

countenance upon the whole proceedings. The catalogue of celebrities, great and small, might be indefinitely extended, but these names must suffice. So now to the more pressing business of the occasion.

THE OPERA.

At last the day has come! Our foremost composer—foremost by right of the marvellous versatility by which he has always been able to appeal to the ears of both the learned and his unlearned hearers—has found the opportunity which he has probably desired as ardently as his keenest admirers, and has added a serious romantic opera to the list of his musical achievements. It is what we have all hoped for, even demanded, for many a long year past; and now that our wishes have been fulfilled we cannot choose but congratulate ourselves on the brightened prospects of the English lyric stage. That Sir Arthur Sullivan has completely succeeded in the task he has set himself cannot be doubted for a moment. As a consummate tune-writer we have known him for long. The records of the Savoy Theatre, and still further back, the Opéra Comique, bear witness to his powers as a creator of captivating melody. On the other hand, we have not wanted evidence of his ability to deal with more dramatic material. Those magnificent cantatas "The Martyr of Antioch" and "The Golden Legend" told us what to expect when Sir Arthur finally made up his mind to come forward as a composer of grand opera. "Ivanhoe," let us say at once,

the final reply; the arrival of Ivanhoe during a lengthy exposition of his own theme in the orchestra; the crash of the charging champions; the conquest of the Templar by the Saxon knight—all these details are musically furnished, as it were, with the utmost adroitness and effect, and when the curtain falls we feel distinctly that we have witnessed and listened to a scene that is quite perfect in its harmonious beauty.

In the second act our author takes us to Friar Tuck's hut at Copmanhurst. Here we can feast our eyes upon as lovely a landscape as ever let Mr. Hawes Craven's paint-room. The musical atmosphere is deliciously exhilarating. The song of birds is in the air, and every note proclaims the joys of a woodland life. The Black Knight, as King Richard calls himself, has become the Friar's guest, and excellent melody they make together. There is endless sly fun in the mock ecclesiastical strain with which the free-and-easy old churchman is ushered in:—



and the comicality of the scene is continued in the suggestion of a fugue which the composer gives us with the aid of one of his jovial phrases, converted for the purpose into a minor key. King Richard's song, "I ask nor wealth nor courtier's praise," will be universally declared absolute "Sullivan," for it is an exquisite example of graceful and melodious writing. In a different style, but equally good of its kind, is Friar Tuck's Bacchanalian ditty, "The wind blows cold across the moor." The verse of this song is captivating enough with its quaint little responses for the woodwind, but the swing of the rollicking refrain, "With his Ho, Jolly Jenkin," is quite irresistible, and Sir Arthur might have taken three encores for it on Saturday night had he been so minded. The breezy character of the song may be gathered from the theme of its introductory symphony:—

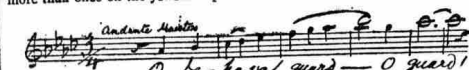


The action of the opera now moves on to the Castle of Torquilstone, where Cedric, Rowena, and Rebecca are held captive. A brief but stirring trio for Rowena, Cedric, and their captor, Maurice de Bracy, makes no little effect, but it is completely cast in the shade by the truly magnificent song for Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert which follows. This is an ambitious and highly dramatic soliloquy, in which the Templar expresses his burning love for Rebecca. Alike in conception, elaboration, and orchestral detail we may unhesitatingly write this down as one of the finest—if not absolutely the finest—of the composer's solo numbers. It was splendidly sung, moreover, by Mr. Eugene Udin, a baritone of exceptional artistic ability. The remainder of the act shows us the well-remembered episode of Sir Brian's repulse by the high-minded and courageous Rebecca. Ulrica's preliminary scene is not very interesting; nor, we think, is the first section of the Jew's solo assisted by the persistent figure for the violas which accompanies it. The *coda*, however, is exceedingly beautiful, and perhaps gains by the comparative dullness of the preceding music. The final duet between Rebecca and the Templar is most elaborately worked out. Its storm and stress carry the hearer along with irresistible force, while its quieter moments are equally enthralling. It abounds in striking instrumental points; in fact, it would not be easy to lay one's finger on a weak spot in the number. The climax is reached with the attack of Richard upon the castle. To meet his assaulter the Templar leaves his captive, who closes the act with a phrase which recurs more than once on the Jew's lips:—

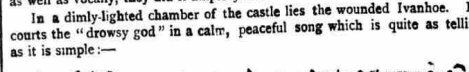


REBECCA'S THORN.

