speedily filled, and many, who had intended to stay at Chislehurst till after the funeral, were obliged to return to London to sleep. The bulk of these immigrants were naturally Frenchmen. There were the kinsfolk and relatives of the dead Bonaparte, and there were numbers of the chief supporters of the Imperial principle. The attendance of these multitudes of Frenchmen, braving the discomforts of the Straits of Dover in mid-winter (no small ordeal for a Gaul), proves two facts—first, that Louis Napoleon was personally beloved by many of his followers; secondly, that Imperialism is still a living creed. Kings of France have died in full possession of their sceptres, whose corpses, directly the breath had quitted them, were treated with contumely and neglect; whereas this man, though dethroned, in exile, and regarded by many as the author of innumerable woes to France, was certainly followed to the grave by a large multitude of sincere mourners. At the same time, the sincerity of their devotion to the dead was doubtless strengthened by their firm belief that the Empire is destined to be revived in the person of his son. "Tout se peut rétablir," they say, repeating the historical phrase of their late master; and who is bold enough to prophesy that their desires will never be realised? The elder Napoleon won many glorious battles, but he mercilessly robbed France of her children. Five and thirty years later she was ready to forgive all these injuries, and to welcome as her chief ruler an obscure adventurer, whose chief passport to her affections was that he bore the magical name of the hero of Austerlitz. Certainly, explain the fact as we may, crowds of Frenchmen came to Chislehurst to do homage to the dead Emperor, and the quiet Kentish village was temporarily meta-

morphosed into an appanage of France. There were not wanting either a considerable contingent of our own countrymen, among whom were a large number of the nobility and gentry, who called at the lodge, and inscribed their names in the book kept there. One of our sketches represents the ceremony, which is one dear to the heart of Britons, who are always pleased to leave their autographs in public places, and, moreover, feel a sort of melancholy complacency in thus connecting their own patronymics with the name of one who a few years ago was among the most potent rulers of mankind.

On the Sunday, some privileged visitors were admitted to the bedroom where lay the Emperor's mortal remains. The scene, under the title of "The Last Levée," is described elsewhere by Mr. Sydney Hall, who was permitted on the Tuesday following to make a sketch. It will suffice here to remark that the room was very dark, that the coffin stood on trestles in the middle of the floor, and that the body, clothed in the uniform last worn at Sedan, lay unshrouded in the coffin. Some who have viewed the dead man have remarked on the wearied aspect of his features, others held that death had removed the careworn aspect, and removed many of the lines of anxiety and sorrow. Little, however, can be learnt by gazing on the face of the dead, because the Man whose vitality once gave expression to those features is no longer there, and this senseless Thing, to which we do honour, is a mere waxen effigy of the original.

The Lying in State, to which the public were admitted, took place on Tuesday, the 14th inst. For this ceremony the body was removed from the bedroom in which the Emperor died to the picture-gallery, or grand hall of Camden Place, a lofty, spacious apartment. Part of the roof is of glass, but the excess of light was subdued by canvas coverings, while the walls were draped with black velvet, thus converting the apartment into a Chapelle Ardente. The Lying in State was ushered in by a significant ceremony. Early in the morning the whole of the Imperial suite, in evening dress, were at their posts. Six members of the household stood near the Emperor's coffin, the wax tapers were lighted, and two clergymen knelt in prayer by the body. About eleven o'clock Prince Napoleon and other members of the Bonaparte family proceeded to Count Clary's house, for the purpose of conducting the Prince Imperial, who was staying there, to view his father's body. On arrival at Camden Place they repaired to the great hall, where there had assembled upwards of 150 personages of distinction, a larger number than had been seen together at any time during the last five years of the Emperor's power. Soon afterwards the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived, and after a private interview with the Prince Imperial and other members of the Bonaparte family they proceeded to view the body of the deceased Emperor, concluding their stay with a brief visit to the Empress. They had scarcely gone when the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian arrived on a similar errand, and after their departure the Prince Imperial himself visited the catafalque, and, kneeling in front of the body, remained for some minutes in prayer.

The public part of the Lying in State had yet to begin. Thousands of visitors had arrived from London and elsewhere, and there was necessarily much crowding and confusion at a railway station ordinarily intended merely for the convenience of a quiet village. Numbers of Frenchmen were present, distinguished by their decorations of red ribbon and their bunches of violets, and a great many artillerymen and other soldiers from Woolwich. The crushing outside the gates was tremendous, and although the public were only admitted by batches of two hundred at a time, there was a great deal of unseemly pushing and struggling inside the Park, in order to reach the window which gave admittance to the house. The imperfect police arrangements were blamed, but the real blame is due to the unmanly impatience which characterises the bulk of our countrymen, and which refuses to adopt the admirable French expedient of standing *en queue*.

As soon, however, as the visitor had found his way inside, the contrast was as great as if another world had been reached. The broad glare of daylight was exchanged for a dimly-lit passage; the walls were hung with sombre draperies; while a string of ghost-like figures clad in black was seen passing up and down. At length the Chapelle Ardente is reached. The eye turns first to the outward trappings. Rich black velvet hangings surround the chamber; a blaze of gaslight glitters down on the bier; on either side two priests in full vestments kneel in prayer; and on either side of the coffin stand six gentlemen of the household, whose duty it is to watch by the body of the dead Emperor. With the tranquil look of a child asleep he lay, dressed in the uniform of a French General of Division, with the Grand Cordon of Legion of Honour and two other military decorations crossing his breast. Above his head the "N." of the Napoleons was wrought in the tapestry. A plain black crucifix rested at the foot of the coffin, half buried in a mound of garlands, immortelles, and winter flowers.

Among the crowds of visitors who besieged Camden House during the Lying in State were many who inscribed their names in the visitors' book (as shown in our sketch); while hundreds of telegrams and letters of condolence arrived from all parts of Europe, especially from Italy.

The entrance to the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Mary, Chislehurst, is by a little Gothic porch on the southern side. The exterior of the building is modest and unpretending, but the interior is not devoid of claims to architectural effect. The roof is high-pitched and sharp, of stained timber on plaster work, and the rafters, which rest on uncarved brackets, are of open wood-work. Near the altar is a finely-painted rose window. The rest of the glass is plain. The interior of the little church forms an oblong area, usually nearly filled with chairs. These were removed in preparation for the funeral, the church was hung with black, and a catafalque was placed in the centre. It may be here mentioned, in explanation of one of our sketches, that on the altar dais, on the right side of the chancel as one stands with his back to the altar, are three fauteuils, with a *prie-Dieu* between them—both fauteuils and *prie-Dieu* covered with crimson velvet. These were the Imperial seats, and on the Sunday morning after the Emperor's death, just before the service began, the priest came in and draped them with black velvet trimmed with white.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 15th inst., and again thousands of visitors assembled at Chislehurst. Two of our sketches represent the "Chief Mourners" and "The Procession entering St. Mary's Chapel." The deputation of workmen, with the French tricolor at their head, led the way, then the seven priests bareheaded, and chanting as they went, then the hearse with its nodding plumes. The Prince Imperial, as chief mourner, walked alone, immediately behind. Then followed the Princes Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, Princes Murat, and the younger scions of the house of Bonaparte, and then a motley throng

of senators, nobles, ambassadors, and deputies, and other personages, amounting altogether to some two thousand people. Of these only a privileged few were allowed to enter the church, which is calculated to hold only about two hundred persons. The funeral service lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and was mainly choral. The sweet voices of the children chanting the "Agnus Dei," and the rolling strophes of the "Miserere" were deeply thrilling, and when the bells rang for the Elevation and Remonstrance, and the whole assemblage sank on their knees, the scene was very striking. Finally, after the officiating prelate, wearing his mourning mitre of white silk, had pronounced absolution, the coffin was raised from the bier, and carried into the sepulchre. The grave had been constructed a few feet down the nave, in a small dark recess. Over it the Empress intends to erect a mortuary chapel, though it is said that, if the French Government give permission, the remains of the Emperor will be ultimately deposited in the burial-place of the Bonapartes at Napoleon St. Leu.

Another of our engravings represents the wreaths, immortelles, &c., placed at the gate of the tomb. Floral devices were suspended from or attached to the gate, so as to make it somewhat more of a veil than of itself it would have been; nevertheless, the coffin, with its rich violet pall and gold-broidered cross, could be seen without difficulty through the open spaces, though half buried in flowers and wreaths of amaranth. Each of these tokens had its tale of private sympathy and sorrow. The Queen sent a white amaranthine wreath. Near it lay one that bore the name of Prince Leopold, and to a wreath of lilies of the valley, bedded in moss, was a card attached, bearing the words—"De la part de la Princesse Beatrice."

The ceremony which is the subject of our double-page illustration took place on Thursday, the 16th, the day following the Emperor's funeral, in the Chapelle Ardente at Camden Place, which had been quickly divested of every attribute of the Lying in State, and restored to its usual aspect, that of a picture gallery. On this occasion the Empress undertook to receive individually all the friends of the Emperor of every rank, and take formal leave of those about to return to France. Nearly all the dearest friends of the family, and those who had held high office under the Empire were there, and many of the noblest names and families in France were represented, but the prominent feature of the reception was the presence of the deputation of working-men of Paris. These poor men, numbering about fifteen, who had been so conspicuous in the funeral procession on the preceding day, stood in line round the upper end of the room. One of them, dressed in blue canvas blouse, held a black banner ornamented in silver with the cypher N, an imperial crown, and the words *ouvriers de Paris*, at the top of the staff an imperial crown muffled in crape. These men were dressed in ordinary dress, and were, our artist assures us, palpably real Parisian workmen, and not, as some scoffers say, dummies recruited from the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. The side and lower portion of the room, the adjoining corridor, and even the entrance hall, were crowded with the visitors in double and triple ranks. The scene was painfully impressive in the extreme, and can never be forgotten by those whose duty called them there. In most of the countenances uncontrollable emotion betrayed itself, and many were in tears, particularly one poor *ouvrier*, who retired weeping bitterly. The Empress, although wholly unequal to the task she had set for herself, maintained her dignity and composure for some time. As she passed round, followed by the Prince and one lady attendant, she extended her hands to each of the kneeling and weeping persons, before whom she stopped, and received their sad salutations in voiceless emotion, but she could not long support the agonising ceremony, and retired, we believe, only in time to faint away in privacy. The manly and courageous bearing of the Prince was remarked and praised by everyone.

Some account of the unexpected death of the late

LORD LYTTON

will be found under the head of "Home News." A full memoir of his lordship, with a detailed account of his various literary performances, is given in our issue of Dec. 28th.

We also engrave this week a portrait of

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This distinguished lady was born on May 5, 1826. Her maternal grandfather was Mr. Kirkpatrick, British Consul at Malaga, and of an ancient and honourable Scottish family, while her father, the Count de Montijos, belonged to one of the most noble lineages of Spain. Her education, which was partly conducted in England, was very superior to that usually bestowed on Spanish women. In 1851 she and her mother paid a visit to Paris, where her personal and mental charms attracted universal admiration. Two years later she was married to the Emperor Napoleon at Nôtre Dame, and in 1856, her only child, the Prince Imperial, was born. After a lengthened career of prosperity and general popularity, the current of public opinion changed after Sedan, and the Empress had a narrow escape from maltreatment, if not from death. She fled to England, and has since lived at Chislehurst.

NEW YEAR DINNER IN A HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

This entertainment corresponds with the usual Christmas dinner of the English regiments in our Army, a time-honoured custom—one of the many linking the officers and men of a corps together. The room selected for the dinner of each company was tastefully decorated with holly, laurels,—the reward of the soldier,—coloured festoons, mottoes, devices, stars of bayonets, and Chinese lanterns, in good taste. The non-commissioned officers, men, married people, and children, sat down to a substantial fare provided by the officers of the companies. The commanding officer and lady, accompanied by the regimental officers, visited each gathering, and exchanged good wishes for the New Year. Music being provided, the evening was wound up with reels and dancing. The drawing represents the room of I Company, 91st Highlanders. Our engraving is from a sketch by Captain H. G. Robley, of the 91st Highlanders.

LIFE IN CHINA, IX.—THE MULE LITTER

The mule litter is used in the mountain passes north of Pekin, and may be hired for the journey to the Great Wall. The litter is in the form of a huge sedan, with double shafts, the whole being slung on the back of two ponies, or mules, the one in front and the other behind, in such a way as to leave the animals the full and free use of their limbs in climbing the rough, rocky defiles of the Nankow Pass. The chair is large enough to hold two individuals and baggage for a journey. It is by far the

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE NAPOLEON III.



VISITORS INSCRIBING THEIR NAMES IN THE GARDEN OF CAMDEN PLACE



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ENTERING ST. MARY'S CHAPEL



THE GRAPHIC, January 25, 1873

THE LAST LEVÉE

INSIDE THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE AT CHISLEHURST, JAN. 14, 1873, AT THE LYING IN STATE OF NAPOLEON III.

easiest and most comfortable mode of travelling over the rough pass to reach the Great Wall. It, however, requires some slight nerve in the traveller, as the path frequently leads over the verge of a dangerous precipice, where a false step of the sure-footed mules would plunge the litter and its contents into the fatal depths of the pass.

N.B.—Our engraving of St. Mary's Chapel is from a photograph by Mr. R. V. Harmans, of High Street, Bromley, Kent. We omitted last week to mention that our engraving of the Empress's apartment at Camden Place was from a photograph by Mr. Edward Moira, of 12, Lower Seymour Street, W. We wish also to state that the engraving of the Emperor Napoleon after Sedan, recently published in our pamphlet-biography, was from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, of Regent Street and Cheapside, and was originally published in our issue of May 20th, 1871—No. 77.

NOTICE.—A Portrait of the late LORD LYTTON, Drawn from Life, appeared in our issue of January 4th, No. 162, a MEMOIR in No. 161, December 28th, and VIEWS OF KNEBETH, Lord Lytton's seat, in No. 163, January 11th. We, this week, present our readers with a REPRODUCTION of this portrait, the MOST LIFE-LIKE, as well as the LATEST, likeness of this celebrated author. This engraving is the first of our series of PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED PERSONAGES DRAWN FROM LIFE, without the aid of photography. A succession of these pictures will shortly appear. Lord Lytton's portrait has received high praise from a number of the best judges, as the following extracts from their letters will show:—

"I have long had a high appreciation of your work, and its success in promoting Art. The portrait of Lord Lytton is certainly one of the best specimens of wood engraving I have seen for a long time."

"W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A."

"The portrait of Lord Lytton is drawn with such artistic delicacy and truth that it claims special admiration; as an engraving also it is extraordinarily charming, so I have no hesitation in saying that the publication of such works by you merits the thanks of all interested in the progress of public taste."

"W. HOLMAN HUNT."

"I cannot help writing to express my admiration of the fine portrait of Lord Lytton. The really good Art here shown, the well-directed labour, every stroke telling, the lightness, brightness, and life-likeness is most beautiful, and, I would add, most unusual. It certainly is a triumph of wood engraving."

"SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A."

"Allow me to express my great approval of the work, both as a portrait and as a work of art, in both of which considerations I think it holds a very high character. It has all the qualities of a fine etching, and after having done duty on my walls as a specialty of the day, I shall welcome it to my folio of select gleanings."

"JOHN P. KNIGHT, R.A."

"I greatly admired the portrait of Lord Lytton, as I do other portraits which I have seen by the same artist. The wood-cutting I consider to be masterly."

"SIR M. DIGBY WYATT."

"I congratulate you on your spirited undertaking, and on the device of a very gifted artist. The engraving is interesting, not only as a very good likeness of your subject, but as a very clever and artistic bit of handling. A collection of heads of this order of merit would be a most valuable addition to your paper."

"FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A."

"A series of portraits in the style of that of Lord Lytton will form a most desirable series of representations of the eminent men of the day, and the fact of their being executed by so able an artist as M. Laugel will be a guarantee for their excellence as likenesses as well as works of Art."

"E. M. WARD, R.A."

"The portrait of Lord Lytton is a very clever artistic study, and exceptionally excellent as a wood engraving. This, and similar portraits of other eminent men cannot fail to be of great public value and interest."

"J. C. HORSLEY, R.A."

Similar letters of commendation have been received from other gentlemen of eminence, among whom are James Sant, Esq., R.A.; H. Le Jeune, Esq., A.R.A.; H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A.; Henry O'Neil, Esq., A.R.A.; John Pettie, Esq., A.R.A.; and G. E. Street, Esq., R.A.

N.B.—Our Extra Supplement also contains a Portrait of the Empress Eugénie. This Supplement and the Half Sheet are to be placed for binding between pages 80 and 89.

NOTICE.—To all those who so kindly interest themselves in our welfare we wish to announce that we have just completed the building of a new Printing Office, fitted with the most complete modern machinery. This enables us to bring forward many improvements; among others, Serial Stories by the most eminent authors. Mrs. Oliphant has already commenced her labours, and Mr. Anthony Trollope and Mr. Wilkie Collins will follow.

The first number of the New Year contained the commencement of Mrs. Oliphant's Tale (illustrated), and entitled "INNOCENT," a Story of Modern Life. Back numbers may be had at 190, Strand.

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MR. BRIGHT, unable to join his colleagues in addressing their supporters at the Town Hall, Birmingham, last Monday, sent a letter expressing satisfaction with the progress that has been achieved since the last election, and observing in palliation of mistakes that may have been made, that "the course of the wisest and best of men in the government of a great country, which is so encumbered with the errors of the past, is one full of difficulty." With respect to the future he pointed to the need of readjusting the county representation, remodelling the land laws, and reducing national expenditure. Mr. Dixon and Mr. Muntz reviewed recent legislation at great length, and generally with favour; the former denouncing in very strong terms the recent judgment on the gas stokers.—The thirteen men sentenced at the Woolwich Police Court, completed their term on Wednesday, and were accordingly released, but no steps have yet been taken to soften the punishment of the leaders, who were committed by Mr. Justice Brett.

THE Women's Suffrage advocates have been very busy during the last fortnight; several meetings have been held in various places. The last was at Hackney on Tuesday evening, when Mrs. P. A. Taylor presided, and was authorised by vote to sign a petition to Parliament in favour of woman suffrage. The resolutions passed were "That the extension of women's rights would tend to the welfare of the State," and "that the exclusion of women from voting was injurious to those excluded, contrary to the principles of just representations, and to the laws now in force."

THE report that Persia had by a secret treaty, concluded two years ago, ceded to Russia some territory on the banks of the Atok, and even Khorassan itself, has been officially denied by the Persian Ambassador.

SIR J. PAKINGTON, speaking at the National Education Meeting at Manchester, replied seriatim to Mr. Morley's proposals at Bristol, and proposed as a resolution for the religious difficulty the reading and teaching of the Bible and the reciting of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed. These, he thought, would furnish a sound foundation of religious knowledge without violating the conscience of the most scrupulous Dissenters.

