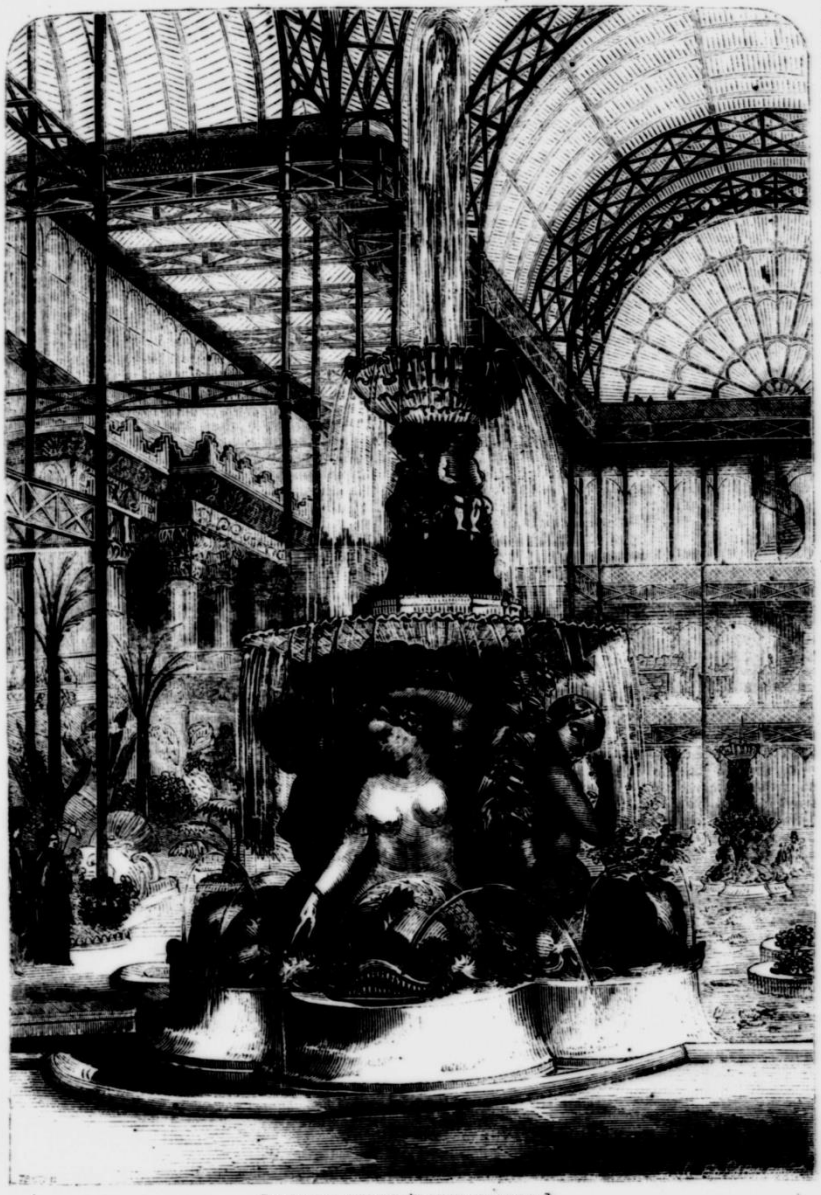


[BRONZE FOUNTAIN IN THE AQUARIUM.]

## CRYSTAL PALACE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A WALK through the nave of the Palace at Sydenham will afford an admirable idea of the contents and design of the whole undertaking. The first object seen on entering at the south or Norwood end of the building, is King Charles I., seated on horseback—not in grim solitude, as at Charing Cross, but surrounded by a grove of beauteous trees, flowers, and plants, interspersed with statues. Next is observed a running stream of water with a crystal fountain in the centre, and at each side vases filled with the choicest flowers. Gold and silver fish are sporting in the stream, while the crystal fountain is throwing up its transparent columns in a genial shower, to descend glittering in millions of pearly drops, outvying the fountain itself in rainbow hues of red, yellow, blue, and violet. The grove is continued at the opposite side of the fountain, where statues breathing with genius, in various attitudes of grace, elegance, strength, or majesty, are encircled with

The roses laden with the breath of June:

The Provence rose, the musk-rose—the delight, according to Hafiz, of the Nightingale of the East—the damask rose, the York and Lancaster, with their historic tints of red and white; citron and orange trees, several varieties of the scarlet lynchnis—some blooming in brilliant clusters of lambent hue—contrasting with the Fraxinela, or little ash, with its tall, delicate branches, pink flowers, and feathered foliage; and to all these add the drooping scarlet and crimson bells of fuchsias, intermingled with camellias, and the brilliant red of the eastern poppy, and you may conceive the extreme beauty of this richly crowded part of the Palace.

Upon advancing to the edge of the basin, and looking to the extreme south end, an architectural structure attracts notice, with the kings and queens of England placed in niches, and her Majesty Queen Victoria in the centre. On either side of this structure are clumps of trees, with stuffed birds and beasts, and models from human beings, representing the inhabitants of various countries, with the plants, animals, and birds peculiar to them. In one place may be seen a warrior of the Red Indians, sitting by the side of his wigwam, with his head-dress of war-eagle quills, and his robe the soft skin of a young buffalo-bull; another, trailing on the grass, with his uplifted bow sending a shaft to some distant object; another with a club and tomahawk, whilst his companion is armed with a spear, shield, and scalping-knife. Again, a Hottentot female, in all her ugliness, with a male Hottentot hid behind a large aloe, his hand shading his eyes, intently watching some object; whilst a grey serpent is a little farther off, monkeys perched on the branches around, enjoying themselves, and an ostrich luxuriating amongst the flowers, shrubs, and trees indigenous to Afric's clime.

