

disappearance had caused at home. Livingstone has all but solved the problem of the Nile. Six years have now elapsed since he started from Zanzibar, more than five since the faithless Johanna men, to excuse their own desertion, invented the story of his death. Since then he has followed the Chambezi—at first a tiny river, vainly imagined by Portuguese explorers to be a tributary of the similar-sounding Zambesi—to where, a broader and a broader stream, it takes the name of Lualaba, and onwards still for many hundred miles, till within only 180 miles of that part of the Nile which has been already traced. But for the desertion of his followers, which forced him back to Ujiji, Stanley's mission would have been in vain, and Livingstone in all probability would have succeeded in reaching the expedition of Sir S. Baker, as the first man who had tracked the waters of the Nile from their head springs in lat. 11°. As it is, two more years at least will be needed to place beyond a doubt the identity of the Chambezi and the Nile, and even then the problem will remain unsolved of the drainage of Lake Tanganyika and its rivers, now shown to be disconnected with the great Nile system. Meanwhile the American has acted while others talked; and in spite of hostile natives and treacherous friends, gallantly forced his way to Ujiji by a new and hitherto unknown country. Eastern Africa, unlike Western, is clearly less inaccessible than might have been supposed.

It is satisfactory to observe that the trustees of the New Bethnal Green Museum follow the South Kensington fashion of keeping open doors in the evening, which is practically the only time of the day that the vast majority of Englishmen are able to devote to study or recreation. Besides this, although on certain days an admission fee of sixpence is charged, the Museum is not closed on any day of the week. In this latter point our British Museum authorities would certainly do well to follow their example. When we consider the enormous value of the collections in Great Russell Street, and that these are absolutely useless when they cannot be seen, it becomes difficult to imagine on what principle the public are so often turned away from the gates with the notice that the Museum is not open. At present we believe that the Museum is really only open to the public for 141 out of 365 days of the year, so that no student not specially privileged is able to devote anything like continuous study to the collections. An exception, however, is made in favour of the literary students. These fortunate individuals are permitted to use the library not only for longer hours, but for every day of the week. Why this difference is made it is not easy to say, unless it be that the frequenters of the reading-room include a large proportion of journalists, who would presumptively be better able than mere students of Natural History or antiquities to arouse public opinion against an indefensible system.

It is but natural that M. Thiers should wish to represent the new Treaty with Germany as eminently advantageous for France, for the Treaty, rightly interpreted goes far to secure for him an extended lease of office. Prince Bismark is well satisfied with M. Thiers, and the new Convention requires no reading between the lines to indicate the pressure which Germany if displeased or distrustful can still put upon her ancient enemy. Yet its terms, though somewhat less favourable than Europe was led to suppose, can scarcely be characterised as supremely hard. It is, in fact, a perfectly business arrangement such as stern but sagacious creditors make with debtors from whom they mean to exact the last penny, but whom they are wisely reluctant to drive into insolvency. There is a certain discount for prompt payment in part in the evacuation of the Marnes on receipt of the first half milliard only. The prolongation of the occupancy of the other four departments till March '74 and March '75 respectively, may be equally interpreted as a refusal to abandon a material guarantee, or as a desire to give France time to meet her liabilities without evoking a financial crisis. Should the sanguine anticipations of M. de Remusat be fulfilled, there is nothing in the Treaty to prevent the evacuation of two more departments next spring, and of the other two within the next eighteen months. The early and complete liberation of French Territory depends, in fact, now upon the readiness of investors to take up the forthcoming loan, and of Germany to accept financial guarantees, after the two milliards thus provided have been paid, for the payment of the third and last. But for this it is necessary that France should have a Government in which creditors and enemies can put con-