THE executive of the United Kingdom Alliance have adopted resolutions declaring that they do not think it expedient for their friends to continue their exertions in the direction of petitioning Parliament, and recommending them to promote memorials signed by the electors in the various constituencies, calling upon the representatives to support Sir W. Lawson's Bill, and also to bring all their influence to bear at the next general election for the return of candidates who will support the Permissive Prohibitory System.

THE Trades Union Congress at Leeds closed its proceedings on Saturday after passing resolutions condemning the system of piecework practised in some of the most influential trades of the United Kingdom; denouncing the conduct of the prison authorities in allowing articles manufactured by prisoners to be brought in unfair competition into the market; and affirming that the House of Commons should be memorialised to take steps to form a code of international law and the establishment of an international tribunal.

THE contention between the Welsh pit-owners and their workmen still continues. The masters express their determination to let the strike work itself out, and the men are equally determined to fight to the bitter end. A gentleman named Dawson, a retired London solicitor, recently called the colliers and ironworkers together by advertisement, and proposed the formation of a Conciliation Committee, whose object should be to bring about a definite understanding between masters and men; but after much discussion the meeting broke up without any decision. The Miners' Association have distributed 7,500d. The ballot test was a complete failure. The figures were—For work, 280; for the strike, 30: thus only 310 voted out of the 11,000 who were employed at the Dowlais works. A public subscription has been started in Merthyr for the alleviation of the distress.—The strike of the Fifeshire colliers has ended in the men withdrawing from the position they took up. They held that a section of the Mines Regulation Act, which provides for the careful inspection of the walls and roofs of mines, took an immediate effect, while the employers held that it was only operative after the 1st of April next. A good deal of suffering has prevailed. Previous to the submission of the men, the wives of some of them had actually asked a colliery proprietor named Fraser for permission to work in the pit, stating that "they cared neither for the union nor their husbands, if they could earn something for their children." The request was of course refused, as it is illegal to employ women in a mine.—A strike of a curious character took place at York last week. It seems that the local authorities will not permit a cabman to leave the box of his vehicle whilst waiting to take up a fare. The cabmen organised a strike against this regulation, and the visitors to the county hall last Wednesday found that not a cab was to be had for love nor money, and were obliged to walk home through the pouring rain.

AFTER a day or two of rather sharp weather London was early in the week given over to rain and slush, which has again been succeeded by a sharp frost and biting wind. Snow is reported from Wales and several parts of Scotland, as well as from some places on the south-west coast. Devon and Cornwall have been visited by tremendous hail storms. The barometer has fallen lower than it has been for several years. In some parts of Ireland there have been some severe snow storms; while in others the floods have been continued and increased by incessant rain. At Bandon the streets are flooded, and the river is so swollen as to reach within a foot of the top of the arches of the bridge. In Jersey a week of fine spring weather has been followed by a sudden and violent gale, with rain, thunder, and lightning. The mail packet from England could not make the passage.

THE obituary record of the week is both lengthy and important. Lord Lytton died last Saturday at Torquay, in the 67th year of his age. Up to very recently he had enjoyed unusually good health, and had been revising the proof sheets of "Kenelm Chillingley." He had had, however, occasional attacks of earache, and inflammation setting in proved fatal. For an account

of his literary career, we must refer our readers to our issue for December 28, 1872. His reputation, however, was not confined to the field of literature. For many years he occupied a conspicuous position as a statesman. He sat in Parliament for St. Ives, in 1831, on Reform principles, and in the reformed Parliament he sat for Lincoln, from 1832 to 1841, advocating Liberal views, and especially supporting the repeal of the "taxes on knowledge." Then came a period of retirement until 1852, when he was returned for the county of Herts, for which he sat until raised to the Upper House in 1866. In the meantime, his opinions had changed, the enthusiasm of his youth had cooled, and unable to sympathise with the Free Trade movement of 1841, he went over to the Tory camp. Lord Lytton was married in 1827 to Miss R. Wheeler, the authoress of several novels, and is succeeded in his title and estates by his son, the Hon. Robert Lytton. We understand that negotiations are pending for the interment of the body in Westminster Abbey.

MR. S. R. GRAVES, the senior Member for Liverpool, died very suddenly at the Euston Hotel on Saturday morning, at the age of 55. After dining with the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House on Friday evening, he returned to the hotel, shortly after midnight, apparently in his usual health. About twenty minutes past three in the morning he complained of illness, medical assistance was at once summoned, but Mr. Graves expired at five minutes to four. An inquest was held in the afternoon, and medical evidence having been given showing that the cause of death was fatty degeneration of the heart, a verdict was returned accordingly. Mr. Graves, who was held in high respect on both sides of the House of Commons, was a Conservative in politics, and was first returned for Liverpool at the general election of 1865. He was buried on Wednesday at Toxteth Cemetery, Liverpool. The funeral was of a semi-public character, members of the Corporation and other local bodies attending. Next week we shall present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Graves.—Another sudden death is that of General Sir F. Scott, K.C.B., who, whilst riding in Rotten Row, on Saturday, fell from his horse and soon afterwards died.—The death is also announced of Sir W. Davison, Equerry to the Duke of Cambridge, at the age of 85.

HISTORY OF THE ART OF WRITING*

THE appearance of this remarkable and highly interesting work has produced a marked sensation in foreign literary and scientific circles. Few of our readers can realise the amount of diligent research and erudition required to compile such a work as this "History of Writing and Characters." In his first volume Herr Wuttke treats of the origin of writing, its various systems in different parts of the world, and of the characters employed by those nations where the alphabet was not used. Starting from the crude commencement of the art in the form of tattooing, the author takes us through a variety of phases until we arrive at the laying down of the electric wire. So instructive and entertaining are the contents of this volume that we read with regret the statement made by Herr Wuttke that he can scarcely hope to complete the second volume during his lifetime, so severe is the amount of labour necessary for the self-imposed task.

At first the perplexities of writing lay not so much in the expression of ideas as in the difficulty of finding permanent pigments. Thus, for a long time the art of writing and illuminating made very slow progress, and the earliest efforts were chiefly confined to ancestral memorials, inscriptions over the dead, and records of heroic deeds.

During the Middle Ages tattooing was largely practised even in Europe. In the year 787 it was legally forbidden to be carried on in Northumberland. The Mongolese and Hottentots combined the art of writing and illustrating under one head. Upon the surface of rocks, almost inaccessible, may be seen drawings of human beings, animals, and various designs, each one of which bears a special signification, and is executed with marvellous correctness. On the coast of North America may be found a species of cockle-shell in white, violet, brown, and black, which the Iroquois and Huron Indians cut, polished, and converted into wampums or girdles, each portion of which told its own tale to the initiated; black or any other dark colour betokened danger; white was significant of peace and goodwill, whilst red was a sign of war. The inhabitants of South America employed for the same purpose painted signs and inscriptions. In Peru and Brazil, the walls of the palaces were covered with cabalistic signs and pictures. There also was to be found the Quipa, or knot-writing; the colour and arrangements of the thread which, as well as the size of the knots, bore a certain signification. The people of Central America also prepared the skins of animals and the bark of trees with a thin white varnish, upon which they wrote fluently.

Full particulars are given by Herr Wuttke of the various methods for writing employed by the Chinese, including the art of printing (stereotype), which was discovered by them in the tenth century. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians are treated at length, and clearly described. The cuneiform writing of South-western Asia is likewise ably discussed, while the concluding chapter of this very erudite book contains an account of the origin of the alphabet.



IN the Court of Queen's Bench the appeal of Mr. Bailey, one of the speakers at the October meeting in Hyde Park, against his conviction for infringing Mr. Ayrton's rules, has been dismissed. Sir A. Cockburn in an exhaustive judgment said that he had nothing to do with the reasonableness or otherwise of the rules. He and the other judges were of opinion that by the construction of the statute, the rules made out of session were lawful and valid, until cancelled by the Legislature. This decision will of course rule the other cases, should the Government think proper to offer evidence.

SIR GEORGE ESSEX HONYMAN, Bart., Q.C., has accepted the seat on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas vacated by

* "Geschichte der Schrift und des Schrifttums." Von Heinrich Wuttke (Ernst Fleischer, Leipzig)

Mr. Justice Byles. He is the eldest son of the late Colonel Sir Ord Honyman, Bart., of the Grenadier Guards, and was called to the Bar in June, 1849, at the Middle Temple. His grandfather and great-grandfather were eminent Scotch lawyers, being Lords of Session at Edinburgh. He joined the Home Circuit, which has within the last few months had the honour of sending four judges to the Supreme Courts. In 1866 the silk gown was conferred upon him, and he was elected a bencher of the Middle Temple.

THE death is announced of the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., which took place at Ockham Park, on Sunday, at the age of ninety-one. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1806. He represented Winchester, Yarmouth, and the Tower Hamlets from 1820 to 1841, and took an active part with Wilberforce and Buxton in the anti-slavery agitation. He became judge of the Consistory Court in 1828, and of the Admiralty Court in 1838. He retired from political life in 1841, in consequence of the passing of an Act disqualifying the Judge of the Admiralty Court from sitting in the House of Commons. He resigned his office in July, 1867, in consequence of failing health.

MR. ONSLOW, M.P., and Mr. Whalley, M.P., have each been fined 100*l.* for contempt of court, and Sir A. Cockburn, in giving the unanimous judgment of the court, after reading them a very severe lecture, assured them that if they had not promised to abjure all such objectionable conduct in future he would have ordered them to be imprisoned. A day or two afterwards (an impression having got abroad that the reason the defendants were not imprisoned was that the bench had some doubt as to their jurisdiction over members of the Legislature) the Lord Chief Justice again reverted to the case, saying that this was an entire mistake. The imprisonment was only omitted, because the social status of the parties gave assurance that the fine would be paid at once, and the learned judge quoted precedents to show that the privilege of a member of the House of Commons could not bar a prosecution for contempt of court.—The Claimant, at a meeting at Brighton on Monday, declared his intention of petitioning Parliament with regard to the judge who should preside at the trial. Another case of contempt is likely to arise out of this meeting, as the attention of the Attorney-General has been called to it in open court by the Lord Chief Justice, who said that if the speeches were correctly reported, the authority of the Court had been set at open defiance, and a gross aggravation of the contempt committed.—An action arising out of the Tichborne case was settled in the Leeds County Court the other day. The defendant sued the local officers of the Defence Fund for damages done to a carriage hired for the Claimant's progress through the town. The mob in unyoking the horses, and dragging the vehicle, had damaged it; but it was decided that the plaintiff could not recover, as his own coachman had charge of it during the whole time.

THE Great Coram Street murder still occupies the attention of the police. Another drunkard has confessed, and since retracted his confession; and another suspected person is in custody. On Saturday the police arrested a man named Wohlebe, surgeon of a German emigrant ship now lying at Ramsgate, and sent for the witnesses. When these arrived, they failed to identify the suspected man; but pointed out the ship's chaplain, Dr. Hessel, a Lutheran clergyman, who was accordingly brought to London, and examined at Bow Street. It is stated that a distinct *alibi* can be proved, as Dr. Hessel was ill in bed at the time of the murder. He has, however, been remanded until Wednesday next. A variety of sensational rumours are afloat respecting his antecedents, and the manner in which he spent his time on the 24th ult., but nothing reliable can be known until the next examination.—The long list of murders continues to receive almost daily additions. At Alnwick, a policeman has been shot by some poachers whom he had disturbed.—At Chester the body of a merchant has been found in Delamere Forest, where he had been shot dead by some unknown persons.—At Glasgow, two Irishmen were quarrelling, when one of them seized a coal hammer, and struck the other on the head, killing him instantaneously; and at Salford, a boy of eighteen is in custody for having killed another boy, by throwing a bar of iron at him.

THE Rev. Mr. Moyle, vicar of Eston, has been committed for trial on the charge of forging scrip certificates. It was stated, that in addition to the 22,000*l.* worth relating to the firm of Gill and Co., there were eight other forged certificates of 1,000*l.* each in the South Durham Iron Company.—The residence of Lady Holland, at Chertsey, has been entered by thieves, who carried off a large quantity of very valuable jewellery.—The Woolwich magistrate has fined a householder forty shillings for assaulting the military police, who were in search of some drunken soldiers, absent without leave. The defence that "an Englishman's house is his castle" was set aside with the remark that in any future case of the kind he would direct a prosecution for keeping a disorderly house.—A Mrs. Ann Martin has lodged with the Grand Jury a notice of claim for 3,000*l.* for the murder of her husband during the Belfast riots. Altogether claims for some 20,000*l.* have been made in connection with these riots.—The two boys charged with attempting to poison their schoolmaster have been committed for trial.—A sergeant of Marines, employed as chief clerk in the Royal Marine Depot at Deal, who was in custody on suspicion of having stolen 1,800*l.* in notes and gold from the office safe, on Wednesday committed suicide by strangling himself in his cell.—A cabman, charged with drunkenness on the day of the Imperial funeral, pleaded that he had a great regard for the late Emperor, and was so much affected that he had taken a glass too much. He was, however, fined.—A curious question as to when a photograph may be considered perfect, came up in the Portsmouth County Court last week. The plaintiff having "taken" a group of girls, employed in the workshop of an outfitter, sought to recover the price of 50 copies, the defendants refusing them as not being properly taken. The *cartes* were brought into Court and the young women being present, much amusement resulted from the comparisons of the real faces with the portraits. Judgment was eventually given for the plaintiff.

IN England the fashions of social intercourse—apart from those of dress—spread very gradually. They are governed by unwritten laws, which the unfashionable are able to follow, but by very slow degrees. In America no time seems to be allowed for custom to establish itself. There is a *lex scripta* as soon as an change is made. Thus we learn from *Harper's Bazar*, in an article upon New York fashions, such interesting particulars as these:—"Skeleton script, like the long angular writing now affected by ladies, is the fashionable engraving for invitations and

visiting cards. There is a revived fancy for the monograms which fell into disfavour last season; these are now made in characters to match the engraving, and are very large and intricate; white monograms are used for wedding invitations. The note sheet for invitations is very large, and almost square. Tying the cards of the bride and bridegroom together is also in vogue again. All abbreviations and figures in invitations are considered inelegant." Further on we are informed that wedding receptions have usually a "German" (this is not a sausage, but a dance) at the close of the evening, and that this is announced by the word "German" at the corner of the invitation sheet. Visiting-cards, described as resembling our own, are announced as "good form," and these it is added, are delivered in envelopes—"small beaded envelopes" being used for the purpose. Further particulars are furnished as to stationery, &c. This is all in the spirit of pure equality. In England common people may become uncommon people by force of funds, but remain for a considerable time before they can find their way about through the mazes of etiquette. In that great country, which Captain Basil Hall commended many years ago as one "in which boots were imperfectly polished, but opinions were free," nobody who has "struck it" need be at a loss to find the bearings of his new world. Not only has he the alliance of tailors and milliners, like our own *nouveaux riches*, but the newspapers tell him, his wife, and his daughters, how to send invitations and make calls, and furnish the fullest particulars as to his and their general deportment.

THE Hindoos believe in deities who preside over diseases; and there is a general belief just now in Calcutta that the goddesses of cholera and small-pox are at war for the possession of victims. And it is further supposed that these amiable ladies have agreed to establish their respective rights to the members of families on whom they may fix, by marking certain domestic utensils—small cauldrons, suggestively called "handies"—with a red streak of *sindoor*. It is not stated which of the goddesses is supposed to be the victress; but the proofs of victory, on one side or other, are said to be everywhere apparent. This is certain—that an immense number of families find their "handies" marked with the fatal red stripe, and finding them so throw them out of doors, in order to get rid of the presence of the destroyer. Nobody, we are told, taking his walks abroad in the early morning can miss seeing thousands of the condemned utensils, and the municipal rubbish carts are filled with them. The superstition, indeed, has fastened upon the native mind, and its origin is as mysterious as the celebrated *chupattie* movement which preceded the outbreak of 1857, when the common bread-cake of the country, passed from hand to hand, was the supposed signal to be on the alert, as was the similar proceeding in connection with the lotahs. No European has succeeded in fathoming these strange manifestations; and even a statesman like Mr. Disraeli was so little acquainted with the names of the objects which were made the medium, that he called the one "those mysterious patties," and alluded to the other as the "lotus," supposing it to be the flower, whereas "lotahs" are simply brass drinking vessels. Mr. Disraeli is not supposed to know the languages of India; but it is curious how little the most accomplished Oriental savans are able to enlighten him as to facts in connection with such matters. Nobody in India has now attempted the task, and all we hear by way of suggestion is that the makers of the "handies" are the only persons who profit by the popular delusion. But the implication thus conveyed, though it might fit America, is scarcely to be considered seriously in relation to the natives of Bengal.

THE lengthy correspondence which has been going on concerning "wholesome houses," taken in connection with the movement for establishing a "Hospital Sunday" in London, suggests one very important consideration which seems to have been quite overlooked by the promoters of the Sunday collection. Two difficulties only presented themselves to the speakers at the recent meetings at the Mansion House—the religious difficulty and the management difficulty. The former they have got over by nominating a committee, which includes representatives of all the religious communities in the kingdom. The latter it is intended to get over by refusing to give help to any hospital whose expenses of management exceed a "reasonable" proportion of the gross receipts. What is to be considered "reasonable" is still left undefined. But of the extremely unsatisfactory sanitary condition of some of the London Hospitals none of the speakers appear to have been aware, or they would have insisted upon the refusal of grants to every institution where either the drainage or the ventilation was defective. Without any fault to be imputed to the present authorities of some of the older hospitals, they are now occasionally found to violate all those rules of health which are at length recognised as of paramount importance by all the best doctors of the day. While half the private houses of London were so built as to ensure the development of poisonous gases within their walls, and the distribution of these gases into every room, it is not wonderful that the same ignorance of physical laws, ensured the same fatal arrangements in hospitals, both large and small, while the consequences were far more serious. It is but quite lately that discoveries were made as to the drainage of the Middlesex Hospital itself which astonished its medical officers, and accounted for a state of the patients which had baffled all their skill. Now, everything has been thoroughly set right, and that excellent institution is again in full working order. So it is in the matter of ventilation. Without continual currents of fresh air, no artificial system of warming and ventilating is found satisfactory, and hence the adoption of what is known as the "pavilion" arrangement of the wards, such as is to be seen in the new St. Thomas's Hospital on the banks of the Thames. If the "Hospital Sunday" is finally set going without attention to these facts, the mistake will be most serious.



QUICKSILVER has been discovered on the banks of the Exe, near Exeter.

NEW YORK contemplates the erection of a Crystal Palace at a cost of about 300,000*l.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has resigned the Presidency of the Anthropological Institute. Professor Busk succeeds him.

