

**JOSEPH POOLLES'**

**NEW MYRIORAMA PICTURESQUE**

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**ACME CONCERT**

**MILITARY BANDS**

**COMPANY &**

JAMES UPTON, LITHOGRAPHER AND PRINTER, BIRMINGHAM.



JOSEPH POOLE'S

# Royal † Jubilee † Myriorama

PICTURESQUE TRIPS ABROAD

## ALL OVER THE WORLD

*Visiting all the most interesting parts of the vast British Empire, and vividly illustrating the principal Military and Naval incidents of the last few years.*

### SYNOPSIS OF THE PRINCIPAL SCENES, EFFECTS, &C.

The tourists in imagination start from London.

The first scene (representing LONDON BRIDGE taken from the Surrey side) graphically illustrates the ever varying and motley crowd, with the unparalleled amount of traffic that may be seen daily crossing and re-crossing over the bosom of old Father Thames, by this ancient structure

The magnificent offices of the PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE CO., Fishmongers' Hall, The Monument (erected to commemorate the Fire of London), The King William Statue, &c.

THAMES EMBANKMENT, by day & night—Thames Steamer Station—Temple Library—London School Board Office—The Electric Light on the Embankment—Houses of Parliament—Westminster Abbey—Westminster Bridge—St. Stephen's Club—Interior of Westminster Abbey, showing the Jubilee Celebration of the Coronation—Victoria Station, a capital sketch, illustrating the bustle and excitement inseparable from London Stations).

PORTSMOUTH — The Harbour, Dockyard, Fortifications, &c.—H.M.S. Victory.

The GOODWIN SANDS, illustrated by a series of Magnificent Myrioramic Mechanical Tableaux, Invented and Painted by Mr. Arthur C. Rogers, illustrating a Wreck on the Kentish Coast, the Fog, Snowstorm, breaking up of the Ship, and gallant Rescue of the Crew at Sunrise by the Life Boat.

IRELAND—The Lake of Killarney—The Ruined Birthplace of O'Loonoghue.

BRISTOL—View of Drawbridge, as it is and as thousands of Bristolians think it ought to be.

LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL—The Landing Stage and

RIVER MERSEY—The "City of Rome" starting on her Voyage for  
**AMERICA.**

The Arrival at NEW YORK.

NIAGARA FALLS in Winter and Summer.

CANADIAN REFRESHMENT ROOM.

The ARTIC REGIONS with homeward bound vessels and dioramic effect.

RUSSIA—St. Petersburg—The Winter Palace—The River Neva—Winter Palace Chapel.

BAYAZID—The first land discovered by Noah after his 40 days sojourn in the Ark during the flood.

HOSPITAL AT RUSTCHUCK—During the bombardment of Rustchuck by the Russians

BULGARIA—The recent events in connection with the Servia-Bulgaria War.



WIDDIN—From the Heights above Kalafat.

TIRNOVA.

SOPHIA.

VARNA—The Portsmouth of Turkey, and scene of the disembarkation of the French and English Troops prior to the Crimea War.

The SUEZ CANAL—The Bitter Lakes.

EGYPT—Charge of the Guards at Kassasin.—Our so called Carpet Knights at work—Leaping the Guns & Sabring the Gunners—The Battery Captured.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CAIRO—Grand Review of the Troops.

The PYRAMIDS—And other Ancient Monuments—the River Nile.

LOSS OF THE GUNS AT TAMASI—Recapture of the Guns by the Naval Brigade—Defeat of the Arabs and Burning of Osman's Village.

The NILE EXPEDITION—Showing the difficulties our men had to contend with at the Second Cataract, &c., &c.

The GREAT BATTLE OF ABU KLEA and Death of Col. Burnaby.

CHARGE of the BRITISH TROOPS at the BATTLE of GUBAT.

KHARTOUM—Situated at the junction of the Blue and White Nile and Scene of General Gordon's Operations.

CALCUTTA, Etc., etc., etc.

SUTTEE, or Widow Burning.

FALLS OF THE JUMNA.

DELHI.

BARODA—Dazzling Picture, illustrating the reception accorded to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales during his Indian Tour.

AFGHANISTAN.

CANDAHAR—The Citadel, Etc.

MANDALAY—The Capital of Burmah.

PEKIN—The Great Wall of China, 1,200 miles long.

CRYPT OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—And Chapel of the Invention of the Cross—Exquisite Effect with appropriate Music.

The MEDITERRANEAN Sea—Malta, capital View of the Island, painted from authentic sketches & photographs, and acknowledged by all who have visited the place to be an accurate representation of this important Military Station.

NAPLES.—The Magnificent Bay and famous Volcano, Vesuvius."

ROME—During the Carnival.

SUSA—Built on the Banks of the Douro. It was anciently a place of some importance, as extensive ruins in its vicinity prove.

HOLLAND and BELGIUM—Antwerp and Rotterdam.

HARWICH—Great Eastern Hotel, &c.

GREAT YARMOUTH—During the season, showing the Drive, the Jetty, the Wellington Pier, the Sands, and hundreds of Tourists enjoying their summer holidays.

Terminus of the Great Eastern Line.

LIVERPOOL STREET STATION—Introduction of complicated effects—Waiting the arrival of the Harwich Train.

HIGH HOLBORN.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co's OFFICES, Etc., etc.,

N.B.—THE PROGRAMME IS SUBJECT TO ALTERATIONS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE present age may rightly be termed a "go-a-head" one. In all branches of manufacture, trade, and profession, discovery has followed on discovery, invention on invention, improvement on improvement, with such startling rapidity that we may well pause for a moment and exclaim "What next? Where will all these rapid strides end?"

In nothing have greater strides been made than in public amusements; in many places where formerly the only entertainments for the people were to be found in the annual fairs, or occasional visits of strolling players (who usually performed in barns or large rooms attached to the alehouses), may now be found commodious public halls, theatres, or other places of assembly, where concerts, by the best artistes of the day may be heard, or thoroughly organised London entertainments seen.

Within the last half century no class of amusement has become more generally popular than panoramas and dioramas; but, when once this style of entertainment came into favour, the too confiding public were literally inundated with miserable exhibitions claiming support under the title "Panorama." These latter, fortunately, are fast disappearing before the efforts of those who for years have striven not only to keep up the prestige of the panoramic representations which first won their way to public favour, but also to keep pace with the times, and raise this class of amusement far above its original position in the estimation of the public.

Foremost in the ranks of Panorama Proprietors must be placed the Messrs. Poole.

The firm was founded in 1848 by Messrs. George and Charles Poole and Mr. Anthony Young, and won a great reputation in London and the Provinces under the name of Poole and Young. They produced in rapid succession the following panoramas:—The Sikh War, Garibaldi's Campaign, the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny, the first Overland Mail, American War, China and Japan, Arctic Regions, the Rhine, Franco-Prussian War, New Overland Route, Prince of Wales's Tour to India, Russo-Turkish War, Zulu War, Afghan War, the World, Events in Egypt, and lastly, the present gigantic production, "Trips Abroad."

Those who saw the old style of dioramic entertainments may remember the dull affairs they generally were—a succession of pictures without effects, a long and tedious lecture, enlivened (?) by selections of music on a piano. The present entertainments are vastly different, the great aim being to render monotony almost impossible. To attain this end the flat pictures are replaced by scenes working in different directions, dioramic and mechanical effects are introduced to cause most pleasant surprises, an efficient string band takes the place of the solitary piano, and the whole entertainment is enlivened by the introduction of humorous sketches by the leading variety entertainers of the day. It is pleasing to record that Messrs. Pooles' efforts have been heartily appreciated in all parts of the kingdom, for they find that the more liberally they cater for the public, the more liberally the public support them.

With these preliminary remarks we call attention to the magnificent series of views which form part of Messrs. Poole's latest undertaking.

## LONDON BRIDGE.

Of all the bridges across the Thames, London Bridge is undoubtedly the busiest thoroughfare. It was built by Sir John Rennie; commenced in 1824 and completed in 1831. It is constructed of granite, consists of five arches, and has a total length of 928 feet. At various times attempts have been made to ascertain the number of passengers and vehicles that passed over the bridge in a given time. From *London Society* we learn that in 1853 the traffic was watched for nine hours in one day, and that 11,498 vehicles and 63,080 passengers were seen to pass over the bridge. In 1857 an elaborate count of the traffic was kept

from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, when 14,890 vehicles and 85,690 foot passengers crossed the bridge. In 1859 the Commissioner of City Police caused the bridge to be watched for twenty-four hours. He found that there passed 4,483 cabs, 4,286 omnibuses, 9,245 wagons and carts, and 2,430 other vehicles, making 20,444 vehicles in all; there were 107,074 foot passengers and 60,836 persons in the vehicles, or 167,910 human beings altogether. The article continues: "If the 20,000 vehicles with their horses were averaged at 5 yards each (a small allowance considering that many were four-horse wagons), and followed each other in close file, they would extend 57 miles; and if the 160,000 persons marched in column six abreast, they would extend 15 miles! or, in other words, the head of this formidable procession would reach Hastings when the tail of it was passing over the bridge!"

If the traffic was so great in 1857, when the population of London was only about two-and-a-half millions, how much greater must it be now when the inhabitants of London number nearly five millions. When the first census was taken, in 1801, the population was only 865,000, so that in eighty years over three millions have been added to the inhabitants of the British metropolis. The population of London on the East of London Bridge was 949,191 in 1861 and 1,510,302 in 1881, having increased by more than half a million in twenty years, and representing 39 per cent. of the entire population. According to the last census, the populations of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds were, together, 1,603,816. The population to the east of London Bridge is therefore now nearly as large as that of the four largest towns in the kingdom combined.

Our view gives a good idea of the general appearance of the bridge. Here are also shown the offices of the Pearl Life Assurance Company. This company was incorporated in 1864. At the end of June, 1888, its premium income amounted to £261,837; it had paid in claims over £579,000; and its Assurance Fund and Capital paid up was £177,455 of which over £25,000 had been saved during the twelve months. Judging from their last balance sheet, this company is deserving of the full support of the public. Towering above the offices is the celebrated Monument, erected at a cost of about £14,500, to commemorate the Great Fire of London, which took place in 1666. The Monument is 202 feet high, was designed by Wren, and is open to the public daily on payment of a small fee. Near to it is the tower of St. Magdalen's Church. In the middle distance is the tower of St. Michael's Church; and at the end of the approach to London Bridge is the King William Statue. From this branches off Cannon Street, King William Street, Gracechurch Street and Eastcheap. The Metropolitan or Underground Railway passes under the King William Statue and old Fishgate Hill. To the left is seen one of the Great City Companies' Halls—the Fishmongers'—built in the Doric style of architecture, and containing a magnificent hall and a noble suite of rooms overlooking the river.

## THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

The Victoria Embankment extends from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, a distance of little over one mile and a quarter; the river frontage is a solid granite wall, forty feet high from its foundation, seven feet above high-water mark, and eight feet in thickness. Both sides of the road, which is 100 feet wide, are lined with trees.

Our picture is taken from the Surrey side of the river, and affords capital views of St. Paul's Cathedral (with its mighty dome, 104 feet high), the Temple, Library and Ornamental Grounds, one of the Thames Steamer Piers, and the London School Board Offices.

After illuminating the scene, we proceed westward and visit

Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, &c.

Here we see another part of the embankment as it appears at night when lighted by electricity.



To the extreme right is Westminster Abbey. The first Abbey was commenced by Edward the Confessor (1049-1066), from which time various sovereigns added to it, and successive abbots took up the work until it arrived at its present perfection. Many royal personages, some of the most eminent poets, travellers, statesmen, painters, and others are buried here.

Near it, may be seen the new St. Stephen's Club, and, further to the left, the Houses of Parliament. This noble block of building was designed by Sir Charles Barry. It has a river frontage 900 feet long.

The old Houses of Parliament having been destroyed by fire, the present building—one of the finest Gothic structures in the world—was built in 1835. The House of Lords is about 100 feet and the House of Commons 65 feet long, both Houses being 45 feet wide, and 45 feet high. The Clock Tower is 320 feet high. The clock is one of the largest ever made. It has four dials—one on each side of the tower—each dial is 22½ feet in diameter. The minute hand is 16 feet long, and the hour hand 9 feet. The figures marking the hour are two feet high and 6 feet apart. The pendulum is fifteen feet long and weighs 680 lbs. At night the clock is brilliantly illuminated. The quarter-hours are chimed on four bells, the hours being sounded by the famous Big Ben, which weighs 9 tons.

We have now made our way to the interior of that venerable structure, Westminster Abbey, and are participating in one of the most imposing ceremonies that has taken place within its walls for many years, namely the Jubilee celebration of the Coronation Service. The Abbey is illuminated by the rays of the afternoon sun, which lightens with singular beauty the gorgeous costumes of those who thronged into this ancient edifice from all parts of the habitable world. Conspicuous above all others may be seen (attended by her relatives and courtiers) our most gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria.

#### VICTORIA STATION.

This is one of the busiest stations in London. Passengers can book from here to almost any part of the Continent.

The scene depicts, in a very graphic manner, objects common to all Metropolitan stations. Scattered about the platform are many friends who, like ourselves, are bent on travelling; the bell rings, we take our seats in the train drawn up at the platform, and immediately start for

#### PORTSMOUTH.

Portsmouth (74 miles from London by road and 94½ by rail) is our greatest naval arsenal. The dockyard is the largest in the country, covering an area of nearly 300 acres, about 100 of which have been reclaimed from the sea. The docks will admit the largest ironclads; the shops, such as smiths', carpenters', nail makers', &c.; are numerous and of great extent. The streets in the old part of the town are extremely narrow, but these are gradually disappearing; indeed, so great and rapid a change has taken place in the appearance of the town within a short time, that those that knew Portsmouth a few years ago, would find great difficulty in recognising some parts of it.