a thousand feet of any residence." What flagrant instances of misbehaviour in New York dogs have led to these extra precautions is not stated; but if the weather should turn a little warmer we are pretty certain to have some alarmists in this country, pointing to the vigorous measures of the American Municipal Government, and calling on our police to follow their example, although all authorities on the subject of hydrophobia are agreed that the notion that dogs go mad in hot weather more than in cold is a mere vulgar error, having apparently no other foundation than the fact that dogs when they feel uncomfortably warm have a natural habit of showing their tongues. To be sure there is a period of the summer months which is described in the calendar as the "Dog Days;" but the learned tell us that this is but an ancient name, traceable to the Egyptians, and their habit of worshipping that animal at certain times. Anyway, it has never been shown to be connected with rabies in dogs, genuine cases of which are exceedingly rare, but if anything are stated to be more common in cold damp weather than in any other. In the very hottest parts of the globe—in central Africa, for example—madness in dogs is unknown. The New York philosophers have also ordered that deceased mad dogs shall be buried deep in the ground, and far from human habitation, apparently believing that hydrophobia is not merely a contagious, but an infectious disease.

To winter in 80 degrees of north latitude, where none we believe before have passed the entire year alive, and before the coming of the spring to start in sledges for the Arctic Pole, is carrying hardihood to its extreme limit: but such is the programme of the little crew of adventurers—some twenty in all—who sail this summer under Professor Nordenskiöld from Tromsøe for the desolate Spitzbergen shores. Parry made the trial before, but a southern drift bore the ice-fields downwards faster than his sledges could advance. Petermann believes success impossible. But the Norse adventurers still think the attempt worth renewing, and calculate that with the aid of reindeer, a useful animal, and capable of being converted into food, it will be practicable to go for 90 days upon the ice. So while the Germans Peyer and Weyprech sail eastwards, abandoning for the time the quest of the open Polar Sea, and preferring to explore the waters warmed by the discharge of the great Siberian rivers, and the doubtful traces of an unknown mainland fronting the Asiatic coast, the Scandinavian aims straight from Spitzbergen for the Pole. If boldness entitle to reward, Professor Nordenskiöld clearly deserves success; and really between German, Norse, and American explorers, there seems some chance that the last secret of the Frozen Seas may be revealed at length. In England we all know it has been long since agreed that Arctic exploration does not pay; but even those who hold this view most strongly will hardly maintain that men who hazard so much for the simple love of science, can, even if unsuccessful, be quite condemned as those whose labour has been wholly spent in vain.

THE farewell appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, which takes place this morning at Drury Lane Theatre, represents a loss to the English stage which, unfortunately, there is at present no prospect of seeing repaired. Mrs. Wigan is an actress endowed with considerable power of humour, and in the representation of a certain class of characters she has not been surpassed by any performer. This lady, however, has been more rarely seen upon the stage of late years than her husband, whose talents and cultivation are certainly of a rarer kind. Except Mr. Charles Mathews, who has just returned from a professional journey round the world at a far more advanced age than that of his accomplished brother actor, there is hardly another English performer who approaches so nearly to the high finish and perfection of the best kind of French acting. It is, perhaps, in vain to expect that an original school of English comedy writing can arise until fitting representatives of character are more easy to find; certainly nothing is more discouraging to the dramatist than the conviction that his conceptions, even if successfully portrayed, could find no adequate embodiment on the stage. It is, however, a reproach to English dramatic authorship that nearly every one of Mr. Wigan's best known parts, including those in which he appears to-day, have been in pieces adapted from the French. Something of this is, no doubt, due to a certain timidity in the actor himself, who, in an evil hour for his

that in the admirable comedy which the English adaptor called "The Game of Speculation," he could have given us an impersonation of Mr. Affable Hawk somewhat different, and yet not less perfect in its way than that of Mr Mathews? When we think of the ages at which Regnier, Ravel, Lafont, and many other distinguished French actors have continued to delight the public, our regret must be the greater for the withdrawal of Mr. Wigan from the theatre; but, unfortunately, it is understood that the state of his health necessitates this comparatively early retirement. We are told that he will still occasionally appear before the public as a reader: and his influence over the stage will, we hope, still be exercised in the way of advice to young actors, who may learn from him how audiences may be moved without rant, and how sometimes the most effective touches in the delineation of character are those which are the most simple.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