A group of dogs may be seen hunting a wild boar, and another group attacking a stag, who has severely wounded some of the canine fraternity—one especially, who is laying on his back: you could have no difficulty in imagining he was howling most piteously. Presently you see Polar bears in close proximity with icy boulders, and distinguished more by the warm white of their fur from the cold, fleecy whiteness of the glaciers, than by their shapes, so clumsily mis-shapen. Advancing amidst branches of trees and winding alleys studded with flowers and shrubs, we suddenly meet a glutton grasping the branch of a tree covered with moss and lichen; and, looking upwards we perceive an eagle dining off some poultry, in the shape of a black cock.

At the other end of the nave, after passing the façade of the Alhambra Court, are fountains corresponding with those at the south end, both in position and with respect to the aquatic plants that live in the water of the long basin. The two fountains here were designed by Mr. Monti, the sculptor, and, as will be seen from our engraving of one of them, with surprising effect. In fact, Mr. Monti's conceptions are original, and all of them extremely beautiful. The figures of syrens supporting the large shells typify by their colours the four races of mankind: the Caucasian white, the Nubian black, the North American Indian red, and the Australian olive. The bronze colour of these statues, and of many others in the building, is produced by means of the electrotype process, with signal success.

These fountains and the flowers relieve the nave of its immense size, by convincing the eye that emptiness is not one of the characteristics of the Crystal Palace. In fact, the contrary effect is produced—for the sight wearies in gazing at such a multiplicity of objects. But the mind never wearies. On every side the visitor beholds something which pleases the fancy or instructs the judgment. A world of wonders glitters before the startled imagination. Let the student, however, examine for himself minutely, and investigate the progress of art with some exact attention, and he will be sure, in a very short time, to agree with the Rev. Sidney Smith, that good taste, though certain and irresistible, is a circumstance of slow growth. In modern art, the struggle seems to be between affectation and ornament. But as on this point the opinion of the witty Dean is *apropos*, we transcribe the passage on Taste, which hits off so many truths in so short a compass. He says:

"The progress of good taste, though it is certain and irresistible, is slow. Mistaken pleasantry, false ornament, and affected conceit perish by the discriminating hand of Time, that lifts up from the dust of oblivion the grand and simple efforts of genius. Title, rank, prejudice, party, artifice, and a thousand disturbing forces, are always at work to confer unmerited fame; but every recurring year contributes its remedy to these infringements on justice and good sense. The breath of living acclamation cannot reach the ages which are to come: the judges and the judged are no more—passion is extinguished—party is forgotten—and the mild yet inflexible decisions of taste will receive nothing as the price of praise but the solid exertions of superior talent. Justice is pleasant, even when she destroys. It is a grateful homage to common sense, to see those productions hastening to that oblivion in their progress to which they should never have been retarded. But it is much *more* pleasant to witness the power of taste in the work of preservation and lasting praise—to think that, in these fleeting and evanescent feelings of the beautiful and the sublime, men have discovered something so fixed and as positive as if they were measuring the flow of the tides, or weighing the stones on which they tread—to think that there lives not in the civilised world a being who knows he has a mind, and who knows not that Virgil and Homer have written, that Raffaelle has painted, and that Tully has spoken. Intrenched in these everlasting bulwarks against barbarism, taste points out to the races of men, as they spring up in the order of time, on what path they shall guide the labours of the human spirit. Here she is safe: hence she never *can* be driven while one atom of matter clings to another, and till man, with all his wonderful system of feeling and thought is called away to Him who is the Great Author of all that is beautiful, and all that is sublime, and all that is good!"

With regard to the more material character of the Crystal Palace, nothing has occurred to lessen our apprehensions of its ultimate failure. The people have not yet visited it; and the moment the London season is over, the Court has gone to Scotland, and the wives and daughters of the middle and higher classes have betaken themselves to the sea-side, or gone to France or Italy, we anticipate that the building will be comparatively deserted. Indeed, our impression is that, inasmuch as it is still unfinished, the exhibitors' department is empty, and for this year and also the next is certain to remain so, it would be wiser to close the place for the winter months, so as to start next year with something stronger than the *prestige* of royalty, or even the acclamations of the press. Inventors and patentees must be invited to exhibit. Until they flock to Sydenham in numbers, the public—which, thanks to cheap literature, is not that gaping, easily-satisfied mass it was ten years ago—cannot be expected to attend. They are as eager after mechanical and scientific knowledge as those of greater educational pretensions; and as the fine arts courts, and "the still life" of antiquity will not satisfy their mental appetites—it is absurd to expect them repeatedly to visit a building which, for its means of conveying practical lessons, is far behind its great predecessor in Hyde Park. This, however, is a defect which time will cure; and as the building is unfinished, the gardens still a wilderness, and the mechanical and the manufacturing skill and industry of the country have not yet deigned to visit Sydenham, we do think that it would be prudent to close in October, and re-open next May, with every arrangement completed.

## ESSAYS.

No. CCXXXI.—JOINT-STOCK BANK COMPANIES: SYMPTOMS OF A PANIC.

IT is not one of the least of the calamites of war, that its operations and passions swallow up so much of the national attention that there is little left—at all events scarcely any bestowed upon other subjects of the gravest

# LE FOLLET

Boulevart St. Martin, 61.