Our picture shows the entrance to the harbour, part of the old ramparts, Fort Monckton, the old Garrison Church, and the renowned "wooden walls" of England, the St. Vincent and the Victory. On the latter Lord Nelson fell in the battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805. On the other side of the water is Gosport.

#### GOODWIN SANDS

Illustrated by a Series of Magnificent Myrioramic Mechanical Tableaux, invented and painted by Mr. Arthur C. Rogers, illustrating a Wreck on the Kentish Coast, the Fox, Snowstorm, Breaking up of the Ship, and Gallant Rescue of the Crew at Sunrise by the Life Boat.

During this scene the descriptive Ballad "The Goodwin Sands" will be introduced. This realisation of these Terrible Storms entirely supersedes anything of the class hitherto attempted.

#### THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

The celebrated Lakes of Killarney are situated about 1½ miles from the village of that name, on a branch of the Dublin and Cork Railway, about 180 miles from Dublin and 47 from Cork. These romantic lakes are three in number and are called respectively the Upper, Middle, and Lower Lakes. The first two named are connected by the Long Range River, three miles long, and the last two by a finely wooded channel, 2½ miles long. The Lakes are magnificently situated in a basin between lofty mountains, which are wooded almost from the water's edge to the summit. The lakes are studded with islands containing romantic ruins of castles and abbeys. Altogether, a more enchanting piece of scenery than that afforded by the Lakes of Killarney it would be difficult to imagine.

#### DUBLIN.

#### THE BANK OF IRELAND, COLLEGE GREEN, Looking up Dame Street,

(formerly the Parliament House).

Building commenced 1729; cost £90,896, and sold to the Bank for £40,000!

The present Cash Office was formerly the Court of Bequests; it is 70 feet by 50 feet. The House of Lords remains in its old condition as left by the Peers.

The porters will afford free admission to respectable visitors to view the building during banking hours; and any Director will authorize visitors to witness the process of printing the notes. There is also a model of the entire building, and a Library well worthy of inspection.

#### ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL. Lime Street.

The terminus of the L. & N. W. Railway—St. George's Hall, &c. &c.

#### The Landing Stage. THE RIVER MERSEY.

Embarking for America.

In the background we observe Liverpool. This city, next to London, is the most important shipping port in the United Kingdom. It owns nearly 2,500 sea going vessels, and no less than 35 vessels enter the port daily. In 1700 Liverpool had a population of 7,000, now it is over half-a-million. The annual imports exceed £84,000,000 the exports over £107,000,000. The docks extend over five miles along the Mersey, and cover an area of 500 acres.

We take berths on one of the floating palaces plying between this country and America.

#### THE S. S. "CITY OF ROME,"

belonging to Messrs. Henderson Brothers, of Liverpool (Anchor Line), who must be awarded the proud position of owning the finest sea-going and fastest travelling steam-ship afloat. The now famous "City of Rome" was built at Barrow-in-Furness for the Inman Line. They were disappointed in her, finding her speed less than that guaranteed by the contractors. She was then looked upon as a failure, and having been returned to the builders, Messrs. Henderson Brothers purchased her, but although everyone admitted the magnificence of the vessel and the extraordinary elegance and convenience of her appointments, her speed was too bad to allow of her becoming a favourite after the splendid performances of other vessels. The "City of Rome" was therefore overhauled, and it was soon seen that the fault lay in the insufficiency of boiler power. This was remedied and other improvements made at enormous cost, and we now find the "City of Rome," to have made one of the quickest passages on record between New York and Queenstown, having made the journey in 6 days 21 hours, and on that occasion she was delayed eight hours on the voyage.

The "City of Rome" is the second longest vessel afloat, the "Great Eastern" being longer by 96 feet. The following are her dimensions:—Length 586 feet, breadth 52 feet 3 inches, depth 37 feet, tonnage, 8,500. The engines can be worked up to 13,000 horse power, there are 63 furnaces, and 9 double ended boilers.

She has accommodation for 300 saloon and 2000 steerage passengers. The saloon accommodation is superb; the dining saloon is 72 feet long and 52 feet wide. At one end is a sweet-toned chamber organ, and above it the music room, a "perfect little palace of art," containing a splendid Broadwood piano. The vessel has a reading room, well stocked with literature of all kinds, a superb boudoir for ladies, state rooms, luxuriously upholstered; whilst the comfort of the steerage passengers is made a very great feature in this floating palace. The ship is fitted throughout with electric lights, doing much towards keeping the various apartments cool, and at the same time free from the smell of oil, which so frequently brings on *mal de mer*.

#### AT NEW YORK.

We have arrived safely at New York, the largest and wealthiest city in the United States of America. The city occupies the larger portion of Manhattan Island, and was founded by the Dutch in 1614. In 1664 it fell into the hands of the English. At that time its population was 2,000; now, including suburbs, it numbers 1½ millions. It has a very fine harbour; 20,000 vessels enter it annually. In the distance you observe the new Brooklyn Bridge.

This bridge, the largest and grandest in the world, was commenced in 1870 and finished in 1883. Its cost was 15 million dollars. It has three large spans; the land spans are 930 feet and 1,360 feet respectively, the river span being 1,596 feet 6 inches; total length of bridge, 5,989 feet; width, 85 feet. It has five tracks, the two outside ones being used for vehicles, the centre one, elevated, for foot passengers, and on either side of that again tram cars run. The towers rise above high water mark 278 feet, and the centre of the bridge 135 feet clear, at each side 119 feet. It is held up by four cables, and each cable is composed of 5,296 parallel galvanized oil-coated steel wires, wrapped to a solid cylinder 15½ inches in diameter. It is calculated to carry 80,000 tons. To the right is Brooklyn City, situated on Long Island, divided from New York by the East River. The bridge is illuminated by 70 electric lights; and on the opening day a grand display of fireworks took place.

#### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

We cannot leave America without paying a visit to these mighty falls, justly considered to be the finest spectacle throughout the entire world. The view is taken from the Canadian side, and we first see it in the height of summer, with a crowd of tourists enjoying the beauty of the scene; subsequently we see it when (as many think) it is at its best, namely, in the depth of winter.

#### CANADIAN REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Following the example of our fellow-tourists, we make our way into a Canadian Refreshment Room, and here we witness the usual "hurry and scurry" noise and excitement attendant on such places. Here the gesticulating Frenchman, the more phlegmatic but grumbling German, the imperious Englishman, the chaffing American, and the clamorous Irishman, all seem eager to obtain what they cannot get, while the waiters appear to be desirous of handing them everything they do not want. However, leaving them to their troubles, we resume our journey.

#### ARCTIC REGIONS.

The thrilling adventures of Franklin, Ross, Parry, and others have thrown a halo of interest over the Arctic Regions that will not be easily cast aside, nor shall we readily forget the daring attempt made by British Navigators to penetrate into the mysteries that have ever surrounded the North Pole. We have here a view of Baffin's Bay in its winter garb, and we witness an interesting change; the sun rises above the pinnacles of ice, shedding its warm radiance over the gloomy scene, great gaps appear as the ice breaks up and melts under its influence, the ships hoist their canvas, and are once more bound for home.

#### ST. PETERSBURG.

St. Petersburg, the capital of the Russian Empire, was founded by Peter the Great in 1703, before which time the site contained but a couple of huts. The spot on which Peter I. determined to build a seaport was a low marshy island, covered with mud in the summer, and in winter resembling a frozen pool. The present city is entirely built on wooden piles. Some parts of the town are still very low, and are subject to occasional inundations. St. Petersburg is seated near the mouth of the Neva, a broad but shallow river, not sufficiently deep to permit vessels of any great size to approach the city. This river in all its windings is about forty miles long; the current is rapid, and is covered with drift ice more than five months of the year. The great naval station for St. Petersburg is the strongly-fortified city of Cronstadt, about sixteen miles distant, in the Gulf of Finland. The streets of St. Petersburg are numerous and wide, none being less than 40 ft. in width, while the "Regent Street" of St. Petersburg (Nevskoi Prospekt) is 130 ft. and extends for nearly three miles. It is planted with trees, and contains palaces, highly-decorated churches, and splendid shops and warehouses. The population is about 700,000. The climate is pleasant in summer but excessively cold in winter. The building so prominently shown in the picture is the Winter Palace, where the late Czar, Alexander II. died, March 13th, 1881. We next enter the chapel attached to the palace.

#### Winter Palace Chapel

The Winter Palace is one of the finest, if not the finest, on the Continent. It has a river frontage of over 700 feet. The apartments are superbly furnished, and it is said that as many as 6,000 people were at one time accommodated within the walls of the palace. It was in the Winter Palace Chapel the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Grand Duchess Marie. The ceremony here illustrated is the blessing of the late Czar by the Metropolitan or High Priest of the Greek Church previous to the Czar's departure from St. Petersburg.

#### BAYAZID.

We have now arrived at Bayazid, which lies in a deep ravine, surrounded on nearly all sides by lofty hills. To the extreme left, rearing its huge crest high in the air (and dwarfing even its gigantic neighbours), Mount Ararat may be observed, the summit of which is said to be the first land discovered by Noah after his 40 days' sojourn in the Ark during the flood.

#### HOSPITAL AT RUSTCHUCK.

Having made our way into Bulgaria, we introduce an incident that occurred during the Russo-Turkish War, the appalling nature of which has rarely been equalled in the history of wars. It appears that during the Bombardment of Rustchuck by the Russians (whether by design or accident it is impossible to say), a shell was fired into the Hospital, and, crashing through the roof, exploded in one of the most crowded wards, scattering death and destruction on all sides.

#### WIDDIN.

We have now arrived at Widdin, our view of which is taken from the heights above Kalafat. Running through the centre of the picture is the River Danube, whose beautiful blue waters have been extolled in verse. At this point it seems to have overflowed its banks and inundated the adjacent meadows; to the right are the fortifications.

#### TIRNOVA, the Ancient Capital of Bulgaria.

Captured by the Russian army under General Zimmermann, on July 26th, 1877. A long procession of priests and people marched out to meet the Russian Staff, the people bearing wreaths of flowers, and the priests carrying a tray with bread, salt, and a Bible, as tokens of welcome and friendship. This



pretty and interesting city is built on the two banks of the river Jantra. Its population is about 20,000. We here introduce a beautiful dioramic effect. The moon is seen to rise above the mountains, showing the landscape by moonlight, while silvery ripples on the river add to the charm of the scene. Afterwards the city is shown as it would appear when illuminated at night.

#### VARNA.

The Portsmouth of Turkey, and scene of disembarkation of the French and English troops prior to the Crimean War. Here are seen the distant Balkan Mountains, and the coast road from Varna to Bourgas. This is undoubtedly the most important seaport town possessed by the Turks.

#### THE SUEZ CANAL—THE BITTER LAKES.

This extraordinary master-piece of engineering skill (saving a journey between England and India of 3,500 miles) is 100 miles long, 26 feet deep, 73 feet wide at the bottom, and varying in width on the surface from 200 to 300 feet. When the proposal was made to construct this canal, England gave no encouragement to the enterprise. Some said it made the road to India too easy for foreign powers, others contended that the old Cape route was quite sufficient for all purposes, and the saving of 3,000 or 4,000 miles on a sea voyage of no great consequence. Accordingly the Canal was made without much assistance from England. The traffic has steadily increased, until at the present time the Canal is found much too small for its requirements. Indeed, it is estimated that at every hour of the day the 100 miles of water between Suez and Port Said has two and a half millions' sterling worth of shipping merchandise upon it, and as about 80 per cent. of this belongs to British owners, it was most advisable that we should have some voice in the management of the Canal. This, thanks to the diplomacy of Lord Beaconsfield, we have, through the purchasing of Ismail's shares in the Suez Canal.

After leaving Lake Timmah and passing through very heavy cuttings, we emerge upon the Bitter Lakes. These lakes are about twenty miles long and seven wide in their broadest part, and comprise about one-fifth of the entire length of the Canal. They comprise a vast expanse of stagnant blackish water. Anything more dreary and desolate than their appearance by moonlight it would be difficult to conceive. The course of the Canal is marked by the embankments rising above the surface of the water; these embankments are composed of the sand and refuse dredged from the bed of the Canal itself.

#### CHARGE of the GUARDS at KASSASSIN.

Early on the morning of Monday, August 28th, 1882, an attack was made by the Arabs on General Graham's position at Kassassin. The General, feeling himself to weak to withstand the attack of such a strong force as presented by the enemy, telegraphed to the cavalry (stationed at Mahsamah, four miles distant) to hasten to his assistance. This they did. The firing was chiefly confined to the artillery at long ranges, under cover of which the main body of the enemy withdrew. The cavalry, thinking they were no longer required, returned to the camp. Scarcely had they arrived when a messenger informed them that the enemy's withdrawal was only a feint, and that they were attacking General Graham in great force. The cavalry, therefore, immediately returned to Kassassin; none too soon, for General Graham's men were being hardly pressed. By this time the moon was shining brightly, and by its light our cavalry charged at the enemy, and riding straight up to the guns, sabred the gunners and drove the infantry panic stricken before them. The battle was then soon over, and by ten o'clock the Guards were on their way back to camp.

