LONDON GOSSIP.

Fashion Flocking to the Town or to the Hunting Field.

THROUGH GORSE AND SPINNEY.

Prince Leopold as an Orator—Cetywayo as a Professional Beauty.

ROSTRUM, STAGE AND STUDIO

LONDON, Oct. 28, 1879.

London is filling up, the fogs have come and the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill. That is a concise summary of the state of the country just now. There is talk of coming trouble, of a convulsive general election, of complications with Russia (that, indeed, is as standard a topic as the weather), and even of troops—horse, foot and artillery—being held in readiness to pass over into Ireland at a moment's notice. But all this is mere talk, the other things are facts. The long, unlovely streets are getting to be crowded; we have unmistakable evidence of the arrival of King Fog in the increased percentage of deaths from bronchitis; and, lastly, in the newspapers we see once more the familiar headings—"Hunting appointments, staghounds, foxhounds, harriers," with their respective lists of packs and the place of the meet. About the commencement of the hunting season there is nothing unusual. Year in, year out, October brings it, inevitable as sunrise, changeless as law of Mede and Persian. The sporting papers are full of the prospects of the coming season. Foxes will be plentiful, horse sales are the order of the day and buyers are eager. Melton Mowbray, Market Harborough and Oakham are receiving their annual tenants—the very cream of hunting society in England—and

Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
It is our opening day,

is the burden of their song.

BLOWING THE ELECTIONEERING HORN.

But the return, or partial return, of society to London thus early is rather phenomenal. Some say it is because of the depression of trade which has brought back from the seaside the middle class families, who generally stay later; others that the prospect of a general election accounts for the presence in town of many of those whose business lies in finding brains for the nation, and they seem to anticipate an unusually hard time in the search. All over the country the trumpet of politics is being sounded; the hosts are being summoned to the banner of whig and tory, to the camp of liberal and conservative. John Bright, the war horse of the radicals, has smelled the battle and heard the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Sir Stafford Northcote has been bold to bang the conservative drum in Ireland, Lord Salisbury has almost burst his cheeks with the double bass in Manchester and Lord Hartington, the liberal leader (after Gladstone), has talked himself so hoarse that when now he opens his mouth there ensues a vast silence. But John Bright, the iron-throated Quaker, has flung himself into the thick of the fight, and his voice gives no uncertain sound. He is down upon the conservatives in that trenchant and powerful style of which he is a master. Before him all other English orators seem dull and prosy. In all his great speeches, recently delivered, Mr. Bright has referred to the United States in terms so eulogistic that the conservative journals condemn him as a man who likes other countries better than his own. They think he might better have been "a Proosian, or French or Turk or Roosian, or even an Italian," and that, having yielded to temptations to belong to other nations, he is not an Englishman. Mr. Bright's audience at Manchester thought differently, for when the well known sturdy figure came forward on the platform, the band struck up the "Fine Old English Gentleman," and the immense throng joined in the refrain. This hearty greeting inspired the fine old English gentleman to use some fine old English language. "There are," he said, "criminals at headquarters, fools and imbeciles among the people, baseness among the proprietors and writers of some newspapers." Upon his favorite topic, the United States, Mr. Bright said:—