ACCORDING to the *Times* the late Lord Lytton was the author of "The Coming Race," as also of "The Parisians," now being published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A NOVEL tribute is to be paid to the memory of Horace Greeley by the compositors of the *New York Tribune*. They propose to erect a statue of him out of old type.

A NEW weekly journal, *Iron*, with which is incorporated the *Mechanics' Magazine*, has appeared. To judge from the first number it will prove a valuable addition to scientific literature.

A DRAMATIC entertainment was given on Wednesday and Thursday to the inmates of the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum. The programme included the domestic drama of *The Chimney Corner* and *Patient Penelope*.

Napoleon III., "a great historical drama," is being prepared by an enterprising Austrian dramatist. It will include all the principal events of the late Emperor's life down to his death at Chislehurst, and will take two nights to perform.

MISS UNA HAWTHORNE, daughter of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, desires us to state that a concert and reading will be given in aid of her recently formed Orphans' Home at Seymour Hall, Seymour Street, W., next Thursday evening.

AN exhibition of the works of the late Henry Tidey was held on Thursday at the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts. A memoir of the artist was read by Mr. T. R. S. Temple, the Duke of Manchester being in the chair.

ANOTHER new Railway Guide! We have received the first number of the *Index Railway Guide*, of which the chief feature lies in the application of a side index. By this means, and a systematic arrangement of the tables, which contain only the points of departure and arrival, the time of starting, fares, &c., are seen at a glance.

LONDON mortality decreased again last week, being 1,143, or 708 below the average. The deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs declined from 400 to 364, and the fatal cases of bronchitis were only 140, the average being 295. There were 6 deaths from small-pox, 12 from scarlet fever, and 22 from different kinds of fever. The temperature, though still high, was somewhat lower than the previous week, namely, 46.1 degrees, or 9.7 degrees above the average.

THE Capitoline wolf, kept on the steps of the Capitol in remembrance of the founders of the Eternal City, recently created considerable alarm in Rome. The animal breaking one of the bars of its cage, walked quietly up the steps. Unfortunately a large boarhound happened to be in the neighbourhood, and spying out the wolf, gave chase, the people round flying in terror, and crying out "the wolf!" Signor Lupus being recognised, the dog was at once called off, and a municipal guard speedily carried the truant back to his cage.

To walk into London with only threepence in your pocket has long been a favourite recipe for making a fortune, but the *Swiss Times* has found that by becoming a French author you may do as well. Here is a list of a few literary fortunes made by writers who began upon nothing—the responsibility of the statement we leave to the *Swiss Times*:—Victor Hugo, 24,000*l.*; Georges Sand, nearly double; Emile de Girardin, 344,000*l.*; A. Dumas (the younger), 16,000*l.*; Edmond About, 10,000*l.*; Alphonse Karr, 2,000*l.*; Jules Janin, 2,240*l.*; A. Thiers, 40,000*l.*; Victorien Sardou, 20,000*l.*

THE "little modest violet" has been at a high premium during the past fortnight. At Chislehurst the usual penny bunch was eagerly bought at 6*d.* and 1*s.* by the French visitors, all anxious to wear this emblem of the Napoleonic dynasty. Referring to the adoption of this flower of the Bonapartists, a correspondent writes to a contemporary that he saw "early in January of 1815 numerous coloured engravings of the violet, with the leaves so arranged as to disclose the profile of Napoleon I. Attached to the picture was the significant motto, 'Il revindra avec le printemps;' and we all know that he did come back in March, 1815."

If any of our readers have been so unfortunate as to pay a visit to the Mont-de-Piété in Paris, they may feel some interest in the origin of the useful *Ma Tante*. The idea was first started in the fifteenth century, by a Franciscan friar, Frère Barnabé de Terni, but it was not till December, 1777, that the first Mont-de-Piété was established in Paris, at the very spot where the head establishment now stands. It at once became an immense success, and 40 tons of gold watches are said to have been speedily pledged there. This enormous number is all the more credible when we hear that now no less than a thousand to twelve hundred watches are pledged daily. During the first year, the Mont-de-Piété received 128,508 articles, representing £350,000.

ACCORDING to a history of "Journalism in the United States," by Mr. J. Hudson, just published in America, the first Transatlantic newspaper was issued in 1690 at Boston, under the name of *Publick Occurrences*, thus anticipating our first regular daily journal, the *Daily Courant*, by nineteen years. It lived, only for a single day, being instantly suppressed by the Legislative Assembly, because it contained "reflections of a very high nature," and a press law was passed in consequence. A second attempt, the *News Letter*, was not made till fourteen years later. This was printed every week "by authority." The *Newport Mercury*, the oldest existing newspaper in the United States, dates from the Revolutionary period; while the first daily journal, the *American Daily Advertiser*, afterwards called the *Aurora*, and now the *North American and Daily Advertiser*, first appeared in Philadelphia in 1784. The penny press dates from 1833, soon after which appeared the leading New York papers, the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, and *World*.

A NEW claimant has been advanced as the authentic occupant of the historic "Iron Mask." A French officer, named Jung, while searching through the papers of the War Office, accidentally came upon some documents which asserts the real "Man in the Iron Mask" to have been a conspirator at the head of a band of poisoners sworn to murder Louis XIV. Louvois, who was War Minister, knew that the head of the conspiracy arrived in Paris in 1672, and that after some time he went to Brussels to see his accomplices, consisting of Dutchmen, Lorrainers, and Irishmen. The money for the enterprise was furnished by Groët, of Amsterdam, and the treaty signed by the conspirators was deposited at the house of a man called Abraham Kiffied. The chief of the plot was young, elegant, a Lorrainer by birth, an ex-captain of cavalry of the German Empire, and at the moment a colonel. Like most adventurers, he went by several different names. In Paris he was the Chevalier de Kiffenbach; at Brussels the Chevalier des Harnois. He was very well educated for the period, spoke several languages, lived a fashionable style of life, and was reputed to have run away with the wife of a Bohemian colonel.



Deputation of Paris Workmen

The Empress Eugénie

The Prince Imperial

Prince J. Murat

Duc de Cambacères

Dr. Conneau

M. Pietri

Dr. Corvisart

Prince Lucien Bonaparte

M. Rouher

Prince A. Murat

THE EMPRESS'S FAREWELL TO HER FRIENDS

"On the day after the Emperor's funeral, the Empress undertook to receive individually his friends of every rank, and to take leave of those about to return to France. Besides the intimate friends of the family, many of the noblest names in France were represented, and a deputation of working men from Paris. The picture gallery was crowded with visitors in double and triple ranks. The scene was painfully impressive, and can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Most of the persons present showed uncontrollable emotion, and many were in tears. The Empress, accompanied by her son, passed through the silent ranks, extending her hands to each of the kneeling persons, and received their sad salutations in voiceless emotion. She could not long support the agonising ceremony, but retired, leaving the Prince Imperial to thank the workmen."



FRANCE.—More bickerings between the Government and the Right, with another desultory and unsatisfactory victory for the former. The chief difficulty this week was M. Jules Simon's education circular, which the Right declared he issued illegally, and which should accordingly be visited with a vote of censure. The unfortunate Minister is the last Republican left in the Cabinet, and is therefore hated by the Royalists; he is also a Freethinker, and is accordingly detested by the Clericals, who are especially indignant at the new system of education M. Simon wishes to inaugurate. The circular, however, was supported by the Government; so the Right, not wishing to come to an open rupture, abstained in a body from voting, and though the Assembly decided in favour of the Government, the number of votes necessary to make the decision legal was not obtained. Next day, however, the Government managed to whip up the sufficient quorum to carry their object, but the Right persisted in taking no part in the vote.

M. Thiers and the Thirty, also, do not seem to be coming to terms so easily as was prophesied last week. The right of the President to take part in the debates of the House is strongly opposed by the Committee, and as strongly insisted upon by M. Thiers. There is little doubt, however, that the latter will, in the end, carry his point. On Wednesday M. Thiers had an interview with the Committee of Petitions, relative to the expulsion of Prince Napoleon some months ago. He declared that so great was the danger of Bonapartist intrigue, that the public safety had imperatively required the measure of which he assumed the entire responsibility.

The death of Napoleon III. has not been without effect on the various political parties, and a fresh cry for fusion between the Legitimists and Orleanists has arisen, produced by the fear that the Bonapartists would not object to fuse with the Legitimists, provided that the Comte de Chambord recognised the Prince Imperial as his heir. The Left have managed to quarrel among themselves, and M. Casimir Périér has opened a Cave of Adullam for all malcontents from either Right or Left—the new party to take the name of "Conservative Republicans."

Paris has had little thought but for the *Femme de Claude*, the long-expected play of Dumas, wherein he has professed to work out the theories laid down in his famous brochure, *L'Homme-Femme*. The piece has been brought out at the Gymnase, with Mlle. Desclée as the heroine, and is an acknowledged failure. The plot is absurdly extravagant, consisting of unlimited intrigues, a new gun warranted to kill an army, long disquisitions on the future of Judaism, and a dénouement of a wife-murder, not for intrigue as set forth in the brochure, but for the robbery of papers containing the secret of the famous gun. Turning from the Stage to the Church, the Royalists have been celebrating funeral services in memory of Louis XVI., while the Imperialists have been publicly praying for the repose of Napoleon III.—A frightful thunder-storm and hurricane, accompanied by a waterspout, broke out on Sunday, and, besides doing a great deal of damage, frightened the superstitious out of their wits. The last January thunderstorm occurred in 1848, and was followed by a revolution. People do not like the omen.

M. Gambetta is laid up with bronchitis.—It has been proposed to convert the Palais Royal into a winter garden by covering it with a glass roof.—Three more Communists were executed on Wednesday. Ten others have been reprieved.—The Paris dramatic censor is showing the utmost solicitude for the feelings of the United States. He considers that Sardou's forthcoming comedy, *Uncle Sam*, grossly caricatures the manners and customs of the citizens of the Sister Republic, and has forbidden its representation. M. Sardou is accordingly transferring the scenes and personages to Royalist England. The great joke of the matter is, however, that a Transatlantic manager had arranged to bring the piece out simultaneously at New York.

GERMANY.—Bavaria has never sympathised with the successes of Prussia, and the King in particular has always been suspected of entertaining a not unjustifiable feeling of jealousy at the elevation of King William. This feeling found vent in a speech to the Municipality of Füssen, where he blamed the authorities for decorating their town on the recent visit of the Imperial Prince with the Prussian tricolour instead of the time-honoured old German flag. This remark has been widely commented on, as the action of Prussia towards the Church has increased the jealous hostility of the Southern States. To turn to Prussia itself, though the anti-Clerical and Liberal measures are being energetically discussed, there is a strong feeling that Prince Bismarck has of late lost ground, and that the Junkers are regaining their old predominance.

Female labour is henceforward to be utilised by the State, the railways being permitted to employ women as ticket clerks, and also in the luggage and telegraph departments. The maximum of their rate of pay, however, is not to exceed the minimum of the male employees.—The annual Ordensfest was celebrated by Emperor William at Potsdam on Saturday, the anniversary of the Order of the Black Eagle and the Prussian Monarchy. On the following day there was a grand service at the Garrison Church, in consecration of the French trophies captured during the late war that had been placed there. After the service there was a parade of the troops, the Emperor made a characteristic speech on the recent victories of Prussia, and also issued an order of the day to the army reminding them of their glorious achievements.

ITALY has been almost entirely occupied with raising subscriptions for a grand monument at Milan to Napoleon III., and the Press of Venice, Mantua, Bologna, Florence, Naples, Spoleto, and Perugia have been vying with each other in their energy with subscription lists. With the Clericals and the Reds this movement is unpopular. The latter, indeed, are starting subscriptions for monuments to the "heroes of Mantua" and the political victims of Napoleon III.—Dominico Mauro, the well-known patriot and poet, died on Saturday at Florence.—Prince Arthur is visiting Rome, where he has been most cordially received by the King.

RUSSIA.—The Russian journals are compelled to maintain absolute silence on the Central Asia difficulty, but the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles* writes that the Russian public are much occupied with the expedition to Khiva and the attitude of the English Cabinet in the matter. The expedition, it is quite decided, will start during the current winter, and the command in chief has been assigned to General Kauf-

mann, the Governor-General of Turkestan. Respecting Count Schouvaloff's mission, the general opinion on the Continent, quite contrary to that in England, is that the Count has succeeded in convincing the English Government of the honesty of Russia's intentions in undertaking the expedition, and the Count is said to be highly satisfied with the success of his mission.

SWEDEN.—The King of Sweden opened his first Diet on Tuesday, in person. After alluding affectionately to his late brother, Charles XV., he advocated the further development of a Scandinavian Union—namely, of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and foreshadowed measures of Army and Navy reorganisation.

EGYPT.—The eldest son of the Khédive has been married with great pomp at Cairo. Large numbers of presents were made on the occasion, each consul receiving a cashmere shawl. Horse and dromedary races were held on the two following days, and on the third there was a grand ball.

UNITED STATES.—The extreme cold and the Samana Bay Treaty are the chief topics across the Atlantic. The weather has been far more severe than usual; trains innumerable are snowed up; New York has been compelled to suspend her street traffic, the thermometer is 40°, or 50° below zero in the West, while six feet of snow have fallen at Salt Lake. Large numbers of Mormon proselytes still continue to arrive from England, and in eighteen months two thousand passed through Chicago alone on their way to Utah. Scarcely any Mormon converts are German, Irish, or American—the bulk are English, and the remainder Welsh, Scotch, and Scandinavians. In the mean time we hear nothing more of the proceedings which were suddenly inaugurated last year by the United States Government.

—To come to the Samana Bay Treaty. A private company have leased, at an annual rent of 90,000l., the bay and peninsula of Samana on the eastern coast of Hayti. This gives the Americans a footing on the island, so greatly coveted by General Grant, and is generally thought to be the first stepping-stone to annexation. By the lease absolute authority is conferred over the territory, with power to make laws, fix duties, and establish courts, police, and a navy. The step is universally condemned by the Press, as the idea of adding to home troubles by the annexation of this island has never been popular. The forthcoming loan of 20,000,000l. is also attracting considerable attention, but the manner in which it is to be issued has not yet been decided.—The U.S. troops have suffered a defeat at the hands of the Modoc Indians. A regiment having attacked a party of Reds entrenched in some caves near Klamath, Oregon, was repulsed with a loss of forty killed and wounded.

The Erie Railway, having been successful in compelling Mr. Jay Gould to disgorge his spoils, now meditates a suit against Commodore Vanderbilt with the same object.—The foreign trade of the United States for 1872 shows an increase over 1871 in the imports of 20,000,000l., and a decrease in the exports of 2,600,000l.—The Boston fire is now found to have destroyed 776 buildings, including 64 wooden structures, 15,600,000l. worth of property, and fourteen lives, amongst which were seven firemen.—New York purposes becoming virtuous by a new city Charter, which cuts down official salaries 50 per cent., lops off a number of unnecessary officials, gives the Governor power to remove the Mayor on charges of malfeasance, abolishes the obnoxious fee system, and turns adrift all officials save four.

INDIA.—Little news save that the Viceroy is contemplating abolishing the customs line between Madras and Bengal, provided that the former raises the salt duty to the Bengal rate. An immense amount of smuggling is at present carried on between the two Presidencies.—Several of the vernacular papers demand that women should be employed in the Government service.—Two Europeans were brought to trial at Lahore for exposing beef in such a manner as to hurt the feelings of the natives. They were acquitted.—A letter has been addressed by the Bombay Association to Mr. Fawcett, thanking him for the services he has rendered in Parliament to India.

JAPAN.—The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia has been received with great warmth by the Mikado.—An Upper House of Parliament has now been organised by the Government.—Foreign clergymen are said to have been invited to take part in the Government discussion on religious toleration.

AUSTRALIA.—The Melbourne Parliament, when the mail left, was disputing over the Education Bill, and the power of the Council to veto any regulation.—The captain and the mate of the brig *Carl*, who were tried for kidnapping South Sea Islanders, and convicted on the Queen's evidence of the owner of the vessel, were condemned to death. The sentence, however, was commuted to imprisonment for life, the first three years in irons.—Tasmanian iron is attracting considerable attention and capital, as that metal is known to exist in large quantities in the northern portion of the island.—Sydney is stated to be in "full sail," the squatters being satisfied at the advanced price of wool, the farmers at the increased demand for produce, and the capitalists and miners at the abundant yield of the mines. Great rejoicings are still made over the telegraphic service with England, which is now everywhere declared to be indispensable. Adelaide, also, has been celebrating the completion of the telegraph by a banquet to Mr. Charles Todd, on whom the Queen has conferred the order of St. Michael and St. George. The Governor of South Australia, Sir James Fergusson, has been transferred to New Zealand, whence Sir George Brown has gone to Victoria to replace Lord Canterbury, who retires from the last-named post. King Thakombau of the Fiji Islands is in a strait; what between the British subjects and his wild cannibal Highland Chiefs, he finds it somewhat hard to keep the peace. He threatens to club the one and to hang the other, and expresses the hope "that England will encourage and help his Government, so that he may hang a few of those British people who are weekly murdering and robbing his people."



THE Queen is still in the Isle of Wight with her two youngest children, and intends to come back to Windsor with the Princess Beatrice about the 17th or 19th prox., as Prince Leopold will by that time have returned to Oxford. On Sunday Her Majesty went with her son and daughter to Whippingham Church.

Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde came to Osborne from London on Monday, and spent part of the day with the Queen, returning to town in the afternoon, while Viscount and Viscountess Sydney dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Tuesday the Queen took a drive to Cowes and Newport.—The Queen has sent a telegram of condolence to the widow of the late Mr. Graves, M.P., and the Duke of Edinburgh has also written to her.—Her Majesty has sent twenty brace of pheasants to Middlesex Hospital, and ten brace to the Hospital for Women, Soho Square.—Prince and Princess Christian came back to Windsor from staying with the Marquis of Ailesbury on Saturday. Cumberland Lodge is going to be altered for their definite residence, and during the improvements the Prince and Princess will stay at Frogmore. The Prince and Princess gave a large ball at Cumberland Lodge on Wednesday night.