#### THE GREAT DECISIVE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBER.

On Wednesday, Sept. 13th, 1882, before the break of day, Sir Garnet Wolseley had struck his camp, and the whole of his army was on the move to attack the very strong entrenchments at Tel-

el-Keber. So successfully and quietly were the general orders given and executed that our army was close upon the foe before they came aware of our having moved.

The Commander-in-Chief had given his instructions to the several officers in command. His orders were for the whole force to move forward at half-past one in quarter columns, half battalions, with distance for deploying. On approaching the enemy's works the men were to reserve their fire till close up; and then, at 300 yards distance to cheer and carry the position at the point of the bayonet. These instructions were carried out to the letter. It was only when the crest of the last sand hill had been reached that a few rifle shots from Arabi's men showed that at length they were aware of the immediate presence of the English army. The entrenchments were stormed in different parts, by the Highland Brigade, the 42nd (Black Watch) leading; the Brigade of Major-General Graham, consisting of the Royal Irish (18th Regiment), the York and Lancaster Regiment (84th), and the Royal Irish Fusiliers (87th); the 60th Rifles the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (46th), and the Marines; and by the Indian force, under General Sir Herbert Macpherson, comprising several native Indian regiments, and the Seaforth Highlanders, with the Manchester regiment. General Sir E. Bruce Hamley was in command of the whole of the troops of his division. The Brigade of Guards under his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, was present to support General Graham's Brigade. All the fighting was over by a quarter past five in the morning, and the enemy had fled in every direction, leaving the camp, guns, and stores, while Arabi Pasha escaped on Horseback to the train. About 2,000 Egyptians were killed and wounded and nearly 3,000 taken prisoners.

The official return gives our loss in the storming of Tel-el-Keber at 9 officers and 45 men killed, 22 officers and 320 men wounded.

After this the cavalry pushed on by forced marches, and on the 15th of September, the day named by Sir Garnet, the British troops entered Cairo.

#### BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAIRO.

The distance from Alexandria to Cairo by rail is 118 miles, and from Cairo to Suez 84 miles. The new city is about a mile from the River Nile. It is built partly on the plain and partly on the siege of a rocky range of hills. Occupying an elevated position is the citadel, guns from which command the entire city. The view from the citadel is most comprehensive and beautiful. Below lies the town with its 400 mosques—each with fairy like minarets—the palaces and public grounds are open squares, the River Nile, its banks fringed with trees, which serve to mark the course of the valley, and beyond it again the world-famed Pyramids; in another direction are numerous fields, gardens, and villas, and towards the east big barren cliffs, backed by an ocean of sand. The interior is anything but pleasing, the streets being little better than lanes—crooked, narrow, unpaved, and dusty. The poorer houses are simply mud hovels in courts reeking with the smell of refuse, and covered with tattered awnings which effectually stop what little ventilation these dens might otherwise have. In contrast to these, the houses of the wealthier citizens are built in rich arabesque style, the windows (mostly stained glass and carefully shaded) looking out on marble-paved courts where fountains are playing.

## SUDAN WAR.

### INTRODUCTION.

It may not be out of place to briefly review the events which led by to the Sudan War.

The Sudan was first seized by Mahomet Ali, in 1819, under the ridiculous pretence of introducing the benefits of civilization. The massacre of the leader, Ismael Pasha, and his followers, at Khartoum (in the summer of 1819) was terribly avenged, and Egyptian rule firmly established in the Sudan. All went well up to 1841, when a rebellion broke out at Kassala; this, and another outbreak

the following year, were suppressed. From this time until 1865 the Egyptian army of occupation was chiefly engaged in border warfare with the Abyssinians and in quelling periodical rebellions in the Sudan. In 1865 the Negro troops—whose pay was 18 months in arrear—revolted. Troops were sent from Cairo, the rebellion was quelled, and the Negro troops were sent to Egypt. From that time the Sudan was garrisoned by Egyptian soldiers. In 1873 Col. Gordon was appointed Governor-General of the Sudan. During the three years he ruled, reforms were made in the management of the country, justice was impartially administered, slave dealing was rigorously stopped, and the tyranny and cruelty of the Turks and Bashi-Bazouks was severely checked. These changes were utterly distasteful to the rulers at Cairo, and at the end of Gen. Gordon's reign at Khartoum the gross misgovernment of the Turkish rule was re-established in the Sudan. The inhabitants who, under General Gordon, were just beginning to appreciate the blessings of good government, were flung back to suffer the worst excesses of corrupt and incapable Turkish rule.

Under a sullen exterior the Sudanese disguised a craving for vengeance. Little was wanting to cause the embers of discontent to burst into the fierce flame of revolt. The one thing needful was a popular leader, and that was forthcoming in the person of the Mahdi, or False Prophet, who announced that he was the Mahdi foretold by Mahomet; that he had a divine mission to reform Islam, and to deliver his country from the yoke of the Khedive, whom he denounced as a renegade and an upholder of Christianity. Little wonder that thousands flocked to his banner, and fought desperately in his cause! Such was the state of affairs when, in 1881, the revolt commenced. Up to March, 1883, the Egyptian army alone coped with the rebellion with varying success.

On March 28th, Hicks Pasha, a retired British officer, with Egyptian reinforcements, entered the Sudan. On the 29th of April he inflicted a severe defeat on the Mahdi's followers, killing 500 men. May 12th the Mahdi was defeated at Khartoum, and a few days after all his chiefs were beaten and many killed. In spite of these reverses, however, the populace flocked to the Mahdi's standard, and by September he numbered 30,000 adherents at El Obeid. Hicks Pasha marched towards the Mahdi's forces at Kasghil, and the whole of his army annihilated. This occurred on the 5th November. It was this event which first set the British Government thinking how they ought to advise the Khedive to act. To add to the gravity of the situation, whilst these events were happening in the Western Sudan, the garrisons of Sinkat, Tokah, Trinkakat, and Suakim were threatened by the rebels; and the day following General Hicks' defeat at Kasghil, Captain Moncrieff and his troops were destroyed at Tokah. At this crisis the British Government advised the complete evacuation of the Sudan. This is extremely easy to advise, but most difficult to carry out. At that time there were ten fortified places in the Sudan occupied by Egyptian troops. There were 15,000 Christians and 40,000 Egyptians in the province. There were also 1,000 commercial houses owned by Europeans, and 30,000 by Egyptians. The import and export trade being estimated at £13,000 annually. To make the journey from Khartoum to Egypt by the Nile is impossible, owing to the numerous cataracts that occur on the river between Berber and Korosko. Boats would avail only from Khartoum to Berber and then the track lies across the terrible Nubian Desert to Korosko, 250 miles distant. The desert is almost devoid of water, and utterly barren of the least shelter from the scorching tropical sun. It would take 8,000 camels about ten days to carry the military force alone across this desert. The only other route would be by following the course of the river, travelling now by boat and now by camel. This journey would take three months and would require 1,300 boats. It might be done if a peaceful evacuation is permitted, and to gain this much-to-be-desired end that extraordinary man, General Gordon, undertook the perilous journey alone

to Khartoum; whilst to relieve the garrisons in the Eastern Sudan, and to effect the evacuation of the fortresses, General Graham and his gallant troops were engaged nearer the Red Sea Coast. Now we call your attention to the most striking incidents of the campaign.

#### BATTLE OF TAMANIEB OR TAMASI.

General Graham's second great battle took place at Tamai or Tamasi, on Thursday, March 13th. The night before the battle was spent by our soldiers in a most uncomfortable manner. Commander Rolfe, R.N., made a reconnaissance and reported the enemy quiet and apparently meditating no immediate attack. About one a.m. the enemy suddenly opened fire, which was kept up with little cessation the whole night. Our soldiers, acting under orders, kept perfectly quiet, not returning fire. During the night only one man was killed, and one officer and two men wounded. The enemy at sun rise, misinterpreting the silence of our men during the night, had grown bold, and advanced within 400 yards of the British lines. This was checked by a few shots from the nine-pounder and a round or two from a Gatling. Whereas at El Teb the whole force was formed into one large square, or rather oblong; at Tamasi two brigades were formed, one commanded by General Davis, the other by General Buller. General Graham took up his position in the centre of Davis's brigade. Before giving the order for a general advance; the cavalry were sent ahead to clear the way. Receiving strict orders not to be enticed into a charge, they fell back, the enemy in great force following them. As our mounted soldiers cleared off on one side, the enemy were face to face with the main body of our troops. Having formed square, the British opened a heavy fire and held the rebels in check for a while. Encouraged by their chiefs, the Arabs rapidly advanced, our soldiers marching to meet them. The 65th and the Black Watch (who formed the front of the square), in their eagerness to meet the foe, went too quickly for the companies forming the sides of the square (also expecting to be attacked) to keep up with them. In consequence of this many gaps appeared where a solid wall of men should have been. As the front line approached the foe, the Highlanders, in their zeal, cheered and charged at the double, thereby widening the gaps between the front and side lines of the square. The officers, seeing this, readied their men but it was too late. The sides of the square had not sufficient time to close up before the Arabs, with fierce shouts of triumph literally swarmed into the square. In vain our men tried to stand against the dusky mob. Overcome by the sheer force of numbers, the 65th had to fall back, the Marines and Highlanders. Buller's brigade now advanced with as much precision as shown on a drill ground, and, covered by their fire, Davis's brigade pulled themselves together, re-formed square, and advanced once more to the attack as steadily as if no mishap had occurred. The two brigades now marched side by side and poured a terrible fire into the enemy's lines. The slaughter was fearful, the Arabs simply refusing any quarter—even the wounded doing their utmost to injure any of our men who attempted to help them. The Naval Brigade greatly distinguished themselves in this battle. They stood manfully by their guns, and when they could no longer do so they rendered them useless to the enemy. In this gallant work three of their officers and seven men were killed. A few minutes after this a brilliant dash was made, the enemy driven back and the guns recaptured. The enemy's strength was estimated at 10,000 or 12,000, and their losses at 3,000. The British loss was 100 killed and 150 wounded. The following extract from Major-General Graham's account of the fighting appeared in a despatch dated March 15th: For this disorder (the broken square) I am to some extent personally responsible, as the charge took place under my eye and with my approval. Yet I submit there was no panic among the men; they had been



surprised, attacked suddenly, and driven back by a fanatical and determined enemy, who came on regardless of loss, and who were, as I have since learned, led by their bravest chiefs. As soon as the men had time to think they rallied and reformed. The enemy suffered tremendously for their temporary success. Over 600 of the enemy's dead were found at the corner where the square had been broken.

#### THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

We next visit the battlefield of Abu Klea, on which, if possible, our men earned greater laurels than on any other occasion. It was fought on the 17th of January, our little square being surrounded by overwhelming hordes of yelling fanatics, who came rushing on the very bayonets of our men, and were mowed down by our Gatling and Gardner guns like hay before the scythe. The air resounded with the rattle of musketry, the shrieks of dying and wounded, and the shouts of the victorious. The ground was strewn on all sides with bodies in the throes of agony, and the stillness of death, and amid the smoke and carnage stood our British troops firm as a rock, a little spot on that immense wilderness, cool and steady, receiving the shocks of the sea of foes that rushed upon them without yielding a foot, but as one poor fellow dropped, shot or speared by the rebels, another took his place, until at last the enemy, baffled and beaten back on all sides, turned and fled in all directions, and our men gained one of the most glorious victories on record. During the conflict Colonel Burnaby, who was always anxious to be in the thickest of the fight, made a sally from the square for the purpose of assisting his comrades, but was unhappily struck in the neck by a spear that severed the jugular vein, and he fell bravely fighting by his old friends the Blues. The battle of Abu Klea actually broke the back of the rebel forces, although it was accomplished by a considerable loss of our brave men and many gallant officers.

#### THE BATTLE OF GUBAT.

It was a fierce battle and hard one victory that secured us Klea Wells, on January 17th, giving the troops an abundant supply of water with something for the horses and camels. By dint of hard work, the column was ready to resume its forward march on Sunday, January 18th, at 4 p.m. The old zareba was emptied, all the supplies having been transported to the Wells, and a new small zareba and fort were built at Abu Klea, which a detachment of the Sussex Regiment and a few men of the Royal Engineers were left to hold. The column got off punctually, tired as the men and animals were. At sunset, the column rested but a few minutes in order to allow the darkness to settle down; and then, altering our course so as to avoid Shebacat Wells and the Arabs posted there to intercept or hinder us, we struck due south into the Desert, in an attempt to reach the Nile before daylight, and before the Arabs could stop us. The General sought to avoid another battle until the force should have entrenched itself, or, at any rate, packed its luggage by the water's edge. Night marches are always difficult, and the energies of the men and officers were taxed to the utmost to keep the column together; it often extended for two or three miles, that distance separating the van from the rear; this necessitated frequent halts. Completely done up, the men dropped asleep in their saddles, and came tumbling to the ground. Those who rested on the Desert while the column closed up had to be roughly aroused to remount. Part of the way the force moved in columns of regiments, the Mounted Infantry leading with the Hussars in advance and on the flanks. Daylight broke, finding the column six miles from the river, and about the same distance south of Metemmah. The objective point was to occupy a position on the Nile four miles south of Metemmah. An hour before sunrise we had altered our course, turning more to the east.

Then occurred the battle of Gubat, which our picture represents. It was during this conflict that Sir Herbert received what ultimately proved to be his death wound, and of whom Sir Garnet Wolseley said, "He was one of the ablest soldiers, and the most

dashing commander I ever knew." After the rebels had been again defeated Sir Charles Wilson ascended the Nile, only, however, to find that Khartoum had fallen and that General Gordon had been slain.