Some of those foolish men (the conservatives) blame Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville because they did not keep open a perpetual sore with the United States on account of the depredations of the Alabama. Why, I have heard a conservative member of the House of Commons—himself, I believe, the builder of that ship—boast of having built it, and I have heard nearly all the conservatives who were on their benches in the House cheer him when he made that boast and I have heard my friend, Mr. Cobden, state over and over again, "Bear in mind when you are delighting yourselves in the plunder of the Alabama that there is not a single farthing of damage that the ship does or is doing or will do to the mercantile navy of the United States that you, the government of England will not be called upon to pay for." (Cheers.) And bear in mind farther that the present leader of the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote, was himself one of the commissioners who went to America and negotiated the treaty under which the whole of that subject was submitted to arbitration, and though in my opinion the sum that was awarded was in excess, to some extent, of what might have been awarded, yet the award was just, and I believe every just man admits that. I dare say if we had had a spirited foreign policy you might before this have been plunged into a fratricidal war at your brethren on the other side of the Atlantic—a war which would have left misery and wounds generations might not have healed, and we should have had not only enemies in the East—in Russia, whom we are determined to keep as long as we can—but an enemy no less formidable in the West.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The recent speech of Prince Leopold, at Sheffield, where he inspected the museum of Mr. Ruskin, has brought him well to the front, and loyal English people are congratulating themselves on the possession of such promising blood royal. Ruskin, who is a judge, surely, of good language and not too much of a courtier, expressed his admiration for the young Prince's oratory and sentiments. Praise from the author of "Modern Painters" and the "Stones of Venice" is worth having even by a prince. Leopold is evidently becoming a favorite with the masses. The aristocracy, they say, think he is a little too clerical—priggish, I suppose, the ill-natured word would be—for a prince. More than any of his brothers he takes after his father and he seems to have the same facility in public speaking. Still, in his speech at Sheffield, did not the royal orator fall into a strange error? He said:—"I have lately been reading a book about Sheffield as Sheffield was more than a generation ago, written by a great master of style and language, and giving a startling picture of things as then they were. The book was 'Sybil, or the Two Nations,' by Benjamin Disraeli, and the two nations of which the title spoke were the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor. The wide gulf that has existed between class and class has, I trust, been in a great measure bridged over now throughout all England, thanks to the efforts of statesmen of all parties alike, and, not least, to the illustrious author of that very book." But while on the subject of royalty I should mention that there has been a notable addition to the collections of photographs in the West End shop windows. Hitherto we have had professional and unprofessional beauties, actresses, the Queen and Princess Beatrice under an umbrella and naked Zulu women. Now we have Cetywayo himself, seated arrayed in the famous seven-and-sixpenny tablecloth (it was made for a small table), and with the broadest of broad grins on his face. He looks the mildest mannered man that ever cut a throat. Mrs. Langtry is on one side of him (of course I am speaking of separate photographs) and Mrs. Cornwallis West on the other, and he seems to be particularly happy in such company. The display is really comic. You may see men in the crowd which is always staring in at the windows of these shops laugh with a hearty guffaw, and women, who will just take one glance, and then turn giggling away. I have said that the tablecloth was made for a small table, and the thought occurs to the dispassionate observer that were this the photograph of a white man—say an artist's model—the Society for the Purification of the Main Sewer would certainly have something to say about it. Poor Cetywayo! To lose his throne, to be hunted down like a wild beast, and now to have his portrait scattered as broadcast as that of a professional beauty! Insult has been added to injury. However, the fat and now much-trousered monarch is blissfully unconscious on his lonely rock (I have no doubt it is a rock and lonely) of the fate or fame to which the camera has doomed him. May he possess his soul (and his pants) in patience and never know!

POSES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES.

Of course society gossip includes that great topic—made still more absorbing since the trial of the luckless editor of *Town Talk*—the *grandes dames* of high life and their photographers. It is said that society has suddenly made up its mind that the practice of being photographed like this and photographed like that is reprehensible, not to say immoral; but I do not see any falling off in the display of professional beauties in the shop windows. The *Standard* recently declared that "the mania for photographic notoriety is utterly discreditable to the women of rank and fashion who indulge in it," and went on to say:—"Is it compatible with the dignity and the reticent modesty that belong to the English wife and mother that she should allow her photograph to be exhibited alongside that of the 'mere dancing girl who shows herself nightly, half naked, on the stage for gain?' Such a question can have but one answer from all men who have a respect for English womanhood." The plea, strictly accurate I believe as a matter of law, that the beauties could not prevent the sale of their portraits, is ridiculed by everybody who gives the matter a moment's thought. I expect the truth of the matter lies in the explanation that while the ladies were not particularly averse to having their portraits in every shop window in the United Kingdom their husbands were and probably tried to prevent it. A letter from a West End photographer, published in the *Standard*, seems to prove this. He says that he was, without any solicitation on his part, commissioned to take photographs both of Mrs. Cornwallis West and Mrs. Langtry, and that after due submission of the proofs he "received permission" to publish the portraits. Shortly after their issue, however, Mr. Cornwallis West called upon him, and, expressing his objection to the publication of Mrs. West's photographs, requested him to withdraw the copies from circulation, at the same time stating that he had made the same request of other photographers. The photographer in question accordingly withdrew his portraits, but as many new and varied portraits of the lady have from time to time been issued since that date he desires to state he took none of them, and is not therefore among the number of photographers mentioned by Mr. Williams, one of the counsel for Mrs. West, who declined to discontinue the publication of the portraits in question.

ELLEN TERRY AS OPHELIA.

"The Iron Chest," that strange and morbid "study," which so exactly suits Mr. Irving's peculiar talent, is running at the Lyceum, but will soon make way for the "Merchant of Venice," in which Miss Ellen Terry will play Portia, a performance which is much looked forward to. Wednesday evenings at the Lyceum are devoted to "Hamlet," the completest and most artistic Shakespearean treat to be seen just now on any stage, Mr. Irving's unconquerable mannerisms of elocution notwithstanding. Miss Ellen Terry's Ophelia is a thing never to be forgotten, and I, for one, am bold to think that no Ophelia of the "good old days" could be compared with it. It is the climax of art and pathos. The lady herself is the absolute incarnation of the Burne-Jones-Rossetti school of painting, and when she is on the stage she lends a tender grace to the whole scene. Nothing more lovely has ever been seen than the "business" of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving in the play scene at the words—

Hamlet—Is this a prologue or the posey of a ring?
Ophelia—'Tis brief, My Lord.
Hamlet—As woman's love.