Both Mr. Udin and Miss Margaret Macintyre may be heartily congratulated upon their admirable interpretation of this most difficult scene. Dramatically as well as vocally, they did it ample justice. In a dimly-lighted chamber of the castle lies the wounded Ivanhoe. He courts the "drowsy god" in a calm, peaceful song which is quite as telling as it is simple:—



Once more in the string passages which follow its close we have a dim suggestion of Gounod's influence. But the reminiscence is transient and soon dies away. Comparatively plain and unsifted too is Rebecca's subsequent air, "Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep," though its middle section does contain some picturesque florid writing, chiefly in the nature of prolonged tremolo work for the violins. A particularly beautiful transition will be noticed near the close of the number. But after this period of calm comes a storm. The besiegers renew their attack on the stronghold,



and the crazy Ulrica fires the castle with her own hand. The whole scene in which Rebecca reports to the prostrate Ivanhoe the details of the conflict without is a masterpiece of vivid descriptive writing, and it is remarkable to note the manner in which the composer has varied his orchestral devices so as to avoid anything like monotony. The final catastrophe is speedily reached, for the castle crumbles before the flames and tatters to the ground in ruins. As a



specimen of stage mechanism alone this scene is really marvellous. Richard and his followers clamber over the blackened ruins in the ruddy glare of the conflagration, and the curtain falls upon a tableau that does the greatest possible credit to every one who has had a share in designing it. The locale is then shifted to the forest, where, after a light and melodious chorus, and a quartet for Rowena, Ivanhoe, Cedric, and King Richard, the lovers are left together to sing a duet. This number again is one which bears the unmistakable stamp of its composer's bent, as the opening phrase will show:—



Nothing could be simpler or sweeter. But once again we are plunged into the midst of tragic circumstance, for Isaac of York arrives with the news that Rebecca has been condemned to die by fire. An appropriately broken and turbulent trio ends the scene, at the close of which Ivanhoe hastens to the rescue.

Then, amid the chant of the robed Templars, we see Rebecca led to the Precinctory of Templestowe and bound to the stake. Nothing can



SIR BRIAN. CEDRIC. KING RICHARD.

save her but the timely coming of a champion. The trumpet summons is sounded. In vain! The torch is already applied to the faggots, when suddenly, above the excited murmurs of the throng comes the sound of the Ivanhoe theme. A champion is here, and he has barely to face the black-hearted Sir Brian when the Templar falls lifeless to the ground. So the denouement is fortunate after all, and the opera ends with a brief hymn of exultation.

Of the various points in the rendering of "Ivanhoe" which demand particular attention—and they are many—we shall speak on a future occasion. Suffice it for the present to say that Miss Margaret Macintyre made a great and genuine impression by her conception of the rôle of Rebecca,



PRINCE JOHN. IVANHOE. WAMBA.

and that every one concerned worked with the heartiest of wills and for the most part with truly excellent results. To Mr. Hugh Moss may be awarded unstinted praise for the manner in which the new opera has been produced and stage managed; while Mr. François Cellier and Mr. Ernest Ford have certainly earned many laurels by their untiring work during the rehearsals. The latter gentleman's pianoforte arrangement from the full score is quite admirable, and has been commended in no light terms by the composer himself.

In conclusion, let us express the opinion that "Ivanhoe" deserves as great a measure of success as the English public can bestow upon it.

[For OCCASIONAL NOTES see page 7.]

TODAY'S PUBLICATIONS.