#### KHARTOUM.

We have now arrived at Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, which contains about 40,000 inhabitants. There are a few buildings of stone, among which is the French Roman Catholic Mission House, with its church and schools, and several others decently constructed in brick; a Coptic church, a commodious mosque, military barracks and arsenal, a hospital, and the residence of a very few European merchants; but the general appearance of the town is mean and squalid. It is situated on the left bank of the Blue Nile, just above its confluence with the White Nile. Eight or ten river steamboats, belonging to Khartoum, are employed in its trade, which consists in some exports of ivory, hides, gum, and ostrich feathers, not to mention the large contraband in negro slaves. The ordinary route to Khartoum is from Suakim to Berber via the Dessert, thence by boat. This was the scene of General Gordon's operations, respecting whose safety so much anxiety was felt by the British public.

#### CENTRAL AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

In order to rightly understand the events which led up to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, organised and led by Mr. H. M. Stanley, it is necessary to refer to the Central African Slave-Trade, and the annexations carried by Egypt in the Nile Valley.

In 1838 Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, arrived at a small fishing village situated at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, he formed a settlement there, which gradually grew to be the important town of Khartoum, and undoubtedly led to a great increase in the slave-trade. Already slave-dealers had penetrated towards the south; but it cannot be said that before 1840 the traffic in human beings had been very considerable.

Subsequently, however, ivory-hunters and slave-raiders—for these occupations were always combined—having a firm basis for their operations at Khartoum, extended their sphere of action, and yearly a large fleet of vessels sailed up the White Nile, returning the next year with white and black ivory. The trade prospered and grew apace—even Europeans became mixed up with it—and, finally, about the year 1860, slave raiders were to be found scattered over Darfur, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the equatorial districts of Africa; and some 40,000 slaves a year were brought down the Nile—a number which represented an enormous loss of life. The whole area indicated above was dotted over by the traders' seribas, occupied by ruffians of the worst description, who spent the time between the annual visits of their superiors from Khartoum in collecting ivory and slaves, and committing atrocities upon the inhabitants of the most terrible character.

Even at this time Great Britain was endeavouring to check the slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa, as she had done upon the West; and the time was coming when her beneficent action was to be directed towards its suppression in Northern Equatorial Africa.

In 1863, a meeting took place at Gondokora on the White Nile, between Speke and Grant returning from their splendid Expedition to the Victoria Lake, and Baker, afterwards Sir Samuel, who, being anxious at their long delay, had fitted out an expedition, and accompanied by his wife, was on his way to find and relieve them. This meeting led to great results. Baker discovered the the Albert Lake; but he also saw enough of the slave-trade to fill him with horror, and, on his return home, such were the accounts he gave of the scandalous state of matters, that a strong public interest was aroused, and pressure was put upon Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, to stop the inhuman traffic. The result was that Baker was commissioned by the Khedive to fit out an enormous expedition; to place steamers upon the White Nile above the sixth cataract; and, proceeding to the south, he was instructed to annex the country in the name of the Khedive, and to free the natives from the slave traders' yoke.

## THROUGH DARKEST AFRICA,

WITH

Mr. H. M. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION for the Relief  
of EMIN PASHA, starting from

## MATADI ON THE CONGO.

Mr. JOSEPH POOLE claims this to be the Greatest and most successful Scenic  
Production ever attempted by any entertainment of this class.

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#### THE VOYAGE UP THE CONGO.

Leaving Zanzibar, with the Expedition, on February 24th, 1887, the Madura steam-ship arrived on March 18th at the mouth of the Congo. Five steam-boats conveyed the Expedition up to Roma, the headquarters of the Congo Free State Government, and has 120 European residents, with Dutch, French, Belgian, English, and Portuguese commercial establishments, a small garrison of Houssa and Bangala troops, and hundreds of native labourers. At MATADI, the river navigation is interrupted, the Expedition landed and marched, with 1200 loads of stores carried on men's heads, up to Manyanga. From Manyanga to Stanley Pool, where Mr. John Rose Troup was in charge of the transport all the way to the Aruwimi, the stores and baggage were carried by water. Mr. Stanley, at the end of April, having collected the men and stores at Kinshassa, near Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, and put on board five steam-boats, set forth on his voyage up the river. Detained a few days at Bolobo and stopping three days at Bangala, the Expedition made the ascent of the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the Aruwimi, in six weeks. Mr. Troup and Mr. Herbert Ward by two steamers brought up the remainder of the stores, with the men left at Bangala. The Congo part of the Expedition was attended with few serious anxieties, except a scarcity of food at Stanley Pool, where the station stores were low, and the natives were shy of bringing their goods to market; Yambuya, two days' voyage up the Aruwimi, was chosen as the site of the depot of stores, to be left with the rearguard of the Expedition, 257 men, under the command of Major Barttelot, with Mr. Jameson second in command. This rearguard stayed at Yambuya from June, 1887, to June, 1888, with Mr. Troup, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Bonny, while Mr. Stanley, with the advance party, marched on through the pathless forest to Lake Albert Nyanza.

#### THE FOREST ROUTE OF MARCH.

On the recent maps of Central Africa, the space from Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, where steamboat navigation from the Congo ends, and Kavalli, or the site of Kavalli's village which had been destroyed, at the southern extremity of Lake Nyanza, on its

western shore, appears quite insignificant. Kavalli is almost due east of Yambuya, only 370 miles distant in a straight line; but the river Aruwimi, which in its upper part is called the Ituri, bends to the north and keeping near this river made the travelling distance over 500 miles. Mr. Stanley's first journey by this route occupied 171 days, but he afterwards travelled back, as far as Banalya, where the rear column had stopped, in 82 days. The character of this tract of country is thus described in his own letters:—

"We were 160 days in the continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grass land are well marked. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangwe to the southern borders of the Moubutu; east and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwimi, to about East longitude 29 deg.—forty degrees; how far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract thus described—totally covered by forest—is 246,000 square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and the Uruwimi, the forest embraces another 20000, square miles. Between Yambuya and the Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo River from an altitude of 5,500 feet to 1,400 feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grass land the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mounts or ridges.

"While in England I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region lying between the Congo and the grass land, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through the same continuous forest. It took us 160 days before we could say, 'Thank God we are out of darkness at last.' At one time we were all—whites and blacks almost 'done up' September, October, and half of that month of November, 1887, will not be forgotten by us. October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers are heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of 130, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, to assist their comrades of the rear column.

Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 ft. to 180 ft. high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes and colours murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows, securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines, with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences—fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28th to December 5th, 1887, and from June 1st, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the present date till about December 10th, 1888, when I hope then to say a farewell to the Congo Forest.

"Until we set foot on the grass land, about fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we were never greeted among the natives



with a smile, or any sign of a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one half the time every day resembles a wintry sky in England; the face of nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it, and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapour below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalise us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

"The mornings generally were stern and sombre, the sky covered with heavy lowering clouds; at other times thick mist buried everything, but cleared off about nine o'clock, or sometimes not till eleven. Then nothing stirs; insect-life is asleep, and the forest is as still as death; the dark river, darkened by lofty walls of thick forest and vegetation, is silent as a grave, our heart-throbs seem almost clamorous, and in our inmost thoughts loud. If no rain follows this darkness, the sun appears from behind the cloudy masses, the mist disappears, and life awakens up before its brilliancy. Butterflies scurry through the air, a solitary ibis croaks an alarm, a diver flies across the stream, the forest is full of a strange murmur, and somewhere up-river booms the alarm drum. The quick-sighted natives have seen us, voices vociferate challenges, there is a flash of spears, and hostile passions are aroused.

"Peace, among the river tribes, is signified by tossing water upward with the hand or with the paddle, and letting it fall on their heads. At almost every bend of the river, generally in the middle of the bend, there is a village of conical huts of the candle-extinguisher type. Some bends have a large series of these villages, populated by some thousands of natives. If we could believe them, the natives all suffered from famine: there was no corn, no bananas, or fowls, or goats, or anything else. The exhibition of brass wire, cowries, or beads had no charm for them, because they said they had no food; and we should long ago have died of want had we been so simple as to believe them. In every attempt at barter we suffered from the cunning rogues: a brass rod only purchased three ears of corn, though at Bangala, 800 miles nearer the coast, it purchases ten rolls of cassava bread, and ought here to have purchased twenty rolls of bread, or two large bunches of bananas. To live at all we had to take what we could: we went over and helped ourselves, and prepared food for the wilderness ahead of us."

The route from Yambuya to Kavalli is divided into stages, each of which occupied many days of toilsome marching and often cutting a path through the forest, with long delays at several places, so that the average movement of Mr. Stanley's advance column was little better than two miles and a fraction daily.

First stage, 184 English miles, from Yambuya in a direction north east up the Aruwimi to Mugwe's villages, on the north bank of that river; this is 124 hours' marching; Banalya, the scene of the disaster to the rear column, is in this part of the route.

Second stage, 59 miles, from Mugwe's villages to Avi Sibba, villages on the south bank, where the conflict took place in which Lieutenant Stairs was wounded and five men killed with poisoned arrows.

Third stage, 39 miles, from Avi Sibba to the confluence of the Nepoka, a large river from the north, with the Aruwimi.

Fourth stage, 93 miles, from the Nepoka confluence, or Avi Jeli, to the temporary Arab settlement of the notorious slave-dealer and ivory hunter Ugarrowa.

Fifth stage, 162 miles, by a new road opened in the following year. On the north bank—not the route of the first advance in 1887 to Fort Boo, in Iburi, the depot station constructed by Mr. Stanley in 1888.

Sixth stage, 126 miles, from Fort Bodo to Kavalli, at the south end of Lake Albert Nyanza.

These stages make the whole travelling distance from Yambuya to Kavalli 563 miles; but the route first taken, in October, 1887, went about fifty miles southward along the Aruwimi, above the Nepoko confluence, where the navigation of that river by the steel boat and canoes became impossible, and Mr. Stanley then, with the utmost difficulty and peril of starvation, made his way to the Arab settlement of Kilunga-Lunga, in North latitude 1 deg. 6 min., whence he passed eastward to the rising ground of Iburi, 3600 ft. above the sea-level.

#### HOW THEY MARCHED THROUGH the FOREST.

"Until we penetrated and marched through it," says Mr. Stanley, "this region was entirely unexplored, and untrodden by either white or Arab. For the purposes of this Expedition, we should have known something of it, but we could glean no information respecting the interior, because the natives were so wild and shy of all strangers."

"Having selected my officers and men, my force numbered 389 rank and file. We bore a steel boat 28 ft. by 6 ft. with us, about three tons of ammunition, and a couple of tons of provisions and sundries. With all these goods and baggage we had a reserve force of about 180 supernumeraries—half of them carried, beside their Winchesters, billhooks to pierce the bush and cut down obstructions. This band formed the pioneers, a most useful body."

"The path leading from Yambuya was tolerable only for about five miles; we were then introduced to the difficulties. These consisted of creepers varying from 1-8 in. to 15 in. in diameter, swinging across the path in bow-lines, or loops, sometimes massed and twisted together, also of a low dense bush occupying the sites of old clearings, which had to be carved through, before a passage was possible. Where years had elapsed since the clearings had been abandoned, we found a young forest, and the spaces between the trees choked with climbing plants, vegetable creepers, and tall plants: this kind had to be tunnelled through before an inch of progress could be made."

"By compass, we found a path leading north-east and east, and on July 5th touched the river again, and, being free of rapids apparently, I lightened the advance column of the steel boat and our porters. The boat proved invaluable: she not only carried our cripples and sick but also nearly two tons of goods. From July 5th to the middle of October we clung to the river. Sometimes its immense curves and long trend north-east would give me sharp twinges of doubt that it was wise to cling to it; on the other hand the sufferings of the people, the long continuity of forest, the numerous creeks, the mud, the offensive atmosphere, the perpetual rains, the long-lasting mugginess pleaded eloquently against the abandonment of the river until North latitude 2 deg. should be obtained.

"The boat was taken to pieces at Yambuya as we were leaving the river, and was made up into men's loads, thus: the twelve sections of the boat were carried by twenty-eight men (two men extra to each end); the oars made two loads; the bottom boards

were four loads; the seats and rudder made also four loads; the mats and spanners, one load; then cases of spare materials, three loads; and indiarubber packing, one load: in all, 43 men's loads. But some of these, such as bottom boards and spare materials, were afterwards abandoned when the expedition became so reduced, and only those necessary, such as sections, seats, rubber-packing, and rowlocks, were carried. The oars became rotten and were abandoned, and others made at Fort Bodo on our second trip to the Lake. In the open country, from Matadi to Stanley Pool, the boat sections were carried easily enough, but in the forest it was a more difficult matter: it became necessary to cut a path to permit of the sections to pass. Every bush and creeper seemed to catch the sections, and constantly threw the porters off their balance: the result was that their feet became sore from constantly striking against stones, stumps, or thorns, and these sores quickly developed into ulcers. The consequence was that few of the men were able to carry the boat sections for more than a week at a time, and even then it was necessary to pick out the strongest men for this work. The other loads too, owing to their being necessarily shapeless and cumbersome when carried on the men's heads, caught in the countless numbers of vines which hung in festoons from tree to tree across the path. The boat loads were, therefore, generally the last loads to arrive in camp at night, and constantly kept the officer in charge of them some hours behind the rest of the column. This trouble, of course, ended when the boat was put in the water, when, instead of being a hindrance, she was of the greatest service to the Expedition. While cutting a path for the boat Mr. Stanley gave strict orders that at certain intervals all the prominent trees by the path were to be carefully blazed, in order to enable Major Barttelot to follow our track without difficulty."

