THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR—As the foster-father of Zæo, I am desirous of putting as plainly as possible before the public what actually took place on the occasion of the two visits paid by County Councillors to my daughter at the Aquarium. On the first occasion I was called to the back of the stage by my wife, who told me that one of the officials had just informed her that a County Councillor was present in the building, and that he wished to interview Zæo in reference to the rumours that were afloat concerning injuries to her back caused by her performance. I was astounded at the request, and immediately proceeded in search of the managing director, to make it known to him. In the front of the house I met the manager's son, and asked him if he could tell me where I could find his father. He informed me that he was not in the building—in fact, out of town. Noticing that I was agitated he asked me what was amiss, and I told him of the presence of the Councillor, and what he desired to do. He said, "Do not permit it under any circumstances. My father, I am sure, would not do so if he were here." I then went again to the back of the stage, and found the secretary in company with my wife and Zæo and a stranger. This stranger the secretary introduced to me was a County Councillor, intimating that he had brought with him a picture which was a gross exaggeration of the Aquarium poster. The stranger said to me, "I wished to know if this is a fair picture of the performer, and to see Zæo in person, for it is rumoured that she has sores and injuries upon her back, owing to the nature of her performance, and I should like to be certain as to its truth." My wife immediately replied, "Zæo is not a horse or a wild beast on exhibition," adding that she had never before been so insulted. My wife took the cloak from Zæo's shoulders. She asked the Councillor if he saw anything indecent in the costume or could perceive any injury upon her back. His reply was "that he saw nothing to censure in any way," and with that he went to the front of the house. At the close of my daughter's performance we found the County Councillor, uninvited, again behind the stage, accompanied by another person whom he introduced as a Scotch friend of his, and they both began to compliment Zæo upon her performance. My wife, however, at once led her away to the dressing-room. The Councillor engaged me in conversation, and promised me that he would speak in Zæo's favour at the Council meeting next day. I attended that meeting to hear what took place, but though Mr. M'Dougall cross-examined the secretary severely as to the alleged injuries to Zæo's back, the gentleman who had visited her on the previous day, and who was sitting in close proximity to him, never opened his mouth upon the subject. The second Councillor who came to see Zæo was also introduced to me by the secretary under the circumstances described in my foster-daughter's letter, every word of which I most emphatically endorse.

I know, Sir, that people will ask why I permitted these interviews and examinations, and say that had they been in my position they would have taken exceedingly high ground with the inquisitors. I would not have permitted them, Sir, had I had only my own interests to consider; but these gentlemen came, as I believed, empowered by the Council to take these proceedings, and on the first occasion it was suggested to me that if I interfered with the action of the Councillor it would be thought that I was afraid to allow persons to see Zæo, and that there was truth in the allegations that had been made, and if that opinion gained ground the licence would be jeopardised. My daughter has described the effect of these persecutions—for they are nothing more nor less—upon herself and Mrs. Wieland. I know that Zæo has suffered greatly in health and spirits, and those who know her will bear out my assertion that she is no longer her old light-hearted self, but a woman who feels that she has been the object of a malicious and scandalous persecution, and who necessarily broods upon it. I may mention that upon the licensing day when the decision of the committee was made known regarding her pictures and photographs she completely broke down, and positively refused to perform any more at the Aquarium, and it was only the earnest assurances of the secretary that she should be protected by the manager that caused her to reconsider her decision and to proceed with her engagement. I have heard it intimated that the two gentlemen whose conduct has been called in question were invited to come to the back of the stage upon the occasions of their visits. I can only say that no such invitation emanated from me or, as far as I am aware, from anybody else. Each one came as a Councillor with a request to see Zæo, and the request was formulated in such fashion as to be in reality a demand. Some persons may conceive that a professional gymnast should be a callous creature destitute of all human feeling. I can only say that many of the ideas regarding the lives of artistes such as Zæo are totally at variance with the actual facts. Zæo, if a professional gymnast, is a lady, and has received a lady's education. No pains were spared by myself and wife not only to perfect her in her profession, but to give her all the advantages to be obtained by long residence on the Continent. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking four languages besides her own, and is a good musician. Her ability is exceptional, in every way, and we came back to England proud to present her to the notice of her own countrymen, little dreaming that among them we should find those persons who have caused us the greatest trouble and misery of our lives. I thank you, and I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. W. WIELAND.

Westminster Aquarium, March 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR—Mr. H. A. Jones, in correcting my quotation from his letter, suggests that "delicacy" and "decency" are hardly synonymous terms. Possibly not; but for the purposes of the present discussion, they possess an almost identical meaning. Gross indelicacy or indecency is no more likely to penetrate into our houses of public entertainment than into our literature or into our works of art; but if "restrictions" are to be admitted, where are they to stop? What is frankly and beautifully decent to me—*e.g.*, "Tartuffe" and "L'Ecole des Femmes" of Molière, the "Nymphs and Satyr" of Bougereau, the "Epithalamium" and "Atys" of Catullus—is highly indelicate to my next-door neighbour. What awakens enthusiasm in my neighbour opposite—*e.g.*, the last *fin de siècle* burlesque, the moral pictures of Mr. Frith, the literature of the New Journalism and the Divorce Court—is to myself thoroughly obnoxious. That tastes are infinite may be illustrated by a fact recently brought under my own knowledge. A friend of mine, a well-known artist, was commissioned to paint a picture. He executed the commission, and produced a beautiful Italian landscape, in the foreground of which was seen, rolling on the grass, a little bright-eyed child, about two years old. The purchaser, a shrewd man of business, admired the work hugely, but demurred at once to the figure, because it was naked. "I'm no' caring so much myself," he said—he was a Scotchman—"but I ken the wife will think it's indelicate." After some little argument the difficulty was got over, and when the picture was taken home the poor little Italian baby had been accommodated with a shirt!

It is perfectly certain, I believe, that if the verdict of a minority were taken, no picture of the nude would be hung on the walls of our Royal Academy. What is pure to the pure, both in art and literature, is not pure at all to the prurient and the puritanical. To these, and such as these, "Les Lionnes Pauvres" and "Le Demi-monde" are simply "shocking." To myself and many others they are great studies of modern society; but thanks to the "restrictions" which Mr. Jones, with all his fine catholicity, is willing to admit, and thanks to the power of an official to decide on questions of "delicacy" or "decency," these and other masterpieces have never yet been seen upon an English stage.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Hampstead, March 7, 1891.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR—Though appeals from the private members of a public body to the public itself against any contemplated action on the part of that body should be both rare and moderate, I think that the present crisis warrants such a protest. The very notion of the supervision of our theatres by the London County Council appears to me an impertinence in both its senses. Surely any reasonable person must see at a glance that such an undertaking not only does not come within the duties of that assembly, but far exceeds the notions of becoming modesty. I quite fail to understand how a composite set of men elected for municipal objects on mainly political grounds should consider themselves competent to deal with the technical construction of theatres, which demands in itself a special and patient education. When to the real ground of their election to the Council (whatever folly may be indulged in about non-party lines) is added the fact that they are for the most part exceptionally busy people, and engaged in any amount of private affairs, it becomes evident that either such a supervision must be relegated to permanent clerks, or that the off-chance of an amateur architect here and there must be relied on. It is an art to know how little we know, and "that every man should stick to his trade" is a healthy rule.