On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a large breakfast to the West Norfolk Hunt. After breakfast the Prince and Princess followed the hounds, but the sport was not very satisfactory, though one fox was killed. In the afternoon Canon Kingsley arrived on a visit. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess went with their children to Sandringham Church, where Canon Kingsley preached. On Monday they came up to town, and after spending the night at Marlborough House, started the next day for Savernake Forest, to stay with the Marquis of Ailesbury. Savernake Station was gaily decorated, and crowded with spectators, while the road to the Marquis's house was illumined by torches. A large party had been invited to meet the Royal pair, and the Prince was to enjoy several days' good shooting. On Wednesday the Prince and a large party went pheasant-shooting, on the Chisbury part of the estate, where the Princess and the other ladies joined them for lunch. On Friday evening there was to be a small dance. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess were to go to Marlborough, and inspect the College, returning home afterwards to Sandringham.—There are numerous *on dits* about respecting the Prince of Wales's movements. One is that he will shortly go to Dublin to be installed President of a new order of Masonry at a grand Masonic entertainment and ball, another that he is going to buy a marine estate near Dartmouth, and a third is to the effect that he meditates a visit to India before long.—The Princess has appointed Lord Colville of Culross her Chamberlain, in the place of the late Lord Harris.

The Bonapartist party at Chislehurst is fast dispersing, and the ex-Empress and her son will soon be left in quiet. It has been announced that Her ex-Majesty and Prince Napoleon will jointly undertake the guardianship of the Prince Imperial, no change in the Bonapartist policy being intended, and that the young Prince will not bear the title of Napoleon IV., "except in the hearts of his faithful adherents," but will be called Prince Louis Napoleon. It has not yet been quite decided where the Prince Imperial will finish his education, but for the present he will remain at Woolwich, where he returns on Monday. On Saturday afternoon the Prince Imperial held a reception at Camden House. On Sunday the ex-Empress was present at an early mass performed in the room where her husband died, at nine o'clock the Prince Imperial went to the service at St. Mary's, and at eleven o'clock there was a grand mass at St. Mary's, when most of the Bonapartist adherents were present, and a funeral sermon was preached. In the afternoon Prince Napoleon and his wife paid their cousins a farewell visit. The ex-Empress's tomb remains covered with flowers and wreaths, which are constantly being sent there. The German, Russian, and Danish Courts have gone into mourning for Napoleon III.—Prince Napoleon is daily expected to return to Switzerland. According to the *Swiss Times* he is going to build a new château on the remainder of the estate belonging to him at Prangins, Vaud.—The Imperial Prince of Germany is gaining strength so rapidly that he is expected back at Berlin in March.—The *accouchement* of the Queen of Spain is daily looked for, and it is said that the King and Queen of Portugal will be sponsors to the baby.—There is a rumour that the Duc d'Aumale is going to marry the widow of the Duc de Luynes.—The Grand Duchess Helena Paulovna of Russia, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg and widow of the Grand Duke Michel Paulowitch, is dead.



THE Crystal Palace concerts were resumed on Saturday last, and, for the first time since Christmas, Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pretty masque met with a check which suggested the beginning of its end. All the enthusiastic amateurs whom Messrs. Grove and Manns have attached to their pet institution were again visible; the gallery facing the orchestra once more showing an array of professors and critics such as is met with nowhere else. There were certain items in the programme that call for no remark here, because of their great familiarity; at the head of them, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor (No. 5). We cannot dismiss this work, however, without acknowledging the very useful light thrown upon some portions of it by Mr. Grove's annotations, particularly by his exhibition of its themes in their first crude form, as found in the composer's note-books. Mr. Grove does not fail to draw an obvious moral from the subject, *à propos* of which we cannot do better than quote his remarks:—"Let any one play over these tame commonplace themes, and compare them with the perfect form to which they were brought by the incessant care and labour of the master, and then take comfort. For certainly, if a vast genius like Beethoven was compelled to proceed in so elaborate and slow a manner—so completely the reverse of that flash of impromptu which one is apt erroneously to think the real method of genius—no smaller mind need be ashamed of altering and re-writing its work." There is wisdom in these observations, and by attention to them the composers who follow Beethoven, *longo intervallo*, may learn a great, as well as much needed, lesson. A novelty in the programme was Signor Piatti's second concerto for violoncello and orchestra, played on this occasion for the first time, and, it is needless to add, played by its accomplished author. In judging such a work, we must remember that its primary object is the exhibition of skill upon the solo instrument. The great masters knew how to attain this object, while not losing sight of the higher one to be found in music, which, as music, deserves exalted rank. Signor Piatti makes no pretensions beyond those of a violoncellist, who is not only *facile princeps* upon his instrument, but has the ability to write music such as shows its re-

sources and his own skill. Looking at the concerto as the work of such a man, it demands our approval because it thoroughly answers the purpose kept in view, and its opening movement is full of brilliant passages of display, varied by difficulties such as, perhaps, only Signor Piatti himself could overcome; the Andante enables the performer to set forth his mastery of Cantabile, and the Finale worthily ends that which the Maestoso began. All three movements were perfectly played, and the renowned violoncellist had to re-appear on the orchestra amid great applause. Another interesting feature of this concert was the ballet music in Auber's *Gustave*—the beautiful opera unjustly driven from our stage by the newer charms of Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, which illustrates the same historic event. Auber's charming and piquant dance themes, scored with ingenuity and brightness, were heard with delight, and only their place at the end of a long concert prevented them from having an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Castle, who took part with Madame Patey in the vocal music, should be warned not to attempt elaborate scenes like Weber's "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight,"—they are beyond him at present.

The arrangements for the remainder of the Crystal Palace concert season have just been published. They corroborate our statement with regard to the Schubert Concert on Feb. 1, and they announce the intended performance of Brahms's Serenade in D for orchestra, MSS. symphonies by Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. F. H. Cowen, MSS. overtures by Mr. H. Gadsby and Mr. W. Shakespeare, a pianoforte Concerto by Henselt, and a Mass by Mr. Crowther Alwyn. Here, surely, are novelties enough, and of the right sort. Madame Arabella Goddard will not, as was stated some time back, appear at the Crystal Palace prior to her sailing for Australia, the negotiations to that effect having fallen through.

Mr. Arthur Chappell is giving his Monday Popular audience a good deal of Haydn just now, and especially is he bringing forward fresh examples of that great master's genius, selected from his previously unheard quartets. One such novelty had a place in Monday's programme—we refer to the Quartet in B flat (Op. 33)—certainly one of the most tuneful and attractive of the four-score who bear Haydn's name. Every movement was heard with delight, the Finale especially rousing the audience to positive enthusiasm by a beauty which is as fresh now as when it came from the master's hand. Madame Néruda "led" the performance, and, as always when Haydn's music is the theme, achieved a great success. The second concerted piece, Schumann's pianoforte Quartet in E flat, has often been heard in St. James's Hall, and is rapidly taking a high place in general esteem. That it has faults peculiar to Schumann nobody will deny, but that it has merits which far outweigh them is equally beyond dispute. Herr Dannreuther's performance of Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* (so called, but not by Beethoven) retrieved the position he lost in the estimation of some at the Crystal Palace when essaying the same master's *Emperor* concerto. On this occasion, though the artist's mechanism was not wholly faultless, there was no lack of sustained vigour, while a deep sympathy with the music, and an ability to express its fullest meaning, were very conspicuous. Herr Dannreuther, who played without book, found an audience ready to appreciate all his merit, and the applause and recall which followed the *Sonata* ratified no ordinary success. Signor Piatti introduced the pretty little *Sonata* in G of Marcello, and won an enthusiastic encore for the last two movements, as did Mr. Sims Reeves for Mendelssohn's "Hunter's Song," which he gave in exquisite style.

The second Evening Ballad Concert took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, and besides some new songs (one of which, Prince Poniatowski's "Stag Hunt," was received with great applause) a number of old-established favourites were sung, such as the "Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Minstrel Boy," "Love has Eyes," "Come into the Garden, Maud," and "Molly Bawn." Judging by the crowded and enthusiastic audience, these concerts are more highly appreciated than ever. Miss S. F. Heilbron gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street on Thursday evening. An attractive performance was provided, including many popular songs. Miss Heilbron played a *Sonata* of Beethoven's (Op. 27), and a selection from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Israel in Egypt was performed in Exeter Hall on Friday.

M. Gounod begins his new series of concerts on February 8. The Bristolians are taking steps to get up a Musical Festival in their city. A preliminary meeting was held last week, and a guarantee fund of 3,200*l.* assured. With so spirited a start a good result should be obtained.—The Birmingham Festival managers are taking Time by the forelock as usual. Already they have put in rehearsal some portions of the new works to be performed.—The Festival movement in Liverpool is progressing well under the auspices of Mr. Samuelson, the Mayor.—Preparations for the Glasgow Festival in September are being made quietly, but energetically, and no doubt the commercial metropolis of the North will give a good musical account of itself.—Among the artists already engaged for the Hereford Festival are Messrs. Cummings, Lloyd, and Montem Smith, to whom may safely be added Mlle. Titens and Mr. Santley.—The negotiations between Messrs. Mapleson and Santley, with a view to replacing our great baritone on the Italian stage, had far advanced, when a point of difference arose which could not be surmounted. *Tant pis* for Mr. Mapleson.—Madame Lucca having quite recovered her health has resumed her performances in America.—Rumour has it that Madame Liebhart is forming a company for English Opera in the United States.—Mlle. Titens has been singing in Ireland lately with some other members of Mr. Mapleson's troupe.



THE *Record* publishes the correspondence between the complainants against the sermon of the Rev. G. Porter, and the Bishop of Exeter, in reference to the proposed Ritualistic prosecutions. The complainants letter cites portions of Mr. Porter's sermons side by side with the passages of Scripture or from the Prayer Book, which they are thought to contradict. The Bishop thinks that no Court would find that the passages contradict each other, but that if they think otherwise, he shall not consider it his duty to put any obstacles in the way of legal proceedings.

At Exeter there has been a series of meetings during the last few months in defence of the Athanasian Creed. Last Tuesday a "county demonstration" was held there, the bishop being conspicuous by his absence. Lord Devon and many clergymen and gentlemen were, however, present. The Dean of Exeter sent a letter, suggesting that the creed should be removed from the service and placed among the Articles of the Church; but this was strongly deprecated. Lord Devon, who was appointed delegate to the National Conference, urged that any interference with the creed would lead to agitation for the expulsion of other creeds. In the evening a large meeting in defence of the Church of England was held, at which Lord Devon, Lord Sidmouth, the Dean of Exeter, Sir Lawrence Palk, M.P., Mr. Kennaway, M.P., and a large number of influential clergymen and laymen were present. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Miall's attacks on the Establishment were warmly resented.

CANON LIDDON lectured at St. Paul's, last Tuesday, to a very crowded audience. His subject was "Buddhism," a religion which had existed for twenty-four centuries, and perhaps numbered more votaries than any other on earth, and one which presented some singular points of resemblance to Christianity. Buddhism was a revolt against an attempted reform of Brahminism. Its doctrines attempted to provide an escape for the human soul from the miseries of transmigration after death, which the Brahminical creed insisted on. The rev. canon sketched the life of Buddha from his birth until his death, and remarked that his thoughts, studies, and enthusiasm were grounded in a most unselfish and generous impulse, and that we should do better perhaps in admiring the loftiness of his motive than in wondering at the results of his career. In the next lecture the Canon purposes to show why Buddhism succeeded as it did, and how it contrasts with Christianity.

THE promoters of the Hospital Sunday movement held a meeting at the Mansion House last week, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Leading representatives of all denominations were present, and there seems every probability that the plan will be successful. The arrangements are to be carried out by a representative council of twenty-five clerical and twenty-five lay members, to be elected annually, and no hospital will be allowed to benefit by the collection if its costs of management are out of proportion to the amount of relief afforded.

THE Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothsley Noel died on Sunday last, at the age of seventy-three. He was a son of Sir Gerard Noel-Noel, and was at one time chaplain to the Queen. While still a member of the establishment, he preached for many years in the St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, which was constantly crowded. In 1848 he became convinced that Church and State should not be united, and therefore seceded, and subsequently joined the Baptists. He was no controversialist; having once for all published the reasons for his nonconformity, he settled down to unsectarian and philanthropic work. At the age of seventy he laid down the duties of a pastor, but his activity only ceased with his life.

THE Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association the other day sent a deputation to the Bishop of London on the subject of cab-hiring on Sundays. Mr. Girdlestone (the president) spoke at length upon the evil of Sabbath labour, and concluded by asking his Lordship to preach a special sermon on the subject at St. Paul's, and to add example to precept by abstaining from riding there. The Bishop replied, that in that case, he would have to walk from Fulham; it was his duty to preach in the various churches in his diocese, and, therefore, he had to use a carriage, others had no carriage, and were therefore obliged to hire. There were difficulties which must be carefully considered, but he would lay the whole subject before others, who would, perhaps, be able to give better advice than he could do.

DR. CUMMING in a recent lecture at Leamington on the Jesuits and their teaching, referred to the recent speeches of Dr. Ullathorne and Archbishop Manning as proofs that the Catholic Associations were established for a political purpose to restore the secular power of the Pope, or failing that, to convulse the kingdoms they could not conciliate. He thought that we were on the eve of stupendous events, and that some of those present might live to see the Millennium.

DR. PUSEY is reported to be seriously ill at Genoa. Dr. Acland has been telegraphed for, and has left Oxford for Italy.

THREE young men have been fined at the Bridgewater Petty Sessions for creating a disturbance outside a house in which the Princeites, or Agapemonites, were holding a meeting. The counsel for the defence alluded to the indignation which the preaching of the sect excited in the public mind; but the Mayor said that they lived in a land of religious liberty, and all who met for religious worship must be supported by the law.



TURF generations are much shorter than those connected with other pastimes and pursuits. Almost everything connected with the turf is short-lived, either literally or as regards its active existence. With few exceptions both bookmakers and backers lead but a short Turf career, especially the latter. Owners, as a rule, do not continue owners many years. A horse's career is very short. Trainers are somewhat more tenacious of existence, both as regards their business and years. Jockeys are very generally but short-lived, as regards both. Their diminutive stature is possibly against longevity. Their calling is a very exacting one on their health, especially when, as is almost invariably the case, they have a tendency to increase to a weight which would incapacitate them from riding. The constant obligation to reduce themselves, by taking strong exercise in heavy clothing or sweltering in rolls of blanketing before a fire, and denying themselves almost the necessities of life, is very exhausting, and frequently undermines the constitution and causes premature decay. The habits also which many form, and to which there are such strong temptations, to say nothing of getting constantly wet through, do not conduce to long life. As regards their racing career, even with the utmost care, a decade, or perhaps less, on the average closes it. A generation of jockeys soon passes away, and frequently with it the names and memories

of the most illustrious of the fraternity. A notable exception, however, was Jem Robinson, recently deceased at Newmarket, at least as regards his longevity, and to a great extent as regards the memory of his exploits in the saddle in the first half of the present century. Still his name rises up almost like that of one who belonged to a far distant period, and he had so far out-lived his own generation, or rather generations, as to be almost unknown to the majority of that which is now passing its brief period of existence on the Turf. He won his first Derby on Mr. Payne's Azor, as long ago as 1817, and continued actively engaged in his calling for more than thirty years; his last appearance in the pigskin being in a match at Newmarket in the year 1852, when he was up on Lord Clifden's colt, Feramory. Soon after the start a stirrup-leather gave way, and he fell, breaking a thigh bone and sustaining other serious injuries. Since then he has been more or less an invalid, and for several years quite bedridden. His career was a brilliant one, and he ranks among the first of celebrated jockeys who have made the English Turf notorious. He had no superiors, if any equals. Frank Buckle, Sam Chifney, Frank Butler, had, and have, their partisans, and each in his turn has been called "the prince of jockeys," but Jem Robinson could, and can, still command the suffrages of a larger number of admirers than any one of the above-named celebrities. Indeed he seems to have combined all the special characteristics of the greatest jockeys; he had all the head and judgment of Buckle, and the powers of "finishing" possessed by Chifney, whose excellence in this respect gave rise to the expression of "the Chifney rush;" as he said of himself, after patiently studying the styles of Buckle and Chifney, he learnt "to creep and watch like Frank, and to fiddle and gammon like Sam." To enter into anything like a detailed account of his races, many of which may be called historical, is impossible here. Suffice it to say that among his victories he won six Derbys (four of them being won in five years, from 1824 to 1828), two Oaks, two St. Legers, five One Thousands, and no less than nine Two Thousands, a score never equalled, or indeed approached, by any other jockey. Among the most exciting races he ever rode may be mentioned the Leger of 1827, when, on Matilda, he beat Mameluke, on whom he had previously won the Derby! This exciting contest on the Town Moor has been sung in stirring verse by Sir Francis Doyle. Another sensational race was the Leger of 1850, when he rode the Irish horse Russborough, the dead heat with Lord Zetland's Voltigeur. The most sensational week, however, in his life was that in which he landed a treble event, in 1824. A large wager was laid by Lord Glasgow that Robinson would not win the Derby and Oaks, and marry a wife in the same week. But he did it; winning his races on Cedric and Cobweb, and marrying his wife on the day after the Oaks victory. His honour and integrity were never once called in question during his long career. We may therefore say of Jem Robinson, what is often said of men who have followed more exalted professions, that he "died full of years and honours."

The rumours that the Prince of Wales is about to take a prominent part on the Turf are showing something like substantiality. It is said that the Royal Stud will be trained at Danebury. It is also said that a well-known trainer, on hearing the report, observed that he would not train for the Prince for 10,000*l.* a year, because whenever a public favourite in the Royal Stable got beaten, insinuations and charges of foul play would be immediately brought against him. We once more express our regret at these rumours. The Prince, it is true, owes a considerable part of his popularity to the interest he personally takes in all our field sports and other pastimes, he will not add to it by mixing himself up with the Turf to a greater extent than he has already done. By such a course he is rather likely to make more enemies than friends. "The Regent" did himself no good by racing. It has well been called the "sport of kings;" but kings are not well advised to keep racehorses.

Bicycle riding, though not so popular now as it was some little time ago with the general public, has its ardent votaries, and the art has been brought to a high point of perfection. A match has recently come off at Lillie Bridge Grounds, between Johnson, of Birmingham, and Moore, of London, the former receiving two miles' start in fifty. Moore almost from the first showed that he had the match in hand, gradually but surely making up the distance given to his opponent, which he actually did soon after the accomplishment of twenty-six miles. Johnson, after going another mile, gave up the contest; but in consequence of some wagers having been laid that neither would complete the fifty miles in four hours, Moore continued his journey, and did the distance in 3h. 56m. 40s. This is monstrous good work, and makes the bicycle when ridden by a good man a means of locomotion not to be despised. Moore could probably have done the distance in less time if he had been pressed. He covered the first fourteen miles in 37 seconds under an hour.