- [Publishers would greatly oblige by stating the prices of books. Any notices under this head do not preclude further review should such seem to be necessary.]
- BROWN, LENNOR, F.R.C.S. "Koch's Remedy, in relation specially to Throat Consumption." (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox.)
- [Dr. Browne (1) contends that the local effects and therapeutic value of Dr. Koch's remedy can be most advantageously observed in the throat and larynx, and (2) explains the general phenomena of the remedy and the details of its administration. Cloth. Pp. xi, 142.]
- GREENWOOD, H., M.A., LL.D. "General Booth and his Critics." (Howe and Co.)
- [An analysis of the scheme and an inquiry into the value of the criticisms of Professor Huxley, C. S. Loch, the *Times* newspaper and others; together with an outline of the new Trust Deed in connection with the scheme. Paper covers. Pp. 128. Price 1s.]
- LANG, ANDREW. "Essays in Little." (Henry and Co.)
- [Essays on Dumas, R. L. Stevenson, De Bawille, Homer, Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, Lecky, Bunyan, Kipling, and others. The initial volume of "The Whistlers Library of Wit and Humour." Cloth. Pp. 208. Good portrait.]
- MULLER, F. MAX. "Physical Religion." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
- [The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1890. Cloth. Pp. xii, 410. Price 10s. 6d.]
- NEWMAN, F.W. "Contributions chiefly to the Early History of the late Cardinal Newman." (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)
- [Cloth. Pp. 142.]
- NORTON, CHARLES LEDWARD. "Political Americanisms." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
- [A glossary of terms and phrases current at different periods in American politics. Cloth. Pp. viii, 136. Price 2s. 6d.]
- "OUR CELEBRITIES: A PORTRAIT GALLERY." (Sampson, Low.)
- [The February number of this popular portrait gallery contains characteristic and excellent portraits of Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., Mr. George Augustus Sala, and Mr. Clement Scott. The biographical notes are supplied by the editor, Mr. Percy Nutt. Price 2s. 6d.]
- "POLITICS: The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe." (Fisher Unwin.)
- [This series of biographies of reigning sovereigns endeavours to present, besides biographies, chapters of contemporary history. Portraits of most of the monarchs are given. Cloth. Pp. xii, 440. Price 10s. 6d.]
- RUNEBERG, JOHAN LUDWIG. "Nadeschda: a Poem in Nine Cantos." (Elliot Stock.)
- [A translation from the Swedish by Mrs. John B. Shipley. Cloth. Pp. 109. Biographical Introduction.]
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER, Bart. "Rob Roy." (A. and C. Black, 4, Soho-square, W.C.)
- [The fourth volume of the cheap copyright edition of Scott's novels. It is to be followed by "Old Mortality." Paper covers. Price 6d.]
- STRONG, HERBERT A., WILLEM S. LOGEMAN, and BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER. "Introduction to the Study of the History of Language." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
- [In the following pages an attempt has been made to enable students to grasp the main points of the contents of one of the most important philological works which have been published during the last ten or twenty years—Paul's *Principien der Sprachgeschichte*. Cloth. Pp. x, 436. Price 10s. 6d.]
- DOUGIE ALMANACK.—Revised.—Write Sparr's Patent (Limited), Bournemouth, London, for a free Almanack, with illustrations of prize dogs and standard of points for various breeds. As here has been an unprecedent rise in newspaper quotations, write early or you will be too late.



ROWENA. FRIAR TUCK. REBECCA.

combines the melodic and dramatic elements in beautiful proportion. In some quarters there may possibly be complaints at Sir Arthur's refusal to swear complete allegiance to the "advanced school." There will doubtless be some little carping at the simplicity and straightforwardness of many of his themes and much of his treatment. But these views will certainly not prevail with the vast majority of music-lovers. In our opinion, the composer of "Ivanhoe" has struck a most happy medium between the set forms of the past and the rhapsodical diffuseness of extreme Wagnerism; and, if we mistake not, his medium will be a genuinely popular one in the ears of all.