As to the moral aspect of the case, the fallacy of the suggestion is still more apparent. Is it to be expected that the same gentlemen should suddenly acquire the supreme art of feeling the public pulse and deciding exactly what is, or what is not, fit for production? Why! nine-tenths of your censors would be entirely inexperienced; while some of them, with the best possible intentions, would believe that they were doing God service in closing every play-house in the country, for the excellent reason that they do not appreciate the drama. The result would be an undignified and bootless wrangle in a committee room over the merits of a play, discussed by men who claim to be no authority on the finesse of the stage, and who are guilty of confusing the names of Shakespeare and Vance, because both had "something to do" with verses. The fact is, Sir, that there is a mass of cheap cant abroad, and a catchpenny appeal of this kind is often only a bid for the votes of the "religious" ratepayer (save the mark), who is becoming a powerful factor in politics—more's the pity. The County Council might as well supervise our pulpits, and I haven't a doubt that if this were added to their programme many would be found quite prepared to "throw it in" besides their other numerous engagements. The movement distinctly comes from those who are always appealing to that visionary power, "the public." Well, then, to the public let them appeal. I shouldn't mind if "the gods" decided the question; but the pleasure of a "veto" swells the vestry turn of mind with pride till it is bound to share the fate of the proverbial frog, as is only right. My answer, then, is extremely simple to those who question my objection, viz. this: "We haven't got the time, we haven't got the knowledge, and this is not our *métier*." There is one other absurdity, viz., the confusion of our first-class theatres and music halls. They have just as much in common as chalk and cheese. Some cheeses are white, but there the similarity ends. Is it not a grave pity that when certain theatres are beginning to be frequented by the nicest, most refined, and, in many cases, by the most thoughtful part of the community, they should be classified with what I regret to say is often low and seldom elevating, though charity should be extremely considerate, and not too swift in its condemnation? Such action will defeat its own ends. The reformers of the theatre are already amongst us, but they are amongst the managers themselves. Each new good piece is the best sermon, after all, and if men would stay to consider the responsibility, the uncertainty, the strain, the anxiety, the difficulty, and the necessary bravery of the actor's life, they would pause before they dared even to suggest a criticism of that in which, if they had to undertake it themselves, they would infallibly fail. We have every reason to be intensely grateful; therefore let well alone, and don't stay the flood of progress from a mere petty wish to assert an authority concerning which we know enough to know we know hardly anything. In conclusion, let us retain the Lord Chamberlain's office, with two departments, presided over by those properly qualified, viz.: (1) The office for the construction of theatres and all places of public amusement; (2) The office for the moral censorship of the same.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HUGH B. CHAPMAN, L.C.C., Vicar St. Luke's, Camberwell, S.E.

London, March 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR—I have been surprised to read some of the letters of theatrical managers, and also the statement of Mr. M'Dougall, C.C., at a lecture. They imply that the receipts at the door are only of secondary importance; that it is from the drinks that the money is made. Now, as far as my experience goes nothing could be more absurd. Our performers would have a very poor look-out, indeed, "when the ghost walked," if they relied upon our profits at the bars. Say that our receipts at the doors one night are £40 to £45, the bar receipts would be about £8. This is a general average, about one-fifth. The real value of our licence is this: Not from the profits out of the sale of drinks, but because a number of people after their business like to drop in to see a light entertainment, stay an hour or so, smoke their cigar or pipe, and leave when they like; but to see a play or comic opera you require to sit it right through to properly enjoy it.

Mr. Conquest asserts that music halls have three sketches, taking as a rule forty minutes, occupying the best half of the entertainment. For a sketch to run that time is a great exception—twenty minutes is the average time. We have two sketches this week, one plays sixteen minutes, the other eighteen minutes. We have had ten different sketches during January and February, and out of those only one has exceeded twenty minutes.

Where the shoe really pinches is this, that some theatres have to pay a slight increase in their actors' salaries through the larger field being opened out to them; but how have music-hall proprietors been served for many years past through the theatres? Far worse. Through pantomime engagements our artistes' salaries have rushed up to an enormous extent. One lady who was engaged with us a few years back would now require five or six times the amount per turn, and another lady who sang for us a less time ago than that has had a great rise in her future emoluments in consequence of her engagement for a pantomime next season at a well-known theatre. I am not speaking on my personal experience only, but on the information gained during the several years I was hon. secretary for the Music-hall Proprietors' Association.

If, as Mr. Conquest threatens, the theatrical managers turn their entertainment into the form of a variety show, by calling the different acts sketches, they will never have made such a mistake in their lives before. There is an audience for the variety theatre, and another for the theatre proper. I have known ladies who have been brought by friends or relatives of mine to see the entertainment of a music hall for the first time—on their leaving I have said, "Well, how do you like the entertainment?" "Very much indeed," they have replied; "but I do not like the smoke"; and the smoke is noticed less in our hall than it would be in a theatre, as there are no side balconies—nothing between the stalls and the ceiling but an open space of fifty feet. To further prove the two audiences are distinct we have a new theatre opened near us, only a few yards in fact, and it had not decreased our receipts in the slightest. Often after a night when we have had every seat full I have asked some one connected with the theatre "What kind of business last night?" They have replied "Splendid." So it is proved there is room for both, even if we do play our dramatic sketches.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ACTON PHILLIPS, JUN.

Hammersmith Theatre of Varieties.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Probate duty has been paid upon £10,495 1s 5d, as the net value of the personal estate of Alexander William Kinglake, Lord of the Manor of Saltmoor, D.L., late of 17, Bayswater-terrace, the author of "Eothen" and historian of the Crimean War, formerly (1857-1869) M.P. for Bridgwater, who died on Jan. 2 last, aged seventy-nine years, and of whose will, dated Feb. 16, 1889, and the codicil thereto, made Sept. 5, 1890 (both entirely in the testator's own handwriting), the sole executor is his brother, John Hamilton Kinglake, of Wilton House, Taunton, M.D. "I request my said brother," the testator states in his will, "to prevent the publication of any writings of mine he may find, and I ask him, as soon as may be after my death, to destroy all such of my papers as he may not for some valid reason think it necessary to preserve." He directs that £500 shall be promptly paid to the representatives of his friend, John Lovell Sealy, and he forgives to his old and faithful tenant, Sarah Dribble, any rent due from her to him or his estate, and she is to have the farm in her occupation rent free for her life. The testator devises to his brother, Dr. Kinglake, his Saltmoor estate, but charged with a life annuity of £100 for his brother Robert Arthur, and a life annuity of £150 for his nieces, Salome and Eleanor, and the survivor of them. He bequeaths to Miss Alice Dumper, his certificated nurse, who had also kindly acted as housekeeper, £20, a life annuity of £52, the power of appointing by her will a sum of £200, and his household effects. The testator devises and bequeaths his residuary real and personal estate to his said brother, Dr. John Hamilton Kinglake. By the codicil of Sept. 5 last Mr. Kinglake added bequests of £300 to Mrs. Marian Lewis, £200 each to Rosa, Baroness de Bury, and Miss Sarah Hardy, £100 each to Mrs. Jane Octavia Brookfield and Miss Mary Jane Clarke, and £50 to Mrs. Martha Shorter. And "remembering with gratitude," he writes, "the exceeding kindness to me in my latter days of dear and attached friends, I desire that any amongst them who may wish to possess some little souvenir of me may be encouraged to do so," and for this purpose he gives to Miss Alice Dumper his books, pictures, drawings, and prints, his signet ring, his secretaire, his swords and yataghans, his library appliances and ornaments, that she may distribute them amongst those of his friends who desire to have souvenirs of him.