RHEINNECKARDAMPFSCHIFFFAHRTGESELLSCHAFT is no doubt an interesting specimen of word-building, and one of which Teutons may well be proud. But, as it is the representative of a large class, we don't wonder that the French telegraph clerks grumble and cry out for reforms in international telegraphy. At one of the conferences it was ruled that no word of more than seven syllables should be admitted as a single word; this rule would also throw out *Oberappellationsgerichtsrath*, and all the numerous family of which it is a sample. But the French are naturally not satisfied with such a mild restriction. Where, they ask, is the justice of counting as two words what in French could not be expressed by less than six? Put the limit, they say, at six syllables, and even then you'll be giving the Germans an unfair advantage. They had better be satisfied with things as they are: a word is a word, after all; and Prince Bismarck of Schönhausen might, on the *ve victis* principle, insist on compounds, such as no one but Aristophanes or a German professor could have dreamt of, passing muster, just like *von* or *nach*. In this case, the only way in which the French could revenge themselves would be by showing a little more than their usual weakness in orthography: and then there would soon be an angry appeal to M. Thiers, with an offer to station sentries at all the chief offices so as to see that the clerks took proper care. Seriously, some of the principles of the "Fonetic Nuz" might well be applied to international telegraphy: several European languages, our own less than some others, are burdened with a lot of useless consonants, invaluable to the etymologist, but sadly embarrassing to the telegraph clerk. Would not it be better to get rid of them for telegraph purposes, than to adopt the other alternative of a graduated scale by which the diffuse languages of the Latin race may be put on a level with terse English and compact German?



The Prince Imperial Prince A. Murat Prince Napoleon M. Rouher Duc de Gramont Dr. Conneau M. Pietri

THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON III.—THE CHIEF MOURNERS



INNOCENT: a Tale of Modern Life

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL," "THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE PALAZZO SCARAMUCCI

A LONG, bare room, the walls painted in distemper, with a running border of leaves and flowers, and the same design running across the rafters overhead; three huge windows, with small panes, draped with old brocaded hangings round the top, but without either blinds or curtains to shut out the cloudy glimpses of the sky; very sparsely furnished; some old cabinets and rococo tables by the walls, some old settees and chairs, which had once been handsome; the floor tiled with red triangular tiles, with pieces of carpet before the sofas. At one end a stove, which opened to show the little fire, erected upon a stone slab like a door-step, and with an ugly piece of black tube going almost horizontally into the wall, had been added for the advantage of the English Forestieri, who insisted—benighted northern people—upon such accessories of what they called comfort. Another old rug, faded out of its natural brightness into sweet secondary tints of colour, had been laid before this impromptu fireplace; but the aspect of the place was cold, chilling the spectator to the bone. One or two dark portraits, painted on panels, hung on the walls; they were very grim and very old; for this was the *terzo piano*, let at a cheap rate, and with few elegancies to boast of. Near the

stove, on a little marble-topped table stood the tall lamp, with its two unshaded wicks blazing somewhat wildly, for it had not been trimmed for some time. The oil in it, however, one good, cheap luxury, which even the poor may have in Italy, was so sweet and pure that the air was quite untainted. On a little tray was a long loaf of the brown, very dry bread of the country, a plate of green salad, and a thin flask of common red wine—a pretty supper to look at, but scarcely appetising fare for a delicate appetite. At the first glance there seemed to be no one in the room to benefit by these preparations, but after a while you could perceive in the recess of one of the windows a shadowy figure, leaning up in a corner, with its head against the pane looking out. All that could be seen from that window was the cloudy sky, and some occasional gleams of moonlight, which threw silver lines upon the dark floor, and—when you looked down, as into a well—the Arno, flowing far below, with the stars, and clouds, and fitful moon, all reflected in it; and on its very edge the little Church of St. Maria della Spina, with all its tiny pinnacles tipped with silver. She who looked out from this high window could not be looking for any one; the people below were as specks hurrying along in the cold, with cloaks twisted over their shoulders. The watcher was nearer the heavens than the earth. She stood there so long, and was so motionless, that gradually the blazing light, blown about softly by some

draught from door or window, the little table with the salad and the wine-flask, became the centre of the still life, and the human shadow in the window counted for nothing. No breath or sound betrayed that something was there more alive than the light of the lamp or the glimmer of the wood embers, which, indeed, fell now and then in white ashes, and broke the utter silence of the place.

This silence, however, was much more effectually broken by the entrance of a stout, middle-aged Italian, with a cloak over one of his shoulders, and the *cache-nez* in his hand—which he was about to muffle his features when he went out. He looked round and round the large room, apparently unable to see the figure in the window, and then, with an impatient exclamation, went to the table, and snuffed the blazing wicks and trimmed the lamp. "Just like her, just like her," he said to himself, "gazing somewhere; never eating, never considering that one must live. If I were to add a slice of salami—though the child is fastidious, she does not eat salami—"

"I am here, Niccolo," said a voice from the window.

"So I supposed, Signorina; I knew you must be in some corner. May I be permitted to remark that life is not supported by the eyes, but by the mouth? If you will not eat the *cena* I have prepared for you, what can I do? I cannot take you on my knees and feed you like a baby. Oh I have done it; I have

been obliged to do it, when I had the poor padrone's authority to sustain me, before now."

"Niccolo," said the voice, "I shall not want anything more to-night. If you are ready you may go."

"Oh yes, I may go," said Niccolo fretfully, "not knowing whether I may not find you a little heap of cinders in the morning, or fallen down in the window and frozen to death, Madonna Santissima! without the power to raise yourself up. If you would but have Philomena to stay with you, at least, in case you should want anything."

"I want nothing," said the girl. She came out of the window, advancing a few steps, but still keeping quite out of the cheerful circle of the light.

"No, the Signorina wants nothing, the Signorina will soon not want anything but a hole in the heretic cemetery beside her father; and when one goes sinfully out of the world by one's own wickedness, besides being a Protestant and believing nothing, what can one look for? If I were the Signorina I should take very good care as long as I could, not to die, and put myself in the power of those beings with the prongs that you see in the Campo Santo. I should take very great trouble, for my part, not to die."

Upon this she came out altogether out of the darkness, and approached the fire. "Do you think that not eating kills people?" she asked. "I cannot eat, I have no appetite, but I do not wish to die."

"At least, under any circumstances, one can drink a little wine," said Niccolo, with disapproving dignity; "no effort is necessary to swallow a little wine. Signorina, I have put everything in order. I will leave the key with Luigi downstairs, that the Philomena may enter in the morning without disturbing you. I now wait only to bid you a *felicitissima notte*. Buona notte, my little mistress—sleep well; and the Madonna and the Saints take care of you, poor child!"

This little outburst was not unusual. The girl extended her hand to him with a smile, and Niccolo kissed it. Then throwing his cloak over his other shoulder, and wrapping it round him, he left her in her solitude. The guests at the Casa Piccolomini were dispersing at the same time, escorting each other, and escorted by their servants through the still streets. As Niccolo closed the great door after him, the sound seemed to reverberate through the blackness of the great staircase, down which he plunged, darkling, groping his way by the walls. Mr. Worsley, who lived on the first floor, had a coil of green wax-taper in his pocket, which he lighted, to guide himself and his daughter to the door. They were a little afraid when they heard the footsteps stumbling down, not having been able to divest themselves of the idea that stiletto-thrusts were the natural accompaniments of a dark staircase. And with his cloak doubled over his left shoulder and his red *cache-nez* hiding his countenance, Niccolo looked dangerous, more like killing his man in a corner than watching with the tenderness of a woman over the wayward child whom he had just left with an ache in his honest heart.

All alone in the house! The *appartamento* was not so large as that of Mr. Worsley downstairs, for it was divided into two, as being adapted for cheaper lodgers. Besides this large *salone*, however, there was an ante-chamber, of which while Mr. Vane was alive he made a dining-room; and then a long stone passage, echoing and dreary, through which the solitary girl had to pass to her bed-room, another terrible stone room, floored with tiles, at the other end of the house. She had to pass her father's room by the way, and another gaping empty chamber, full of the furniture which, with Italian superstition, had been turned out of the chamber of death. She was not afraid. She had been used to such constant solitude that it seemed natural to her. While her father was alive she had been as solitary as she was now, and it did not seem to her, as it did to everybody else, that his mere presence in the house made so much difference. She had been brought up in a Spartan Italian fashion, to bear the cold and heat as things inevitable. She put her feet upon the stone slab, which did duty as a hearth, more from custom than for the warmth, which she scarcely thought of. A small scaldino stood under the table, full of fresh embers, which Niccolo had brought with him from the kitchen; but though she was cold she did not take it up and warm her hands over it, as a thorough Italian would have done. She was half Italian only, and half English, rejecting many habits of both nations. She had a small cloak of faded velvet drawn round her shoulders, old and cut after no fashion that had prevailed within the memory of man. It had come, I believe, originally from a painter's studio, but it was warm and kept her alive in the penetrating cold. Kind Mrs. Eastwood, in her luxurious chamber, was wondering at that moment how the poor child would brave an English winter, and if "the little room" would be warm enough, with its soft carpets and close drawn curtains, and cheery fire. If she could have seen the Italian girl with her old mantle on her shoulders, and the scaldino at the foot of her chair!

I am afraid I am describing too much, which is a fatal weakness for a historian to fall into; but yet, of course, the gentle reader who does not scorn that delightful title would prefer to hear what this solitary girl was like. She had a straight, slim figure, too slim for beauty, though that defect of youth is one which it is easy to forgive. Her hair was dark and soft, and hung about her face, framing it with a soft fold, very slightly undulating at the ends, though not in any thing that could be called a curl. I must warn my dear friend and gentlest auditor, that this sounds a great deal better in words, and looks a great deal better in a picture, than it does in reality; for a girl of sixteen with hair thus hanging about her, neither curled nor dressed, is apt to be an objectionable young person, inclining to untidiness, and to look like a colt, unkempt and untrimmed. But Innocent was a neglected girl, who had never known any better. She did not strike you at the first glance as beautiful. She had no colour, and even had been called sallow by some observers. The chief beauty that struck the beholder was the perfect shape of her face, a pure oval, with the chin somewhat accentuated as in the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, and the eyes somewhat long in shape. Miss Bolding was right when she called the girl a Leonardo. She wanted the crisped hair, and that subtle, sidelong sweetness in the eyes, which is so characteristic of that great master; but otherwise the character of her face was the same—somewhat long, and with all the softness of youth in the prolonged and perfect curve of the colourless cheek. The eyes were heavy-lidded; they were not "well-opened eyes." Only in moments of emotion did she raise the heavy lids freely, and flash the full light of her look upon you. At the present moment those lids were doubly heavy with dreams. The lips, which were thin, and rather straight, without curves, were closed upon each other with the closeness of meditation; her hair fell into the hollow of her neck on either side, and lay in a half ring and careless twist upon her shoulder. A very simple black dress,

without trimmings, appeared under the velvet cloak; these were the days before the Watteau fashion became popular, when dresses were made with but one skirt, and long, sweeping over the wearer's feet. Such was her costume and her appearance. She took a little of the wine from the flask, and a morsel of the dry brown bread, and swallowed them as it seemed with great difficulty, bending over the fire in the stove, which began to sink into white ashes. Silence, cold, solitude, all around; and here in the empty house, in the empty world, this solitary creature, so young and forlorn. But she was not afraid. After a while she rose quite calmly, and lifted the long stalk of the lamp, and went away through the long echoing, ghostly passage. She saw nothing, feared nothing; her imagination was not at liberty, it was absorbed about other things.

Next morning it was more cheerful in the great *salone*; there was light, at least, which was much, and I think there was sunshine; but the gentle reader will forgive me if I confess that I have forgotten whether the Palazzo Scaramucci was on the sunny or the shady side. At all events, there was daylight, and a blue, clear, shining sky, and the sight of sunshine outside if not its actual presence. When Mrs. Drainham, who was really concerned about the girl, came to see her before twelve next morning, she found her seated by the same little table which had held her lamp on the previous night, with a little dish of polenta before her, and again the dry brown bread and the small flask of wine. It seemed the strangest, most distasteful breakfast to the Englishwoman. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "do send away that mess, and have a nice cup of tea. Wouldn't you enjoy a nice cup of tea? If you will come with me, my maid will make you one directly—and perhaps an egg and a little delicate bread and butter. I don't wonder that you have no appetite, my poor child."

"I like polenta," said Innocent, playing with her spoon, "and I don't like tea."

This seemed immoral to Mrs. Drainham. "If you go to England, my dear, you must not say you have been in the habit of having wine for breakfast," she said, "It would be thought so very strange for a young girl."

Innocent made no immediate answer. With a perverse impulse she poured out a little of the nostrale wine, the commonest and cheapest, and diluted it with water. I do not, I confess, think it was an attractive beverage. "Probably I shall never be in England," she said in a very low tone.

"Oh you must go to England; that is one thing there can be no doubt of. What are you to do here, poor child? Friends have been raised up to you here, but it is not likely that people who are not connected with you would continue—and the apartment, you know," continued Mrs. Drainham, in her eagerness to prove what was self-evident, "must be let. The Marehese is very poor, and he could not be expected to lie out of his money, and Niccolo must find another situation. Everything, in short, is at a standstill until you go away."

Something hot rushed to the girl's eyes—but if they were tears it was so unusual to shed them, that they rushed back again after an ineffectual effort to get forth. She made no answer. She had learned ere now, young as she was, the benefit of taking refuge in silence. Mrs. Drainham had drawn a chair near her, and sat looking at her, with eyes full of a curiosity not unmixed with disapproval. Mrs. Drainham, in short, disapproved of everything about her, her loose hair, her odd dress, her old velvet cloak, even the polenta on the tray before her, and the coloured water she was drinking. "What will they do with her in England?" she asked herself in dismay; but then her responsibility, at least, would be over, and her mind relieved.

"You have never been at school, my dear, I suppose?"

"No."

"Nor learned anything? But you must have had some resources; you must be able to do something? Needlework at least, or tapestry, or something to amuse yourself with? You must have been very lonely in your papa's time, as I hear he never saw any one. And you could not sit all the day with your hands before you; you must have been able to do something?" Mrs. Drainham cried, impressed almost against her will by the silence of her companion.

"I can read," said Innocent.

"And no more? I hope your aunt, Mrs. Eastwood, is well off. It would be dreadful indeed if your relations were not well off. Girls in your position frequently have to go out as governesses. I don't want to be unkind; but, my dear, it is for your advantage that you should look your circumstances in the face. Most girls of your age (you are past sixteen?) would have thought of that already. Suppose, for instance, that you were compelled to try and work for your own living. Now, what would you do?"

The suggestion was so strange that Innocent lifted her eyelids, and turned a wondering look upon her questioner; but apparently perceiving that nothing was to be made of it, cast them down again, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and made no reply. "Why should I take the trouble to talk?" she seemed to say, which was not very civil to Mrs. Drainham, nor encouraging to that lady's benevolence, it must be allowed.

"You never thought of that view of the matter?" said the persevering woman. "But you ought to think of it. Few people, unless they are very rich, are disposed to take all the responsibility of a girl like you. They might help you, and be kind to you; but they would most likely think it was right and best that you should contribute at least to your own support."

"I do not know what you mean," said Innocent, looking at her with mingled wonder and resentment. She pushed away her little tray from her, and in sheer bewilderment took up the scaldino, putting it in her lap, and holding her hands over it. This was another thing upon which the doctor's wife, as she herself avowed, could not look with any toleration. She made a little gesture of distress, as if she would have put it away.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, my dear, don't let me see you with that odious thing on your knee! An English girl keeps her hands warm with doing something or other. You will find nothing of that sort in England. There your time will be all filled up in a rational way. There is always something going on, and you will find no time to nurse your hands in your lap. Of course, there is a great deal that will be very novel. Put down that scaldino, dear. I can't bear to see you with it. It is such an odd thing for an English girl to do."

"Am I an English girl?" said Innocent, dreamily. She did not respond to what was said to her. "She never gives you a reasonable answer," Mrs. Drainham said afterwards, with an impatience for which it was not difficult to account.

It was just then that the tinkling bell at the door pealed, and Niccolo after some parley admitted a stranger. Niccolo recognised the name at once, though no English visitor could have recognised it had he heard it from Niccolo's lips. "Signor Est-

vode," he said, looking in at the door, and pausing, with the true instinct of an Italian servant, to watch the effect of the announcement. Innocent started to her feet, in her haste, dropping instinctively from her shoulders her old velvet mantle, and Mrs. Drainham sat and stared with genuine British composure without any thought of politeness. Frederick came in looking (as he was) something of an invalid still. He was pale; he had that look of convalescence we have already referred to on his interesting countenance. He came forward, holding out both his hands to the girl, who stood devouring him with her eyes, which for once were fully opened. She could not say anything; she could scarcely breathe. Many speculations had crossed her mind as to the kind of messenger who might arrive. This young man, looking not unlike one of the heroes of her dreams, pale, melancholy, yet smiling, holding out his hands to her, made such a sudden lodgment in the girl's inexperienced heart as I can neither define nor account for. The chances are that his mother, who was much kinder than Frederick, would have made no impression at all upon Innocent. She looked at him with her eyes all aglow and shining, with a sudden glad contraction and then expansion of her heart. She put down the scaldino, and went a step forward. "You are my little cousin," said Frederick, in a voice which the natural impulse of kindness and the pleasant sense of beneficence made melodious. He looked at her with no criticism in his eyes, rather with admiration and pleasure. The girl paused all aglow, on tiptoe, her sudden impulse betraying itself in every line of her slim figure. Then she obeyed that impulse, poor, forlorn child. She threw herself forward, took the outstretched hands, and bent down and kissed them in her pretty Italian way. "Yes, I am Innocent," she said; "Oh, take me away! take me away!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUSINS

THIS little scene was odd and somewhat embarrassing to a young Englishman utterly unaccustomed to have his hand kissed; but I think it highly probable that Frederick would have felt much less objection to it had it not been for the presence of that Gorgon of British propriety, which kept staring at him with an expression of shocked and suspicious watchfulness from the other side of the stove. He laughed with the embarrassment common to his nation under the circumstances. There is nothing so awkward, so unhappy, and unready, as an Englishman who is called upon to show any natural feeling of the softer kind before strangers. Why we all, and we alone, should feel that we are ridiculous when our hearts are touched, I cannot tell; but so it is. Frederick Eastwood was affected by the eager passion of his welcome; but with Mrs. Drainham's eyes upon him, he could do nothing but laugh. The primitive-minded girl, who was not aware of this tacit necessity, shrunk back into herself when, as she thought, he laughed at her. But the spectator felt that it was the right thing to do, and her disapproval softened. She indicated a chair to the new comer with a little wave of her hand.

"Dear child," she said in a caressing tone, "you must moderate your feelings. We all understand you; we all excuse you; but these are not English ways. Sit down a little, while I talk to you and to this gentleman. Mr. Eastwood, I think?—so far as one can understand an Italian's version of the name we were expecting to hear—"

"Yes," said Frederick, "I should have arrived a week ago, but for—indisposition. I am glad to find my cousin in such good hands."