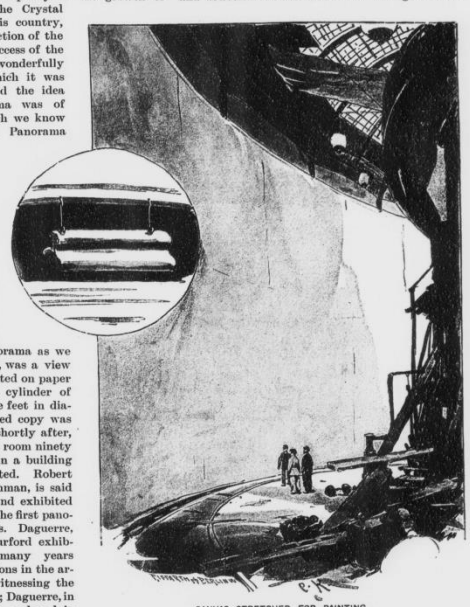
*Coiffure de Ledière, r. de Rivoli, 10 bis - Robe en Organdi de Mme. Larcher, Cour. de la Reine, rue Vivienne, 8.*
*Meubles et Vases de Membre aîné, r. Basse du Rempart, 18 - Gants de Mayer, 13. Passage Choiseul, 32.*

*Court Magazine, No. 11, Carey street Lincoln's Inn. London.*

# THE PAINTING OF PANORAMAS.

By W. TELBIN.

ONE of the most striking features of the exhibition year in Paris of 1878 was the marvellous representation of the siege by Philippoteaux. The tremendous success of this exhibition was the cause of modified copies of that and other subjects appearing in all the capitals of Europe. Huge circular buildings appeared with the rapidity of the growth of mushrooms. At the Crystal Palace, first in this country, was seen a reproduction of the siege. The great success of the Paris picture, the wonderfully perfect way in which it was carried out, induced the idea that the cyclorama was of French origin; such we know not to be the case. Panorama means a view all round, of course; such a picture was painted by a Mr. Barker, an Irishman residing in Edinburgh, in 1788, who is entitled to the credit, not only of having first conceived the idea, but of also carrying it out successfully on a large scale. His panorama, or cyclorama as we should now call it, was a view of Edinburgh, painted on paper and pasted on a cylinder of canvas, twenty-five feet in diameter. An enlarged copy was taken to London shortly after, and exhibited in a room ninety feet in diameter, in a building specially constructed. Robert Fulton, an Englishman, is said to have painted and exhibited shortly after this the first panorama seen in Paris. Daguerre, Bauvardt, and Burford exhibited for very many years various modifications in the arrangements for witnessing the panoramic picture; Daguerre, in the building, now a chapel in Regent's Park, and Burford in a building, now the French church in Leicester Square. Only very few of my readers can recollect either. Strange to say, at the present time in Central London there is not a single example of this class of exhibition to be seen. Not long ago at Earl's Court there was a remarkably beautiful representation of ancient Rome, and doubtless another such work will again form



CANVAS STRETCHED FOR PAINTING.
(A Weight is shown in the Circle.

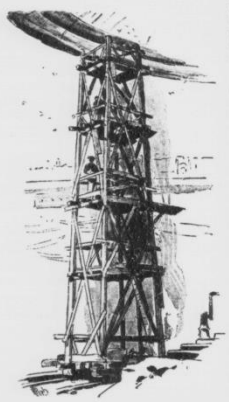




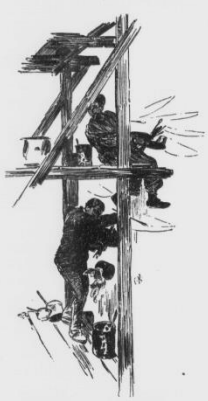
one of the attractions of the place, but for some reason or other London has been content to be without a cyclorama for long and constantly recurring periods. Why? Possibly in consequence of an unfortunate choice of subject. Recently those we have seen in London have been started by French companies, and painted by French or German painters; admirably executed though they have generally been, the syndicates starting them, generally speaking, have disregarded or were ignorant of the taste of the British public. Abroad, the greatest successes have been pictures illustrating events connected with the European wars, battlefields, sieges, etc. Now, one may, without much fear of contradiction, assert that as a nation we do not love to see the perfect realisation of the heart-rending details of war,

A PAINTER AT WORK.

even details as superbly depicted as those of Detaille and de Neuville of the great international tempests. Excepting the siege of Paris at the Crystal Palace, the first of the revived style of entertainment in London proper was the Charge of Balaclava, and for the reception of this picture a large building was erected in Leicester Square. It was not a financial success, for after a few months the building was closed, and was ultimately reconstructed and turned into a theatre, the Pandora, and subsequently into a Theatre of Varieties, the present Empire. Nothing daunted, another company raised a large building adjacent to the Wellington Barracks, now known as the Niagara Hall, named after the one great success, the Falls of Niagara, by Philippoteaux. Waterloo, Tel-el-Kebir, the Crucifixion, and Ancient Egypt were also exhibited here; this building is now resorted to by lovers of skating, when denied their favourite pastime by the uncertainty of our winter climate: science has helped us to strawberries in mid-winter, and skating on real ice in midsummer. Two similar buildings, not far from the Niagara Hall, have been erected and taken down after a comparatively short and unsuccessful record. On the strength of these many failures, one is forced to the conclusion that this style of art exhibition does not meet entirely the taste of our pleasure-seeking public. In accounting for the want of patronage to the warlike choice of subject, we should have mentioned one exception. This was to be found in the success of a picture exhibited some time ago in Glasgow, the Battle of Bannockburn. It was not on the high level of similar works shown in Paris, but appealed strongly to the patriotism of the Scotch.