"BARBED" WIRE.—Whilst hunting with the Green Lodge draghounds near Newmarket on Saturday Mr. Harry Enoch, son of Mr. J. Enoch, of Zetland Lodge, trainer to Lord Zetland and Mr. J. Lowther, was caught in the mouth by a "barbed" wire stretching from tree to tree and severely injured. Several of his teeth were torn from his jaw, and he was thrown violently to the ground. No limbs were broken, but the unfortunate gentleman's face was very much lacerated.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. ... —Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. ... James Epps and Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London.—[ADVT.]

GARRICK THEATRE.

Mr. A. W. Pinero, like so many other clever men, in different paths of life, who have preceded him, shows signs of wavering from the established principles of his dramatic faith. The churchman becomes an agnostic, the Conservative a Radical, the man of science a sceptic—small wonder, then, that nowadays our most brilliant dramatists should have also their qualms of conscience, and weigh the balance between the rival claims of idealism and reality. As yet Mr. Pinero has hesitated. He sees before him Scylla and Charybdis. He does not wish to tumble into one in order to avoid the other. So if he does not exactly adopt the fatal Laodicean policy of blowing hot and cold, this earnest, capable, and incisive writer pauses to plunge, and stands trembling on the brink.

If we mistake not, the new "Lady Bountiful" will be quoted in the after years as an example of Mr. Pinero's hesitating period. He has doubts and conscientious scruples; but he has not yet been converted. We know what he could do in the purely ideal school from "Sweet Lavender," whilst in scores of his plays, both comic and serious, can be traced his righteous scorn of dramatic Philistinism and detestation of hard-and-fast conventionality. Unfortunately for the audience the work of a dramatist viewed as a piece of art suffers materially from this anxious and disturbed state of mind. He wishes to please two sections of the public, and he succeeds in convincing neither. He is human at one moment; he is extravagant the next. At one time he is brilliant; at another commonplace. For an instant we seem to grasp a character thoroughly; we watch him or her with deep attention; and then they become incomprehensible. For a scene or so the established rules and formulas of dramatic grammar are obeyed, but for the most part the characters come on and go out, in and out of doors, and up and down area steps with perplexing irregularity. Now the dramatist drives his team with a firm hand; now he is moving his pieces on the dramatic chess-board like the veriest amateur. The idealists are satisfied with scores of beautiful suggestions and human touches, whilst the realists revel in the contemplation of a basement floor in Westminster, a gallery overlooking a London riding school, and go into positive raptures when the most important scene in the play is acted absolutely in the dark. This scene, which will be most discussed, praised, and blamed in the new play, is the interior of an English village church, in which the whole of the action of the last act takes place. Now, we all know that the sun sinks, the light of day fades out, and that village churches become the home of bats and owls. That is the truth, and no one can gainsay it. But the pitch darkness of such an ecclesiastical interior, dimly lighted with a fitful lantern which makes the faces of the performers absolutely invisible, is not exactly the scene that a practical dramatist would choose for the interest of his audience or the study of characters, whose emotions should be depicted on their features. It does not follow that what is absolutely true in nature is conducive to dramatic effect or helps the interest of the spectator. The revolutionary realist will, no doubt, tell us that a scene played in the dark in which voices are alone heard is a revelation in art, because it is so natural. Well, if that be so, let us be more natural still. Give us the fourth wall of the room and let us take our plays of the future on hearsay alone. To be absolutely real on the stage is impossible if you would be effective, and though Mr. Pinero's church scene both by night and day, in its cryptlike gloom and in its sunshiny wedding brightness, is undeniably unconventional and daringly realistic, still we have our grave doubts whether the play would not have gained had the audience been permitted to see less and imagine more.

When will dramatists who are conscientious and, at the same time, gifted with imagination, understand that the blind subservience to truth or reality or nature, or whatever they call it, in mere detail, often cripples their power and paralyses their influences? Take a familiar instance. The farewell scene in "Ours" has ever been held to be both stirring and effective, and yet here reality is sacrificed to imagination. They played it in America with real troops passing over the stage, everything seen, everything real, and the whole dramatic effect was lost. It had become tawdry and theatrical, and who shall say that at any rate the first part of Mr. Pinero's church scene would not, even on the score of reality, have been more effective had it been acted outside the church instead of inside? There was something incongruous in all this chattering, flirting, arguing, and general air of frivolity in a place which, of all others, for such purpose would be avoided. The important dramatic scene between the hero and heroine of Mr. Pinero's play in the pitch darkness of a church is surely just as incongruous and unnatural as is the wrangle between Benedick and Beatrice in the cathedral of Messina. The church, which is the picture of wilful and incomprehensible Lady Bountiful's arrested nuptials, is good for one part of the scene, most inappropriate for the other. We sometimes buy very dearly when we blindly invest in the market of reality, and almost obstinately forget how imagination and ideality must be the life-blood and the sustenance of the drama.

Miss Camilla Brent, a young and wealthy heiress, presides over an extraordinary household. First, however, about Miss Brent, then of her *entourage*. She is known by her friends as "Lady Bountiful," but, as personated by Miss Kate Rorke, she might more fittingly be called Miss Tragedy Queen, or Dear Lady Disdain. To all appearance, a most unamiable young lady is this Miss Brent. She is always tossing her head in the air, attitudinising, and laying down the law in an uncomfortable fashion. She has one strange peculiarity, for she invariably humours those she despises, and is rude to those she loves. Her worldly old uncle, Roderick Heron, who has the jaunty philosophy of a Skimpole and the blunted moral sense of a Pecksniff, is treated by Lady Bountiful with exaggerated consideration. He sponges on her, and it does not ruffle her composure. She may despise the old man, but she does not show her contempt. The young man, his son Dennis, she secretly adores; but to him, poor wretch, she is absolutely unamiable—not to say rude—because, not knowing his dependent position, he is a confirmed idler, and prefers jumping over five-barred gates and breaking-in horses to making his way in the world. But if Lady Bountiful is a little incomprehensible, even more so is this horse-breaking youth, Dennis Heron. At one moment he is the commonplace everyday young man, with not a thought in his head beyond the stableyard; at the next he is arguing like a latter-day philosopher. The attraction of such a man to such a woman is a little mysterious, at the outset. Is it for his physical charms or his intellectual gifts? Is it because he can ride bucking horses, or because he has an undeveloped intellect? It is not easy to say, because the youth in question, introduced to us as brainless, becomes a Solon of common-sense in a very few minutes, and certainly fogs the brain anxious to catch the author's idea at the outset. All we know is that when Lady Bountiful has rejected a middle-aged lover because she is not attracted by him, she as promptly rejects the man she loves because she does not respect him or like his stable view of life. It must be observed that the scorn of Lady Disdain—we mean Lady Bountiful—is not very fairly applied in this instance. She knows that the son is innocent of his father's graceless impecuniosity; he believes his father is a paragon of virtue. She is aware that her lover is absolutely ignorant of his dependent position, and that he is a pensioner on her bounty; he believes that he is both rich and independent. She punishes him with scorn and contempt, for an idle, aimless life, when, so far as Dennis is aware, he has just as much right to like horses and field sports as any country gentleman. After Lady Bountiful has scorned the love for which she hungers the eyes of the youth are opened—the true state of the case is revealed. His father is a well-bred sponge; he is an athletic pauper. They are both mean hangers-on at the home of a rich girl. Without a moment's hesitation Dennis Heron severs the connection and shakes the dust of Fanncourt off his feet. His father may cadge on, but he will have none of it any more. They are all sorry to lose him, for Dennis is a universal favourite. Sir Lucian Brent, the young Oxford undergraduate, is his chum; Beatrix Brent, the auburn-haired girl in short petticoats, who plays the violin and airs an affected hypochondria, is never so happy as with Dennis, her grown-up playfellow. Miss Brent, the grey-haired and indefinite spinster, who has an artless way of making mischief, affects the manly horsebreaker. But he breaks away, and Lady Bountiful, who may have acted according to her convictions, but has certainly played her love cards very badly, is left moaning like Mariana in the "Moated Grange." She has driven away her lover to work, but it never strikes her that she may drive him to someone else who might not be so pleasant and has an uglier name.