#### THE FIGHT AT AVI SIBBA.

August 13th, 1887, was the first day of those two unlucky periods mentioned by Mr. Stanley in one of his published letters. On this day the Expedition had crossed a small river, about sixty yards wide, close to where it joined the Aruwimi, and had camped in a village on the other side of the river. About four o'clock in the afternoon some of the men were on the banks of the river, when they were shot at by the natives, who lined the opposite bank not showing themselves, but crouching in the dense bush, and discharging clouds of poisoned arrows. The white men, hearing the rifle fire of the Zanzibaris, rushed down to the river, and Lieutenant Stairs at once headed a party of men in the boat, and was crossing to the other side to dislodge the enemy, when, about half-way across the river, he, the only one standing up in the boat, was dangerously wounded by a poisoned wooden arrow, just below the heart. He was brought back, and Mr. Parke, the surgeon, at once took charge of him. Six or seven of the Zanzibaris were wounded at this place, and the whole affair cast a deep gloom over the camp. Most of the Zanzibaris who were wounded by these poisoned arrows died of tetanus; but, luckily, Lieutenant Stairs recovered, although the piece of arrow, which had broken off short in the wound, was not extracted until some fourteen months had passed away, and during the time he was in command of Fort Bodo.

#### EMERGING FROM THE FOREST: OPEN COUNTRY.

About the beginning of December, 1887, the Expedition came to the eastern edge of the immense forest through which it had been working since June 28th. It reached an open grassy country. "To those who have not gone through such a forest, it will perhaps appear strange that all should feel so elated; but to us,

travelling forward, each day the same as the last, and continually hearing rumours that the plains were near, and still never reaching them, it must always be remembered as one of the brightest experiences of the Expedition. For 16 days we had been on the march from Yambuya to this point; the only object to be seen being the sky, river, and forest. Now, at last, we shall have no weary tracks to cut, and no muddy creeks to cross: all is fine open grassy country, and we shall get game and cattle: Our Zanzibar boys simply went mad with joy in the first few moments, and then, settling down into a long swing, left the rearguard and sick ones far behind. We made a good march of about nine miles, and camped for the first time, since we left Kinshassa on the Congo, in open country."

#### RUWENZORI:

##### "THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON."

The land between the Albert Edward Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza with a central line from north to south about the 31st degree of East longitude, rises into lofty mountain ranges. A few of their high summits, which had been only seen at a distance by Mr. Stanley in his former journeys, were then named Mount Gordon Bennett, Mount Edwin Arnold, and Mount Lawson; and these were marked in the map of Central Africa. In June, 1889, many months after his distant sight of those mountains from the southern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, Mr. Stanley, with his second in command, Lieut. Stairs, R.E., the Expedition having travelled southward through the Unyoro country, crossing the Semliki River, and approaching the mountains through the valley of Awamba, were enabled to gain a nearer acquaintance with this remarkable feature of a region hitherto unknown.

Mr. Stanley's letter of Aug. 17, 1889, to the Royal Geographical Society describes the Ruwenzori range of mountains, rising above the Semliki valley; and he considers them identical with what the ancients called "The Mountains of the Moon." This name is mentioned by an Arab geographer, who says that the Nile takes its rise from those mountains a little south of the Equator; which is now proved to be the fact, so far as the western branch of the Upper White Nile is concerned.

Lieutenant Stairs, the only member of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition who actually ascended Ruwenzori to the height of 10,677 feet, on June 6, 1889, has favoured us with a sketch of "The Mountains of the Moon," and with the following description:—

"For centuries the sources of the Nile have been wrapped in mystery. Many attempts to reach the southernmost fountains have failed. We have been able to add a great deal to our knowledge of the Nile sources, and have discovered a range of mountains to the S.S.E. of the Albert Nyanza Lake stretching away to the southwards and westwards, and then east again in a decidedly crescent-like form. The name given to the highest points of the range is Ruwenzori, though among different tribes it goes by different names.

"The scenery afforded by these mountains, as one passes by their feet, is most splendid: deep valleys of an intense darkness run up from the forest beneath. A distinguishing feature of the range is the clear and well-defined character of the hill tops; almost invariably on the southern side these are of a conical shape, with extremely steep slopes, some of them being 45 deg. in steepness. The lower spurs and gullies are covered with ordinary forest growth, up to a height of some 6000 or 7000 feet; above this, again, for another 1500 feet of altitude, the hillsides are covered with tree-heath, and above this is bare rock and earth to the summits.



A peculiarity to be observed in this range is the intense depth of the ravines or gullies between the spurs of the hills. Though the streams start from almost the summit, still they have very little fall, comparatively, as their channels appear to be cut right into the heart of the mountains; in some places the ravines down which these streams flow are quite 6000 ft. or 7000 ft. deep. The height of the highest point of the range is about 17,000 ft., with about 2000 ft. above the snow-line.

"The country at the foot of the range is among the most fertile passed through by us. Bananas, Indian corn, beans, and matama are the chief products of the natives."

The position of Ruwenzori, as shown in the new map, is within less than one degree north of the Equator, and in the thirtieth degree of East longitude. The mountain range to which it belongs, parallel with the Semliki River, which is the outlet of Lake Albert Edward Nyanza and the most southerly feeder of the Nile, extends in a south-west direction from a point of the Unyoro tableland opposite the south end of Lake Nyanza, and is about ninety miles in length. It is remarkable that these mountains, nearly 18,000 ft. high, with snow-covered peaks, were not visible to Sir Samuel Baker, who supposed the Albert Nyanza to extend hundreds of miles farther south.



## INDIA.

### SCENE FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.

#### Entrance of the Prince and Suite into Baroda.

The procession which conducted the Prince from the railway station to the quarters which had been prepared for him, was a gorgeous display of Oriental magnificence. The principal feature was a line of sixteen elephants, their faces and trunks painted in fantastic fashion. The animal chosen to carry the Prince and his host, the Guicowar, was of extraordinary size. His howdah, made of gold and silver gilt, was covered with a golden canopy, sparkling in the sun with dazzling brilliancy. Cloths of gold and velvet almost concealed the animal's form; where the skin was visible it was stained saffron, and ornamented with quaint scrolls of differently coloured patterns. His trunk was specially decorated, and his ears stained a pale yellowish green. His tusks had been cut off to the length of three feet: false tusks of greater diameter were wedged on over them by bands of gold. Coils of gold surrounded his painted legs, while his mahout, or driver, was attired in a costume befitting so much splendour. On each side of the animal were slung two footboards, on which stood four attendants

with peacocks' and yaks' tails, to keep the flies away from the occupants of the howdah. The fifteen remaining elephants were similarly, though less magnificently, painted and attired. On the appearance of the Prince, these elephants knelt in line and salaamed in their fashion, trumpeting with their trunks, and amid a clang of drums and brass, the Prince and Guicowar mounted their elephant, sitting side by side. Sir Madhava Rhao, the Guicowar's prime minister, taking his place behind them. The remainder of the suite followed on the other elephants, and the procession moved off amid deafening salutes.

### CALCUTTA.

Calcutta is the capital of India and of our Empire in the East, and stands upon the left bank of the river Hooghly, a branch of the river Ganges, about 100 miles from the sea coast. Calcutta looks every inch a capital. It owes its existence to the English. In 1701 the agents of the East India Company purchased here three small villages for the sum of £1 600, to establish factories. In those days the now palatial city was a miserable hamlet, inhabited by Nuddea fishermen, and the now fashionable Chowringhee was then a dense jungle, sacred to the tiger and bison. What a marvellous change in such a short time! Here now stands one of the handsomest cities in the world, containing nearly half a million inhabitants. The Prince's Ghaut, is about a mile and a half down the river Hooghly from the Custom House; it was an admirable place for landing, having a fine flight of steps on the river front. Government House, the residence of the Prince of Wales while in that city, occupies the principal site in Calcutta. It faces the Maidan, which is the Hyde Park of the "City of Palaces." This title Calcutta has earned for itself from the many imposing buildings it contains. Government House is a magnificent and roomy palace in the Doric style of architecture. It was erected by the Marquis of Wellesley. The principal entrance is reached by a noble flight of steps. Four gates open to the approaches; on the top of which is a lion with a ball under the right paw. The Town Hall of Calcutta, in which the public balls and dinners are held, is a handsome edifice, in the Doric style of architecture, situated on the Esplanade. The Esplanade is the Rotten Row of Calcutta. Here in the cool of the evening, ride or drive in well appointed European Equipages or native vehicles, such as ghorries and hackeries, the grace, beauty, wealth and fashion of the city, rich natives, European officers, and civil servants, with their ladies, Mahomedan swells of the first water, wealthy Parsees, Jews, Eurasians, or Indo-Europeans, with strange combinations of dress and colour, giving a peculiarly rich and animated appearance to the scene. When journeying, the Mahomedan Ladies ride in a hackery, surrounded with curtains like a dome; this is to preserve them from the gaze of the profane. In the background is Government House, a short distance from it the Ochterlony Monument, Tank Square, Writers' Buildings, opposite which stood the infamous Black Hole of Calcutta.

### SUTTEE, OR WIDOW BURNING.

This hideous and revolting ceremony was once very commonly practised in India. A Hindoo woman on the death of her husband had two alternatives placed before her, either to live and be treated as a slave by all her kindred and acquaintance, or to set fire to the funeral pile, on the top of which was placed the dead body of her husband, and perish in the flames. As a rule the treatment experienced by those who preferred to live was so bad that five out of every six widows preferred death rather than live the life of slavery offered them. This and other

equally horrible ceremonies and customs are rapidly appearing before the effects of British rule.

### FALLS OF THE JUMNA.

The River Jumna rises at a greater elevation than any other river in the world, having its source in the Himalaya Mountains, 10 850 feet above the level of the sea. In its passage it passes through a ravine, and thus forms the celebrated Falls which we represent in our picture. After passing the plains of Hindustan and emerging from the mountains, it runs parallel with the Ganges, until after passing the cities of Delhi and Agra it falls into the Ganges at Allahabad, in which, as the larger stream, its name is absorbed. The total length of the river from its source to its confluence with the Ganges is 860 miles.

### DELHI.

This city will ever be associated in our minds with some of the most sanguinary conflicts and horrible atrocities committed during the Indian Mutiny; indeed, Delhi was looked upon as the head-quarters of the mutineers. In the summer of 1857 the native soldiers overpowering all resistance captured the gao and liberating the prisoners, numbering over 1,200. Then commenced the wholesale slaughter of every European, regardless of age or sex. This was followed by the capture of all the principal buildings, including the King's Palace, the Arsenal, the Fort, and the Civil Station.

The city remained in undisputed possession of the mutineers up to September 4th, when General Nicholson and his troops arrived. After twelve days' hard fighting the indomitable bravery of the British Troops prevailed, Delhi was recaptured, and the massacres of Cawnpore, Meerut, and other places avenged.

The city is built on the western bank of the Jumna. The water of this river is not fit to drink owing to the extensive beds of natron over which the river passes before reaching Delhi. Shah Jehan constructed a Canal which received the pure water of the Jumna not far from its source, and conducted it to Delhi. This canal in time was neglected and blocked, but was repaired and re-opened in 1820. The occasion was one of great rejoicing, the natives throwing flowers and offerings into the stream, invoking blessings on the British for the invaluable gift.

The canal is conducted through the centre of the main street, and is bordered by trees thus forming the wide street into two avenues a mile in length.

The population of Delhi is about 152,000.

### THE CITY JANDAHAR.

Candahar is situated in Southern Afghanistan, 335 miles south of Cabul. The city is one of the most important trading marts of Central Asia, being a junction of the main roads to Cabul and Herat. Like all Central Asiatic towns, the houses are of mud, and its chief architectural features are its citadel and bazaars, which form four large streets, running north, south, east and west, three leading from gates of the town, and all meeting in the centre. This central square, termed the Oharan, is domed, and is regarded as a public market place. Here all public edicts, &c., are read. Three of the bazaars and terminal gates are named after the towns to which they lead, namely, Cabul, Herat, and Shirkapore, while the fourth is named after the citadel upon

which it abuts. This citadel consists of a square, of which the sides are 800 feet long. It is surrounded by a mud wall of great strength, but somewhat out of repair, the parapets having suffered severely from the weather. The interior consists of a series of squares, once the palaces and gardens of the sons of a former Governor. They have since been allowed to fall into ruins.

The citadel stands in the centre of the north side of the city, and completely commands the surrounding ground for some distance. There are several wells, but most are bad, and hitherto the chief supply has been from a canal, from which large cemented tanks have been filled. Unfortunately the water cannot be kept very long in these tanks, and the canal can be cut off without at any moment.

The town of Candahar, although surrounded by a wall, would need a very large force to defend it adequately. The country around Candahar, is exceedingly fertile, the plain being watered by canals and watercourses leading from the river Argandab; and, as Major-General Biddulph recently described in a sketch of his march thither, "Villages cluster round the city on three sides, cornfields, orchards, gardens and vineyards are seen in luxurious succession, presenting a veritable oasis within the girdle of rugged hills and desert wastes all round."

Candahar was occupied by the British during the War of 1842, and by Sir Donald Stewart in January, 1874. They left the city again in 1881.

### BURMAH.

Recent events have brought Burmah prominently before the British public, but at one time it was merely looked upon as a place whence rice was imported, where mosquitoes and fireflies abounded, where the heat was intense, and where a lively young monarch, King Theebaw, passed away his time by murdering his friends and relatives; this, however, under British rule has been altered, and Burmah will soon become a place worth knowing.