Here Ophelia drops her fan of peacock feathers, and, covering her face with her hands, weeps. Hamlet, seeing the fan drop, clutches at it, apparently at first because he can use it to hide his fiercely rising emotion from the King; but, remembering himself, he raises himself on his elbow and offers the fan with most courteous and graceful gesture to Ophelia. He sees that she is crying, and then for a brief moment he gazes earnestly at her bent head and flowing golden hair, realizing the effect of his thoughtless words on her gentle nature. Then the progress of the "mousetrap" play recalls him to his thoughts of revenge, and, swiftly, he passes from the tender, yearning, remorseful lover to the tiger-like avenger of blood. This is to my mind—and I have seen "Hamlet" at the Lyceum many times—the loveliest rendering of any portion of the play. And it is also skilful, for Hamlet retains possession of the fan all through the scene, and when he comes to the lines, screamed out in the frenzy of triumph:—

For thou dost know, O Damon dear!
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock,

he pauses at "very" for a simile, and then, suddenly catching sight of the fan in his hand, the word peacock comes in with most powerful and startling appositeness. It is a touch of comedy which comes as a most refreshing reaction from the terrific climax of the play scene. It is in such touches that the thoroughly artistic and sympathetic style of Mr. Irving is revealed.

AT THE OPERA.

Colonel Mapleson's cheap season of opera is in full swing at Her Majesty's Theatre. "Carmen" and "Mignon," with Miss Hauk in the title *rôle* of both, have been the feature so far. The former impersonation is now familiar to the Londoners; the latter is new, but Miss Hauk has scored again. Some of the critics are down upon the way in which she dresses the part, and want the toed stockings instead of ballroom shoes. The *Figaro* says that the costume was peculiar:—"An elegant tunic of drab, with a panier of deep brown merino, fastened coquettishly with a broad sash of crimson satin and—*mirabile dictu!*—a pair of ball shoes, instead of the property toe stockings of Mignon. For sheer eccentricity, Miss Hauk's Mignon dress has only been equalled by the wonderful costume adopted—I am afraid to say how many years ago—by Mlle. Ilma di Murska in the storm scene in 'Dinorah.' That dress, the lady will doubtless recollect, included, among other things, a pair of Hessian boots with gilt tassels and—a crinoline." But, then Miss Hauk has pretty feet and ankles, and who could expect to overrule her decision as to what becomes them? The musical critic of the *Times* thus speaks of Miss Hauk's impersonation of Mignon, which he says was a success in every respect:—

Those inclined to identify the gifted artist with the part of Carmen, which she has made so eminently her own, may have feared that Ambroise Thomas' gentle heroine would find in her a too dramatically pronounced interpreter. But it soon appeared that there was no cause for such apprehension. Miss Hauk conceived the character in the right—that is, in an essentially lyrical—spirit. She was first of all the tender, loving girl, full of sadness and longing for a home which she remembers only like a dream, and instinctively clinging to the man who has rescued her from misery. Even her jealousy of the conquering Filina cannot wholly change this keynote of her nature, and Miss Hauk was right in playing this scene in a more subdued manner than is generally done, while, on the other hand, the lively Styrienne was given with proper spirit. We cannot pay her a greater compliment than by saying that she resembled Goethe's Mignon rather than the vulgar caricature which the French librettists have made of that lovely creation. Vocally, also, Miss Hauk gave full satisfaction. She was in excellent voice, and the Styrienne already alluded to, as well as the pathetic monologue in the second act—two widely different styles of music—was given to perfection.

America is now represented here by a quartet of artists of whom she has every reason to be proud—Julia Gaylord, Emma Thursby, Antoinette Sterling and Minnie Hauk. You may search far and wide for four English singers to compete with them, but you will not find them.

OPERA AND DRAMA.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards gave an interesting lecture on the opera at Steinway Hall the other night. Beginning from the beginning, he touched on the origin, growth and extension of opera, and, coming down to to-day, he discoursed pleasantly upon the prima donna and the tenor of the period, with their characteristic jealousies and weaknesses. Mr. Edwards' conclusions on opera were that the objections to it which are sometimes heard are futile, and that it has advantages over other forms of the drama, one of them being that where a harmonious combination of voice is possible peculiar opportunity for the creation of dramatic effect is afforded. "Rescued" is on its last legs at the Adelphi, and Mr. Hollingshead will soon have control of that home of the melodrama, where, about Christmas time, he will produce a spectacular drama founded on Jules Verne's "Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant." Before then, however, we are to have "Nicholas Nickleby." We are not to be let off with one season of Sarah. Eight thousand pounds has already been subscribed for the series of French plays to be given at the Gaiety Theatre next summer, from May 24, for eight weeks. Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin and part of the company of the Odéon will appear for four weeks, and the remaining part of the season will be devoted to the company of the Palais Royal. The lively Parisian artists and their English manager have found a gold mine on the banks of the Thames and evidently propose to work the vein.

ITALIA IRREDENTA.