Now, except to the superficial observer, it would be affectation to say that the new play has started with that dominant chord of interest that stirs the attention and stimulates the curiosity. The active mind is left languid, lazy, and unimpressed. The minor characters have more of our sympathies than the major ones. We follow, appreciate, and understand Roderick Heron, so delightfully depicted by Mr. John Hare. He is a character. He has good things to say, and he says them right well. The mind is alert, the brain is active when Roderick Heron is on the stage. With all his faults he is a man who appeals to us, whose characteristics and nature we understand. But what are we to say of the pragmatical and unloveable Lady Bountiful, who lectures whilst she loves, whose love has "reason," which happily is the fate of so little of true love, who argues, and differentiates and classifies her passion, and cannot apparently comprehend the philosophy in the memorable stanza—

> "Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
> She darkly feels him great and wise,
> She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
> I cannot understand! I love!"

An unloveable heroine is thus contrasted with an incomprehensible hero, who is fool one minute and wise the next, and we are supposed to be already inspired with interest. It is not so.

It is clear that Dennis Heron must have been a fool. We were wrong to credit him with brains. He has wandered about London until he is footsore, and all he can get to do, after a struggle that nearly sent him under, is the position of riding-master at the Hyde Park Riding Academy. With all his education and knowledge of the world, he can take out gouty old gentlemen, obese ladies, and excited girls' schools in the park and the Kensington by-ways, at so much a head and so much an hour. We find Dennis Heron the trusted servant and companion of the Veales—good, honest, commonplace people, practical enough, with a touch in them of rough, honest sentiment, and with a daughter Margaret, who has been educated beyond her station. The first thing that educated Margaret does is naturally to fall in love with the refined riding-master. Why should she not, poor child? He treats her "like a lady," that is to say, he understands her finer feelings, which are steadily revolting against vulgarity and Philistinism. But this extraordinary Dennis does not understand the passion he has inspired. He gives the girl flowers, he is her constant companion, he has looked into her eyes, and yet he cannot understand that he is the idol of Margaret Veale. But the parents understand it, and give him his *congé*, and he understands it—dear innocent!—when he reads the truth of Meg's infatuation in an intercepted letter, and when Lady Bountiful, having got over her sulks, comes to redeem her cousin, lover, and riding master from the degradation of the Veale household, and she finds that, with a stretch of chivalry worthy of a Bayard, her rejected lover intends to marry Margaret Veale—merely because she loves him. Honestly, we cannot follow the author here, unless he argues that a man is bound in honour to marry a woman who loves him, but whom he cannot conscientiously love. What is the position? Dennis breaks away from Lady Bountiful because he is an honourable man, and she is not only rude, but unwomanly. He is thrown into the society of a girl he does not pretend to love, and to whom he is only ordinarily courteous, and he marries her as a matter of duty. Lady Bountiful comes to reclaim her lost sheep, and Dennis, to the surprise of everybody, announces his engagement to Miss Margaret Veale.

The second act has passed, and the interest is as nebulous as ever. In whom do we delight? Well, there are the foreshadowings of an interesting creature in the true and human Margaret. She is a girl we understand; she is flesh and blood; but the hero and heroine are fading out of the picture. Lady Bountiful is only bringing her "tragedy queen airs" to the riding-school instead of the drawing-room, and apart from the Veales and their Dickensesque surroundings, there is no one who is so natural or comprehensible at this point of the story as Amelia, the slavey, played to admiration by Miss Webster. We started with Lady Bountiful and fall back in despair on the Marchioness.

In the third act, down lower into the social scale we go. We are in a basement floor in Westminster, and every one apparently has come to grief. The honest Veales are ruined by the rascality of selfish Roderick Heron, who still sponges on the good folk whose hospitality he has outraged. Mrs. Dennis Heron (née Margaret Veale) has given her husband a baby, and is at death's door. Poverty, despair, disappointment settle like spectres on the squalid scene. Noble among the fallen is the courageous Dennis Heron. He loves his wife, he idolises his child, he is a tender husband, a good father, a pattern man all round; he has made up his mind to emigrate, and drag father, father-in-law, mother-in-law, wife, and child from the social mire into which they have fallen, when who should turn up but that bad fairy, that evil genius of the play, that luckless heroine—Lady Bountiful? Like so many people with the best intentions, she does far more harm than good. She means so well, but she does such an infinity of mischief. Guarded by her watch-dog and shadow, Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C., who has proposed to her once, and will go on proposing to her whilst he has life and strength, Lady Bountiful comes to "take up" the dying wife of her old lover, and, innocently enough, to sow discord in the Westminster basement floor. The upshot of it all is that her good offices result in the death of poor Mrs. Dennis Heron, whose courage is fairly gone, and whose heart is completely broken. She has ascertained that her husband really loved Lady Bountiful; she feels she is in the way; she knows she is a poor lorn creature; she bequeaths her husband a legacy of mistaken love to her rival when she is dead; her strength is well nigh exhausted, so instead of flinging herself into the mill race, like Mrs. Rosmer, the Ibsenite obstruction in the matrimonial path, she simply goes out like an exhausted candle as her husband is talking baby nonsense to the crowing child in the cradle.

Now we see as all must see the admirable material in this act, but how diffuse, how scattered, how dramatically ineffective! The ideas are there, but how utterly wasted! What a beautiful scene that ought to be between the rival women for the love of the strong, courageous man! But in result how tedious, how strained, how dull! How our sympathies should be arrested by the dying wife! But excellent as is Miss Marie Linden, there is something wrong in the spirit of the composition. Instead of sympathising we are yawning. The light of interest has gone out. The oil of sustaining piety has evaporated. The hand of the dramatist has lost its cunning. Robertson himself in domestic comedy never suggested anything better than that scene of the father at the cradle-side soothing and talking nonsense to the innocent infant, whilst the mother expires in her chair, without a cry, without a word, without a murmur. Yet Mr. Forbes Robertson, with all his tact and sympathy, and Miss Linden, with all her intelligence, could not start the vestige of a tear for such a scene. There was no electricity, no pulse in the play. Notwithstanding the varied and fitful conduct of the actors in the scene, our sympathies are still with Amelia, the loquacious and argumentative "general servant," who is once more the heroine of an act. The principals sink into comparative impotence by the side of that delightful Amelia, who is rendered with inimitable humour and profound perception by Miss Webster.