Excluding the seaboard provinces, which comprise British Burmah, this kingdom has an area of 192,000 square miles, and a population of about three millions and a half.

Our picture shows us Mandalay, which is intersected by the Irrawaddy River. Conspicuous in the foreground is the "Royal Burmese Monastery," a splendid, although perhaps somewhat gaudy structure, covering a large extent of ground. "The Royal Palace" and *Joss-houses* (or places of worship) are also to be seen in the middle distance, while to the right and left are the native quarters.

### CHINA—PEKIN.

We are now paying a visit to what we call "The Celestial Empire," and have before us part of the capital of the country—Pekin.

The city is surrounded by a wall, entrance to the town being made through narrow gateways protected by towers. These towers are like so many detached forts; they are battle-mented, and have narrow windows in them to enable archers to fire at an enemy on the outside, whilst being themselves under cover.

In the foreground of the picture is depicted a pleasure fair, enabling us to form an idea of the sports and pastimes of the Chinese. A juggler appears to be exciting the enthusiasm of a crowd of admirers. In juggling the Chinese



are only eclipsed by their neighbours the Japanese. A man selling rice and sweetmeats also attracts a large number of customers. The man standing up in an elevated box is a policeman. Policemen are allowed a great deal of power in China; amongst other things they are permitted to punish small offences by administering the bastinado, only serious crimes being taken into court. One of the favourite pastimes with the Chinese is kite-flying. The kites are made in all manner of grotesque shapes, and sent up in the air by old men. A most strange country is China. Time may almost be said to stand still in that country. Not only are their code of morals, mode of government, and the routine of every-day life the same as it was 3,000 years ago, but their style of architecture, household furniture, and style of dress are exactly the same. A young lady may shine resplendent in the jewels, head-dress, or best robes of her great-grandmother without being considered singular or old-fashioned. A Chinaman does not think what he ought to do under any great emergency, but what his ancestors 2,000 years ago would have done under similar circumstances. With them gravity and silence are two cardinal virtues, more particularly in their rulers, for, according to their singular ideas, "great men should be like great bells, which seldom strike, and full vessels which give little sound." To uncover the head is an act of great rudeness, and to mention the word "death" a breach of etiquette. If a Chinaman be invited to a banquet which, through illness, he cannot attend, his share of the feast is sent to his house, a letter of profuse thanks, saying how he had enjoyed it, being expected in the morning. To enumerate one-fifth of the odd doings of the Chinese would occupy more space than we have at command in this little book, so we will resume our journey to the

#### BAY OF PECHEREE.

Here we see a part of the Great Wall of China, certainly to be ranked amongst the Wonders of the World. It extends from a point shown on the extreme right of the picture for a distance of over 1,200 miles, in some places being only a few feet above the level of the sea, but in other parts rising to a height of over 3,000 feet above the sea level. In many parts it is wide enough for carriage to drive four abreast. It was made about the year 200 B.C. as a defence against the Tartars, and as a protection of the Great Plain, the richest and most populous part of China. It is made chiefly of earth and rubbish, cased on both sides with stone and brick.

#### CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Wishing to visit as many countries as possible, we here make a break in our journey for the purpose of visiting the Holy Land. To no place in the world perhaps is there attached a more sacred interest than to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the crypt of which is now before us. Whether this be really the place of our Saviour's sepulchre is a question which has been warmly agitated for centuries. Be this as it may, it is undoubtedly the most interesting and venerable Christian edifice in Jerusalem, and has been trodden by the feet of innumerable pilgrims from every part of Christendom. The reputed sepulchre is enclosed within the handsome shrine placed under the dome. On the right hand is the entrance to the Church of the Greek monks—that of the Latins being in another part of the building. The edifice originally erected on the spot has been more than once destroyed by fire, and the dome was rebuilt only a few years ago. The building is very extensive, and comprises chapels for the different Christian sects in Jerusalem. On the right is the stone on which the Empress Helena sat while directing her workmen in their search for the true Cross. We shall see the Crypt under four different aspects—by day, by sunset, by night, and lastly when brilliantly illuminated, as it would appear during midnight service by the Franciscan Monks.

#### HOMEWARD JOURNEY—MALTA.

Malta (anciently Melita) is one of the most important British possessions in the Mediterranean Sea. It is about 17 miles long, 9 miles wide, has an area of about 98 square miles, and a population of about 150,000. This island was the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The island was held in succession by the Romans, Arabs, Normans, Germans, and French. It was given to the Knights of St. John in 1282, and to them it owes much of its present prosperity. They brought soil to the island, cultivated corn, vines, and fig trees, and erected fortifications, many of the defences being still in existence. It was attacked by the Turks in 1565, and was bravely defended by the Knights under their Grand Master, La Villedieu. In 1566 the new capital was commenced and named after the brave defender, La Villedieu. From that time up to 1798 Malta remained in the hands of the Knights, but in that year it surrendered to Napoleon Bonaparte. A garrison of 4,000 men was left by the French to defend the island, but after the battle of the Nile the inhabitants of Malta turned against the French; British troops were sent to assist the Maltese, and the French surrendered after being blockaded for two years. At the general peace the island was secured to England. The highest point on the island is 590 feet above the sea. The country generally has a very barren appearance. What soil there is is very fertile; it is formed into terraces, stone walls being used to prevent it being washed away. Many varieties of fruit are grown here to perfection. The bees of the island are famous for the excellence of their honey. The ground on which Villedieu (or Villetta) is built is very steep, the principal streets consisting of flights of stairs. The island is so strongly fortified as to be considered almost impregnable. The Government of Malta is exercised by a Governor appointed by the Crown, and a Council of 18 members, eight of whom are elected by the Maltese.

#### NAPLES.

The Neapolitan saying, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori" (See Naples and then die), is well known. The situation of Naples, its magnificent bay, its cloudless sky, and intensely interesting surroundings fully justify the above saying, which implies that having seen this famous Italian city there is nothing in the world more beautiful to be seen. But splendour and squalor go side by side in this fascinating town. There is probably no city in the world where such numerous samples of the genus "beggar" are to be found—men, women, and children, halt, lame, blind, deaf, dumb, misshapen, and horribly deformed, greet the visitor with piteous whines on all sides.

To give even a brief account of every place of interest in Naples would occupy more space than we have at our disposal in this little work, we will therefore content ourselves by enumerating the most notable features, viz., the Capua Gate, the Strada di Toledo, in which is the Market Place, the Castel Nuovo, Castel Dell'ovo, and the Castel Sant'Elmo fortresses, the Cathedral of St. Januarius, the Church of the Holy Apostles, the Borbonico Museum, numerous palaces, open squares, public gardens, promenades, &c.

Eight miles from Naples is the famous volcanic mountain called Vesuvius, rising gently from the shores of the bay to a height of about 3,950. The crater is nearly a mile and a half in circumference, the enclosing walls rising about 250 or 300 feet above the sulphur bed of the crater. The whole of this area is filled with liquid lava, crusted over by a skin, some inches in thickness, of lava that has become cold, through the cracks of which coating the glowing fires can be seen below. At the foot of the mountain can be seen the city of Pompeii, destroyed by an earthquake in A.D. 79, and the ruins of which within the last few years have been dug out from their bed of ashes, and once more revealed to human view.

#### ROME.

We cannot, of course, leave Italian soil without paying a visit to its capital, Ancient Rome, the Eternal City, as it has been called, during the celebration of which business is entirely suspended. We are fortunate in arriving here during the time of the great Carnival, the shops are closed, and all classes levelled. Fun and frolic reign supreme, music, dancing, and uproar being the order of the day. The group in the centre represents the Bacchanalia, or Worship of Bacchus (the mythological god of wine and revelry). From morning until night (during the time of Carnival) the streets are crowded with masks of every description and dominoes of every conceivable design and colour, the whole presenting a scene of gaiety unrivalled throughout the civilised world.

#### SUSA.

This is the first town we reach on the Italian frontier, built on the banks of the Douro. It was anciently a place of some importance, as extensive ruins in its vicinity prove. It still has a beautiful marble arch, commemorative of Augustus Cæsar. It is now but a poor village of some 2,000 inhabitants.

#### ANTWERP.

Antwerp, the great commercial port of Belgium, has a splendid harbour formed by the river Scheldt, and is about 50 miles distant from the open sea. The town is intersected by canals, which enable vessels to carry their cargoes to quays and wharves in the very centre of the town. Antwerp Cathedral is the most magnificent Gothic structure in the world. It was commenced in the 14th century and completed in 1518. The tower is 403 feet high; another tower, intended to correspond, has never been finished. The cathedral has a length of 500 feet and a breadth of 250 feet. Amongst other buildings may be mentioned St. James's Church (containing the tomb of Rubens), the Hotel de Ville, a noble picture gallery and library, and the Exchange, one of the finest in Europe. The population of Antwerp is about 200,000.

#### ROTTERDAM.

Situated on the north bank of the river Maas (which here resembles an arm of the sea), is an important commercial city of Holland. The city is triangular in shape, having its longest side stretching along the bank of the river. The town is more intersected with canals than Antwerp, indeed to such an extent as to render many parts of it quite insular. These parts are connected by numerous drawbridges. Most of the canals are bordered by trees, giving the town in summer a very quaint but extremely picturesque appearance. The church which forms such a conspicuous object in the view is called St. Lawrence; it was erected in the 15th century. In the market place is a statue of Erasmus, the illustrious Dutch writer, who was a native of Rotterdam. The population is about 130,000, many of whom are English. There is a regular line of steamers from here to Harwich. Availing ourselves of this accommodation we embark on our steamer and leave for England.

#### STEAMSHIP "PRINCESS OF WALES."

The vessel in which we are supposed to have embarked for England is called the Princess of Wales, and is a magnificent example of the splendid steamers constantly running between Harwich and Rotterdam. The Great Eastern Company pride themselves on their steamers, which are fitted with every possible convenience for passengers, and render as pleasant as possible the 120 miles of sea traversed from Rotterdam to Harwich.

#### BRITISH FLEET AT ANCHOR.

On our way home we pass part of our ironclad fleet lying at anchor. The enormous vessels are seen formed in two lines, standing boldly out on the moonlit sea.

#### COAST NEAR HARWICH.

Few scenes are more charming than the approach to Harwich on a fine summer morning, such as that depicted in our scene.

The sun has just risen and covered the sea with a rich rosy tint. In the distance is seen the low-lying coast of Essex, and, little by little, sights familiar to all who know the eastern coast present themselves to view. Whilst gazing on this grand piece of marine painting, our reveries are interrupted by the arrival of a Newcastle-on-Tyne trading boat and H.M. ships Polyphemus and Monarch.

#### HARWICH.

Our steamer brings us alongside the pier at Harwich, where a train is waiting to convey us to London. The large building occupying the greater portion of the scene is the Great Eastern Hotel, fitted up with every modern convenience, and commanding from its windows capital views of the harbour and its surroundings. The town of Harwich is situated on a point of land near the estuary of the rivers Stour and Orwell, and is about twelve miles from Ipswich, with which town it has regular communication by a line of steamboats. The passengers' luggage having been transferred from the boat to our train, we once more move on; but before making for our destination, Liverpool Street Station, London, we go out of our course to visit one of the jolliest seaside places in England,

#### GREAT YARMOUTH.

Few watering-places can claim to be more popular than Great Yarmouth; indeed, it contains all the elements necessary to achieve popularity. Its sands are all that could be desired, the bathing extremely agreeable and safe, the air bracing to a degree, and the town itself well laid out, containing fine shops where everything needful for mind and body can be purchased at moderate rates, instead of at the usual exorbitant "seaside tariff." During the season the town is generally very full, but ample accommodation is provided for the thousands of visitors, many induced here by the very cheap excursion tickets issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company, from all parts of England. The special attractions are the Sands—during the season a sight not soon forgotten, with its hosts of a muscums and throng of holiday-makers—the splendid Marine Drive extending the entire length of the sea front, the Nelson Column on the South Denes, the two Piers, the Jetty, the new Aquarium, and the Church of St. Nicholas. Visitors should not forget on Saturday morning to go to market early. The market held in the open Market Place is one well worth seeing; flowers, fruits, vegetables, and poultry are brought direct in from the country, and can be bought at prices which would astonish many residents of our larger towns. Altogether a week in Yarmouth may well be spent, whether for health, amusement, or sea-bathing, and, as before stated, at moderate rates (a great consideration to many).

#### LIVERPOOL STREET STATION.

This newest and busiest station in London is reached from Harwich in about two hours. The scene before us is full of life and bustle—tourists being welcomed back by friends, passengers searching excitedly for their luggage, porters confidently asserting that it will be "all right" in a few minutes. In short, the scene is thoroughly realistic, and includes every item common to this great terminus.

#### HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

##### Prudential Insurance Company's Office.

London is rightly looked upon as the centre of the commercial world; and when standing in High Holborn we are not far from the heart of this extraordinary metropolis, the marvellous extent and importance of which excites wonder and astonishment throughout the world. Here, too, we are standing on ground full of associations of that old London the traces of which grow fainter and fainter every year. Some of these old landmarks are seen on the right of Fumival's Inn. This last-named building is somewhat similar to Lincoln's Inn, or the Temple, where lawyer's, barristers, and solicitors occupy offices and chambers. In chamber of Fumival's Inn Charles Dickens, the popular novelist, wrote his



"Sketches by Boz," and a great part of the famous "Pickwick Papers." The noble red-brick building occupying the corner of Brooke Street and Holborn Bars is the chief office of the celebrated Prudential Insurance Company. We may confidently say that so great is the extent of business done by this Company amongst all classes, and in all parts of Great Britain, that we seldom have an audience before us without many of our patrons being interested in the welfare of this enormous institution. We feel sure, therefore, that a few details, taken from an account which appeared in the *Insurance Guardian*, will interest many of our visitors. It is estimated that 500 claims are paid daily. The average number of letters received every day amounts to over 4,000. About 9,000 remittances are received a week. The postage of letters from the chief office amounts to over £300 a week. The printing and stationery cost £15,000 a year. Since the company started £10,000,000 have been paid in claims. The Company employs 10,000 agents and 800 superintendents and assistant superintendents. Premiums are due every Monday on 8,000,000 policies. There are 800 clerks employed in the London office, of whom 200 are ladies (daughters or orphans of professional men). These latter have a separate entrance to the building and a department entirely to themselves. Hot and cold luncheon is provided for them in a room above their offices at moderate prices;

whilst should the ladies desire a breath of fresh air, they have only to pass through their cloak room to get on to the roof of the building arranged in three terraces and quite screened from observation. In the basement of the building are the engines, boilers, and dynamos for supplying the Electric Light, which is used all over the premises; also, the air pumps for working the pneumatic tubes. There are 13 hydrants in various parts of the building ready for use in case of fire. The staff maintain a monthly periodical and several clubs, such as boating, cricketing, swimming, a musical society, chess club, gymnastic club, and a literary society. In fact it is quite a little world to itself as may be gathered from the few remarks our space permitted us to make.

Our tour being now finished, we trust that it has met with your approbation, and on our next visit we shall endeavour to give you an entertainment quite equal, if not superior, to the present one. As we have now SIX MAMMOTH MYRIORAMAS travelling Great Britain, our patrons can always anticipate something new. Where the same countries are visited, different subjects are chosen, so that our patrons may not be bored with too much sameness. We shall always endeavour to maintain our position as leaders of Panoramic Exhibitions, and remain,

Yours faithfully, Messrs. POOLE.

## BOOK OF WORDS OF SONGS

INTRODUCED BY

### MESSRS. POOLE'S

## EXCELSIOR CONCERT PARTY.

#### LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM.

Sung by Miss JESSIE ARNELLI.

I hear to-night the old bells chime their sweetest, softest strain,  
They bring to me the olden time in visions once again;  
Once more, across the meadow land, beside the flowing stream,  
We wander, darling, hand in hand, and dream love's golden dream.  
Love's golden dream is past, hidden by mists of pain,  
Yet we shall meet at last never to part again.  
I look into your loveliest eyes, I hear your gentle voice;  
You come to me from paradise and bid my heart rejoice.  
Sweet vision fade not from my sight—I would not  
But dream till at the portals bright I clasp your hands again.  
Love's golden dream is past, hidden by mists of pain,  
Yet we shall meet at last never to part again.

#### DUET—BOHEMIA.

Sung by Miss JESSIE ARNELLI and Mr. R. H. ARNELLI WILLIAMS.

From sunny Bohemia we come,  
The land of the brave and the free,  
The home of our childhood so dear to our hearts,  
Perchance we may meet again see.  
But why should we linger on memory's soft pleading?  
A child of the greenwood must cast away care.  
Let mountain and valley the glad words re-echo,  
The Zingari live ever free as the air.  
Oh be, Oh be, we carol so gaily on our way,  
Till twilight's shadows are falling.  
Tis chill when dreary winter in icy chains has bound us,  
But hope is high when spring is nigh and wild buds bloom around us.  
Ah, then we gaily sing a welcome to the spring.  
Oh be, Oh be, we carol so gaily on our way,  
Till twilight shadows are falling.

#### DUET—BLOW, YE FRESH'NING BREEZES, BLOW.

Sung by Miss JESSIE ARNELLI and Mr. R. H. ARNELLI WILLIAMS.

Blow, ye fresh'ning breezes, blow  
See the land—the land appears in sight.  
Lightly o'er the waves we go,  
We shall reach the shore to-night.  
Sunset, with its gorgeous glowing,  
Pours its flood of mellow light  
On the waves so gently flowing,  
And the land that's now in sight.  
Onward, onward we are flying  
Merrily now before the wind,  
Light our hearts yet we are sighing  
For the land we leave behind.  
From yon land of magic beauty  
We no more shall wish to roam;  
There we'll blithely do our duty,  
It will be our future home.  
Hope each anxious fear is stilling,  
Now all danger we have pass'd,  
Joy each bounding heart is filling,  
We have reached the land at last.

#### ANCHORED.

Sung by Mr. R. H. ARNELLI WILLIAMS.

Flying, with flowing sail, over the summer sea!  
Sheer thro' the seething gale, homeward bound  
—was she!  
Flying with feath'ry prow, bounding with slanting keel,  
And glad, and glad was the sailor lad, as he  
steered and sang at his wheel,  
Only another day to stray, only another night to  
Then safe at last, the harbour past, safe in my  
Father's home!  
Bright on the flashing brine glittered the summer sun,  
Sweetly the starry shine smil'd when the day was  
done.  
Blythe was the breeze of heav'n, filling the flying

And glad was the sailor lad as he steered and sang  
through the gale,  
Only another day to stray, only another night to  
roam,  
Then safe at last, the harbour past, safe in my  
Father's home!

Sudden the lightning flash'd like fashions in the  
dark.  
Sudden the thunders crashed—alas! for the  
gallant bark.  
There, when the storm had pass'd, a dreary wreck  
lay she,  
But bright was the starry light that shone on the  
summer sea.  
And a soft smile came from the stars and a voice  
from the whispering foam,  
Safe, safe at last, the danger past,  
Father's home!

#### LOVE'S OLD SWEET

Sung by Miss JESSIE ARNELLI

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,  
When on the world the mists began to fall,  
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,  
How to our hearts love sung an old sweet song  
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam  
Softly it wove itself into our dream.  
Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long  
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song.

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,  
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;  
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,  
Still we can hear it at the close of day;  
So till the end, when life's dim shadow's fall,  
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.  
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song.

#### ELDERLY PEOPLE.

Sung by Miss JESSIE ARNELLI.

The morn was fresh and fair and free,  
The song birds sang on every tree.  
A light wind swept the grassy lea, with the  
flowrets gently playing.  
With hearts as happy as happy could be a pair of  
lovers went straying;  
But an elderly man looked after, then said,  
With a sorrowful sigh as he shook his head,  
Ah dear me! ah dear me! he's happy now for  
he's young and free,  
But when unto my age grows he, how very different  
it will be.

The lovers wandered on their way  
By hedge rows bright with blooming May,  
In the glorious light of the golden day  
The glist'ning stream was flowing,  
As by its reedy banks went they with happy faces  
glowing;  
But an elderly woman who met with them said,  
With a sorrowful sigh as she shook her head,  
There you go! there you go! my pretty lass, it is  
always so;  
But when unto my age you grow, things will be  
different then I know.

Since then the fleeting years have flown,  
Those lovers elderly have grown;  
They long have been married, but well 'tis known  
they never have repented.  
The gossips, who never let people alone, have  
talked and tales invented;  
But an elderly couple so happy are they,  
They heed not the talk, but only say,  
It matters not to you and me,  
Envious people will envious be,  
But when they grow as happy as we  
How very different it will be.

#### THE GOODWIN SANDS.

Sung by Mr. R. H. ARNELLI WILLIAMS.

We'd made the English Channel, we were coming  
home once more,  
And we heard the fog bells sounding on the dear  
old Kentish shore,  
When out of the north a snow-storm came down  
on our starboard way,  
Wrapping us round in a thick white cloud till we  
knew not where we lay,  
And our pilot star'd in terror as we veer'd from  
side to side,  
For he could not see the lighthouse light, or ever  
a star to guide;  
When suddenly all in a moment the helm leap'd  
from his hands,  
And he cried, "Heaven help us all to-night, we're  
aground on the Goodwin Sands."

Then we rush'd for the signal rockets; "Let's fire  
them quick," we cried.  
"They'll see us and send the lifeboat across the  
stormy tide."  
"No, no," said the captain, sternly, and he spoke  
with bated breath;  
"They, too, have wives and children, why tempt  
them out to death."  
"They cannot save us now, my lads, in such an  
angry sea;  
"They shall not risk their lives for us; we'll face  
it alone," said he.  
And we gave him a calm "Aye, aye, sir," and we  
took each others hands,  
And side by side we waited for death on the pit-  
iless Goodwin Sands.

The night grew blacker and wilder, the billows  
across us roll'd;  
Our little craft groan'd and shiver'd, she could not  
much longer hold;  
And we thought of the home so near us where  
we might be no more.  
Till the sea gave up our bodies upon the gleaming  
sands.

And I saw my own trim cottage and my dear  
wife on her knee,  
As she taught our bairns their little prayer for  
father out at sea.  
I seem'd to hear her very voice and see their  
folded hands,  
As we lay in the face of death all night on the  
pitiless Goodwin Sands.

The night wore on to daybreak, our timbers, one  
by one, had started  
And leap'd asunder—our ship was nearly gone  
When hark! 'twas the sound of voices, and over  
the morning sea.  
Hurrah! 'twas the lifeboat coming to save us and  
set us free.  
And whenever I think of angels and of all the  
good they do.  
I reckon they came on earth that morn and waked  
the lifeboat crew,  
And our Father in Heav'n He saw us and held us  
in His hands,  
And saved us all from death that night on the  
pitiless Goodwin Sands.

#### THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

I'm thinking now of home among my native hills'  
Though far away in many lands I roam;  
The memory of the past my heart with rapture fills;  
Then I long to see the little ones at home.  
Ah, then, methinks I see them now,  
Far o'er the rippling ocean's foam;  
I hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee—  
Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft  
before,  
And bathes the earth in floods of mellow light;  
But its beams are not so bright upon this lovely  
shore  
As it seem'd at home one year ago to-night.  
Sadly my thoughts still turn to thee,  
Far o'er the rippling ocean foam;  
I hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee—  
I long to see the little ones at home.

#### THE LOST CHORD.

By SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys;  
I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit,  
Like the touch of an infinite calm  
It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seem'd the harmonious echo,  
From our discordant life.  
It linked all perplexed meaning,  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if were loath to cease.

I've sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
As it came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.  
It may be that death's bright angel,  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in heaven,  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

#### THE STORM FIEND.

Oh, down they go to the sea in ships  
With happy hearts and laughing lips,  
With hope and faith in the faithless sea,  
And little do they reckon of me.  
Ha, ha! ha, ha! fair shipmen, masters mine,  
Laugh on! while sky and sea are fine,  
If I set my horn to my lip and blow,  
Down in a trice your ships shall go;  
Down, down, down your ships shall go;  
While I chuckle and laugh, ho, ho!  
The storm fiend is the lord of woe!  
The trembling maiden kneels alone, the tears are  
in her eyes,  
She sees the angry billows blown, and the low'ring  
stormy skies;  
Ah! well may she weep when I'm abroad,  
Weep for her love at sea,  
And pray for him till her eyes grow dim.  
Miserere Domine! Miserere Domine!  
Ha, ha! ha, ha! fair folk on land and sea,  
Your tears and cries they comfort me;  
For who can stand when he hears my call?  
Down in a trice ye bow and fall;  
Down, down, down ye bow and fall;  
While I chuckle and laugh, ho, ho!  
The storm fiend is the lord of woe!

#### THE OLD BRIGADE.

(Published by Morley & Co., Regent Street, London.)

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,  
Who fought with us side by side?  
Shoulder to shoulder and blade by blade,  
Fought till they bled and died!  
Who so ready and undismayed?  
Who so merry and true?  
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?  
Where are the boys we knew?

#### CHORUS—

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder;  
Steadily, blade by blade!  
Ready and strong, marching along  
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

Over the sea, far away they lie,  
Far from the land of their love;  
Nations alter, the years go by,  
But heav'n still is heaven above.  
Not in the abbey, proudly laid,  
Find they a place or part;  
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade  
They sleep in Old England's heart.  
Then steadily, &c.

#### ROCKING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

Oh! where is the man that never has loved  
Some sweet little innocent child?  
Some dear little baby that never will cry  
Can make the fierce man become mild.  
Some people seek pleasure away from their homes,  
But I to my fireside will keep;  
With the fire shining bright I could sing all the  
night  
While rocking the baby to sleep.

#### A la Tyrolese.

I'm just sixty-eight, and my dear little wife  
Is just ten years younger than me.  
We're fond of enjoyment and plenty of fun,  
And we're blest with fine children three;  
But they all grow big now, and Fritz he's a man,  
He's a wife and two children to keep;  
And he sings that same song that I used to sing  
While rocking the baby to sleep.

#### A la Tyrolese.

And as I grow older and older I pray  
That I was a child once again;  
And when I feel weary at close of the day  
I fancy I hear that same strain.  
The children flock round me, they climb on my  
knee,  
They sit up and make me feel young;  
And they ask me to sing them that sweet little song  
My mother sang to me.

#### A la Tyrolese.



# I DON'T BELIEVE THEY DO.

Words by Mr. C. W. WILMOTT, Music by Mr. W. DANEROOK.