The plot of the new opera has already been made familiar in most of its details. It will therefore be unnecessary at the present time to do more than indicate its course, while commenting more particularly upon the musical side of the work. Picturesqueness, let us say at the outset, is a leading characteristic of the whole production, and the rise when the feud between Norman and Saxon had not yet been laid to rest. We are in the rugged sabbal hall of Cedric of Rotherwood. Shields and weapons hang upon the walls; rough-coated hounds lie dozing in front of the fire; amid the glare of torches the valiantthane feasts at his high-table, while his vassals are seated in their places at the humble boards. The music is in complete harmony with the situation. Note, for instance, the energetic theme upon which the exordium to the scene is based:—



This subject leaves a distinct impression on the mind, and it is easily recognised at each recurrence. There is no regular opening chorus, but the extended recitative and declamatory passages assigned to Cedric are always interesting by reason of the manner in which they are accompanied in the orchestra, while the outburst of the combined male voices on the words "Was Hael" is an excellent point. The entrance of Isaac of York is the signal for the exposition of a peculiar theme which is associated throughout the opera with the appearance of the Jew. The *staccato* chords throughout the opera are seemingly founded on a combination of the keys of E minor and C major, and in effect they are extremely striking. A third noteworthy *leit-motif* in this portion of the work is the heroic flourish which attends the entrance of the Norman knights:—



These themes, let it be borne in mind, are in no way worked to death by the composer, but they appear with just sufficient frequency to impart dramatic significance to the various situations in which they are heard. In Sir Brian's first brief address to Rowena a prominent part is allotted to the bass clarinet, an instrument which Sir Arthur employs to a large extent throughout the score of the opera. Cedric's song, "Drink, drink, ye all, in this our ancient hall," is mainly noticeable on account of its tumultuous and effective accompaniment for pizzicato strings, and the lower wind instruments, but a splendid point is reached at the entrance of the chorus, trombones and tuba on the words "Glory to Thee." The phrase, peculiarly associated with Ivanhoe, is heard soon afterwards, when the pretended Palmer, seated by the fireside, begins to take part in the conversation:—



So the scene goes on until "Good-night" is said, and the music, with a faint suggestion of the Saxon *melodie*, sinks to rest *pianissimo* on a long-drawn pedal bass. The second scene opens with a peaceful song for Rowena, in verse form, "O moon, thou art clad in silver mail," which is most delicately accompanied by muted strings and soft notes for the wood-wind. The subsequent duet for Ivanhoe and Rowena is very characteristic of the composer. Once a faint echo of Gounod makes itself heard, but as a whole it follows Sir Arthur's "Martyr of Antioch" manner very closely. This is especially observable in the instrumentation. The *coda* with its bell notes for the clarinet and bassoon deserves close attention. Ivanhoe's soliloquy which follows gives us a splendid example of one of the composer's favourite devices—a rushing accompaniment of triplets for the violins. Mr. Bates, however, spoils the earlier bars of the movement on Saturday by missing his cue. Soon afterwards we are in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is a glorious picture with its parti-coloured pavilions, its mail-clad knights, and its bevy of fair damsels. The music now takes more jubilant form; the disguised Richard and burly Friar Tuck indulge in their verbal battle amid the gayest strains, and all is laughter and light.

Here are the opening bars of the chorus which ushers in the business of the journey:—



This is sung by female voices to an accompaniment of harp and pizzicato strings, and afterwards combined in the composer's happiest manner with a separate subject allotted to the tenors and basses. The music which follows is admirably dramatic. The challenging blast of trumpets; the suspense and

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is not very easy to disentangle any precise points from Mr. Parnell's vague and whirling words to his admirers yesterday. So far, however, as we can make out, what he says is that "in a few days" we shall see that he has won what he has been fighting for, and that what he has been fighting for is a Parliament.

Which will have a power, if needs be, to settle the great Irish land question, the question which the Imperial Parliament has been tinkering at during the last few years, and which will secure that which I told you in 1880 it was necessary to secure before you could stand erect as free men in your own country—the disarmament of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and its conversion from a military into a civil force and its transference to the control of the elected representatives of the Irish people.