In the last act we are inside a village church. Lady Bountiful is to be married on the morrow to the faithful and persistent Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C. He has bothered her so much that she has been obliged to yield because of his dogged insistency, a fact that does not cause us to regard with more favour the unheroic—and we must add utterly uninteresting—Lady Bountiful. But when the lights are low, who should come back from America but Dennis Heron? He has left his old father there and his father-in-law, and his mother-in-law and his child, all rich, happy, and well-to-do, and he has returned to this particular church on the eve of Lady Bountiful's wedding. Of course he knows nothing of the faithlessness of his inamorata, but promptly produces the fiat of his dead wife to the effect that she wishes to be succeeded by Lady Bountiful. He is too late, however. Lady Bountiful has promised a life-long union with her middle-aged lover. The cakes and bouquets have been ordered. The banns have been called. The very cards are printed. No; Lady Bountiful is very sorry, but she must go through with it at all hazards. So she determines in the dark, when she cannot see the troubled face of Dennis, to go through with this detested marriage; but when she sees her old lover next day at the altar rails in his beautiful frock coat she breaks down just as the clergyman is starting the exhortation. Lady Bountiful faints at the font all melancholy and muslin. The clergyman pauses with his hand on the open book. The bridesmaids swoon, the villagers stare, and the wretched bridegroom baulked of Lady Bountiful for the last time sententiously observes, "There will be no marriage to-day, I think I know," which reminds us of the well-known story of the host who, irritated at some conversation in the drawing-room during the painful period when the guests were assembling, gravely rang the bell, and announced, "The dinner party will not take place."

On this strange scene the curtain fell, and it is only fair to say that it descended amidst signs of congratulation, enthusiasm, and applause. Everyone was called—authors and actors were summoned with demonstrations of delight, and there were no outward and visible signs that the play was uninteresting or the majority of the characters unattractive.

Yet, for all that, strange as it may appear, it is not the play or its story, or its treatment, or its literature, or its leading characters that impress the thinking spectator, so much as the minor characterisation, the fringe of the drama as it were. The binding seemed so very much superior to the book. Whatever Mr. Hare had to do, he did with conviction, with keen perception of character, with brilliant effect. He had the best things to say, and he said them most admirably. He was not in the play very much, nor of the play very much, but he was its chief prop and column. He was a character. He could not carry the play on his shoulders like Benjamin Goldfinch, but he helped it materially like a Beau Farintosh, or a Lord Ptarmigant, or a Sam Gerridge. But for all that, as matters stand, there seems to be more abiding interest in the Amelia of Miss Webster, and the delightfully natural Mrs. Veale of Miss Dolores Drummond, and the cockney ostler Wimple of Mr. John Byron, and the Pedgrift of Mr. R. Cathcart, and of course in the Roderick Heron of Mr. John Hare than in the more important characters played with such care, but not always with such effect, by Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Marie Linden, Mr. Charles Groves, and Mr. C. W. Somerset. The major interest is absorbed by the minor; the smaller characters amuse, the larger ones often weary. Miss Carlotta Addison had but a shadowy, unimportant character as Miss Brent's companion, but Mr. Gilbert Hare in one of the smaller parts played with singular spirit, good taste, and address.

The success of this particular piece will of course be determined by time, and it is not improbable that it will create at the present moment a considerable conflict of opinion. The expressed verdict was evidently in its favour, and interest was found by a large majority that could not be appreciated by the critical minority. Its novelty and occasional daring will no doubt be attractive. People will talk of the scene in the riding-school, the novelty of the basement room below the area, and the realism of the arrested nuptials in the village church; but, balanced against this, we shall, no doubt, find that objections are taken to the hesitancy and nerveless grip of the author in driving his coach, a formlessness of composition, a clumsy movement of characters, a hero not very firmly or consistently drawn, and perhaps, worst of all, a heroine who, either from fault of design or treatment, is absolutely without interest, and who too often, in searching for our sympathies, poses as a prig. We can conceive this play to be so described on paper as to appear to be full of imagination and human tenderness; but these things do not come out in action. The material may be and is continually good, but the execution is often faulty.

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Mr. Wilson Barrett revived on Saturday afternoon the excellent drama which in certain scenes rises to a grandeur and dignity unusual on the popular stage, called "Ben-My-Chree," written by himself and Mr. Hall Caine. It held the audience, as usual, in a grip of interest, particularly in the famous scene of the trial on the Tynwald Mound, when the Bishop of the Isle of Man, inspired with the dignity of his ecclesiastical office, condemns his beloved son to a doom of perpetual isolation and banishment. Here Mr. Austin Melford and Mr. Wilson Barrett were at their very best, and the moment was deeply impressive. There is a note of true tragedy at this bold dramatic moment. Miss Winifred Emery made a delightful Mona Mylrea, and in few characters is Mr. George Barrett seen to such conspicuous advantage as in that of the faithful Davy Fayle. Emphatically, this drama is well worth seeing, and it should not be ignored by such as are perpetually condemning the poor stage for the commonplace and unconventional character of its work.

THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION

[REUTER'S AGENCY.]

SUAKIN, MARCH 7.

The Eastern Soudan field force is now broken up. A garrison of 1,500 men remains in occupation of Afafite, with detachments at Tob, Fort Dolphin, and Trinkitat.

The whole of the garrisoned territory is designated the Tokar sub-district, and is placed under the command of Captain Hackett Pain, a civil government being also established under a Mamoor.

Deserters who have just arrived here report that Osman Digna was five days ago at Langeb, on the road to Odoi, and that he has with him about two hundred men and twice that number of women and children.

It is reported that the Dervish leader is unable to make up his mind where to go, and that he will probably stay for a time at Tebilol until he receives instructions from Omdurman.

General Sir F. W. Grenfell, accompanied by Colonel Holled Smith and his staff, has just arrived here after a most successful expedition to Sinkat, by way of Setirab, Tamai, and Tamanieb, the road passing through wild mountain scenery. The expedition was everywhere enthusiastically received by the native tribes, who expressed great rejoicing at the re-establishment of an Egyptian Government and the expulsion of Osman Digna.

Sinkat was revisited for the first time since its fall in 1884. The old fort was found to be still standing, but the Government buildings were in ruins. There is a plentiful supply of good water, and the town would be an excellent site for a sanatorium, its elevation above sea level being 3,000ft.

After meeting the most important sheikhs of the country to-morrow, the Sirdar and Colonel R. B. Lane will leave for Suez on board her Majesty's despatch vessel Surprise. The remainder of the staff will leave Suakin on the 10th inst.

SUAKIN, MARCH 8.

At a great meeting to-day of sheikhs from all parts of the country, General Sir F. W. Grenfell read a telegram from the Khedive, proclaiming a general amnesty. The announcement was received by the natives with the warmest expressions of loyalty and devotion to the Government, and there is general rejoicing. The town will be illuminated this evening, and great enthusiasm prevails among the inhabitants.

The Sirdar and party have left for Suez.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

[REUTER'S AGENCY.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 7.

Commenting on the result of the Canadian elections the *Tribune* to-day remarks that Americans observe with much interest that the communities which saved the day for the Tories were those of the maritime provinces and British Columbia, seeing that the issue turned on the question of Canada's relations with the United States. The journal continues:

It is plain that, in his ugly attitude towards this country, the Tory Premier has the support of the "grit" codfishers and seal catchers. They are the voters to whom he is chiefly indebted for permission to send us commissioners to treat for freer trade. But if Sir John has nothing to offer but the plan submitted to the electors he may as well keep his commissioners at home.