HOW THE PEACE CONGRESS WAS BROKEN UP.

More than six hundred persons assisted at the Congress held at Naples, on Sunday, the 26th ult., for promoting a general disarmament, while many distinguished publicists of Italy and other countries, in apologizing for their absence, expressed their hearty sympathy with the movement. President Ricciardi having opened the proceedings, was followed by Signor Sbarbaro and other eminent Italian jurists, who argued for arbitration as a substitute for warfare. In answer to a general call, Baron von Holtzendorff addressed the meeting, and, in the course of a vigorous pleading for disarmament, he contended that Prince Bismarck's ideal was essentially a pacific one, while as to Italy, he said that all civilized nations so loved her that if ever she were destroyed it would be not by aggression from without, but by suicide. Baron von Holtzendorff was loudly applauded on resuming his seat. Some confusion was caused by Marlino, the internationalist, who made a violent speech against military institutions in general and that of Italy in particular. Called to order by a delegate of police, he withdrew the offensive remarks. Finally a resolution was carried to the effect that the government should take into consideration the unanimous vote of the Neapolitan Congress in favor of disarmament.

WILD CONFUSION.

Fanfulla's correspondent thus describes the scene of "indescribable confusion" with which the Congress terminated on Monday afternoon at four:—"The people came rushing out from the hall amid loud screamings, strugglings, chairs overturned, applause, hisses, laughter, protests, hats crushed in and umbrellas lost. The idea of the Congress advocating disarmament had aroused the deepest indignation of two sections of the Italian people—those who share the opinions of General Mezzacapo and those who, with Imbriani, advocate a policy of action for the recovery of Trieste. Early in the morning placards bearing the words, *'Viva Trieste!' 'Viva Trento!' 'Morte all' Austria!'* were posted on walls, but were quickly removed by the police. Among a large portion of the persons present at the meeting there was an evident predetermined intention to interrupt and break up the Congress. One of the speakers, who rose in opposition to the purpose of the meeting, protested against disarmament while they had still the stranger in their house and unredeemed Trieste groaned in chains, and finally a speaker on the other side used expressions of so offensive a character against the army that the great majority of the audience sprang up from their seats shouting *'Viva l'Esercito!'* and the police also interfered. Confusion becoming general the proceedings were brought to a hurried conclusion."

HOSTILITY TO AUSTRIA.

The Garibaldians are apparently determined to keep up the Italia Irredenta agitation. General Canzio, son-in-law to Garibaldi, has issued an "order of the day" to the "Italian Carabineers," in which he reminds them that the blood of Italians is irrevocably consecrated to the redemption of Italy, and that this sacred enterprise is not accomplished as long as Austria possesses in Italy a Bosnia and a Herzegovina under the names of Trieste and Trent." The "vain artifices of a decrepit diplomacy and its cowardly lies are denied in face of the world by the beating of every Italian pulse, and you will never cease the cry of war nor lay down the arms of Varese, Calatafini, Volturno and Bezzecca as long as a single gem is wanting to the magnificent garland of seashores and mountains with which nature and history have crowned Italy." The document concludes thus:—"Italian Carabineers! Let this oath, which twenty battle fields attest to be immutable, be your answer to the vain boasts with which the enemy seeks to deceive himself and to cover his terrors. And let the answer be one of blood. (Signed) The President, S. Canzio." The above "order of the day" was read at a practice meeting of the Carabineers, amid loud shouts of *"Viva Trieste e Trento!"* at which meeting General Canzio assisted and made a violent speech, ending with *"Viva Trento e Trieste restituite all' Italia!"*

GLADSTONE INTERVIEWED.

RUSSIA'S LEADING SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, M. MOLTCHANOFF, HAS A CHAT WITH THE EX-PREMIER ABOUT THE POLITICAL QUESTIONS OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

[From the Novoe Vremja, Oct. 22.]

Yesterday my agent hurriedly presented himself, and while still in the antechamber exclaimed, "Gladstone arrived at Paris several days ago!" I said to myself, "I must see Gladstone, for I imagine he will be pleased to hear from a Russian expressions of sympathy and respect for his labors." Umbrella in hand, I set out to seek him. Gladstone is staying at the Hôtel Belfort, situated in a little street near the boulevards. At the entrance I met a chambermaid, who took my card and asked me to wait in the reading room of the hotel. After a while I was led across the courtyard to a little narrow staircase, where I was told to proceed to the second story and inquire at room No. 40. I did so, and when I got to the room I found the door open and an elderly gentleman sitting by the window reading a telegram. Hearing my step the elderly gentleman arose from his easy chair and advanced with extended hand to meet me, saying loudly in French, "I am very glad to see a Russian correspondent." It was Gladstone! The former Premier of England in appearance is an active and powerful man. He is of middle height, with broad shoulders, though somewhat stooping. He speaks with animation, and uses frequent gestures. His hair is gray, his face puckered with wrinkles; but his eyes are still very young, quick and full of fire. Leading me by the hand to the easy chair, he asked me to sit down and talk, regarding at the same time the telegram. "Permit me," he continued, "to look at this very interesting message I have just received." Putting on his *pince-nez*, he slowly read to himself, and then turned to me with the question, "You have been in the East?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, I have been there more than once."