Here they paused, and looked at each other, with sentiments which were not unfriendly, but a certain English community of feeling that made them sensible of the necessity of some sort of preliminary antagonism before the one agreed to accept the other as the person he claimed to be. Mrs. Drainham was a pretty woman, though it was appointed to her at this moment to act the Gorgon's part. And Frederick, with his peaked beard and melancholy eyes, was a handsome young man. The tone of the British matron perceptibly softened, as she took in at a glance the various evidences before her that the new comer was "a gentleman"—all-expressive and all-embracing phrase. She even laughed a little in her turn, and coloured very becomingly as she executed the sterner part of her duty.

"I am afraid you will think me impertinent," she said; "and I feel ridiculous; but as my husband and I have taken a great interest in Miss Vane, would you pardon me for asking if you have—any credentials—or authority? I am sure I beg your pardon. You will understand what I mean—"

Then they both laughed together, which advanced matters still farther.

"I have a letter from my mother to my cousin," he said. "I might have got a certificate of identity, had I thought she was so well guarded. And here is my card," he added, taking it out smilingly.

It was the card Batty had found in the Paris hotel, which was the first one that came to his hand. He knew it by a crease in the corner, and pushed it back again with a little shudder which he could not account for: for indeed the Batty episode had faded into unimportance already. The card, however, was given and accepted with a gracious smile and bow. That celestial address, the "Junior Minerva," impressed Mrs. Drainham, as it had impressed Frederick's less desirable acquaintance. A little conversation of the most amicable character ensued, winding up by an invitation to dinner for that evening.

"And you will come too, my dear," said the doctor's wife; "though it is a thing you could not do in ordinary circumstances. Nobody could reflect upon you for departing from the usual rules in your position. I will ask no one to meet you. Mr. Eastwood will bring you to us at seven o'clock."

Innocent had listened to this conversation vaguely, in a kind of stupor, feeling as if they spoke a language of which she had never before heard a word. Greek would have been as intelligible to her. It even hurt her vaguely that they seemed to understand each other in the language which she could not understand. She had been thrust back upon herself, which is always painful—thrust back after, as she thought, a gleam of new life and a new world, into the old dreary world, much drearier than ever by the contrast, though it was but momentary. The visionary intensity of a mind living in its own sensations almost annihilates space and time; and though it was but half an hour since Frederick Eastwood came upon the scene at all, there was room enough in that half hour to make the girl feel the force of two revolutions—the one from her dreary solitude into a new sphere of brightness, tenderness, companionship, which was as a revelation of Heaven to her; and the other, a dreary circle back again, out of the light, out of the society, out of the strange delightful newness which seemed to have changed her being all in a moment. The

one was a sudden sun-rising, the other an equally sudden eclipse. She had been raised up to heaven and then suddenly tossed down again. The amount of emotion involved was quite excessive and extravagant; out of all keeping with the momentary character of the incidents; but Innocent was not aware of this, nor could he have believed how utterly unimportant to the others was the half-hour which subjected her to such vicissitudes of feeling as she had never before felt in her life. She made no reply to Mrs. Drainham's invitation, which, indeed, she scarcely comprehended. She did not understand the civilities with which her two companions parted, Frederick accompanying Mrs. Drainham to the door. What she imagined was that he had thus gone away without taking any further notice of her, and that all was over, and the new hope to which she seemed to have a right, taken from her. She sat in a stupor watching them go away, fingering the folds of the old velvet cloak, which she had picked up mechanically from the floor, and feeling a mingled chill—of her shoulders from the want of her mantle, and of her heart from this strange desertion—which made her shiver all over, and gave her that nervous and passionate impulse to cry, which children and women are so seldom able to resist, but which poor Innocent had been victorious over often, tears being among the things which her father turned into highest ridicule. She had ceased almost to be able to weep—forgotten the way; the natural emotions had been frozen in their fountains. But the thrill of new existence of which she had been conscious had broken those frozen chains, and she began to struggle with a hysterical passion which roused all her pride and all her spirit to conquer it. No doubt, she thought, this new cousin, like her father, would despise the weakness which women indulged in. Innocent despised herself for being a woman, and she would have died sooner than yield to what she supposed to be a purely feminine impulse. She was struggling thus with herself, fighting the hardest battle she had fought since the time when goaded by his ridicule she had rushed upon her father like a little tiger, beating him with her baby fist, choking with suppressed passion, when the door opened again, and Frederick came in once more. She gazed at him with her breast heaving, and her eyes dilated, in the fierceness of her struggle to keep off the tears. And if he had laughed, or treated her emotion lightly, Innocent would have conquered. But Frederick's heart was really touched. He felt benevolent, paternal, full of patronage and kindness. He went up to her, and laid his hand caressingly on her head.

"My little cousin, we must make friends now that woman is gone," he said, smiling upon her.

Poor child, she knew nothing of self-control, scarcely anything of right and wrong. She threw out her arms and clung to him, in a simple effort of nature to grasp at something; and fell into such a passion of sobs and cries on his bosom as frightened him. But yet what was more natural? She had just lost her father; she had no one in the world to turn to, except this new relation who belonged to her. She had been undergoing an unnatural repression, concealing her feelings in that stupor which grief so often brings. Frederick thought he understood it all, and it affected him, though he was glad there was no one else in the room. He put his arm round her, and even kissed the cheek which was partially visible, and said all the kind things he could think of. It lasted so long that, not being very strong himself, he began to totter a little under the unexpected burden, and would gladly have freed himself and sat down by her. But Innocent had been carried away by the tide, and could not stop herself. This was the beginning of their acquaintance. There were no preliminaries. She had never "given way" in her life before, except on the occasion we have already referred to—and heaven knows what strange processes were going on in the girl's half-developed, much-suppressed nature, as for the first time she gave her tears and emotion way.

When the hysterical sobbing came to an end, Innocent lifted her head from his breast, and looked at him, still holding him by the arms. She looked up suddenly, half beseeching him not to despise her, half daring him to do so; but there was no scorn in Frederick's eyes. He was very sorry for her.

"My poor child!" he said, smoothing the ruffled hair upon her forehead.

Then a sudden flush came to her face, and light to her eyes. She released him as suddenly as she had clutched him. She sank back gently into her chair, with a shy deprecating smile.

"I could not help it," she said, putting out her hand. She wanted to retain some hold of him, to be sure that he would not melt quite away like one of the dreams.

As for Frederick, though his first feeling, I confess, was great thankfulness at being permitted to sit down, he had no objection to have his hand held by those soft, long fingers, or to bear the eager look of eyes which shone upon him with a kind of worship. He told her how he had been coming to her for a long time, but had been detained—how he had come to take her home—how they must start next day if possible, and travel as quickly as possible; and how his mother and sister were awaiting her anxiously, hoping to make her happy, and to comfort her in her trouble. Innocent leant back in her chair, and smiled and listened. She made no reply. It did not seem necessary to make any reply. She held his hand fast and let him talk to her, not caring much what he said. I don't know if her intelligence was much developed at this period of her life. She understood what he was saying, but it was as a song to her, or a story that he was telling. She did not mind how long she listened, but it required no personal response—took no personal hold of her. The picture he made of The Elms, and his mother and sister, produced no sort of effect upon her mind. She was satisfied. Everything was unreal and vague except the one tangible fact, that he was sitting beside her, and that she was holding his hand. It was not love at first sight. The child did not know, and never inquired what it was. She had got some one—some one belonging to her like other people, some one who did not sneer or ridicule, but smiled at her: who called her name softly: who found no fault. She was altogether transported by this wonderful sensation. She wanted no more; no mothers nor sisters, no change, no conditions such as make life possible. She knew nothing about all that. Her understanding had nothing to do with the question. It was barely developed, not equal to any strain; and in this matter it seemed quite possible to do without it; whether she understood or not did not matter. She was happy; she wanted nothing more.

"Must you go away?" she cried with a start, holding his hand closer, as he moved.

"Not to leave you," he said; "But if we go away to-morrow—Can you go to-morrow, Innocent?"

"I will go when you go," she said.

"My dear cousin, you must be less vague. Can you be ready? Can you have your packing done, and all your little affairs settled? Where is your maid? She will know best."

"I have no maid. I have nothing to pack. I am ready now

whenever you please; only you must not leave me. You must never leave me," she cried, clasping her hands round his arm.

"I have no intention of leaving you," he said, half flattered, half embarrassed, "till I have taken you to my mother. It is my mother whom you are going to—my mother—I told you—and Ellinor—"

"Will you leave me when we get there?" the girl asked eagerly, still holding him. Yes, it was flattering; but possibly it might become a bore.

"No, no," he said, "I live there too. I am not going to leave you. But my mother will be the chief person then—my mother and Nelly, not me. They are ladies, they will be your chief friends and companions—"

"I would rather have you; I know you; and I don't like women," said the girl. "Listen! Could not we live somewhere without letting them know? I can cook some dishes—very good macaroni; and I can cook birds. I could do what you wanted, and make your *spese*. This would be far better than going to live with your mother. I do not like women."

She warmed as she spoke, turning to face him, with her hand still clasping his arm.

"You must not say such things," he said.

"Why? This is the first time you have said 'you must not.' My father says women are all bad—not some here and there like men. I am one, but I cannot help it. I always try to be different. I would not do the things they do—nor look like them if I could help it. Are you rich?"

"No," said Frederick, becoming bewildered. He had risen up, but she detained him with her two hands holding his arm.

"That is a pity. We were never rich. If you had been rich we might have taken Nicolo, who could have done everything—he is so clever. We might have stayed here. Stop!" she said, suddenly, "there is a little cloud coming up over your face. Do not let it. Smile. You smiled when you came in first, and I knew that it was you, and was so happy."

"My poor child! Why were you happy?"

"Because I knew it was you," she said, vehemently. "And now you talk of your mother. I do not want to go to your mother. Let me stay with you."

"Listen, Innocent," he said, with a shade of impatience stealing over him. "There is no possibility of questioning where you are to go. You must go to my mother. I live there, too. I cannot afford to have a house for myself. You must learn to be fond of my mother, and do whatever she wishes. Now let me go, please. I am going out to see the place. If we leave to-morrow, I may not have another opportunity. Come, come, you must let me go."

She was looking up into his face, studying it intently, as if it were a book, a close penetrating gaze, before which his eyes somewhat wavered, hesitating to meet hers. An idea that she would find him out if she gazed thus into the depths of his soul, crossed his mind, and made him half angry, half afraid. Perhaps she divined this feeling; for she let his arm go, slowly, sliding her hands away from it, with a half caressing, half apologetic motion. She smiled as she thus released him, but said nothing. There was something pretty in the act by which she set him free—a mingling of resignation and entreaty that at once amused and touched him. Go, if you will—it seemed to say—but yet stay with me! It was hard to resist the moral restraint after the physical was withdrawn. But Frederick reflected that to spend this, his only day in a strange new place—in Italy—shut up *à-la-carte* with a girl who was a stranger to him, though she was his cousin, would be extremely ridiculous. Yet he could not leave her abruptly. He stroked her soft hair once more paternally as he stood by her.

"I will come back in time to take you out to this lady's to dinner," he said. "I suppose they have been kind to you? And in the meantime you must see after your packing. I have no doubt you will find a great many things to do. I am sorry you have not a maid to help you. Have you wraps for the journey? You will want something warm."

She took up her old velvet mantle with a startled look, and turned it round in her hands, looking at it. It was a garment to delight the very soul of a painter; but, alas! it was not such a garment as Frederick Eastwood, who was not a painter, could walk about by the side of, or travel with.

"Is that all you have?" he asked, with a little dismay.

"I have a shawl," said Innocent, looking at him with astonished eyes.

"Ah! I must speak to Mrs. Drainham about it," he said, with some impatience. "Good-bye for the moment. Will you dress, and be quite ready when I come back? and then we can have a talk about our start to-morrow, and all our arrangements. I am sure if you are to be ready in time there is not a moment to lose."

Ready in time! The words seemed to echo about poor Innocent's ears when he was gone. Ready for what? For going out with him in the evening to the house of the lady who found fault with her; who had come to her and talked and talked so much, that the girl neither tried nor wished to understand. Ready! She sat and tried to think what it meant. She had but the black frock she wore—no other—with its little black frill of crape about her neck; no edge of white, such as people wear in England. She could smooth her hair, and put on a locket, or her mother's brooch; but that was all she could do. The packing she never thought of. Nicolo had been nurse and valet combined. He had always arranged everything, and told her what to do. She sat for a long time quite still, pondering over the mourning with a strange happiness, and a still stranger poignant pain in her agitated breast. Then she rose, and putting her cloak round her—the poor cloak which she was afraid *he* had despised—she went down the long stairs and across the road to the tiny little church upon the edge of the Arno. Nobody who has been in Pisa will forget Santa Maria della Spina. I do not know whether its tiny size took the girl's fancy, or if the richness of the elaborate architecture pleased her, for she had no such clearly developed ideas about art as her relations in England gave her credit for. Perhaps after all it was but a child's fancy for the dim, decorated religious place, which, notwithstanding its mystery and silence, and the awe which hung about it, was not so big as the great bare *salone* in which she sat at home. She went in, crossing herself according to the custom which she had seen all her life, mechanically, without any thought of the meaning of that sign, and held out her hand to give the holy water to a peasant woman who entered along with her, mechanically too, as she might have offered any habitual courtesy. This poor girl had scarcely been taught anything, except what her eyes taught her. She went in, according to her custom, and knelt for a minute on a chair, and then, turning it round, sat down with her face to the altar. I think what she said under her

breath was simply the Lord's Prayer, nothing more. It was very brief and mechanical too, and when she sat down I cannot pretend that her thoughts were of a religious kind. They were possessed by the occurrences of the morning. Her heart was in a tumult, rising and falling like the waves of the sea. The dead stillness with which the day before she had sat in the same place, full of a certain dumb, wistful quiet—almost stupor of mind, had passed away from her. Life had come along with the new living figure which had placed itself in the foreground of her picture. Her heart beat with the vibration of her first strange childish happiness at the sight of her cousin, but in the very midst of this there came a sting of sharp wonder and pain, that acute surprised disappointment which women are apt to feel when the man whose company they themselves prefer to everything shows himself capable of going away from them, and preferring some kind of pleasure separate from them to that which can be had in their society. "If he was glad to find me, if he came so far for me, why could not he have stayed with me?" Innocent was not sufficiently advanced either in intellectual or emotional life to put such a question into words, but it was vaguely in her mind, filling her in her childish inexperience with a pain almost as great as the new pleasure which had come with her new friend. The morning masses were all over; there was no service going on, no candles lighted upon the altar, which glimmered with all its tall white tapers through the gloom. Everything was silent; now and then a half seen figure stealing in, dropping down to say a prayer or two, and with mysterious genuflection gliding away again. A few people, like Innocent, sat in different corners quite still, with their eyes towards the altar; they were chiefly old people, worn old women and benumbed old men, doing nothing, perhaps thinking nothing, glad only, like the forlorn child, of the peacefulness, the stillness, the religiousness about. Here and there was one, who, with clasped hands and rapt face, gazed up at some dark picture on the wall, and "wrestled" like Jacob; but the most part showed little emotion of any kind; they found a shelter perhaps for their confused thoughts, perhaps only for the torpor of their worn-out faculties. But anyhow, they were the better for being there, and so was Innocent. She sat quite still for a long time, rather the subject of her thoughts than exercising any control over them, and then she turned her chair round again and knelt and said the Lord's Prayer, and went away.

She went to Mrs. Drainham's with her cousin as mechanically as she had said her prayers. Her appearance was strange enough on that strange evening, which she passed as in a dream. With an idea that ornament was necessary, and perhaps not without some pleasure in the novelty of having the little morocco box full of trinkets, which her father had always kept in his own hands, handed over to her keeping, she had put on a trinket which took her fancy, and which was attached to a little chain. It was a very brilliant ornament, indeed, set with emeralds and rubies, in a quaint design, the background of which was formed by small diamonds. The effect of this upon her very simple black frock may be conceived. Mrs. Drainham was scandalised, yet impressed. Impossible not to look upon a girl possessed of such a jewel with some additional respect—and yet the impropriety, the unappropriateness of wearing it at such a time was almost "past speaking of," Mrs. Drainham felt.

"You should wear nothing but jet ornaments with such deep mourning," she said. "A plain gold locket might have done if you have no jet; but this, my dear, is quite out of character. You must try and recollect these things when you go among your relations. They will wonder that you know so little. They might perhaps think it heartless of you. Was it your mother's? It is very pretty. You must take great care of such an ornament as this; but you must be sure never to wear it when you are in mourning." This was said when she was alone in the drawing-room with Innocent after dinner. And then she, too, began to inquire into the packing and the wraps for the journey. She gave Innocent a great deal of advice, which I fear was quite lost upon her, and offered to go next day to "see to" her preparations. The girl sat much as she had sat in the Church of the Spina, with her hands crossed on her lap, listening vaguely. She did not know what to say, and her attention wandered often, as the stream of counsel flowed on. She had done no packing still, and had no idea what to do about the wraps; and Frederick scarcely seemed to belong to her, in this strange room, where she sat in a kind of waking dream, ashamed of her poor frock, ashamed of her rich jewel, not knowing what to make of herself. Poor little Innocent! perhaps, on the whole, in this new rush of emotions that filled her, there was rather less pleasure than pain.

(To be continued.)

THERE must be some error, we should imagine, in the report which makes Lord Lyttelton select Baker Street as the typical home of gentlemen who are driven by "a dyspeptic wife and squalling children" to take refuge in the luxuries of their "clubs in Pall Mall," but the substance of his Birmingham speech can scarcely have been misreported, and it is sensible enough. He was addressing a meeting held in connection with the London Working Men's Club and Institute Union, and he spoke at length on the habits of the various classes of English society in matters of relaxation and amusement. He argued that if clubs were good for the rich they are also good for the poor, and that they will no more interfere with family life in one case than in the other. This gradual spread of a belief in the value of clubs for working men is, indeed, only the natural sequence of that total change in public opinion as to the identity of poor men's nature with rich men's nature which the present and the past generations have witnessed. It is scarcely half a century ago since it was held by a vast number of the wealthier classes that all education was a dangerous thing for the multitude. The vicious tendencies of labouring people, it was seriously believed, would only become more powerful for mischief, if they were taught to read and write, and above all, were encouraged to read the newspapers. Popular education, was in truth, a distinctive feature in one particular political creed. To-day the belief in the value of universal education is comparatively universal. And so it is rapidly becoming in this matter of club-life. Fifty years ago, none but men of considerable fortune, and holding a certain position in the aristocratic world, thought of belonging to a London club. There were only a very few clubs in existence, and it was popularly supposed that their influence must tend to the lowering of family feelings and obligations. The fear has passed away, and the desire for belonging to one or more clubs has extended, through every section of comfortable and professional English society. And just as education has extended downwards, so the club is extending downwards. It is to be noted, too, that in both cases it is the large trading and middle class which is the last to yield to the new impulse. The reform of middle-class education is only now beginning; middle-class clubs scarcely exist at all.