In a telegram to the *New York Times* Professor Goldwin Smith characterises the course pursued by Sir John Macdonald during the electoral campaign in Canada as a declaration of political war against the people of the United States. He holds that it is not unlikely that the Liberal party in the Dominion may find itself becoming more thoroughly Continental and looking more distinctly to American sympathy for support in the effort not only to bring about Continental free trade, but to vindicate against European influence the general interest and independence of the American Continent.

[DALZIEL'S AGENCY.]

OTTAWA, March 8.—Sir John Macdonald is indisposed and unable to leave his room.

THE UNITED STATES.

[REUTER'S AGENCY.]

NEW YORK, March 7.—A banquet was given by the Federal Club in this city last night. A telegram was read from Mr. Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, regretting his inability to be present and declaring that a protective policy with intelligent reciprocity vigorously adhered to would develop and enlarge the industries of the country and add to the wealth and comfort of the people, and that with an honest currency increased under safe limitations the country would prosper as never before.. Mr. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives, referred to the great deeds accomplished by the House during the last Congress, which, he declared, had shown the people that there was a possibility of responsible government in the United States.

The Board of Appraisers has decided that partly-prepared coney skins shall be admitted free of duty as undressed furs.

NEW ORLEANS, March 7.—The Mayor of New Orleans has received an anonymous letter, threatening him with death in case any of the Sicilians who are now undergoing trial for the murder of Mr. Hennessy, the Chief of the Police, are convicted of the crime.

[DALZIEL'S AGENCY.]

ROCHESTER (N.Y.), March 8.—At all the clothing factories of this city the cutters and trimmers were peremptorily dismissed yesterday. As the men were leaving they were each handed the following circular: "We have been so hampered and interfered with in our business by intermediate parties that we feel compelled to stop work from now on, until we can adopt means to conduct our affairs in a manner satisfactory to ourselves." The cutters profess to be unable to account for their summary dismissal. They say that the employers had been asked for nothing, and had found no fault. By the lock-out of 500 cutters 20,000 employés have been thrown out of work.

THE CHILIAN REBELLION.

[REUTER'S AGENCY.]

LIMA, March 8.—The Congressional forces have gained a victory over the Government troops at Pozo Almonte, about thirty miles east of Iquique. The province of Tarapaca is now entirely in the hands of the Congress party. Order has been restored at Iquique, and 8,600 packages of food have been despatched to the town from Callao by direct steamer, besides a number of cattle.

Arica is now being blockaded.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Intelligence received here from Iquique states that the troops of the Congressional party have gained a victory over the Government forces under the command of Colonel Robles, near Pozo Almonte, about twenty-five miles east of Iquique. The whole of the province of Tarapaca is now under the rule of the Congressional party. The fears of a second bombardment of Iquique have subsided, and tranquillity has now been restored in that city.

AUSTRALASIAN FEDERATION.

[REUTER'S AGENCY.]

SYDNEY (NEW SOUTH WALES), March 7.—In the sitting of the Federation Convention yesterday the Hon. Edmund Barton (New South Wales) concurred with the Hon. Alfred Deakin's contention that time should elapse before vested interests the result of protection were swept away.

Sir John Downer (South Australia) declared that the convention must concede to the Senate the power of veto in all questions, and the Executive should be responsible to both Houses.

The Hon. Richard Baker (Queensland) held that the Senate should be called the Council of States, and should have equal power with the House of Representatives.

The Hon. Bolton Bird (Tasmania) expressed satisfaction that all the delegates favoured freedom of trade between the colonies. The Senate should be elected by the people, but should not be perpetual.

Sir Patrick Jennings (New South Wales) favoured the principles embodied in the resolutions, and advocated that the Senate be elected on the lines of the American Senate, but without power to deal with money bills.

The convention adjourned till Monday.

SURETY FOR MINORS.—On Saturday the case of Peach v. Makings came before the Recorder, in the Lord Mayor's Court, upon an application by Mr. Stephen Lynch. The defendant was sued as the surety for a young man who had bought a bicycle. At the trial the point was taken that, as the person who bought the bicycle was a minor and could not be sued, therefore, as there was no principal debt, there could be no surety, and the defendant could not be liable. The learned Recorder held that the point was fatal, and nonsuited the plaintiff. Mr. Lynch now asked for leave to appeal. He said that the decision would affect thousands of agreements. The learned Recorder observed that the case which was cited to him was very clear, but still, in view of the effect which the point would produce, his decision might be laid before the High Court.

FIRE AT A MANSION.—Captain Shaw's official report of Saturday includes the details of a fire which was caused by a light being thrown down at 24, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the mansion of Prince C. de Polignac. The drawing-room on the second floor and the contents were severely damaged by fire, heat, smoke, and water, while the rest of the second floor and the upper part of the house suffered from smoke.

DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S celebrated Featherweight ... —[ADVERTISEMENT.]

NEWFOUNDLAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.

[REUTER'S AGENCY.]

ST. JOHN'S, MARCH 7.

A despatch from Lord Knutsford, Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, has been received here regarding the Reciprocity Convention concluded between Newfoundland and the United States, and was to-day laid upon the table in the House of Assembly. The despatch says:

Her Majesty's Government consented to Mr. Bond's informal and unofficial visit to Washington, in order that he might communicate the wishes of Newfoundland to Sir Julian Pauncefote, who then submitted them informally to Mr. Blaine. Her Majesty's Government then consulted Canada on the subject of the Convention, and found that she objected to a separate arrangement giving an important advantage to the United States. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, decided that the Convention should be kept in abeyance, hoping for reciprocity on a broader basis. It was not true that Mr. Bond had been invited to go to Washington again to conclude the treaty, but to give information and explanations at Mr. Blaine's request.

The House of Assembly last night passed resolutions on the despatch, sustaining its former resolutions, and affirming that Mr. Bond was sent the second time to Washington, as if to conclude the Convention, after Canada's protest had been received. The full text of the draft convention was submitted to her Majesty's Government in July, and that was the time to consult Canada—not later, when the negotiations had been begun. The resolutions passed further express the opinion that her Majesty's Government is in honour bound to complete the Convention which was begun in good faith by Newfoundland.

IRISH POLITICS.

[DALZIEL'S AGENCY.]

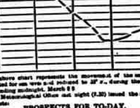
NEW YORK, March 8.—Mr. Joseph F. Fox, M.P., the delegate of the McCarthy faction, who arrived here by the White Star steamship Teutonic, at once began to solicit funds in order to get the start of the representatives of Mr. Parnell. He was seen yesterday by a Dalziel representative, and said: "Mr. Parnell's representatives might as well stay at home for all the help they will get here. I have come to raise funds for the purpose of helping the evicted tenants, the trouble with regard to the funds deposited with Munroe and Co., of Paris, having made this necessary. If succour is not obtained for the evicted tenants landlordism will be revived in its worst phases. I have also been commissioned to feel the pulse of the Americans as to whether it is feasible to start a McCarthy 'boom,' and to try to take up the work of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. Other members of our party will follow me if necessary. From the inquiries I have made I am confident that neither faction will get any help. It is intended that Canon Keller shall come later on. He will bring letters from Archbishop Walsh to the priests of this country, asking aid for the Evicted Tenants' Fund. It is resolved that in no case shall the Parnellites handle any of the money raised, and it is now proposed that the Irish archbishops shall have charge of the money raised in America."

