

Carey's chickens the Home Minister believes to be the disbanded soldiers of Boulangism, and who want some work to do by organizing an international row. Either the Government or the noisy Anarchists must give way, and in either case such might cause the Czar to twirl his moustache. Unless M. Van Dyck ("Lohengrin") pleads again unstrung vocal organs, and so imposes another postponement of the opera, the ball must proceed with all its grave or comic consequences.

In the German manoeuvres this autumn one circumstance has occurred and meriting well to be noted—the cordial reception of William II. by the Bavarians. The German unity, like the links of a chain, is strongest in its weakest part; now Bavaria has been suspected as the weak link in Teutonic unity, till the presence of the Emperor dispelled all doubt.

The Russophilism fever is sensibly cooler; is this the consequence of the new test it must undergo—lending the Muscovite half a milliard of francs? It remains to be seen will the extraction of that sum be a painless operation. Russia has now only France to borrow from. Madame Adam is the leader of the Russian boom. For years she has laboured in her *Revue* to tie a true-lover's knot between France and Russia. She has just published an authorized article on Holy Russia by a Russian, who must have sipped some "vodka" during its elaboration. The writer tells the French that the Russians of every class are indifferent to politics, that the Russian press—an official institution—in no manner represents public opinion, and that while detesting the Germans, the Russians have no cause of quarrel against them. The Czar and his Ministers know what is right, and can only do what is right. That's encouraging for an ally.

A serious French journalist, who has been at Trèves to witness the Holy Coat, availed himself of the opportunity to take stock of the feeling of Germany towards France. He spoke to many Germans; they all hungered and thirsted after peace, but added, "the moment France attempted to seize Alsace, every German, to a man, will range himself behind the Emperor." Next he interviewed German Alsatian soldiers that had just completed their two months' drill; they admitted that as private citizens they were as ever French at heart, but when they don the German uniform they are no longer the same men; they feel as it were in irons; the chef commands; they are between his hands as machines; they no longer reason, they but obey orders.

Prince Henri d'Orleans is son of the Duc de Chartres, and some months ago returned from a voyage through Thibet and China. Some people swear by all the gods of Olympus he was not in Thibet at all, etc. He has given his opinion on the burning question of the "heathen Chinese." In according to Protestant powers, such as Germany—why does not the same logic hold good for America and England—the right to protect her own missionaries, French influence received a knock down blow. He warns France to be on her guard against the sincerity of the aid to be expected from her rivals in trade in the far East, and, above all, of *perfidie Albion*. If France wishes to uphold her influence in China, she should send her fleet there to blockade all the ports and thousands of bayonets to aid the cutlasses. If the Prince proposed in the Chamber an expedition to China, plus one to Tonkin as a necessary consequence, he would certainly be locked up in an asylum and Jules Ferry sent to keep him company. Up to the present the Chinese massacre craze is clearly anti-religious; it is not anti-commercial, but the danger is that *all* foreign devils—Germans and French included—might be marked good for anti-Christian attentions.

Zola, upbraided with upholding Republican views, replies that when he was penniless in Paris, having an aged mother and a sick girl-wife to support, only the Republican journals would purchase his manuscripts, and that if he has a leaning to expose social corruption it is due to having had to live in a milieu of misery in his youth.

Respecting the rumoured doings of the British fleet and Turkey it seems to be forgotten that since the period when General Kaulbars tried to govern Bulgaria with his boots, England holds a firman authorizing her fleet to pass the Dardanelles in case Russia should ever land troops at Varna; this largely explains why Bulgaria is not invaded.

Honours to Lord Salisbury: his head now adorns the bowl of a new clay pipe. To be apotheosized he has only to be done in gingerbread.

Madame de Herrera and her three young daughters from Ecuador, owing to reverse of fortune—one time millionaires—have just taken the veil in the Dominican convent at Etrépagne. Z.