I read the daily papers, and  
It don't seem very clear,  
If I should credit all I read  
Or what I see and hear;  
Each paper has its politics,  
And none agree or few,  
Do they believe just all they say  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

They talk about the unemployed,  
And these we often meet.  
Willing to work and yet enforced  
To beg from street to street.  
There are many things set going  
To relieve the poor, 'tis true;  
But do the rich do what they might  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

Now, the great Salvation Army  
Can make a fearful row,  
By beating drums and blowing horns,  
And shouting anyhow;  
They tell us how to live and die,  
This sanctimonious crew;  
But do they practice what they preach?  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

Lord Randolph Churchill, all must own,  
Is not at all a fool;  
And Chamberlain in argument  
Is always clear and cool.  
No doubt our Parliament's all right,  
But between me and you,  
Do they act like the late Lord B.?  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

We know the Bobbies of to-day  
Are much better than they were;  
Of course we owe them many thanks  
For their watchfulness and care.  
You always find them on their beat,  
And down the area too;  
Do they like to be there when wanted  
though?  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

We read of drunken cases in  
the paper every day,  
And horrid deeds all caused by drink,  
Most sad in every way;  
Some people get drunk every night,  
And boast about it too;  
Do their heads feel right when morning  
dawns?  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

The poor man wants a glass of beer,  
Of that there is no doubt;  
If Sir Wilfrid Lawson had his way  
They'd have to go without.  
With wine and whisky in the house,  
Teetotallers are true;  
Do they go without a drink on the sly?  
I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

Of course, the aristocracy  
Are the rulers of the land,  
And everything must be correct  
They choose to take in hand.  
But do the wives of noblemen  
Always keep to their husbands true?  
I read the papers recently,  
And I don't believe they do.

## CHORUS—

# TIMOTHY TOTTLES.

Oh! I've been out with some friends to dine,  
Beautiful dinner and glorious wine;  
They all drank their share and I drank mine,  
So now I'm toddling home.  
The reason that I'm inclined to roll,  
The wine's got up into my old poll;  
I can't walk straight, upon my soul,  
For my legs are inclined to roam.

## CHORUS—

Drunk again; drunk again;  
I'm Timothy Tottle. I'm fond of the bottle;  
Drunk again, drunk again,  
A jolly old cuckle am I.

Like loyal boys, we toasted the Queen,  
And drank her health till all serene.  
There were seventeen of us, I counted eighteen;  
That's rather curious you'll say.  
We drank everyone's health, and then our own,  
Till every blessed bottle had flown,  
Then we gave such a cheer that never was known,  
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

## CHORUS—

Now I'm fond of a bottle of sherry or port,  
With that logwood stuff I'm not to be caught,  
Good forty years old, ah! that's the sort,  
And of such I'm a capital judge.  
Mind, I don't turn up my nose at brandy or gin,  
At whisky or rum I can do a go in,  
To refuse any drink I consider a sin,  
And at eleven I'm loth to budge.

I must now toddle round to No. 3;  
I wish No. 3 would come round to me,  
For if a policeman this party should see,  
That minion would make out a case.  
For since this new Licensing Act's come out  
It's not safe for a fellow to go much about;  
He might happen to get into a cell, no doubt,  
And that's not a comfortable place,  
When he's drunk again, &c.

# HAPPY DAYS OB LUB AND FUN.

Composed and sung by Mr. BOB DESMOND  
with genuine success.

I've gwine for to sing and tell a story,  
And to gib der two in one is my design;  
It's about dis nig when he was in his glory,  
Which recalls back der days ob old lang syne,  
When I used to work upon der ole plantation  
A picking ob der cotton and der corn;  
And at night we used to form a con-gre-gation,  
For to laff, sing, and dance until der morn.

## CHORUS—

For we laffed, we danced, and we sang too,  
In dem happy days of golden lub and fun;  
To my heart and my memory dey hab clung so,  
That I can't forget dem, now they are passed  
and gone.

## Plantation Dance.

Altho' slaves, our cares were less or lighter,  
We had so much work to do but that was done;  
If our days were long our nights were short and  
brighter.

While der climate was der sweetest 'neath  
der sun.  
And der games we played, I neber can forget  
them—

How we used to trick der 'possum and der coon;  
But now a sigh and tear will sooth my reverie,  
When I think of scenes and faces passed and  
gone.

I remember der ole cabin in der corner,  
Whar a little nig I played around der door,  
And in der evening when ole Mammy picked der  
banjo,

How we darkies used to shuffle on der floor,  
But ole Mammy she am dead and gone too,  
All der faces of my childhood pass'd away;  
But when I hear der air so full of music,  
My thoughts to dem times am bound to stray.

# THE CHILLY MAN.

I was always chilly, dreadfully chilly,  
I was always chilly from the moment I was born.  
The year that I was born the Thames was frozen  
o'er.  
And I'm told it just took forty days our water tap  
to thaw.  
'Twas on Snow Hill Dr. Snow introduced me to  
this earth.  
And Mrs. North's cold treatment brought a cold  
on at my birth. I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadfully chilly,  
I was always chilly when I was a boy.  
No matter where I went I was always treated cool;  
In fact I looked so precious cold I nearly froze the  
school.

I always had sore chilblains around my chilly toes,  
And always had an icicle hanging from my nose.  
I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadfully chilly,  
Yes, I was chilly when I was a lad.  
They bound me to a builder from some unfeeling  
cause,

Tho' I was indoor 'prentice, I was always out of  
doors.

My master's name was Winter, who denied me  
even broth,

And he kept my bedroom window up tho' the  
wind blew from the north.

## I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, frightfully chilly,  
Yes, I was chilly on my wedding morn,  
I took Miss Frost to Church one cold December  
day.

We slipped about like two young eels, the snow  
fell all the way.

In the evening some young ladies to our chamber  
stole like mice.

They took the feathers from the bed and filled it  
full of ice. I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, terribly chilly,  
Yes, I was chilly when a married man.

Ere the honeymoon was o'er my wife gave up her  
breath,  
And I was sent to Coldbath Fields for freezing  
her to death.

But your very warm reception and kind feeling  
that you show

Has sent a spark bang thro' my heart and set me  
in a glow,

And I don't feel chilly, not a bit chilly, [warm.

And I don't feel chilly, what a pleasure to be

# PLANTATION REFRAIN.

Sung by Mr. BOB DESMOND with great success,  
as an introduction to his celebrated and  
unique Bone Solo.

Oh say, my gal, will you come wid me,  
(Yes, my lub, I'll meet you)

I'll take you down to Tennessee.  
(I'll meet you bye and bye.)

Wipe your eyes and don't you cry,  
(Yes, my lub, I'll meet you.)

For I'll be back here bye and bye.  
(Meet you bye and bye.)

## REFRAIN.

Hoe de corn, hoe de corn, Moses;  
Hoe de corn, Moses, hoe de corn.

Git away from de winder my lub and my dove,  
Git away from de winder! don't you hear?

(Oh, I hear.)

Den come some odder night, dar's gwine to be a  
fight,

Dar'll be razors a flying in de air,  
Oh don't you hear dose darkies now?

(Yes, my lub I'll meet you.)

I guess dar's gwine to be a row.  
(I'll meet you bye and bye.)

All dem niggers am cut to deif,  
(Yes, my lub, I'll meet you.)

For I've de only nigger dat's left.  
(Meet you bye and bye.)

# THE NIG WID A YARD OB FEET.

Written, Composed, and Sung by Mr. BOB  
DESMOND with great success.

Oh perhaps you wonder who I am, when dis  
figger your eyes meet,  
But I've gwine to tell you right away, I've de  
nigger wid tall feet;  
I belong to a handsome family, the pride of  
Baltimore,  
And wharever dese yer boots drop flat der grass  
won't grow no more.

## CHORUS.

I guess you think I don't speak true (dance)  
But I'll bet you dese yer boots I do (dance)  
For when I go out de folks all shout, as I  
promenade the street,  
Dey open dar eyes, and look wid surprise at dis  
nig wid a yard ob feet.

## Eccentric dance.

Now when dis darkey was quite young I didn't  
cost much for suits,

But what de ole folks grumbled at was to fix me  
up in boots.

And to do dat job it took a snob three weeks  
and an afternoon,

For he had to make dem in de street, 'kase in  
der shop dar wasn't room.

De odder day, dressed in my best, and my gal was  
gwine for to see,

I was only half my way down de street when a  
policeman collared me,

He took me to de set-up house, and de ole coon  
at de bar

Gave me three monis for disturbing de peace and  
upsetting a tramway car.

# YOUNG AS I USED TO BE.

Sung by HARRY STEWART.

Kind friends, I'm going to sing you a song;  
I'm old and won't detain you long;  
I'm sixty-four, I'd have you all know,  
And young folks call me Uncle Joe,  
My hair, once black, has turned to grey;  
But what's the odds? I feel so gay;  
I could sing a song, I could with glee,  
If I were as young as I used to be.

## CHORUS—

Fi di-di-di, hoop-de-do,  
How I love to sing for you;  
I could sing a song, I could with glee,  
If I were as young as I used to be.

When I was young and in my prime,  
I was after the girls near all my time;  
I'd take them out each day for a ride,  
And never leave them from my side.  
I'd hug and kiss them every one;  
I've not forgot the way it's done;  
And even now I could dance with glee  
If I were as young as I used to be.

## Fi di-di-di, &c.

When I was young I knew life's joys,  
But now I'm old yet I'm one of the boys;  
I can take a smile or sing a song  
With any good friend that comes along.  
I can tell a story or crack a joke,  
And never refuse to drink or smoke;  
I'm a gay old man you'll all agree,  
And I feel as young as I used to be.

## Fi di-di-di, &c.

# THE HENPECKED CLUB.

Written and Composed by W. H. HOWARD  
for HARRY STEWART.

## Copyright.

I suppose you can guess without telling,  
When my good-looking figure you scan,  
That I'm very much married and settled—  
A henpecked and much-abused man.  
The wife that should love and obey me  
Leads me a most terrible dance;  
And I'd have a divorce from her quickly  
If I only had got half a chance.

## PATTER ad SO.—CHORUS.

I was a silly fella, to marry Isabella,  
I never have a bit of peace nor half sufficient  
grub.  
I wish that I had tarried, and never had got  
married  
And made myself a member of the henpecked  
club.

When courting I thought Isabella  
Was an angel dropped down from the sky,  
For she used all her arts and devices  
My young tender heart to decoy.  
But her fondness was all stuff and humbug,  
All deceit was her sweet loving talk;  
Though I then called her duck, now we're married  
I find that she's cock of the walk.

## PATTER AND CHORUS.

It's disgusting the way I'm treated.  
She dresses me up like a guy;  
All day she is snubbing and snarling,  
And does all she can to annoy.  
I've the youngsters to wash and keep tidy,  
The rooms I've to scour and scrub;  
And till I've got all my work finished  
I don't get one mersel of grub.

# OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE.

As sung by HARRY STEWART, with  
Terrific Success.

I am growing old and feeble now, I cannot  
work no more;  
I hope I'll soon be called to my rest.  
My husband and my children they have left this  
earthly shore;  
Their spirits now are roaming with the blest.  
Things are changed about the place, my friends  
they all have gone,  
No more I hear them singing their refrain;  
And the only friend that's left me is that good  
old dog of mine,  
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a time—a happy time—not very long ago  
When the neighbours used to gather round the  
door;  
They used to dance and sing at night, and play  
the fiddle, too;  
But they'll never play the fiddle any more.  
The hinges are all rusty, and the doors are tumbling  
down,  
The roof lets in the sunshine and the rain;  
And the only friend that's left me is that poor old  
dog of mine,  
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

I once was happy all the day, I never knew a care,  
My husband wandered with me side by side,  
Our little home was humble, but happiness was  
there—

'Twas the sweetest spot in all the world so wide.  
But now 'tis sinking to decay, and all is dark and  
drear;  
Oh I'll never see those good old days again;  
For I miss the happy voices that I fondly used to  
hear  
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

So I'll totter to my journey's end, I've tried to do  
my best,  
Although I'm sad and weary all the day;  
Soon the angels they will call me, and I shall go to  
rest

In that bright and happy world so far away.  
Oh, 'tis sad to say good-bye to all that is so dear,  
But time and tide for no one will remain.

And when the summons comes at last I hope I'll  
be laid near  
To that little old log cabin in the lane.

# BIDDY OF KILDARE.

Written by E. BYAM WYKE for HARRY STEWART.

I'm Biddy McClosky, just come for a trip;  
I'd rather have walked it than come in a ship.  
The captain he shouted to haul in the slack;  
I tried to stand still, but I fell on my back;  
Sure the ship rolled and tumbled, and bothered  
me so.

I went to stairs to the cabin to go,  
But didn't go down, for bedad, d'ye mind,  
The ship might have started and left me behind.

## PATTER.—CHORUS.

I like a drop of whisky,  
And I like to take it neat,  
I always feel so frisky;  
And to me it is a treat  
To grow the murphies, keep a pig,  
And go to wake or fair;  
For none could sing or dance a jig  
Like Biddy of Kildare.

Now Murphy, my son, has enlisted, I find;  
He'll lead on the troops when he marches behind;  
He's private or captain—I cannot tell which.  
When told to fall in he fell into a ditch.  
When told by the major to face right about,  
He never would quarrel but always fell out.  
When pointing his gun at the enemy's head,  
His gun missing fire, he went off instead.

## CHORUS.

So pass round the whisky, your healths I will  
drink.  
There's no place like Ireland; yet somehow I  
think,  
That England's not quite so bad, d'ye see;  
It's been a good home to old Biddy—that's me.  
Then hurrah for the Shamrock I but don't you  
suppose  
I don't feel a pride in the old English Rose.  
One country—I'm speaking the words that are  
true—  
Is as good as the other—a deal better, too.

## PATTER AND CHORUS.



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