I am in a position, says the Paris correspondent of Dalziel's Agency, to state that the amount of the Irish Nationalist funds has been greatly exaggerated by both camps. The exact amounts are as follows: There are 32,000f cash in the hands of Messrs. Munroe and Co. (an amount that has constantly been referred to as pounds), and there are United States Treasury Four per Cent. Bonds held by the same bankers, viz., $30,000 in Three per Cent. Bonds of $10,000 each, $6,000 in five bonds of $1,000, one $500 bond, $400 in four bonds of $100 each, and one $50 bond. There is interest due upon all, but it will be seen that the entire fund does not reach £9,000, instead of the £31,000 and £32,000 as variously stated, the 32,000f having evidently been, as before stated, taken for pounds British.

Mr. Parnell, accompanied by Messrs. Leamy, Blaine, and Nolan, arrived at Newry on Saturday night, and was escorted from the station to an hotel by a torchlight procession and bands. He afterwards addressed the crowd from a balcony. Yesterday he was presented with a number of addresses, two of which were from Belfast; and later in the day addressed a meeting in a field on the outskirts of the town. About 5,000 people were present. Mr. Parnell said that when the story of Boulogne came to be written it would be found that he had not been actuated by selfish motives. He offered to retire from the leadership if the majority got two assurances from Mr. Gladstone. They had interviews with the ex-Prime Minister, but on returning to Committee Room 15 they refused to pass a resolution stating that they were satisfied with the assurances they got, and sneaked off to a corner of their own and passed a resolution deposing him. Up to the present time they had never stated whether they were satisfied with these assurances. As long as he had breath in his body he would work for the sole object of his life, that of establishing a Parliament in College-green, which would enable them to make their own laws. The meeting passed off without disturbance.

The four Irish members of Parliament—Messrs. Harrison, John O'Connor, O'Kelly, and Redmond—who are bound on a Parnellite mission to the United States, were presented on board the Etruria at Queenstown yesterday with addresses from Cork, Midleton, Passage, and Queenstown, wishing them success. About 400 persons, with bands, gathered on the deep-water quay, and some 300, on the steamer City of Cork, subsequently accompanied the liner out to sea. Whilst the members were replying to the addresses, a crowd of anti-Parnellites hissed and groaned, and a fight with sticks soon began. The musicians joined in, and the police had to interfere. One man received a nasty wound on the head, but beyond this nothing very serious happened, though there was considerable risk of persons being pushed over the quay. The delegates ultimately obtained a hearing, and in an interview stated that no arrangements relative to their mission had yet been made. They confidently expected to receive strong financial support in the United States.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" WEATHER OBSERVATIONS.



The above chart represents the movement of the barometer, corrected for sea level and reduced to 32° F., during the last four days ending midnight, March 8 9.

The Meteorological Office last night (9.30) issued the subjoined forecasts:

PROSPECTS FOR TO-DAY.

Districts.		Forecasts.
0. Scotland, N.	N.	N. winds, light or moderate; fair generally, but some snow showers.
1. Do. E.	E.	
2. England, N.E.	E.	N. and N.E. winds, light or moderate; frosty, fair at times, but probably some snow showers.
3. Do. E.	E.	
4. Midland Counties.		
5. England, S. (with London and Channel)	S.	
6. Scotland, W.	W.	N.E. winds, moderate; fair generally.
7. England, N.W. (and N. Wales)	N.W.	
8. England, S.W. (and S. Wales)	S.W.	
9. Ireland, N.	N.	
10. Do. S.	S.	

ROBERT H. SCOTT, Secretary.

LATEST INDICATIONS.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" OFFICE, MONDAY (2 A.M.)

BAR.	THERM.	WIND.	WEATHER.
29·64 Rising.	30°	N.N.W. Fresh.	Cloudy.

Our correspondents forward the following latest telegraphic reports:

BRIGHTON.—Bar. 29·61; wind N.; overcast, with rain in the evening.

BUXTON.—Bar. 29·65, rising; wind N., fresh; weather fine and much colder.

CORK.—Bar. 29·66, a rising tendency; wind N.E.; frosty.

KIRKWALL (ORKNEY) (8.45 A.M.)—Bar. 29·72; therm. 30°; wind N.N.W., fresh; cold, with a heavy snowstorm.

PARIS.—Bar. 29·66; therm. in afternoon, 41°; weather rainy.

HOLYHEAD.—Wind N., fresh; clear.

DOVER.—Bar. 29·50, falling until the afternoon, now rising; wind N., light since noon; weather misty and damp during the day; heavy rain this evening; sea smooth; steamboats had good passages across the Channel.

FOLKESTONE (9.0 P.M.)—Bar. 29·55, falling; wind N.E., fresh; overcast; smooth passages across the Channel.

Cold dry weather probable.

EXTENSIVE HOTEL ROBBERIES.—At Chester on Saturday, Frederick Lloyd, a well-dressed man, said to be a professor of languages, pleaded guilty to the theft of a gold watch and chain, valued at £15, and a dress bodice and skirt from two hotels at Chester, where he had been staying.—Detective Gallagher stated that prisoner was wanted for a similar offence at Oxford, and inquiries with regard to him had been made from Cambridge, Leamington, Canterbury, and London. For the defence it was urged that the prisoner was a man of high education, who had become destitute, and stole the things to keep himself out of the workhouse. The bench sentenced the accused to six months' hard labour for each offence, the sentences to run concurrently. William Henry Briggs, previously convicted of thefts at Derby, was committed to the sessions on a charge of stealing overcoats and other articles of the value of £12 from various hotels in Chester. Prisoner, it was stated, was also wanted at Liverpool.

SIR CHARLES DILKE.—The Central News says: Sir Charles Dilke left London on Saturday for the Forest of Dean, for the purpose of pursuing his candidature in that constituency and addressing the electors. The right hon. baronet will return to town to-morrow.

THE NUDE IN ART.—A committee of fourteen ladies, "representing 500 Christian women," has sent a written protest to the directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts against the display of thirteen specified pictures in the Academy's annual exhibition. The committee denounce the pictures as flagrantly indelicate, and an offence against morality. The directors of the Academy replied disclaiming any intention of injuring the morals of the public, and at the same time expressed sincere pity for the people who in the beauty and purity of the human form can find nothing but immodesty, indelicacy, and indecency. The offending pictures include the "Ariadne" of Van der Lyn, the "Arcadia" of Alexander Harrison, and Kenyon Cox's "Painting and Poetry," all of which contain nude female figures. The incident has caused a considerable stir, and immense crowds thronged the Academy yesterday afternoon and evening.—*Dalziel*.

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c. ... —[ADVERTISEMENT.]

The Court.

WINDSOR CASTLE, MARCH 7.

Their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick drove out yesterday afternoon, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, attended by Lieutenant and Mrs. Keppel, and her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), attended by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Collins, arrived at the Castle.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret of Connaught, attended by Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, also arrived.

Her Majesty in the evening witnessed the performance of "The Gondoliers"—a comic opera, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan—in the Waterloo Chamber, by the Savoy Theatre company, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

Shortly after nine o'clock the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Margaret of Prussia, entered the Waterloo Chamber, prepared for the occasion, when the performance commenced, the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household in Waiting being in attendance.

The following had the honour of receiving invitations: Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, Viscount and Lady Georgiana Curzon, Mr. and Lady Emily Van de Weyer and Miss Van de Weyer, the Dowager Lady Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Carington, the Hon. Lady and the Misses Ponsonby, Lieutenant John and Lieutenant Frederick Ponsonby, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Crutchley, Baron and Baroness Schroeder, Sir Reginald and Lady Gordon Cathcart, Lady Cowell and Miss Cowell, Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Gordon, Miss Loch and Miss Emily Loch, Captain Walter Campbell and Miss Leonore Guild, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mr. Victor Biddulph, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Dr. Ellison, Dr. Fairbank, Major Atherley and Lieutenant Ricardo, Royal Horse Guards; and Colonel the Hon. J. C. Vanneck, Colonel Campbell, Captain Stracy, Lieutenant Poulteney, and Lieutenant R. Finnie, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards.