THE PAINTERS' STAGING ON ITS RAILWAY.



AT WORK ON TWO STOREYS.





Possibly some of the surviving members of the many defunct syndicates may question the truth of the conclusion at which we have arrived, but certainly the test of popularity of any style of entertainment is only to be found in the survival of it. I think there may also be another reason of deeper origin which influences the general appreciation of any subject similarly arranged — that is, arranged with the express purpose of deception, "lying like truth, affronting the mind in deceiving the eye." As a nation we are not so susceptible to an artistic intention as the French. They say, as Carlyle of the work of Shakespeare, "The built house is so fit that one does not inquire of the builder;" they but judge the result, we inquire into the technical construction of it, to see the other side of everything; we love to learn that the abyss, wonderfully represented, down which the river leaps, is but twenty feet; not satisfied with the verisimilitude of the sky, the admirably depicted rapids, and the far-away winding river, we seek to know the actual distance of the canvas surface. "Is that a real stone?" we have heard said. "Yes." "No." "I believe it is." "Tap it with your stick." "No; what a fraud!"

EXCAVATING FOR THE WATER.

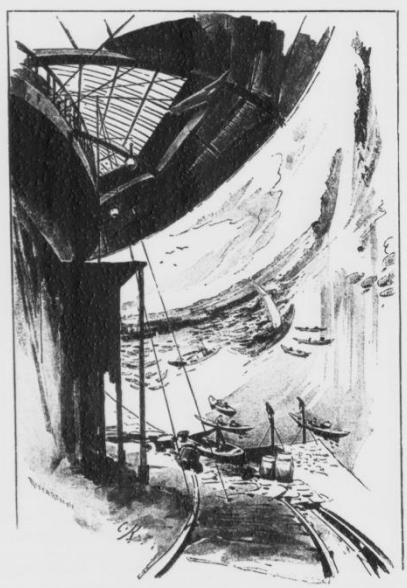
Possibly the solemnity of the exhibition is a little embarrassing; it has appeared to me frequently in viewing cycloramas that there is an aspect slightly as of death—particularly is this the case when much action in the picture is represented — of course, this is so in all pictorial work in the galleries, but here more is asked of us. We see the rush of waters, eddying and swirling at our very feet, but we hear no sound, none of the din and roar that accompanies the fall of a great cascade. The foreground has the appearance of being the real rock, ingeniously clothed with moss and grass, and illumined by the actual daylight; beyond one sees a party of tourists enjoying the grand prospect of the tumbling waters, but all is still; we return again to find them fixed as death. The audience, too, in sympathy with this immovable world, speak in undertones; we do not hear the free criticisms and the small talk and general gossip that make a visit to the Academy, in the height of the season, a rather severe ordeal to the not too vigorous visitor. Possibly in the future we may have a pictorial exhibition combining all that art—and artfulness or trickery—can do, together with movement; there are many subjects to be chosen wherein this would be possible.

Doubtless the reader, imbued with end-of-the-century inquisitiveness, will be interested to hear a few of the behind-scene arrangements for painting and erecting these enormous surfaces of canvas, sometimes fifty feet high and 400 odd feet long, forming a circle 130 feet in diameter. In Germany and France the canvas is generally painted in the circular building destined for the exhibition, enabling the artist to view his picture in progress from the point at which the spectator will, when completed, view it. It is hung on an iron ring, and at the bottom of the canvas is fixed another ring, some two feet from the ground. To this bottom ring is attached a number of heavy stones or weights, and by this mode of stretching a perfect surface is obtained. That the artist may reach any portion of the picture a scaffold is constructed that moves on a circular





line of rails round the building, as shown in the illustration. The writer of this article, on one occasion, not assisted by this excellent arrangement, was obliged to paint in a sort of cradle hung from the principals of the building by a line in the keeping of two attendants—a somewhat dangerous position, as, constantly wanting to be hoisted up or down, the line was unable to be fixed; the fixity of their attention also was an unknown quantity in the early hours of the morning. Now and then, when not most carefully trimmed, he found himself dropped against the wet canvas, and sticking to it almost as a fly.



THE WORK IN PROGRESS, SEEN FROM BELOW.

A great difficulty to be met and overcome is the arrangement of the lighting. In the sober light of the spring and the autumn is a picture viewed to the greatest advantage; in winter during the day the light is not sufficient—it hides both faults and merits; in midsummer it is too intense and exacting. To overcome this it is necessary in the winter to invoke the aid of electricity, which during the day does not harmonise well with the tones of the picture; and in the summer to reduce the power of direct light, which must never be allowed to strike upon the subject, blinds to screen, and reflectors to coerce, the rays to our purpose are necessary. But even with the unremitting amount of care and thought devoted to the illumination, natural and artificial, of the cyclorama, sometimes most intrusive rays will strike upon the modelled foreground with a vigour that annihilates the painted background, upsetting the harmony that previously reigned between the one and the other.