A SOLDIERS' ENTERTAINMENT—THE COMMANDER GIVING A TOAST



LIFE IN CHINA, PART IX.: TRAVELLING IN A MULE LITTER—A MOUNTAIN PASS



THE lamented death of Lord Lytton adds a new interest to the performance of *Money*, the best of all his comedies, which, thirty-two years after its original production, has been revived at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre with remarkable success. At a period when the taste both for the poetical drama and the higher kind of comedy was manifestly declining, it is no small claim to fame that Lord Lytton—then plain Mr. Bulwer—wrote the two most successful dramas in verse, as well as the most successful comedy of modern times. It is characteristic of their illustrious author that all this was in spite of a disastrous failure in his first attempt to write for the stage. The *Duchesse de la Vallière*, which was produced at Covent Garden in the latter days of William the Fourth's reign, contains many fine passages; but on the stage, in spite of the efforts of Macready, Farren, Vandenhoff, and Helen Faucit, it was found dull and uninteresting, and the disapprobation of the audience was so loudly expressed at the fall of the curtain that it was not thought prudent to speak the epilogue written for the occasion. The *Duchesse*, after vain attempts to improve its acting qualities, was quickly withdrawn; but the young dramatist was not daunted, nor did Mr. Macready lose faith. It was about a twelvemonth later that the *Lady of Lyons* was produced at the same theatre, and under the same management, with a success which can hardly be said to have yet abated, for Claude Melnotte and Pauline, originally represented by Macready and Helen Faucit, are still the favourite characters of leading performers. *Richelieu*, another successful romantic drama in blank verse, followed in the next year. It has frequently been revived, and it is understood that Mr. Irving will attempt the character of the wily Cardinal in this play at the Lyceum as soon as it is found expedient to withdraw Mr. Wills's *Charles the First*. Finally, in 1840, the author tried his hand in the new field of comedy, his *Money* having been produced in December of that year at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit were again the chief interpreters of the dramatist's work, and the comedy has certainly never been revived with a stronger cast; for with these were Mrs. Glover, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Webster, and Mrs. German Reed. The performance of this piece at the Prince of Wales's, however, is in some respects superior to all previous renderings of *Money*, and at the time of its reproduction in May last it was known that Lord Lytton was among the audience, and that he expressed himself more than satisfied with this revival of his piece on a stage which has long enjoyed the highest reputation for the care and completeness of its performances. A certain stiltedness in the acting of *Money*, which had somehow become traditional, and which was probably derived from weak attempts to imitate Mr. Macready's manner, entirely disappears at the Prince of Wales's. Evelyn, the young secretary, who snubs his employers so magnificently, and is so profoundly cynical when he unexpectedly finds himself, as the heir to a great estate, flattered by his former patrons, has a certain dash of conceit and coxcombry about him, which is greatly aggravated by the pomposity of declamation which some actors have thought proper to the part. Mr. Coghlan, on the other hand, performs it with a modest dignity and spirit which quickly win the sympathy of the audience; and nothing could be more natural than Miss Marie Wilton's Georgina Vesey. When her intended husband feigns to be greatly reduced in fortune, by way of demonstrating her lack of affection for him, the plaintive tone in which she echoes his promise of a "modest competency," with the comment, "I thought something dreadful was coming," is in itself a touch of rare excellence. It is needless to say that Mr. Hare's Sir John Vesey has had no equal on the stage, though Strickland originally performed the character. But much of the striking success of this revival, which has already been sustained for upwards of 180 nights, is due to the painstaking performance of all the minor characters. It is worth noting, that although *Money*, being now nearly thirty-three years old, was originally performed by ladies in shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and gentlemen in high-collared coats and flowing stocks, no attempt to follow this tradition is made at the Prince of Wales's, where every performer appears in the costume of the present day. It may be worth inquiring whether the modern custom of continuing to represent the plays of the past in the original costumes might not occasionally be abandoned with advantage. It would, perhaps, be too bold an innovation to perform the *School for Scandal* without wigs and swords, and such antiquated ejaculations as "Odd's faith!" or "Egad brother!" would hardly sound well from gentlemen in modern coats and trousers; but these old costumes, however familiar, undoubtedly serve to remove the doings and sayings of the *dramatis personæ* in some degree out of the range of the sympathies of the audiences of these days. Anyway, the simplicity and truth of the performance of *Money* at the Prince of Wales's lose nothing by the fact that, for aught that appears on the stage, its story might belong to the present time.

Miss Eleanor Bufton, who has for some time been absent from the stage, reappeared at the Opéra Comique on Thursday in Mr. Charles Reade's version of Scribe's *Ladies' Battle*, which has been revived in the place of Mr. Craven's *Post Boy*. At this theatre the *Épil Crève* of Hervé is shortly to give way to an anglicised version of *Le Timbale d'Argent*, a somewhat extravagant *opéra bouffe* which has created some sensation in Paris.—The French company at the Royalty have performed *Le Testament de César Girodot*, a comedy which was presented in an English form at the same theatre last year under the title of *The Late Ralph Johnson*.—At the Queen's Theatre a new drama, founded on the French piece entitled *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard*, is in active preparation. In this drama Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's old heroes Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, and Sir Rowland Trenchard—not to speak of his Majesty King George the Second and other celebrities of the time—are once more introduced to the public.—At the Strand Theatre a new comedy will be produced this evening which bears the title of *Old Soldiers*. It is from the pen of Mr. Byron.

Another morning performance of Mr. Wills's *Charles the First* will be given at the Lyceum Theatre this day.

Morning performances are also announced to be given at the Vaudeville Theatre on the 8th and 15th of February, when a new drama will be produced entitled *Passion*, by Mr. Walter Stephens, author of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*.



CRAMER, WOOD AND CO.—It would possibly have been better to publish "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," arranged for four voices, yet we can scarcely find fault with this excellent collection of fourteen well-selected melodies and words, from the first, which is Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," to the last, "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In," a quaint traditional carol. In the twilight round the fire unison-singing has a good effect, or outside the house, under the window, the result is much grander and more heart-stirring. A wholesome antidote to New Year's festivities is a romance, "Alone for Ever," the words by Madame Foli, the music by Odoardo Barri. Well written but very gloomy is this production, it cannot fail to please all who prefer the theme of broken hearts to more cheerful subjects, such as Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Little Maid of Arcadee," the words of which, by W. S. Gilbert, are as bright and cheery as the melody to which they are united.—C. H. R. Marriott has written two capital galops, which should be in the portfolios of all volunteers who can play whilst their young friends dance, a musical accomplishment which is often despised by professed pianists, but is not to be sneered at, as it requires a firm touch and a correct ear for marking the time. "Les Bavards" is taken from airs in Offenbach's operetta which bears that name. "The Salute Galop" has much to recommend it beside the grey charger with a diminutive head and the gorgeous field-officer which adorn its title-page.—The Duke of Edinburgh wrote a spirited and danceable set of waltzes, and entitled them "The Galatea." We are at a loss to discover why J. Rummel should have taken the trouble to transcribe them for the pianoforte, and scarcely think that either the Royal composer or the public will thank him for his pains, especially as it is known that he can employ his talents far more satisfactorily.—Two pianoforte pieces, by J. Theodore Trekkell, are admirable specimens of the old school, "Le Triano, a Gavotte," and "A Bourrée in F major," will certainly win favour wherever they are played, neither one nor the other of them is at all difficult.—"Tout Seul," a nocturne, and "Minerva, a Grande Marche Militaire," both by P. Sember, are not quite up to the mark of this clever composer's usual works, of the two there is more merit in the former than the latter.

Ashdown and Parry.—M. Gounod's well known and much admired composition, "Nazareth," has been ably and carefully transcribed for the pianoforte by Sydney Smith. We are sorry to perceive that he has adopted the affectation of writing the accompaniment in small type, a system which has no advantage, and dazzles the eye of the reader to no effect.

Born and Co.—"The Parquet Waltz" is fairly well-written, but the composer, Mr. Ferdinand Born, has been hampered by recollections of past favourites à trois temps, and the result is lack of originality in the melodies.

Joseph Williams.—A song from the pen of J. L. Hatton is sure to receive a hearty welcome and to merit it. "Voice of the Western Wind" is a sentimental ballad for a baritone or high bass voice; the words, by E. C. Stedman, are above the usual average of such compositions.—Three pretty ballads, irreproachable as to their sentiments, and of limited compass, ranging between C below the lines and E on the fourth space, will be found very acceptable to ordinary voices. "Go, Bird of Summer," composed by Walter Maynard; the words by George Linley are pleasing and unpretentious.—"Sparkling in the Summer Sun, or, the Song of the Brooklet," the joint production of Messrs. Walter Egerton and W. F. Taylor, is a bright, simple melody with suitably cheerful words.—Although it is dedicated to Mdle. Christine Nilsson, the most modest vocalist need not fear to sing Ciro Pinsuti's "Maiden's Flower Song," the words of which are selected from "The Afterglow." This graceful little song may be sung between the dances at an evening party, and not voted a bore, which cannot be said of many more lengthy and ambitious compositions.—At least half-a-dozen times has Longfellow's touching poem, "The Reaper and the Flowers," been adapted to music. Mr. Frederic Clay has now essayed his hand, and produced an exquisite re-setting of these beautiful verses.—We have before us two songs which can prove what can and what cannot be satisfactorily done.—Jacques Blumenthal is by nature a pure melodist, his instrumental pieces are true "Lieder ohne Worte," hence Mr. Alfred Mullen found a genial task in setting his tender words "One Angel" to the much admired air "Les deux Anges," by the popular German composer.—Johann Strauss was born to write waltzes, and has well fulfilled his mission, but he should never have granted leave, nor Mr. Mullen asked permission, to adopt "The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz" to words. The effect is jerky and vulgar, and will most likely detract from the reputation which this waltz has enjoyed for so many months.—"River, Gliding River," by Henry Smart, words by Jessica Rankin, is a musically ballad, with no special feature to distinguish it from its fellows; this clever composer has made a name, and is sadly inclined to rest upon his laurels. There is something which tends to produce monotony in these watery subjects, whether they relate to rivers, streams, or brooklets.—"Gentle River, Sweet and Clear," words and music by Zara, is a dreamy little song, which will possibly find many admirers.—Pianistes of moderate ability owe a debt of thanks to Mr. Brinley Richards for two transcriptions for the pianoforte; the one is the well known "Agnus Dei," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, which never fails to please both listener and executant, whether it be played or sung, and the other is Wely's Offertoire in G, so familiar to all church-goers as an organ voluntary.—Two secular transcriptions are well but conventionally arranged. By Mr. Richards; "Little Nell," a popular ballad of some years ago, by the late G. Linley; and one of the same genre by W. T. Wrighton, entitled "Sweet Home." Either of these twain may be played by quite young fingers.—A caprice, by Horace Hill, "La Rosée du Matin," is a capital piece for moderate practice, more trying to read than to play, and well worth the trouble of learning.—We pity the bewildered student whose hands are not extra sized before whom Harold Thomas's arrangement of "Les Huguenots" is placed when they arrive at page 8, where the "Chœur des Baigneuses" is arranged on three lines, the notes on the middle line being carefully tied. It would require Brodbringtonian digits to realise the conception of the arranger, who must surely have been dreaming of the organ when he spoiled a really excellent piece by a page and a half of eccentric impossibilities.—Mr. H. Thomas has been far more successful in his "Bouquet de Melodies" from Gounod's *Faust*, a piece which,

from anti-classicities, will command unlimited favour, for it contains all the familiar friends of that favourite opera arranged in a playable form.—A graceful "Andante" of Wely's has been conscientiously transcribed by E. Thirtle, but the last named gentleman has also involved his essentials in a labyrinth of staves which would harass a reader not quite up to the affectations of the period.—"Dornröschen" is a pretty school piece, the first eight bars written in four-eight time, we cannot guess for why, after which Mr. Alfred F. Mullen subsides into two-four time, *allegretto scherzando*, and indulges in no further vagaries.—"Lenore," a mazurka for the pianoforte, by George Barnard, is a sound, sterling piece, certain to please when played with due taste and expression.

Novello, Ewer, and Co.—It is rather late in the day to notice the "Hymnary," published by this firm, as it has already made a name in the world; it contains no less than six hundred and forty-six hymns, composed by the best writers, ancient and modern, appropriate to the seasons of rejoicing and lamentation; no musical home should be without this complete collection.

Weekes and Co. have just brought out a small collection of hymn tunes only, in which will be found most of the familiar melodies of our youth and some of modern date. We cannot fail to observe with regret that the former as yet far excel the latter in simplicity and excellence of composition.

THE LAST LEVEE OF NAPOLEON III.

"You will know it by its gold gates," said a labourer as I asked the way to Camden Place about nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th. A surer index was the tricolor flag, drooping half-mast high above the little lodge. I entered the gold gates, and while I waited in the lodge a Frenchman in dingy black came in, who saluted me as a fellow-mourner, and signed his name in the visitors' book M—, Avocat. M. Pietri would see me if I would go to the house. So I walked down the avenue, and opening the central door stood in a carved oak vestibule cut off from the hall by a black curtain. The scene of the lying in state was not yet set behind that black drop curtain. I could hear subdued voices. It parted a little, and a Sister of Mercy passed out. "Ma sœur, where is M. Pietri?" She could not tell. Then it bulged out with an elbow, which I touched, repeating my question. A workman's face appeared, who took me for a foreigner, and wasted no words on me. At last enters the tall footman of the Emperor in black, even to the epaulettes, who took my card. Then M. Pietri himself. "If I could come again in three quarters of an hour preparations would be complete." I went to the "Tiger's Head" and breakfasted, to fortify myself against my interview with the dead. The landlady told me, with much pride, that Prince Teck had lunched there the day before. Then I hurried to the Catholic Chapel, and thinking to make its incumbent my ally, called upon him. The reverend gentleman answered my ring in person, and eyeing me askance, sighed, "Why has the sergeant not sent me down those policemen?" He was already tired of such intruders as myself. But I made my peace with him, met the sergeant, and told him to send down the men. At the lodge gates I found that M. Pietri had already sent for me. "Dépêchez-vous," said an impatient Frenchman, interrupting something I had to say. So I stood again before the black curtain, and was led into a small room filled with French gentlemen. All wore white neckties and dress coats. Most were decorated; some with the cross at the button-hole; some with the ribbon round the neck; others with the broad sash. I knew that I stood among such men as Fleury, Rouher, Duc de Gramont, Canrobert, and as I sat mute in a corner, I puzzled to guess which was which. I was beckoned away; so taking book and pencil, and following my guide down the black-draped passage, sombre as the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I was ushered into the Chapelle Ardente. There was the coffin and the dead Emperor! I listened but abstractedly to whispered instructions. I was told to be quick, then left alone. That right hand folded over the left, and clasping white gloves—there are no traces of death there: the single rings on the third and last fingers; a crucifix and withered flower within reach of the hand, could it but move. Dare I stoop over the coffin to see what expression lingers in that thin, waxen face? The atmosphere seems faint and hot. Even those huge wreaths of violets cannot perfume it. That "N," written in immortelles—mark that. Two priests glide in. One sprinkles holy water towards the body, and each passes to a *prie-dieu* at the head of the coffin. The light just glances on the rims of those medals. The coffin lined with what seems amber satin; pall, purple velvet; gold fringe and tassels hanging from the top, the crown and "N" in gold upon it; broad amber edge to the pall; the crown and "N" repeated on the wall six times; the ceiling the tricolor. That old priest looks up from his prayers, and seems to start at seeing me there. This one gets up and holds his book close to the flare of one of the candles. Some one brings in fresh rose-buds and kneels to lay them at the foot of the coffin. The curtain moves again. A figure stands in its shadow. A fold of the amber satin is out of place; he goes forward to arrange it. Thus I make my rapid sketches. One last look and I sign that I have done. I join again that company of French celebrities. Paris papers, with broad mourning border, have just come in. Some one is reading an Imperialist article. It avers that the Empire is not dead, but lives anew in the person of the young Prince Imperial, Napoleon IV., in whose ears no one can din "Sedan, Sedan." The listeners murmur applause with tearful eyes. I raise a corner of the drawn blind, and see the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh drive up. We move to the door, and in a room opposite stands the figure of Prince Napoleon, so marvellously like the first Emperor. The broad upright forehead, those deep sunken eyes piercing the sharp cut overhanging brow, the short upper lip, and square prodigious chin. The Empire might well live again in him who seems the Emperor alive again. He comes out with the Prince Imperial. The poor boy, delicate and slight in figure, bows and shakes hands with some of his father's courtiers. They move to the Chapelle Ardente, Prince Napoleon darting a glance of fire at some Englishman who brushes his shoulder. Ladies in deep crape follow them, stop for a moment by the cord that parts off the chapel, sprinkle holy water, or throw sprigs of box towards the coffin, cross themselves, and go away. A policeman stands behind, who versed in French, says alternately, "Pass on, ladies and gentlemen," and "Passez, s'il vous plaît." Then the public in continuous stream flows in down that black channel from door to door. The Emperor holds his last levée.

Outside is a little gate to which we crowd for egress. But two policemen are listening with vacant smile to a torrent of French,

which they take to mean that the gate must be closed. Near by is a table where the throng of visitors are signing names, two French gentlemen handing the pens. Leaving this record of their sympathy they are content to go.



"THE True Story of Hugh Noble's Flight," by the author of "What Her Face Said" (1 vol., S. Tinsley). This is an unpretending, yet very pathetic, story. Hugh Noble is engaged to Olive Fleetwood, and at some period before the story opens is settled in the provincial town, where Bernard Fleetwood, Olive's brother, is manager of a bank. Bernard is weak and vicious, falls into bad company, gambles, loses money, and is finally induced to allow one of his associates, Chester by name, to rob the bank. Hugh Noble, in a subsequent endeavour to rescue the stolen property, kills the thief. Fearing the effects of the shock on his mother-in-law, Hugh does not give himself up to justice until after her death, five years later, when he surrenders, is tried, and is sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Such is the story, containing very possibly many grains of truth, and told in a simple yet artistic manner that is at once interesting and uncommon. The authoress has neither created characters nor told her story in a dramatic shape, but her personages are genuine men and women, and we can congratulate her on having achieved a signal success.