At the conclusion of the performance Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte had the honour of being presented to her Majesty, who expressed her warm appreciation of the manner in which the performance was conducted.

The Queen and the Royal family then proceeded to the Green Drawing Room, where the invited guests were presented to her Majesty.

Supper was served in the Dining Room for the Royal family and the guests, and in the Vandyke Room for the ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical company.

The Queen and the Empress Frederick went out this morning, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret of Connaught, attended by Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, have left the Castle. Miss Robson was in attendance on Princess Margaret.

MARCH 8.

The Queen drove out yesterday afternoon, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick last evening.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen (Chancellor of the Exchequer) and Mrs. Goschen, Sir Horace Rumbold, K.C.M.G. (Her Majesty's Minister at the Hague), and Mr. R. Milbanke (Chargé d'Affaires at Coburg), arrived at the Castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal family.

The Queen, the Empress Frederic, and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel this morning.

The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Archibald Boyd Carpenter, M.A., rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, who preached the sermon.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, attended by Lieutenant and Mrs. Keppel, left the Castle.

Sir Horace Rumbold and Mr. Milbanke have also left.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, MARCH 8.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service to-day.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Second Levee at St. James's Palace, 2.

The Italian Ambassador opens a Bazaar in Aid of Italian Benevolent Fund, St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, 4.

The Duchess of Rutland Distributes Prizes at the National Art Training School, 3.

Tithe Question Association, Westminster Palace Hotel, 2.

Conversazione of the London Vegetarian Society, Memorial Hall, 7.30.

Royal Naval Reserve Dinner, Grand Hotel, 7.30.

Anti-Opium Convention opens, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate-street.

Royal Geographical Society, London University, 8.30.

Central Criminal Court.

Meeting of Sheriffs' Fund Society, Old Bailey, 12.30.

Society of Arts.—Professor Meldola Lectures on Photographic Chemistry.

At Kensington Town Hall, Mr. Henry Blackburn commences a series of Lectures on the Art of Illustration.

Annual Meeting, London Liberal and Radical Union, National Liberal Club.

Drury-lane.—"Beauty and the Beast," at 1.30 and 7.30.

Racing.—Derby Hunt Meeting (first day).

Pigeon Shooting.—Great Omnium Handicap at Hendon.

Rowing.—Practice of Oxford and Cambridge Crews at Putney.

Athletics.—Cambridge University Sports.

Football.—Lancashire v. Ulster (R) at Manchester; West Bromwich Albion v. Blackburn Rovers (A) at West Bromwich; Aston Villa v. Preston North End (A) at Birmingham.

China Association.—Banquet at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

TO-MORROW.

County Council, Spring-gardens, noon.

Working Men's Home Union, Exeter Hall, 8.

Society of Architects.—Paper on Land and House Property in London, St. James's Hall.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress open French Sale of Work, Kensington Town Hall, 3.

Professor Herkomer, R.A., presides at Mr. Starkie Gardner's lecture on "Enamelling and Damascening," Society of Arts, 8.

Launch of the first Government electric pinnace, Chiswick, 1.30.

Free Tea for Cabmen and their Wives, Metropolitan Tabernacle, 5 p.m.

Society of Accountants and Auditors.—Paper on Deeds of Arrangement, by Mr. W. O. Clough, Memorial Hall, 8.

Royal Colonial Institute.—Paper on Australian Defence, by Major-General Sir J. Bevan Edwards, Lord Brassey in the chair, 8.

Meeting of Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, 8.

Election of Annuitants and Concert, Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, St. George's Hall, 8.

Annual Meeting of the Governors of Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, noon.

WEDNESDAY.

The Lord Mayor attends the Banquet of the Alliance Lodge, No. 1,827, Guildhall Tavern, 6.30.

Professor Ramsay on "Ice, Water, and Steam," University College, 8.30.

Royal Literary Fund Annual Meeting, 3.

THURSDAY.

Orchestral Concert by Private Banks Dramatic and Musical Society, Meistersingers' Club, 8.

Anniversary Meeting—London Temperance Hospital, Hampstead-road, N.W.

Princess Christian attends annual meeting of East London Nursing Society, Lowther Lodge, 3.30.

FRIDAY.

The Queen's second Drawing Room.

Private view, Royal Institute of Watercolours.

Annual Meeting Association of Municipal Corporations, Guildhall, 11.

Dr. Felix Semon on the Culture of the Singing Voice, at the Royal Institution, 9.

North Islington Conservative Association Conversazione, Holloway Hall, 8.

London General Porters' Benevolent Association Dinner, Hôtel Métropole, 6.30.

SATURDAY.

Head Teachers' Association.—Mr. Diggle on the Present Educational Outlook, Memorial Hall, 3.

St. Paul's School Sports, West Kensington, 12.30.

The Bishop of London re-opens South Transept, St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, 11.30.

Whitehall Cinderella.—The next dance at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, will take place on March 23, and not this evening.

GLOVE CONTEST AT THE PELICAN CLUB.—A very interesting glove contest took place at the Pelican Club, on Saturday evening. The contestants were E. White (London) and J. O'Brien (Cardiff). The former is a well-known boxer, holds a very long record, and has met with but few reverses during his career. He was born May 18, 1867, stands 5ft 6in, and at the present time he is instructor to the Mincing-lane Boxing and Athletic Club. O'Brien was born in Roath, Cardiff, on Dec. 20, 1867, being 5ft 8½in in height, and has accomplished some very good performances with the gloves. On Saturday he pulled the beam at 11st 5lb, White weighing 10st 11lb. Mr. George Vize was the referee and Mr. F. C. Hilder timekeeper. Mr. Herbert Fawcett having announced that the pair would box the best of fifteen rounds under Pelican Club rules, they stood up for the first round. White was the aggressor from the start, and forcing the exchanges took a long lead. His left was constantly in O'Brien's face, but the latter never flinched. The ex-amateur went so well for seven rounds that his victory seemed almost assured, and a knock-out seemed O'Brien's only chance. The battle, however, was barely half over when it was seen O'Brien was the stronger. To all appearance he had been playing a waiting game, as directly time was called he set about White in improved style, and just before the round ended he dazed his opponent with a heavy blow on the jaw. Facing each other for the ninth time, O'Brien twice floored the ex-amateur, who failing to get up in the stipulated ten seconds, the Cardiff man was declared the victor. At the close Sir John Astley presented the prize money.

ASSAULT AT ARMS.—On Saturday evening, Frank Slavin gave what is euphemistically called "An Assault at Arms," in Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket. It was a farewell benefit prior to his departure to America, and his friends filled the building. The entertainment comprised sparring exhibitions and competitions, and weight-lifting by "Attila." Two little boys showed how uncommonly apt youngsters are to acquire all the tricks of the "profession." In the feather-weight competition, R. W. Gibbs, of Bethnal-green, was easily first, whilst in the big events, Slavin, who is a terribly quick and hard hitter, with little effort knocked out Jack Ellis in two rounds. He subsequently appeared in a four-round bout with C. Mitchell.

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