We are constantly hearing that the taste of the public is continually changing. Is that so? or is it that the masterpiece which encourages a taste is frequently followed by indifferent copies of the original work, or, rather, work constructed on the original idea? No doubt, had we the subject and the painters to do justice to it, the cyclorama and the moving diorama would again come into fashion, and form one of the items of attraction for London sightseers. That the taste for the panorama is not dead in France will assuredly be proved this year at the Paris Exhibition.

# DECEMBER.

THE DRAWING FROM THE PENCIL OF F. GILBERT.

Imperial waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Fam'd for the growth and pedigrees of wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee!
Oh, say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With waltz compare, or after waltz be borne?

THERE was a celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, Gawain Douglas by name, who wrote a description of Winter. Warton stripped it of its antiquated Scotch dress and rhyme, and reduced it to plain English prose. It is a capital sketch, and particularizes the varied aspect of animate and inanimate nature, concluding in the following terms:—"I rose, and half-opening my window, perceived the morning livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the ground stiff, gray, and rough; the branches rattling; the sides of the hill looking black and hard with the driving blasts; the dewdrops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, hopping on the thatch and the neighbouring causeway."

This picture, uninviting as it well can be, is as truthful now as it was when the worthy old ecclesiastic and poet of North Briton flourished. In December, Nature is divested of her summer drapery, of her floral charms, and we have little abroad save china asters and holly, mistletoe and evergreens, to divert the attention, because everything has drawn as far as may be to the centre of warmth and comfort. "It amuses us," says William Howitt, "as we walk abroad to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and water of summer." The condition of affairs has been graphically depicted by Mary Howitt:—

There's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

The old tree hath an older look;
The lonesome place is yet more dreary
They go not now the young or old.
Slow wandering on by wood and wold;
The air is damp, the winds are cold,
And summer paths are wet and weary.

But take the other side of the medal. A winter evening and fireside enjoyments, "crowned" by Cowper as king of "intimate delights," and the terrors of unadorned nature vanish like mist before the rising sun when we enter the snug drawing-room, and prepare for comfort.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast;
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steady column, and the cups
Which cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Well, when Miss December and her friends are in the full enjoyment of indoor amusements on a winter's night, what care they for the inclemency of the weather or the roaring of the wintry blast?

'Tis the season for friends and relations to meet;
Still closer to link, by the pleasures enjoyed,
Those bonds which endear man to man—making sweet
That life which, without them, is dreary and void.
Then as through the keen night air the star-spangled heaven
Beams out with a radiance so soothing, so grand,
Round us though the dark winds of sorrow are driven,
May Hope light our hearts, and our feelings expand.

The resources commanded by the white-robed lady and her cheerful emerald-clothed companions, the Misses Holly and Mistletoe, are simply inexhaustible. What these cheerful ladies did in the old days Burton has told us in "The Anatomy of Melancholy." He there states the ordinary recreations for winter "are cardes, tables, and dice, shovel-board, cheese-play, the philosopher's game, small trunkes, billiards, musicke, maskes, singing, dancing; also games, purposes, questions, merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, fairies, goblins, friars, witches, and the rest." Obsolete as many of these "institutions" have become, the zest for enjoyment has not been allowed to die out. The ever fertile expedients of the pleasure-seeker have superseded them. The agreeable substitute, Miss December, has provided for her guests the most exhilarating, mirth-provoking, exciting, and fascinating of all seasonable recreations. The month is one essentially of joyful thoughts and happy moments; and people may be said literally to dance the old year out and the new one in, beginning and ending with the mazy waltz.

Col[1], indeed, would Miss December be, and harsh and unyielding her smiling compeers, the Misses Mistletoe and Holly, were they to show themselves proof against the ravishing strains which float through the warm atmosphere of the ball-room, when the stormy north sends forth the blinding, driven snow, and the biting, bitter blast whistles round the old gables, and through the aged casements of baronial hall and princely mansion, thatched roof and slate-covered housetop. They would be more than human and less than kind were they insensible to those dulcet notes which the harmonious blacksmiths of the musical world have forged and welded into the *valse a deux temps* of every imaginable name—the Bridals, Auroras, Dewdrops, by Strauss, Labitzky, Coote, Schubert, Jullien, and others, to beguile the "muse of the many twinkling feet." When thus occupied, what care, think you, has Miss December for the frowns and threats of the old dotard, Winter? She allows him to expend his wrath, and smiles on defiantly while she trips it on the light fantastic toe, happy in the present and regardless of the future. Not less insensible to care are the denizens of every household where grim want can be kept from the door in December; and they shut out the cold, and with it the memory of outward misery.

Oh, happy, on a night like this,
The man who knows domestic bliss:
Good-humour there, and gay good-will,
And each still please in pleasing still,
And dimpled cheeks and swimming eye,
That speak of soft and sober joy.
Here the sweet child, with honest glee,
Just labours up his father's knee,
And peering archly in his face,
Tempts him to infant playfulness.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION

No. 249.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1856. [Price 1d.

G.F.NICHOLLS.

THE YOUNG CULPRIT CONFESSING HIS FAULT.

## JULIA CUNNINGHAME;

### OR, THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

### CHAPTER IV.—AUNT GRAHAM.

"Never too gay, nor yet too melancholy;
A heavenly mind is hers, like angels holy."
CLEMENT MAROT.

"AUNT GRAHAM'S coming this evening," said Ellen, as she stood by nurse's side, holding a skein of cotton which she was winding.

"Aunt Ga'am's tuming," repeated little Jessie.