"Tell me, if you please, what you heard there about Midhat Pacha."

"This question was evidently in connection with the telegram, for Mr. Gladstone pointed his finger to it while putting his interrogation to me. I replied, 'I have heard many reports of him that were good, but more that were bad.'"

"Personally, do you know him?"

"Yes, I met him some years ago in Spain."

"What impression did he make on you?"

"I saw too little of him, Your Excellency, to describe him personally," I replied, answering him evasively, not wishing to call to mind the good of a man who had done so much evil to the Slav.

"Yes," continued Gladstone, musingly, and regarding afresh the telegram, "I know that he was very cruel, and possibly severe toward the Bulgarians; but all the same he appears to be the only statesman in Turkey who possesses at once an iron character and a broad capacity."

"True, if you exclude his well known 'weakness,'" interpolated I, remembering that Midhat swallows every day several bottles of brandy.

My hopes of a longer conversation were just then almost destroyed by the entry of a tall, elderly lady, the wife of Gladstone, in a warm jacket, with a small muff in her hand. Bowing toward me, she said in English to her husband, "Are you going soon?" It was very provoking, but there was nothing to be done. I rose and bowed; but Gladstone restrained me, and turning to his wife introduced me to her. The good "milady" warmly bade me to seat myself and took her place alongside us. "Now, I am your servant," said Gladstone; "ask me whatever you please that will interest you." I thanked him and began with questions about Roumelia. This is word for word what Gladstone said in reply:—

"We will not refer in advance to the distant future of Roumelia. Thank God that property and the honor of the family are now protected there forever from the will of t e Mussulman. I received the newspaper *Maritza*, and, judging from it, I think that the people of Roumelia are content with their fate and that everything may be considered quiet, especially since the change of the head of the militia, Vitalis. The sole danger of Roumelia consists in the fact that the Porte may send troops into the province. It has the right to do that in accordance with the Berlin Congress under two contingencies—to defend the Balkans or to put down disturbances in the interior of Roumelia. So far as is known to me, the Porte has given up the former right forever, even in the event of fresh aggressive action on the part of Russia. The latter right, however, still belongs to it, and it is easy to see that Turkey would take advantage of it if a pretext offered itself."

"But would the Powers agree?"

"I believe that it might easily at present obtain their consent," replied Gladstone, giving marked emphasis to the words "at present," and "consequently all who sympathize with the Bulgarians should do their utmost to prevent them from giving vent to any manifestation or agitation just now. Let them not only not interfere with the return of the Mussulman fugitives, but also help them, so as to escape giving rise to any difficulty or question at the present moment. The Mussulmans will constitute such a trifling minority that they cannot affect the logical future (large type in *Novoe Vremja*) of Roumelia. That is all I can say at present about that country."

I turned to the question of Macedonia.

"I think," replied Gladstone, "that the Macedonian question is purely Bulgar-Grecian, and that it has not yet sufficiently explained itself either as regards one side or the other."

"But in the press, Your Excellency, the name of Macedonia is frequently referred to in connection with that of Austria."

"Yes, and especially since the so-called Vienna Conference, eh?" said Gladstone, smiling. "In this connection of Macedonia and Austria there is certainly a grain of truth, but I think (in italics) that no foreign Power will meddle with Macedonia, and therefore I regard the squabble about it as exclusively Bulgar-Greek."

"But the intentions of Austria in regard to Macedonia are recognized with sufficient clearness by the European press."

"So long as Austria does not trespass beyond the frontier accorded her by the Berlin Congress, and her intentions are demonstrated neither by facts nor acts of any kind, no other Power, it is apparent, has any occasion to express its veto," replied Gladstone.

Until now Mr. Gladstone had spoken calmly, but the moment I mentioned Afghanistan he rose from his seat and his eyes sparkled.

"Oh, this unhappy war?" he exclaimed. "You know, of course, already the opinion entertained of it by me and my colleagues. I do not know what the present Cabinet will do with Cabul and its Khan: I do not believe that even the Cabinet itself knows. But we are on the eve of an election. I am employing all my might to lead England from the dangerous road, and if our hopes are realized between England and Russia will be more than points of agreement than of disagreement. I am persuaded that our people do not wish and never did wish to quarrel with Russia; that they never will justify those acts of the present Cabinet which have destroyed their sympathy for you. I think and I hope that the Beaconsfield Cabinet is living its last days, and that the liquidation of its deeds will fall a heavy burden to the lot of the liberal party. The faults of the Beaconsfield Cabinet are so apparent that its strength has already gone over to our camp." (The correspondent interpolates, "It is known that Lord Derby has gone over to the liberal party.")