HOLLAND HOUSE—THE MARRIAGE OF MISS FOX AND PRINCE LIECHTENSTEIN

THE central part of Holland House was erected by Sir Walter Cope in 1607, the wings being afterwards added by Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, who married his daughter. These additions were carried out under the superintendence of the celebrated Inigo Jones, and the colonnades on the south front, and the elaborate oriel window, shown in our view, were probably erected from his designs, as they are in a more ornate and elegant style than the main body of the house. After the execution of the Earl in 1649, the mansion became successively the residence of the Parliamentary generals, Fairfax and Lambert, but was restored in 1665 to the Countess of Holland. Addison, after his marriage with the widow of Robert Rich, Earl of Holland and Warwick, lived in Holland House for three years. The estate descended in the female line to Lord Kensington, who in 1762 sold the house and manor to the father of Charles James Fox. During the early part of the present century Holland House became the political and literary head-quarters of the Whigs, but from the time of Charles I. historic names are connected with the mansion. Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton have consulted in the old rooms; here, in the reign of James II., William Penn was waited upon every morning by crowds eager to avail themselves of his influence with the king, while William III. and his wife, Queen Mary, occupied the mansion for a short time. The portions of the house which have most perfectly retained their original appearance are the Grand Staircase, which is entirely of oak, and supported on Corinthian columns of the same material; the Golden Room, which is adorned with armorial bearings, painted on a gold ground; and the Great Dining Hall, which is hung with beautiful tapestry, and possesses an elaborate plaster ceiling. The rest of the house appears to have been renovated during the reign of George III., and some judicious restorations were made by the late Lord Holland. In the library, which is 90 ft. long and only 17 wide, a table is preserved where Addison used to sit while composing his articles for the *Spectator*. There are some few pictures in Holland House of great interest. Amongst others, that of Fox (when a boy), with Lady Strangways and Lady Mary Lennox, and another when more advanced in life. Both of these are by Sir Joshua, and near the latter hangs the painter's receipt in payment of the picture. The portraits of the Countess of Albany, wife of the young Chevalier, of Jerome Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Napoleon, and Robespierre, and the busts of Machiavelli, Henry IV. of France, and Napoleon, are all worthy of notice. Happily, up to the present time, the mournful prophecy of Macaulay with regard to Holland House has only been partially fulfilled. In a well-known passage of his "Life of Lord Holland" he says, "The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek amid new squares, and streets, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen." Thirty years have passed since these words were written, and a portion of the park has been sacrificed to the bricklayer, but the fine old red brick house still stands, and, in spite of its proximity to two bustling thoroughfares, still wears, thanks to its lawns and ancient elms, an air of rural seclusion.

Now for a few words about the wedding, which took place on the 27th ult. Miss Fox, who is the daughter of a foreign nobleman of distinction, was left an orphan in infancy, and was adopted by Lady Holland. Her husband is a lieutenant in the Austrian Hussars. His father is Prince Francois of Liechtenstein, and his mother was the Countess Potocka. It is rather significant that the two weddings which have recently made the greatest stir in the fashionable world have both taken place in a Roman Catholic church. The ceremony, of which we here give an engraving, took place in the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, in the presence of a crowd of notabilities, from the Prince and Princess of Wales downwards. Archbishop Manning in his mitre, the other clergy in their gorgeous robes, the tiny servers in scarlet, and the choristers in white, looked, says one of the reporters, like a chapter out of mediæval history. And, no doubt, the astute Archbishop, gazing on these rows of fashionably-dressed heretics, felt that mediæval times were in a fair way of being restored, and that the sight-seeing propensities of the nominally Protestant portion of the congregation might ultimately induce not a few of them to return to the bosom of Holy Mother Church. After the ceremony had been performed, and the register had been signed, Low Mass was performed by the Archbishop, who then delivered a very impressive address, reminding the newly-married pair that they had entered into a mutual, perpetual, and indissoluble union. The party then

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