# THE SAVOY

AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY

No. 2 April 1896 Price 2/6 net

EDITED BY ARTHUR SYMONS

## PUDDLER'S CHRISTMAS ROBIN.


"I'll have a real robin this Christmas," said Puddler. And he got a fine one, a bargain, in the Seven Dials.

Which he put out on the window-sill, with a string tied to its leg. "Very Christmassy!" said Puddler. But the dickey wasn't very friendly.

And the servants overfed it, so that it wouldn't touch the crumbs which Puddler daily offered.

Moreover, Mrs. Puddler's cat made several attempts on its life. Consequently Mr. and Mrs. P. were always sparring.

So Puddler purchased a very nice little toy-bird at the draper's bazaar.

And on Christmas-day, just before the Pudding, he had his robin served up on toast. "And the best way to have a Christmas robin too," said Mrs. P.

### The G. O. F's Greeting.

Now the end of December is fast drawing near,
To a time-honoured rule Grand Old FUN would adhere:
Yes, now you have finished your Christmas good cheer,
G. O. F. fain would wish you a Happy New Year.

FUN would whisper a few words of hope in the ear
Of each reader who, mayhap, hath found Fate severe,
Life's sky, though now cloudy, may soon again clear,—
So, to those who are sad, here's a Happy New Year.

Political squabbles have lately, we fear,
Thrown business arrangements a bit out of gear,
And rumour has whispered of compacts most queer,
Which would not mix at all with a Happy New Year.

But the G. O. F. trusts that M.P's. will revere
The trust of the People, and all say "Hear, hear,"
Whenever good schemes of reform may appear.
And thus help to make it a Happy New Year.

Now, the Tories have tried Gladstone's prestige to "queer,"
And his fame they have vainly endeavoured to sear,
At his Home Rule Black Bogey they hastened to sneer,
For his fall would have brought *them* a Happy New Year.

But now G. has made that big lie disappear,
The Conservative outlook is just a bit drear,
G's "wire" checked the Tories' wild, gloating career,
Poor fellows! we wish them a Happy New Year.

To conclude—let us ne'er from true charity veer,
But always endeavour the suff'ring to cheer;
Let's be true to the core—and eschew all veneer,
And then we shall all have a Happy New Year!

### "Young and——"

[The Duchess of Marlborough, in opening a new "Habitation" of the Primrose League at Hampstead the other day, remarked that the League was "only in its infancy as yet."]

'TWAS up at 'Appy 'Ampstead that the mother of R. C.
(We mean, of course, Lord Randy the Rampageous),
Oped another "Habitation" for the Primrose League, when she
Said the P. L. "squires" and "dames" were most courageous.
Her Grace bepraised the League's "great work," and said that it possessed
A matter of eight hundred "habitations,"
Yet 'twas "only in its infancy," she vauntingly confessed,
But it soon would grow and benefit the nations.
If 'tis "only in its infancy" (this promising P. L.)
'Tis probable its manner will grow bolder;
At present its precocity makes common-sense rebel,
But let's hope 'twill have more wisdom *when it's older*.

MISFORTUNE upon misfortune is heaped upon *la belle* France. We hear with sorrow that frogs are gradually disappearing in Gaul, and that our volatile, frog-eating cousins are reduced to importing tinned frogs from the land of Yankee Doodle.

☞ For INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, see pages ii. and iii.; and GENERAL CONTENTS INDEX, page xv.

INDEX.—(*Continued.*)

☞ For INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, see pages ii. and iii.; and GENERAL CONTENTS INDEX, page xv.

# THE 'STRAND' WATCH


WORTH £8-8-0

**H. WHITE'S "Strand"** is just the watch to suit every gentleman desirous of purchasing a *high-class* watch at a nominal price. In appearance it is quite equal to, and is, in fact, modelled upon the same lines as a chronometer costing £30 or £40. It is a *thoroughly reliable timekeeper*, each watch being carefully adjusted "in positions" before despatch. The **4-plate Keyless Lever** movement is splendidly finished, jewelled throughout, and fitted with a **Chronometer** balance, and **Breguet** Hair-Spring (over-coil). The *Chronometer* balance *ensures accuracy* whether worn at home or abroad, since it will contract, or expand, according to the variations in temperature experienced. The case is **Solid 14-ct.** gold (stamped) and of **ample** strength, polished plain, upon which an elegant monogram may be engraved for 5s. extra. Flat crystal glass, sunk enamel dial, and gold hands complete its excellences. The dial indicates the most minute intervals of time, viz., to the 300th part of a minute. It will be sent to any part of the world per paid insured post, safely packed, at H. White's **own risk**, upon receipt of P.O.O. note, or draft for

**£4 17s. 6d.**

Honestly worth £8 8s. Supplied in heavy 18 carat case at £7 15s.

**COLONIAL ORDERS** receive careful attention from a member of the firm, and are sent by return mail. Insured postage abroad (British possessions) 2s. 6d. extra; elsewhere 5s.

**CONDITIONS OF SALE.**—(1.) Every watch is guaranteed for Seven Years. (2.) Money returned within Ten Days of purchase should the watch fail to please (impossible).

***FREE.***—H. WHITE will forward every applicant his **Guide Book** of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watches, Rings, Jewellery, etc. It is beautifully illustrated, and may save pounds!

*PLEASE MENTION "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."*

**H. WHITE** (Established 1840.) Watch Manufacturer, **104, MARKET ST.,** Corner of Fountain Street, (next to Lewis's) **MANCHESTER.**

IMPORTANT.—No Connection with any other Firm in Market Street.