If this be all, Mr. Parnell is content, it seems, with what Mr. Morley said at Newcastle.

Mr. John Redmond, we see, was among the speakers at Ennis yesterday. But why was he not addressing his constituents? Speaking in Committee Room No. 15 on December 1, Mr. Redmond delivered himself as follows:—

I intend to vote and to use every exertion in my power for the leadership of this party by Mr. Parnell; but at the same time I recognize the duty I owe to this party, and if this party comes to a decision hostile to my view, then, before taking any steps to support Mr. Parnell, if he chooses to go further, I will deem it my duty to resign.

Now, the party did come to a decision hostile to Mr. Redmond's view, and Mr. Parnell did choose to go further. What, then, has become of Mr. Redmond's "duty to resign"?

But though in this respect Mr. Redmond has not acted quite as straightforwardly as might have been wished, he was, at least, frank to the point of naivete in the arguments with which he supported Mr. Parnell yesterday. Money, said Mr. Redmond, makes the mare to go; and if they killed Mr. Parnell "they would be guilty of the folly which they read of in nursery tales, of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs." We hope, by the way, that Mr. Parnell relishes being added to his own "aviary" in the form of that particular bird. He has the Golden Eggs, no doubt, owing to circumstances which need not be particularized here. But it was daring of the devoted Mr. Redmond to cast his leader for the Goose.

The Charter granted by the King of Portugal to the Mozambique Company, of which the Paris correspondent of the *Times* sends the text this morning, is judiciously vague, we see, with regard to boundaries. The sphere of the Company is to be the province of Mozambique, and the western boundary of Mozambique is "the interior frontier of the province!" The Company is warned moreover that it will have to observe the terms of any Convention which Portugal has concluded, or may hereafter conclude, with any foreign Power. But, meanwhile, we observe also that the Company is to build a railway from Pungwe Bay "to the interior frontier of Manika, passing by Marisi Kersi." Also that Colonel de Andrade is nominated as administrator of the Company.

Count Mattei had better look sharp in selling off his electrical waters and esoteric incantations. Inoculation is now the order of the day, and a Vienna physician has begun to inoculate for cancer. This is Professor von Mosetig, who has spent the last ten years in the study of the fell disease. His injection is described as a solution of "methyl violet," which will probably convey to the popular mind the romantic idea of an extract of violets—a sort of prophylactic *mille-fleurs*. With this fragrant-sounding compound the Professor impregnates the corrupted tissues, and they, closed tumours as well as open, "constantly shrivel up and disappear." May it be so! Medical discoveries are in the air just now, but they also have a way of "shrivelling up," if not of "disappearing," on ripper investigation.

The Committee of the Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition is now issuing the preliminary circulars for its eleventh annual exhibition. As the years go on the difficulty of obtaining first-class pictures does not diminish, and on this occasion the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett in India puts the promoters at an initial disadvantage. On the other hand, the figures of the attendance show that every year the "East End Academy" is more appreciated. Ten years ago the number of visitors was 25,000. Last year it was 55,000. Any of our readers who have pictures which they would be willing to lend from March 14 to April 8 should communicate with the Hon. Secretaries, Toynebe Hall. At the voting for the best three pictures last year the choice fell on Stanhope Forbes's "Health of the Bride," Vicat Cole's "Ripening Sunbeams," and Waterhouse's "Marianne." It would seem, therefore, that any really good pictures, whatever their kind, will be acceptable to the catholic, though discriminating, taste of the East-end art-lovers.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre is entirely at one, we see, with his fellow traveller in the matter of the Elgin Marbles. Describing (in the *Contemporary*) a visit to the Parthenon, he says "there must be few who do not feel disposed to join with Byron in cursing the Scotch ambassador who so violently and negligently despoiled the ruin of so much of its glorious sculpture, and to agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison in the desire that England may yet be induced to return to the building works which have so terribly by being separated from it, and which would have a thousand times more value and interest on the Acropolis than in the murky clime of Bloomsbury." But is "despoiled" really a correct description of the transaction? So far as England is concerned, the nation paid £36,000 for the marbles, which from first to last cost Lord Elgin himself £50,000. We wonder what the market value of the marbles would be now?