DANTE ROSSETTI used to tell a story of Tennyson, with whom he was walking one sultry summer night through High Holborn. They passed a building brilliantly lighted up, and from which issued the sounds of joyous music. "What is that place?" asked the bard. "It is called," replied Rossetti, "the Holborn Casino." "I should like to look in," pursued the bard, "only I should be at once surrounded by a crew of groundlings who would mob and pester and jostle me." "My dear sir," quietly remarked Dante, "if you were to get on one of the tables, announce your name, and recite three of your poetic masterpieces into the bargain, probably not two per cent. of the audience would have the slightest idea of who you are!"—*The Argonaut*.

OUR ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE.

THE question, "Where shall we go for the holidays," has been asked and answered more or less satisfactorily in many hundreds of English middle-class homes during the last few weeks, and now the watering-place season is in full swing. To Londoners, this annual exodus is the event of the year, and the various railway stations there have been daily thronged with a motley crowd largely made up of family parties whose impedimenta, whilst severely restricted in the number and size of the trunks, swells out into undue proportions in the matter of what may be termed "outlying property." Unwieldy bundles, which are supposed to conceal, but do not, articles of intimate domestic economy; waterproof cloaks of the fashion of years ago, in which one species of female tourist delights to array herself, spades and tin pails; all these are crowded into the racks intended "for light articles only," to the dismay of the other passengers and the imminent danger of their heads. A third-class compartment on the South Eastern Railway is distinctly to be avoided during the months of August and September by the cynical bachelor or fussy maiden lady. They will be liable to have their toes freely trodden on by hordes of juvenile Jones', Smiths and Browns, who, unchecked by their fond parents, squeeze along the narrow space between the rows of seats in order to secure the vantage ground of the two small windows. They only desist from this occupation when called upon to share the contents of a basket of provisions, which would seem, by the odours exhaled, to consist chiefly of peppermints, oranges and stale apples. There is, however, a large packet of the *pièce de résistance* of the British tourist—sandwiches, which, having been wrapped in newspapers and disarranged during the process of transit, present a peculiarly revolting appearance to the uninitiated, and this is the reason, doubtless, that they are always accompanied and washed down with strong waters, usually contained in a flat black bottle and partaken of at frequent intervals, at first surreptitiously but afterwards with the nonchalance induced by custom and Dutch courage.

The last hour of the journey is decidedly the most trying: the children clamour to "see the sea" long before that range of Downs is passed which signifies that we are drawing near to our desired haven. After the Downs there is a grey line on one side of us, beyond the green stretch of pasture land; the line broadens—changes—presently the sun shines on tiny white sails. We pass a small fishing village and harbour, and now speed along for a few minutes still with the Downs on our right, not so bleak and bare as at first, but crested at intervals with clumps of trees and with deep undulations in which are nestled little villages. Each has its old church, built in the form of a cross and having the solid square towers peculiar to this part of the country. On our left is the sea, far off, indeed, as yet, for the tide is out and the sun shines on a glistening expanse of sand and shingle. Ah! here we are at our destination, and thoughtful friends having met us and secured a porter, we look on calmly at the scene of wild confusion in the little station. Our fellow-passengers and many others of their kind are rushing aimlessly about looking for a box which has probably been left in London, whilst their bundles, which have been all more or less unfastened and disarranged during the journey, scatter their contents freely about the platform, to the dismay of the matron of the party, who makes a wild clutch at children and packages and drags them away. Meanwhile, our luggage has been piled upon a truck, and we walk past rows of trim villas, each with its bright patch of garden in front, to the cottage whither we are bound, and which is a perfect tower of climbing roses and clematis.

The interior, we note thankfully, has little of the typical sea-side lodging about it. With the exception of the stuffed sea-gull standing on a wool mat, there is nothing to positively shock our æsthetic tastes in the little sitting-room, and much to charm us in the profusion of flowers arranged by our landlady. We make a hasty inspection of our new quarters, and, after a cup of tea, stroll down to the shore. There is, doubtless, an advantage in living close to the sea, and the great object of most people is to do this, but we question if after all there is not a more sybaritic pleasure in not seeing it all at once, but coming to it by degrees and almost unawares. We go straight through the principal street of the little town, past the town hall, which stands, like those in Belgium and Holland, at one end of an open "Place," past shops, quite one-third of which have for their stock in trade cheap fancy articles. At first we marvel how on earth the owners manage to make even a precarious livelihood by selling such rubbish, but after a week's study of the manners and customs of the British "cheap-tripper" one learns that a great part of his or her day at the sea-side is spent in pottering about the town, and that each invariably carries off a memento of the place in the shape of an *article de Paris* or a box decorated with Indian shells. But this street debouches on to the Esplanade or Marine Parade, and immediately we are struggling with a stiff north-westerly wind, and close to the sea, which is now tumbling in, bearing on each wave a burden of sea-weed, which in many places completely covers the shingle.