# NOT BUILT IN A DAY.

## For 20 Years

we have been bringing the writing-machine nearer to perfection. We have produced seven models, each being in its day the representative machine of its class.

The

# Remington Typewriter. Number 7

## IS OUR LATEST MODEL.

It is the concrete result of 20 years' experience and research, and contains all that is best in writing-machine invention up to date.

**NOT AN EXPERIMENT, BUT A WRITING MACHINE.**

**WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,**

**100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.**

(Corner of Leadenhall Street.)

# A HOME REMEDY.

The Electropoise

**Cures disease by vitalising the blood, building up the general health, and thus overcoming the specific complaint. Every sufferer should at least inquire into its merits.**

## BOOK OF INFORMATION.

*(POST FREE.)*

Mrs. E. J. Clarke, Appleby Magna, Atherstone (extreme nervous weakness and general debility for 30 years):—"I am getting better. I wish everyone suffering would use the Electropoise."

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Mr. Geo. P. Lakeman, Modbury, Devon (indigestion):—"My wife was never so well as she is to-day. We tried the Electropoise as a last resource and cannot speak too highly of it."

Mrs. H. Child, Worthing (rheumatism):—"I write to tell you of the great relief I have received from the Electropoise. My daughter, also her husband and children, have derived so much good from it; I often say it is worth its weight in gold to us."

**ELECTROLIBRATION CO.,** *407 Oxford Street, London, W.*


*FOR PIANOS, ORGANS, &c.*

THE NEW

# ARCTIC PIANO LAMP

(For Candles.)

**Fits in any candle-sconce.**

Gives powerful light whilst shading the eyes of the player.

**SAFE, ARTISTIC, ECONOMICAL.**

*Shades cannot take fire nor candles gutter.*

Sold everywhere. Can be seen at—

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# THE SAFEST MEDICINE

*(prepared without Mercury)*

**FOR**

Sick Headaches, Giddiness, Indigestion, Flatulency, Costiveness, Stomach Pains, Lassitude, Nervous Depression, Wind, &c., &c.

* Restore the Appetite and Promote Digestion. *

**DR. SCOTT'S PILLS**

☞ Some Vendors may try to persuade you to buy a preparation of their own. Insist on having **DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS AND LIVER PILLS,** which are wrapped in a *Square Green Package*, bearing the name of the Proprietor—

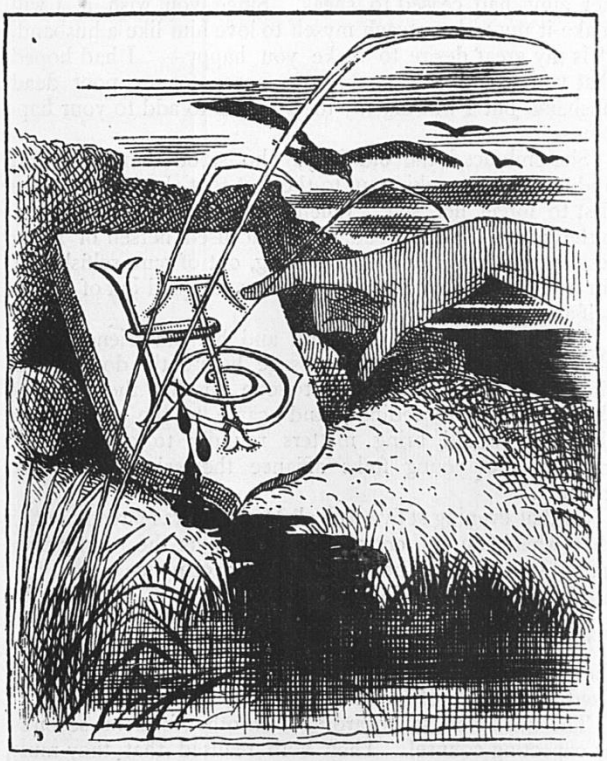
W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour Place, LONDON, W.

ONCE A WEEK

# Therese Raquin.

## A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF "EMILE ZOLA."



### CHAPTER XXIV.

FIXING THE DAY.

LAURENT had the audacity to speak to poor Madame Raquin about Camille, and the old lady listened to him, feeling full of anguish the while.

"The fact is," said Laurent, "the death of my poor friend has been a terrible shock to Therese. It seems to me that she has been slowly wasting away for the past two years, ever since that terrible day when we lost poor Camille. Nothing can console or ease her, so we must resign ourselves to the inevitable."

These shameless falsehoods made the poor old lady burst into a passion of scalding tears. The remembrance of her son troubled her sorely. Every time that she heard his name pronounced she burst into tears and gave way terribly, while, at the same time, she was ready to embrace the person who had spoken.

Laurent had been cunning enough to notice the effect the name of Camille produced upon the poor woman. He could make her weep whenever he pleased and send her into an excited state, that prevented her from being very clear sighted about what took place around her, and, in consequence, Laurent abused his power so as to keep the poor woman weak, dolorous, and completely under his thumb. Every evening then, in spite of a strange creeping sensation of revulsion, he turned the conversation upon the rare qualities, the tender heart, and wonderful equanimity of spirit, of Camille, praising him constantly with a sublimity of impudence that was simply perfect.

At times, when he saw Therese's regard fixed strangely upon him, he shivered, as he finished by making himself believe all the good things he said of the drowned man. Then he would stop short, being seized by a sudden atrocious idea which filled him with jealousy, for he began to fear that he was praising the man whom he had thrown into the water, to such an extent that Therese was beginning to love him.