We hasten to correct a small error which we have discovered in the article in our last issue dealing with the Report of the Committee of the London Hospital. The number of uncertificated nurses who have been at various times withdrawn from training in the wards and sent out to nurse private cases, according to the admission in the Report, is not 162 but 162 less 24. The 24 were indeed sent out as described, like the 162 private cases, but not, like them, uncertificated. They were others, but they were not, like them, uncertificated. They were nurses with "training and experience in the hospital for periods varying from two to nine years." This fact, of course, only increases in this case the injustice done to the patients in the hospital who were deprived of their services by the system complained of. In the remaining 138 cases the additional charge holds good of injustice done to the nurses themselves by withdrawing them from their training to eke out the money-earning private nursing staff, and of injustice done to those whom they are sent to nurse by supplying them, under the sanction of the London Hospital, with uncertificated learners in the guise of certificated nurses.

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City Notes.

ACTION AGAINST THE WHITE LEAD COMPANY PROMOTERS.
The directors of the White Lead Company have at last resolved to institute proceedings against Messrs. Hannay and Pape with a view to recover from them—failing a satisfactory arrangement—of the price paid to them by the Company. The directors state that they have now, for the first time, obtained sufficient information to enable them to form the opinion that the statements originally furnished by Messrs. Hannay and Pape, and accepted, as regards the cost of manufacture, were incorrect; and that the cost of manufacturing sulphate of lead by Hannay's process greatly exceeds, even on a larger scale, the estimate stated of £22 per ton. They have also quite recently obtained further information and evidence tending to show that the statements of Messrs. Hannay and Pape are far from agreeing with the results which have been actually obtained, and the directors consider that they will now be fully justified in taking legal proceedings against Messrs. Hannay and Pape for rescission of the original contract with them, and for return of the price paid to them by the company.

JOINT-STOCK BANKS AND THEIR RESERVES.

Although Mr. Goschen left a great deal very vague in formulating his financial panacea, it is believed that he means to take action in order to increase the reserves of the joint-stock and private banks. He will not do so by insisting upon any fixed proportion of reserves to liabilities, but by securing more frequent returns in which there will be a clear distinction between cash in hand and at the Bank of England and money "at call." By this means the public will see which banks maintain a safe reserve, and by a natural process of competition the level will be raised. At present there are great variations, some institutions allowing their reserve to fall much below what others consider a safe point. With the present system, however, an accurate comparison can hardly be made, as it is notorious that the balances at the end of the half year are not a fair representation of the average reserves during the previous six months. The following table must therefore be accepted as a guide. It will be seen that on the whole there was a slight improvement in 1890.

Banks.	December, 1889.		December, 1890.	
	Liabilities to the Public.	Cash Reserve.	Liabilities to the Public.	Cash Reserve.
Alliance	£5,861,677	8.4	£5,395,541	11.0
Capital and Counties	9,161,933	9	9,879,253	8.9
Central	1,578,871	17.5	1,707,087	17.2
City	8,827,542	8.0	9,677,271	8.1
Consolidated	4,219,784	11.5	3,794,909	16.4
Imperial	4,478,745	8.9	4,246,171	9.3
London and County	37,492,874	11.9	39,256,071	12.7
London Joint Stock	14,186,058	7.6	14,150,871	8.2
London and South Western	4,632,155	13.6	4,892,261	14.3
London and Westminster	26,738,258	12.8	26,938,644	14.8
Metropolitan and Birmingham	4,049,648		4,210,731	
National	11,468,140	15.1	11,750,794	15.6
(Dec. 1888)			(Dec. 1889)	
National Provincial	37,042,136	8.0	39,545,804	7.6
Union	16,372,805	16.4	16,785,109	16.8
		average		average
	£181,850,674	11.1	£188,044,411	11.8

* These banks do not distinguish Cash Reserve from Cash at Call.