The clock struck eleven, and I remembered that the interview had lasted thirty minutes. I rose and bowed, thanking him for his warm reception.

"Yes, yes," continued Gladstone, shaking hands, "our present war is not only a blunder of the Cabinet, but it is its crime."

"Your Excellency, can we rely upon that portion of the English press which maintains that the Austro-Hungarian agreement meets with warm sympathy on the part of your country?" I asked, in leaving the room.

"I don't think," Gladstone replied, "that anything menacing would be received with any sympathy in England."

A STRANGE SUICIDE.

Moscow society would appear to be just now considerably exercised by the suicide of one of its brightest ornaments, the young and lovely Countess Vera Koscheleff, who a short time ago suddenly disappeared from her palace in the old Russian capital, only two days after her solemn betrothal to Count Heimann, which had been celebrated with festive rejoicings upon an unusually magnificent scale. No one could imagine whither she had gone until her steward received a letter from her, written at her chateau in the Crimea, wherein she informed him that "she was going to bathe in the river running through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near which her body would be found in the water. Search was, of course, made with all possible promptitude, and it resulted in the discovery of the beautiful young countess' corpse sewn up in a large straw sack and sunk in the river. The seams were found to be in the interior of the sack, proving that Vera Koscheleff had deliberately sewn herself up in the sack on the river bank and then cast herself into the stream. In another letter, addressed to one of her uncles and received by him some time after her death, she gave as her reason for enclosing herself in a sack previously to drowning herself her extreme fear of crawfish and water beetles. Few stranger and more fantastic suicides have been recorded even in Russian annals of self-destruction, which are exceptionally rich in grisly stories of this particular description.

OLD WORLD WAIFS.

Peeps Into the Mysteries of Very High Life.

PRINCES AT PLAY.

Louise on the Ocean—German Ladies in Arms—An Imperial Diana.

ALFONSO'S PROPOSAL.

Gasparone, the famous brigand, whose death was announced by all the Italian papers, is now said to be alive. He had a fainting fit and remained insensible for some hours, but revived and is able to take exercise as usual. He is ninety years old.

According to *Le Figaro* several busts of the Empress Eugénie are doing duty in France as emblems of the Republic. A correspondent of that journal discovered one of these figures, slightly transformed, officially present in a small commune of Central France. It is in a schoolhouse, placed above the pedagogue's chair and presiding over the work of education.

Witch burning is not recognized as a crime in Russia, although this is the nineteenth century and the age of holy missions. Seventeen peasants of Nijni-Novgorod met the other day and solemnly cremated an elderly female resident in their neighborhood who was suspected of black cat and broomstick tendencies. The Court acquitted them all, but directed three of the number to make their peace, by penances, with the Church.

One of the most remarkable pedestrian feats on record was performed a few days ago by Fritz Rüsgegger, of Thun, a noted Alpine climber. Leaving Thun at half-past two A. M., he walked over the Rebloch and the Eggewyler Alps and by Schönenwald to Ramisgummen. After breakfasting at the latter place he returned by Schutbach and Kapf, and arrived at Thun at a quarter to twelve P. M. The ground covered in the twenty-one and one-quarter hours is estimated at ninety miles.

Sunday three weeks ago a play entitled "Vera Zassulitch" was performed in the theatre at Lugano, Geneva, to a crowded audience. The heroine of the drama and the actors who represented nihilists were frantically applauded, and the attack on General Trepoff, the speech of Vera Zassulitch's advocate and her acquittal by the jury provoked a very tempest of enthusiasm. The late change of Russian Ministers at Berne is popularly believed to be not altogether unconnected with nihilist intriguers in Switzerland.

Pall Mall Gazette:—"There is no denying that the Americans have been sending us of late what in their own dialect they would call 'quite a number' of disagreeable things, and the list is a very miscellaneous one, embracing bad seasons, bad prices, the interviewing reporter, personality in journalism, the dry humor of Mark Twain and the nasty incoherence of Walt Whitman. To these, it would seem, pianos for the million ought to be added, for the American manufacturers are certainly the most enterprising and pushing—if it is not entirely to them that we owe the appalling proportions the trade in these instruments of torture has lately assumed."

The Odessa correspondent of the London *Times* says:—"It is proposed to expel all Jews from the country of the Don Cossacks in the course of the next two years. It is said that the chiefs of that military people have requested the supreme government to take this step in consequence of the way in which the Jews defraud and cheat in all their dealings. Their brethren of Odessa have just been accused by one of the local newspapers (the *Praveda*) of buying up the corn at the exorbitant prices of 15, 16, 17 and even 20 roubles the chetwert, or Russian quarter, in order, in the expectation of a scarcity, to get as much of it as possible into their own hands, the grain crops of South Russia having proved a failure this year."