During the whole conversation Madame Raquin would be in tears which blinded her, so that she saw nothing of what went on around.

As she wept, she felt that Laurent was a loving and a generous heart. He alone it was, who so tenderly remembered her son; he alone spoke of him with a broken, trembling voice. As she felt this, she wiped her eyes and gazed upon the young man with infinite tenderness, for she began to love him as if he were her own son.

One Thursday evening, Michaud and Grivet were already in the sitting room, when Laurent entered, and going up to Therese asked, with tender inquietude, after her aunt's health. He sat himself down beside her, and for the benefit of those who were present, he played the part of the tender and sympathising friend.

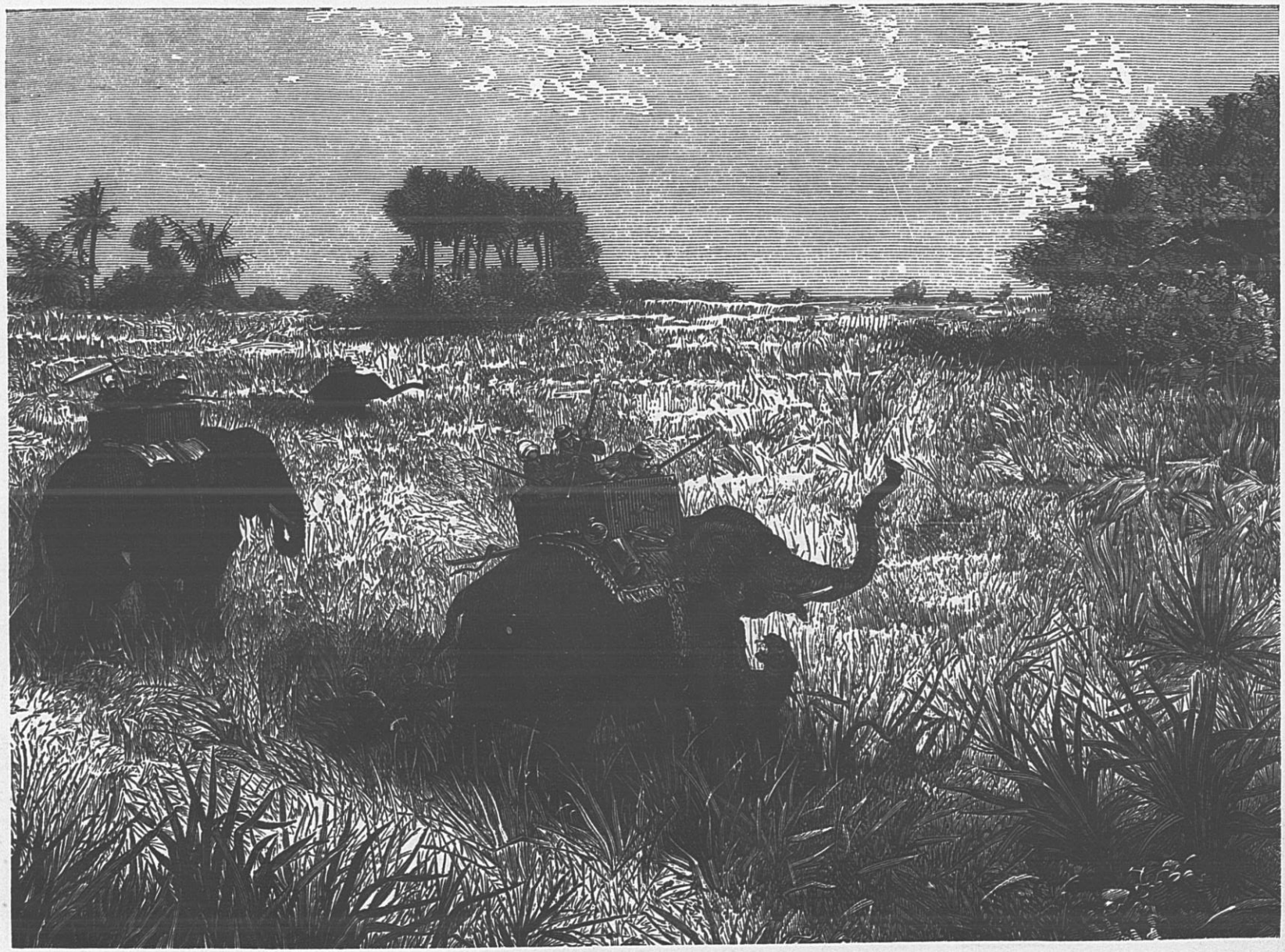
As the young people were conversing together, Michaud, who was watching them, leaned over towards Madame Raquin and said in a low voice, as he pointed towards Laurent—

"Look here, old friend, there is the husband your niece wants; make up a match between them as soon as you can. We'll help you if it is necessary."

Michaud indulged in a very cunning smile. According to his idea, Laurent was just the man who would suit Therese for a husband.

It was, to Madame Raquin, like a flash of lightning. She saw at a glance all the advantages that would accrue to her in a marriage between Therese and Laurent. Such a union would re-fasten the ties that already bound herself and niece to the friend of her dead son—to the good-hearted man who came to comfort them every evening. By this she would not be introducing a stranger to her home, and she would run no risk of being made unhappy.

On the contrary, in giving a new prop and stay to Therese she would surround her own old age with joy, for she would



AFTER TIGER.