† Not included in total.

THE WEATHER AND THE ALHAMBRA PROFITS.

The exceptionally severe weather during the months of November and December told upon amusements as well as industries. The directors of the Alhambra Company state that it materially affected the receipts during the Christmas holidays, and but for it the profits of the half-year would have been much larger. The gross receipts for the six months amounted to £35,323, and the outgoings to £29,379, leaving a net profit of £5,943; a dividend of 58 per cent. is declared for the half-year, together with a bonus of 10s. per share. In order to adjust the working capital account of the company, the directors propose to issue 291 Ordinary shares of £10 each at a premium of £10 per share. This will make the total share capital issued £560,000. These shares are first offered for subscription to the existing proprietors.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF ANÆSTHETICS.

The Archives of Military Medicine recently gave an interesting account of the medical history of the siege of Yverdon. On the 11th of April there was a dreadful cannonade. Amongst the number brought up with enormous wounds—and the number was not inconsiderable (in less than an hour, eight for various amputations)—was a little volunteer with great courage, although suffering terribly. I ordered that he should be undressed while I went round the ward to glance at the various operations which the assistant-surgeons were performing. He was a young man, a citizen of Yverdon, who was to perform the operation, we perceived an enormous lower limb, enormous from the unusual amount of swelling. Manipulating the limb, we came across a hard swelling, which we took to be caused by a grape-shot ball lodged in the limb. Our astonishment was great when we found that an incision of five or six fingers breadth was insufficient to extract this enormous foreign body, which, on being finally got out, turned out to be a Prussian ball weighing no less than 13 lb. How could a mass of this size have just the amount of force necessary to lodge in a thigh and not pass through it? This problem I leave to natural philosophers, but I admit it to be almost necessary to have seen such things to believe them. Of course there was nothing for it but to operate on this poor fellow or leave him to certain death; we therefore amputated high up. When we had finished he asked if it was done, and on being told that it was, he cried out loudly, "Long live the nation!" Anæsthetics had not then been used, and the man remembered the nation! On another occasion, while I was engaged in a similar operation, which shook the hospital building terribly. At that moment I was engaged amputating the limb of a soldier. As I was sawing the bone amidst the general confusion caused by the first shock, a second occurred which brought down the whole of a glass skylight over the patient and myself. Not knowing whence all the glass came I asked those standing round what was the matter. The patient overheard me and said, "Go on, don't alarm yourself, you will see the result of this kind of thing." When I had finished the operation he cried, "Vive la République!"

EXTRAORDINARY APPRENTICE LEAGUE AT SELKIRK.

Something quite new in the history of secret societies has just been discovered at Selkirk in the shape of an apprentice league. Its objects have not been to organize a movement for shorter hours or larger pay, but, it is alleged, for mutual benefit at the expense of their employers. They had removed from their masters' tobacco, liquors, hooklets, sweetmeats, iron-drapery goods, jewellery, &c. It is alleged that the society had about sixteen members, with a regularly constituted treasurer, and that some of the goods had been sold, bartered, and consumed by several leading members. The operations of the league had not excited suspicion, and might have been continued indefinitely had the treasurer's landlady not become anxious on account of the mysterious bag kept by her lodger under lock and key, and of which had grown and that another has yet to be discovered. Some of the boys have been discharged from their employment. Others were very young, and had contributed goods from their fathers' premises. The matter is being investigated by the police, but it is understood that the employers have unannouncedly refrained from lodging a complaint.

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INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GIPSIES.

"CLEANLINESS IS JUST OUR PRIDE."

The Royal Smith has pitched his camp, that is to say Court, within the grounds of Falconhall, Morningside, Edinburgh, and a representative of the *Scottish Leader* has interviewed him on the subject of the Movable Dwellings Bill, concerning which he recently addressed a protest to the Liberty and Property Defence League. The two gipsy tents and vans were found picturesquely grouped under beech and plane trees, and the King himself was found sitting in the van, engaged in the not quite regal operation of sewing on a button.