The news originally given that the French Minister of Marine would refute the allegation made by M. Humbert, that he had seen torture inflicted on transported communards, was followed in the too zealous officious prints by the statement that on consideration the allegation was too manifestly untrue to be worthy of refutation. The Havas Agency, however, now says that a minute inquiry is ordered, and not only does a fellow transport of M. Humbert, whose evidence might be challenged, confirm *de visu* his assertions, but a surgeon, not a convict, certifies to the *Courrier du Soir* that he has seen thumbscrews and other instruments of torture used, and that every week whole batches of communards were bastinaded, and that several, broken down by hardships, died of their wounds. It is right to state that these alleged atrocities are imputed to functionaries at least two years ago, before the present Ministers were in power.

An interesting account of the life of the Empress of Russia at Cannes appears in the *Gaulois*. When the weather is fine Her Majesty takes every advantage of it, going out several times a day, sometimes alone, at other times with her sons. The Empress lives in the utmost retirement and receives no one. This is an old habit, for when Her Majesty is abroad she wishes to obtain the rest which she seeks; but this is not the case with the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, and the Czarevna has brought with her so many toilets from Paris that she will hardly disdain the social pleasures that Cannes will be proud to offer her. Apropos of these toilets, we are assured that the Princess of Wales has presented her sister with four magnificent dresses, each valued at 26,000f. The Princes of the Muscovite Court always live in Oriental splendor, whatever the simplicity and ease of their individual relations. The *cadre* is always dazzling. What a numerous suite, what prodigality, what horses and carriages! While at Pegli the Prince and Princess Imperial of Germany, with their three daughters and Prince William of Prussia, live like Berlin *bourgeoise*.

London *Truth*:—"Adelina Patti's reappearance in Paris after ten years of absence took place the other day with tremendous success at a festival given on behalf of the Dramatic Artists' Association Fund. First of all, the receipts at the doors of the concert—70,000f., or about £2,800—were substantial evidence of the curiosity of the public. This was nothing, however, compared with the enthusiasm which the sight of the *diva* elicited from the audience, and the frantic applause and shower of bouquets with which she was greeted. Of the latter she received, according to trustworthy statistics, no less than 849. Finally, what brought the enthusiasm of the hearers to a climax was the circumstance that Sarah Bernhardt, who was to appear on the same occasion, having sent word that she was unable to attend, the *diva* volunteered at once to sing an extra song. The Marquis de Caux, who was credited with the intention of interfering with his wife's reappearance in Paris, as he might have done under the provisions of the French Code, very wisely abstained from what would have been generally considered a mean revenge."

PRINCESS LOUISE'S VOYAGE.

Princess Louise experienced a stormy and unpleasant passage from Canada to England. The Sarmatian was detained sixteen hours by a river obstruction before reaching Farther Point in the St. Lawrence, and afterward, on arriving off Anticosti encountered a heavy snowstorm and gales from the east, which involved a detention of nineteen hours in addition. Special staterooms were set apart for the accommodation of Her Royal Highness and suite on the port side of the saloon, and in consequence of the heavy weather the Princess was compelled as a rule to keep to her apartments. On three occasions only was she able to go on deck, but she several times dined in the saloon with the other passengers—forty-four in number—at a table set apart for herself and suite. On the outward voyage of the Princess in the same ship, and under the same commander, Captain Aird, Her Royal Highness was equally, if not more, unfortunate as to weather.

AUSTRIA'S IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Gödölö, the Hungarian Schloss which the Magyars a few years ago presented to their huntress queen, is just now alive with the bark of dogs and the clatter of horses' hoofs. The guests have the choice of two varieties of sport, severally headed by the King and the Queen—viz., deer shooting and the drag. The preserves of Gödölö alone contain 1,300 head of deer, 300 having to be shot every year to keep the number down to this formidable figure. One morning His Majesty took his gun and went out for an early stroll, and, without dog or beaters, brought down seven deer before breakfast. Crown Prince Rudolph is even a better shot than his father, who is, however not in the least jealous of his son's superior skill, although he is anything but pleased when any one else makes a bigger bag than he does himself. The future ruler of Austria-Hungary the other day killed forty-six chamois in two days' shooting at Eisenerz, in Styria. The drag, which is quite an innovation in Hungary, is just now Her Majesty's absorbing passion, and has, I believe, been introduced by Captain Lord Spencer, whom I mentioned last week as being at Gödölö. It consists of a piece of raw meat soaked in anisette. The country is very stiff, and it requires much skill and courage to ride straight after the scent—qualities which Her Majesty has, by her performances in England and Ireland, shown us she possesses in a high degree. It is quite the exception when she does not come in with a good five minutes' lead. Recently the Emperor shot a golden eagle, a quarry which cannot, like most other game, be made easy by *battues*, and which, when bagged, affords irrefutable proof of the sportsman's skill. The other evening as His Majesty was returning to Gödölö, after a day's shooting, one of these rare and handsome birds rose. It was a long shot, and by ill luck only one barrel was loaded, but the Emperor took steady aim and brought the bird whirling down to earth. The prize was exhibited that evening on a golden dish on the sideboard. His Majesty now wears in his shooting hat one of the eagle's feathers, and says he will always do so in future.