"Ravensdale" (3 vols., S. Tinsley). This is a spun-out and rather commonplace story by "A New Writer." Insurgent risings in Ireland have given birth to innumerable verses and novels, whilst the death of Robert Emmet, and the mad folly which caused it, are as familiar to English people as they are to our Irish cousins. Moreover, "A New Writer's" style is so verbose that the reader's interest in the story sinks to zero before even a vestige of plot appears. The tale, which is told in the first person, relates how a young English law-student at the bar, whilst on a visit to Ireland, discovers that his cousin, Leslie Featherstone, has fled the country, having taken part in a political disturbance, and being the suspected murderer of another cousin, Marley Featherstone. To discover the real murderer, to fall in love with two beautiful women, and gallop across the country generally, are the tasks that the hero sets to himself. He succeeds as a matter of course, and finally, married to a lovely wife, works hard and becomes a distinguished ornament of the Irish bar. There is much irrelevant matter in "Ravensdale," and the actual story might easily have been told in one volume instead of the orthodox three.

"The Walton Mystery," by Louise Clarisse Reynolds (Ward, Lock, and Tyler). In this story a young girl of nineteen arrives friendless in London, puts up at an hotel, and when her money is spent applies to a shopkeeper in Oxford Street, whom she has met in the South of France, for relief. A lady enters the shop at the same moment, and is so struck by Lucy's appearance that on the spot she engages the girl, without references, as companion. At Lady Edith Carleton's house Lucy is beloved by her ladyship's brother; the heroic girl, however, rejects the proffered love, and the next day moves into another situation, equally lucrative and enjoyable. Lucy's second mistress dies, about the middle of the story, of a broken heart, and leaves her companion four thousand a year and a house in Kensington. The friendless Lucys of real life are rarely so fortunate; but let that pass. We would venture, however, to hint to Miss Reynolds that the peerage, though an institution dear to the hearts of novelists, should not be introduced without careful study of the pages of Debreton, or errors may be committed. Such a title as Viscount Richard Darrell is not known in the peerage; the younger son of an Earl of Manningtree would not be styled Lord Arthur Darrell; nor does the younger brother of a peer who has no son take the family's second title.

"Not for the World: a Story of Saxony in the Year of the War, 1870," by D. O. T. (Newby). Although this story is based upon incidents of the late war, it contains nothing more exciting than the difficulties thrown in the path of a pair of lovers by a bad-tempered and implacable old German lady. The young Baron von Rosterwich loves and is beloved by Clara Leybach, daughter of a country pastor; but the Baron's maiden aunt will not hear of so unequal a match, and forbids Clara admittance to the Schloss. However, the Baron at last asserts his authority, and marries the pretty but dowerless orphan. Nothing could be simpler than the tale; yet there is sufficient interest, arising mainly from the clever sketches of the characters of the aunt and nephew, to carry the reader pleasantly to the end.

"Garnston, or, a Life's Discipline," by Mrs. Jerome Mercier (Warne and Co.), is a pleasantly written story, whose heroine is a young lady of refined tastes, superficial accomplishments, and possessed with a passion for poetry. She is at the age of nineteen left a penniless orphan, and takes up her abode with her mother's sister, a rough and homely farmer's widow. How Alice Field's sense of refinement is shocked by her rustic associates; how she falls in love with a good-for-nothing scamp who talks bombastically and writes bad poetry; how subsequently she wakes from her fool's paradise, and becomes the wife of a better man, Mrs. Mercier has related brightly and faithfully. All the characters are carefully drawn; some show traces of much observation, notably Laurence Torode. With the heroine we have little sympathy; but Millicent Torode is a charming and a thoroughly English country girl, full of good sense, affectionate, mirthful, and true. There is very little plot in "Garnston;" the authoress seems to have set herself the task of showing how a girl of so-called refined, yet, in reality, selfish ideas, may by trusting too much to her own sense of right and wrong be wrecked upon the very reef where she had deemed her harbour to be. The success of Mrs. Mercier is creditable.

"Boscobel; or, the Royal Oak," by W. Harrison Ainsworth (3 vols. Tinsley). This story, founded on the wanderings of Charles the Second after his defeat at Worcester on the 3rd of September, 1651, is a very favourable specimen of its author's powers. He had, he says, long intended to make this historical episode—an episode which quite equals in romantic interest the escape of Charles Edward after Culloden, with a Jane Lane instead of a Flora Macdonald for its heroine—the theme of a novel which should comprehend the principal incidents described in the various narratives of the King's adventures, but had deferred his design till he had made himself personally acquainted with the localities. A series of views in which these were

graphically depicted as they were when visited by Charles, privately published by Mr. Frederic Manning of Leamington, answered this purpose, and Mr. Ainsworth at once set to work. The incidents of the brief occupation of the ever loyal city of Worcester by the Royalists previous to the battle, the King's escape, and how he was guarded over by the noble brothers Penderel and concealed in a hiding place designed for the use of hunted priests at Boscobel, a hunting lodge in Breywood Forest belonging to the Giffards of Chillington, and how he passed an entire day hid in the branches of an oak, whilst Cromwell's troopers searched for him throughout the forest, are all told with much spirit. And then we have his ride in the capacity of groom to Mistress Jane Lane, sister of Colonel Lane of Bentley House, to the seat of the Nortons at Abbots Leigh near Bristol. Charles never appeared to more advantage than at this juncture, and he certainly receives full justice at Mr. Ainsworth's hands, if not something more, for we hardly know on what ground he is credited with the possession of "unquestionable military genius." Mr. Ainsworth has thoroughly mastered his subject, and told his story well, so that "Boscobel," in spite of sundry points to which we might take exception, were it worth while in the case of an author whose style is so well known, is a book altogether worth reading.

"Saint Cecilia" (3 vols., Sampson Low and Marston). This "modern tale from real life," as it is called, opens quite in the old-fashioned, orthodox way with the finding of a diary and bundle of letters in a cabinet in a friend's house, which tell the story of the life of Constance Guildford—"St. Cecilia." We may perhaps describe the book best by saying that it has just that "prunes and prism" character which would make a strait-laced schoolmistress rejoice in seeing it in the hands of her pupils. It is so terribly proper that it becomes quite oppressive. Constance herself is such a prig that she tires us; and we are far more astonished than shocked when, without a word of warning, she is suddenly killed off at the end of the third volume through inflammation of the lungs. Florence Vane is a far more attractive character, though with no pretensions to originality. In spite of her very good English, we can hardly say that we think novel-writing the true vocation of the author of "St. Cecilia."

"False Cards," by Hawley Smart, author of "Breezie Langton," &c. (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett). Captain Hawley Smart has an easy, dashing way of telling a story that renders his books, at any rate, very agreeable reading. His title is founded on the practice of one of his heroines—for the tale boasts three—always to employ indirect and an underhand means to compass her ends. "To use a metaphor of the whist-table, she never could resist the temptation of playing a false card." Mr. Leonidas Lightfoot, the adventurer who makes a comfortable living out of the credulity of his fellow-creatures, is a very clever sketch, so clever indeed that we must own to feeling a liking for Leonidas, of which we are rather ashamed; and Mr. Holbourne, the puffy, pompous, weak-minded Aldringham banker, is also good. Some of the lighter love-making is pretty enough in its way, but when Captain Smart tries higher flights he fails, chiefly, we think, from his continual tendency to over-colouring. The scene, for instance, in which Marion Langworthy vents her spleen and malice on Lettie Cheslett, whom she believes has supplanted her in Reginald Holbourne's affections, is absurdly unnatural and bombastic; and the familiarity of behaviour between Miss Polly Meggott and her lodgers would be more appropriate in a farce than in a picture of things as they are. Still the book is amusing, and sparkling, and one that does not bore the reader, and so far good of its kind, though the kind is not a high one.

"Alden of Aldenholme," by George Smith (3 vols., Samuel Tinsley). Arthur Alden is the descendant of a race of Puritan ancestors who have titled their own property of Aldenholme for many generations. But with his father, Robert Alden, the fortunes of the family begin to change, and a succession of bad harvests end in complete ruin and the sudden death of the old man, unable to bear the shock. Arthur then determines to proceed to London, and seek fame and fortune as a literary man. He meets at first with rebuffs and discouragement enough, in part owing to the inveterate and unscrupulous malignity of the villain of the story, Jonas Crabtree, who hates him for having won the love of the beautiful heroine, Katherine Hayward; but in the end he succeeds in bringing out a book which we are informed is devoured largely by peer, scholar, and artisan, and has the ball at his feet, and we leave him happily wedded to the lady of his love, and the possessor of the home of his fathers; while Jonas Crabtree's career of roguery and wrong-doing meets with the punishment it deserves. The idea of the book is well conceived, and the lesson it is intended to teach, that energy, courage, and perseverance will, in the end, win their reward, eminently sound and wholesome, but in working out his conception, Mr. Smith shows some signs of the diffidence and want of practice of a young writer. His heroes, his heroines, and his villain, have somewhat too much of the conventional about them, and lead us to think that he was afraid to give his imagination free play, and preferred to work in established grooves. We should recommend him in future works to be bolder, and take his own line, gladly recognising at the same time the merits which this, his first attempt, possesses.

"A Desperate Character: a Tale of the Gold Fever," by W. Thomson-Gregg (3 vols., Samuel Tinsley). Conventionalism, at any rate, is a sin that cannot be charged against Mr. Thomson-Gregg; indeed his book would have gained by a great conformity with established usage, as for instance with the rule that it is well that the personages of a tale should display some consistency in character and conduct. George and Charles Woodward shift about from virtue to vice and back again with the rapidity of weathercocks, and we take the liberty of doubting much if Jack Jones was originally intended to be the villain he ultimately turns out. But the book contains some good and apparently truthful pictures of life at Melbourne and the diggings at the crisis of the gold fever, and is on that ground entitled to some commendation. "Grace Tolmar," by John Dangerfield (Smith and Elder). It seems almost a pity that Mr. Dangerfield did not secure the services of a collaborator for this book. With a wonderful—indeed an almost morbid—power for analysis of character, moods, and motives, he is comparatively weak in constructive faculty. Grace Tolmar, Robert Pole, and Count Ruden, are fine studies, but they lack life, and the story, in spite of its excellent English, is so deficient in movement and animation, that it is almost certain to be disregarded by all but a very few, though the power of a special sort that it displays makes it worthy of a better fate. But one small volume, perhaps, does not afford sufficient material for forming a decisive judgment on Mr. Dangerfield's qualifications as a novelist, and we shall look with considerable interest for any work he may produce in the future.

"Father Godfrey," by the author of "Anne Dysart," &c. (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett). There are some signs of power

in character-drawing in this book which promise well. Frederic Godfrey, indeed, the nominal hero, is a mere shade and a name, and Leigh Wynford, the real hero, not much better; but Mr. Higginson, the vulgar, purse-proud, but good-hearted "self-made man," and his more vulgar and more good-hearted wife, who doubts whether it is proper that the butler should announce the new governess in the drawing-room, but consoles herself by reflecting that, as he has lived in the best families, "Beale will know," are both very good. There is originality of conception in Elfrida Foxley, beautiful, helpless, essentially dependent, and intensely selfish from sheer mental incapacity to get outside herself, and a happy touch in the description of her mother, the much-tried Mrs. Foxley, as being in her religious views "Low Church, when she had time to be anything." But it is unnatural and even offensive to our mind to represent Father Godfrey, the convert priest, as permitting himself to be so overcome by love and pity for his penitent, the beautiful Elfrida, as to make love to her after a fashion that in him was most unseemly, and then, just as Henry the Eighth "saw the light of truth in Boleyn's eyes," suddenly to find that the Catholic system for which he had given up home and friends, and which had seemed symmetrical and logically perfect, must be all false because it forbade the marriage of priests. It seems to us that the author sins here against both probability and good taste, and this grave blot greatly detracts from the approval which we should on many grounds be disposed to bestow on the book.

"Trevor Court," by Mrs. H. H. B. Paull, author of "The Means and the End," &c. (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett). "Trevor Court" belongs to that class of novels which gods call "serious" and men "goody-goody," the views being what in clerical advertisements are described as "strictly moderate." We have no particular fault to find with the book, except that it exhibits a tendency to tawdriness, and that it is rather a shame first to make Caroline Trevor, the only creature who lent a little life to it, "serious," and then kill her after all. The author seems to have odd notions about some things, as that 12,000l. a year is a princely fortune for an earl, and that Charing Cross Hotel lies handy to Bedford Row. May we suggest to her also, that "the window at which Milton sat" can hardly find a place among the associations of Oxford, seeing that the poet was a Cambridge man, and that the name of the founder of New College has a queer look when presented as "William of Wyncombe?"

"Percy Lockhart; or, the Hidden Will," by F. W. Baxter (2 vols., Samuel Tinsley). "Percy Lockhart" contains some very good descriptions of Scotch scenery and Scotch sport, matters in which Mr. Baxter is manifestly at home, but as a tale it is made up too much of odds and ends, and does not hang well together. The author does not seem quite to know what to do either with his characters or his incidents. Savill, the most interesting figure in the book, with a tragical history behind him, flits into the tale only to flit out again after a few chapters, without producing any effect. And after being powerfully interested in the episode of the villainy of Walter Davidson, the banker, we see no more of him, except for a passing moment at the end. But Sam Burn, the poacher, is capably drawn, evidently from the life, and, on the whole, we think it may be quite within Mr. Baxter's power, with further practice, to produce a book in all respects more generally satisfactory.

TWO SONNETS

I.—CHILDHOOD

CHILDHOOD a perfect mirror oft I deem,
Wherein, reflected faultlessly, we see
Joyance, and innocence, and purity;
Gathering and flashing on us many a gleam
Of heav'n, else unbeheld; but this, harsh Time,
And chance, and worldliness, and pain, and sin
Soon mar; and after,—when we look therein,—
We see no longer whole the forms sublime,
But isolated fragments—broken gleams;
And in the fractured crystal we but view
Of truth distort reflections, with untrue
Proportions: such our later living seems.
Fled is the young free joy that once we knew,
And all our life is filled with fever'd dreams!

II.—TWILIGHT

The daylight fadeth; by the broad sun kiss'd
The glory-robe of gentle eve, behold!
Woven with starry beams, and rays of gold
From sundown, dashed with silver sprays of mist,
And deep'ning in the west to opal dyes,
Flushing with crimson splendours. Silently
Group the pellucid stars so fair to see,
And view day's waning, like regretful eyes:
'Tis night; the day has passed, to live again
Only in tearful memories, or perchance
By some will be forgotten, till a glance,
A touch, a word, or some sweet heart-refrain
Recall—by Memory's wizard spell sublime—
This day, long buried 'neath the wrecks of Time.

ANGUS M. MACKAY



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EVERY NIGHT at 8; MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 3 and 8.

ON Tuesday Afternoon, at 3. TUESDAY NIGHT, at 8. TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES will be given by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS in the St. James's Great Hall on the occasion of MR. FREDERICK BURGESS' EIGHTH ANNUAL BENEFIT. Doors open for the Day Performance at 2. Evening at 7.

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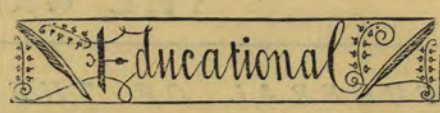
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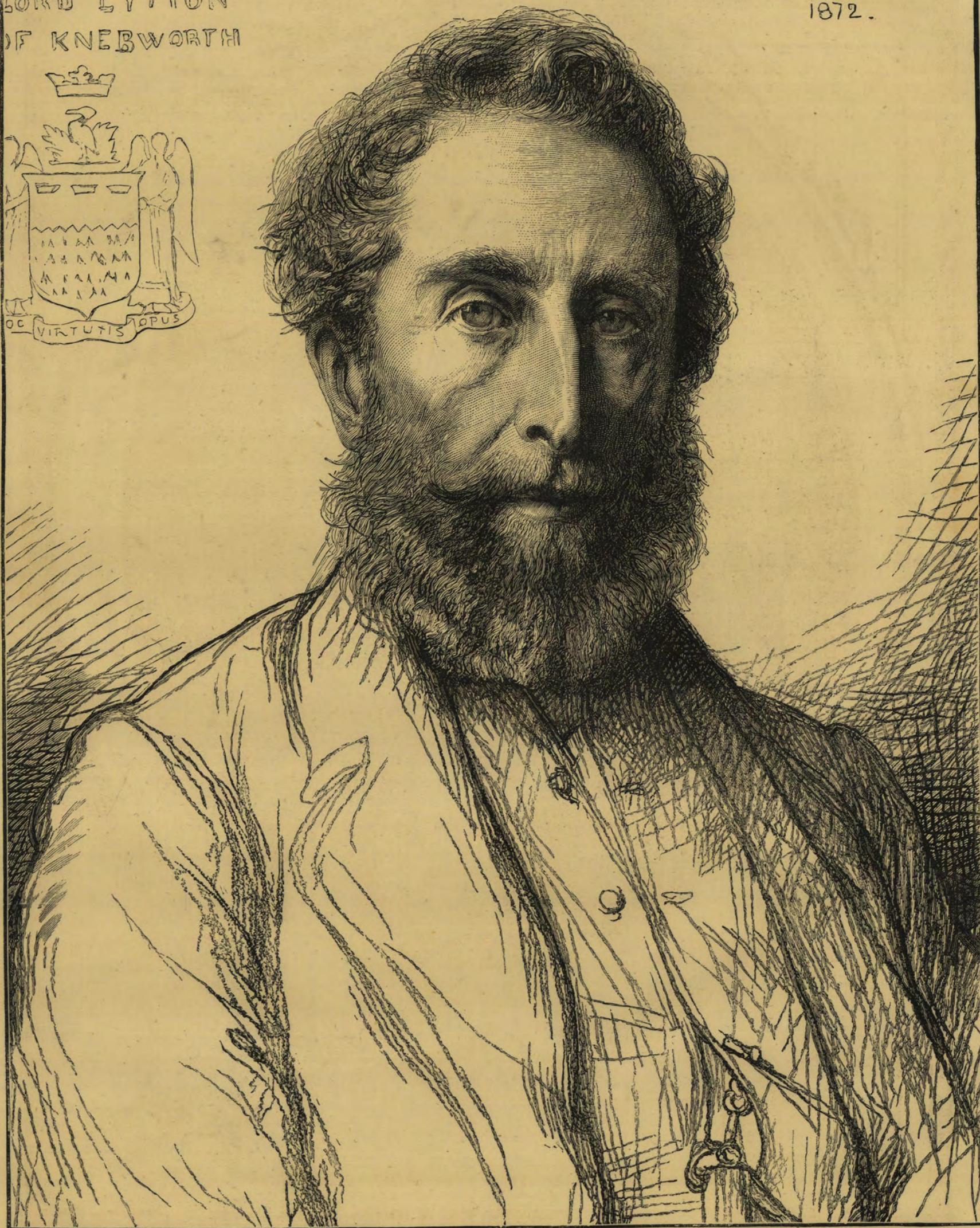
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