"This bill, Sir," he began, "wants to make us pay licences, and it lays down fines for this, that, and the other thing. Now, we don't mind to pay; we have no objection to that; but it provides also that we shall be fined six in the morning and nine at night any policeman may enter my tent or my van, and no matter though my wife and my family are a-bed, turn everything upside down to inspect it. Now, Sir, just put that to yourself; and how would you like it? This van and that tent form my home, and why should our homes be respected just as much as yours? They say it's in the interests of health; they want to make sure that everything is cleanliness is just our pride, and we know the reason why. If we have one strong point, that point, Sir, is cleanliness. Just look here, look at these blankets (gipsies lie in blankets, you know, never in sheets; could not any one else lie there?) And here Mr. Smith began to toss about the blankets on his bed and the clothes from lockers, and utensils, and a variety of other things, and it must be said that everything was in a spotless condition. "We have nothing to fear from our own words," he continued, "as you yourself can see, but the annoyance we simply could not stand, Sir. Our hours are not so very regular that we can always be out of bed by six in the morning, and we may be in bed before nine at night; and it would be unbearable to have, say, a young policeman, who did not know how to be moderate, coming and tossing your home about before you or your family were up."

"People don't know our ways," he went on, "and this man Smith does not know them, though he pretends to know them, and to be our friend. Could anything be more healthy? First thing in the morning we open that door, and we breathe the free air. But people never did understand us. There's Sir Walter Scott, who was a good man and a great man, said our language was merely slang. No greater mistake, Sir. It's one of the oldest languages of the world, and is much the same as Hindustani."

Dr. Rankine, who knows me, and who allows me to be as good as I can, and who speaks it just as well as I can, and when I was at the Liverpool Exhibition I spoke regularly with the Hindoos who were there."

Mr. Smith is himself no scholar, and neither reads nor writes, though he makes it his boast that all his family can do both. He has, however, an extensive correspondence, and from a huge bundle of letters I took with readiness those he wishes to show one. Amongst those whose autographs he possesses are many celebrities, and he is, in terms of intimacy, with not a few personages, like himself, of the aristocracy, and intends shortly writing to his friend, the Lord High Chamberlain, on the subject of the obnoxious bill. That many in exalted position have considered his tent worthy of a visit he thinks in itself sufficient argument against any allegations of uncleanness in gipsied dwellings. "Squires, lords, dukes, princes, Queen Victoria herself, have all been in it," he says, "and higher one can't go."

Among the documents Mr. Smith shows is one which, in the political language of the day, would be called a manifesto, by one Joe Caddick, travelling photographer, calling upon all travellers to oppose the Movable Dwellings Bill by every means in their power. Mr. Joe declares that "we van-dwellers don't want either George Smith or his bill, and I tell him that his assertion respecting our mode of life is simply a pack of lies and I believe." As Mr. Smith only claims to represent the gipsies among "travellers," he regards Mr. Joe's manifesto with no jealousy.

When asked about his title and prerogatives, Mr. Smith replied—"It goes by her just as Queen Victoria's. It's an old custom, and we keep up all the old customs. I'm useful to the gipsies in giving advice, for, mind you, I'm a man of the world, and I know the ways of the world well, and I can direct the n. My family have been born in this country and in Ireland, so I can direct the n. Bible and pointed out a carefully-kept register of some six royal births. The remarks occasioned by the appearance of this volume showed the King to be a hoxod enough to be reckoned a man after even the Rev. Mr. Macaskill's own heart."

"Unless," said he, "you and I believe every word that's there, and he was at present engaged, with the assistance of a amanuensis, in preparing his autobiography. The volume, he said, would contain a great deal of information hitherto unpublished in any gipsy mode of life, as well as many remarkable incidents of his own experience. An Edinburgh publisher, he adds, has already made him an offer for the manuscript, but he has rejected it, and intends to publish the work at his own expense. Royal to the last!

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