HOW THE ARCHDUCHESS WAS ASKED.

The ceremony which took place in the Bourg at Vienna, when Duke Edward de Carondelet, y Donato Duke de Baylen and Marquis of Portugalete drove up in gala to demand the hand of the Archduchess Marie Christine for his master, King Alfonso XII., and with all the pomp and etiquette prescribed by the Spanish Court was introduced to the Emperor in the Grand Reception Hall, was, says the Vienna correspondent of the London *Globe*, one of those historical and picturesque events which would have inspired the brush of a Doriegger or a Makart. The lofty and imposing apartment, with its raised dais at one end, on which stood the Emperor in full uniform, surrounded by his Court and Ministry, the heavy draperies of the baldachino overhanging the throne, the rich uniforms of the Hungarian Guards and the picturesque costumes of the Spanish Envoy and his suite, the colored light streaming through the casements, adorned with the armorial bearings of seven centuries of Hapsburgs, together formed a picture, the remembrance of which will always afford a distinct sensation of pleasure. From the Hall of Ceremonies the Duke betook himself to another part of the Bourg, where he was received by the *fiancée* herself, who looked bewitching in pink satin and pearls. Her Highness was accompanied by her mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth. The envoy made known to the two ladies the success which had attended his mission to the Emperor, and after formally asking once more if he were right in presuming to suppose that Her Highness consented to bestow her hand on the King of Spain he formally presented her with a diamond ring, bearing the initials "A. C.," the betrothal gift of his royal master. Present arrangements fix the departure of the two Archduchesses for Madrid via Paris on the 21st of November, but this date will very possibly be altered for a still later one. It appears that the Austrian imperial family is desirous that a more ample provision should be made for the Archduchess in case of her possible widowhood than the Spaniards feel inclined to allow. Before Her Highness leaves Vienna she will formally renounce any claims to the Austrian throne. She has just returned from Prague, where she has been to renounce the post of Abbess of the Cloister attached to the Headchen, for noble ladies, a high honorary distinction only granted to an archduchess. The future Queen of Spain is one of the few *grandes dames* of Vienna who do not think it absolutely necessary that a dress should be Parisian for it to be stylish. She has delighted the commercial world of the "Kaiserstadt" by ordering her trousseau from native firms. When King Alfonso the other day met his "futuro" at Arcachon she extracted a promise from him to allow her to bring her own physician to Spain, which is quite contrary to strict Spanish etiquette. The affair has given rise to much discussion between the King and his punctilious grandees, but as Archduchess Christine declared that she would not trust herself to the Spanish Court physician, who allowed Queen Mercedes and her sister to slip through his fingers, and would in fact not go to Spain at all unless she had her way, the big wigs had to give in.

A GARDEN FOR THE CZAR.

In one of the large squares of St. Petersburg, which contains the well known monument of the Empress Catherine, the Russian Theatre and Public Library, stand the remains of a large wooden building now in course of demolition. This old tenement was once the local habitation of the opéra bouffe company at St. Petersburg, and as such would not be likely to create any particular curiosity during its destruction, were it not that a very interesting fact has come to be connected with the spot. Close by, at the corner of the square, with its principal frontage on the Nevsky street, is the palace of the Grand Duke Heir Apparent, and it has just been discovered that the successful bidder for the purchase of the site of the old opéra bouffe is no other than the Grand Duke himself, who intends, it is stated, to have a large garden laid out around his palace, taking in the site in question, in order that his imperial father, the Czar, may have a private place in which to take his usual walks, free from all annoyance and danger. It has long been the wish of the Czarewitch to acquire the adjoining ground for this purpose, and an enormous price has been paid down to secure it. There are at present no gardens attached either to the Emperor's winter palace or to the Annitchkoff Palace of the Czarewitch, and the Emperor, whose regular habits of walking in St. Petersburg are well known, has hitherto been accustomed to take his daily constitutional in the summer garden on the Neva Quay or round about his palace, in both of which places his life has been in danger from the base and cowardly hand of the assassin. Ever since the unfortunate occurrence of last April His Imperial Majesty, while in the capital, has considerably restricted his walks in these places, and it is said that the Czarewitch is anxious to provide a quiet retreat for the Emperor, where His Majesty may retire for relaxation from the cares of State instead of subjecting himself to all the inconveniences of public promenades, such, for instance, as the continual acknowledgment of salutes, &c. The garden proposed to be made by the Czarewitch will, therefore, no doubt be walled in and made strictly private, as at Buckingham Palace, and the tall figure of the Emperor of Russia, no longer a young man, and careworn with the burden of State, will henceforth be less familiar than formerly among his subjects in the streets of St. Petersburg.

A "KING FROM THE NORTH."

Under the heading "A Russian Move" an Englishman