There is no bold line of cliffs here, as at other places on the South Coast; only a long stretch of pebbly shore, and below that a tract of dark sand, which, ugly in itself, has yet a weird charm of its own under certain aspects. The tide is coming in fast; as we pace from end to end of the sea-front it covers the sand, and then we begin to hear that familiar and delicious sound, the splash of the waves

upon the shingly beach, and the soft rolling back of the scattered pebbles—the crescendo and diminuendo which always makes us think of Schubert's Barcarole. As we listen and let our thoughts wander as they will amid the memories sweet and sad borne to us on the rhythmic refrain, twilight comes on, lights twinkle along the coast, and the coloured lamps on the pier attract most of the visitors in that direction. Presently the wind carries toward us snatches of airs from Dorothy, played by the band in the Pavilion—More associations, more memories, but this time not of the sea, but of crowded theatres on this and the other side of the Atlantic. As we did not come to our watering-place to sentimentalize, but to revive exhausted nature and think as little as possible, we turn our backs upon the "lady moon" just rising over the sea, and a smart walk of twenty minutes brings us to our cottage door.

On the morrow, our first question is the truly British one, "is it fine?" We are eager to go out and breathe more ozone, but a violent rattling of the window-frames warns us that there is a "little breeze on," as a stiff gale is playfully termed in this part of the world. Never mind—we are provided with clothing to defy the elements, and as, after breakfast we make our way towards the sea, we look with a superior and pitying eye on those damsels we meet, who, adorned with large flower-garlanded hats, are holding them on frantically with one hand, and gathering their fluttering drapery about them, and are driven like leaves before the storm.

If we were cynically disposed, which we are not, we should at once make for a certain corner on the pier, to pass which, in weather like this, with becoming dignity, it behooves a woman to be "gowned" in the tautest and trimmest fashion. Otherwise—but no, we will not even dimly hint at the harrowing scenes we have witnessed, but go in search of our own special boatman, who greets us with as near an approach to a smile as his wooden face is capable of wearing, and soon we are off for a long happy morning's rowing and fishing. There is nothing special to be caught at our watering-place. Though we go through many ceremonies with some very repulsive looking bait, we are more often than not disgusted to find, after a smart pull at our line, a crab hanging to each of our hooks. Great is our excitement when we secure a small plaice, and envious looks are directed at us by a party of excursionists in a boat yonder, whose countenances, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of a thought," they would rather not realize, express a very tempered enjoyment of their position. The bay is looking perfectly charming this morning; the sea is a bright green with white-crested waves. There are numbers of sailing boats dotted about, and in the offing some stately ships making their way down Channel. Our boatman is even more laconic than usual. Finding that he only grunts in answer to our enthusiastic remarks on the scene before us, we pass on to more congenial topics, and soon elicit from him that business is bad, the weather having prevented the usual number of visitors from coming to "our watering-place." He gives us a short sketch, which we have often heard before, of previous years, when "summers were something like summers," to which we listen sympathetically, but are afraid to increase his gloom by imparting to him our favourite theory that the world is slowly but surely returning to the glacial period of its existence. Just imagine "our watering-place with no summer at all!" Our boatman, with his brethren of the craft, would become so many modern editions of the "Ancient Mariner," and we feel sure he would presume on old acquaintance, to stop us with that legend of the days of yore.

When we land at the Pier-head we find the morning promenade in full swing. After a few days one gets to recognize the *habitués*, and to feel quite a strong personal interest in their little ways. There are the ladies who bring work; the ladies who bring novels more or less the worse for wear from the circulating library; these usually take possession of the sheltered seats, from whence they can survey the passing crowd in comfort. There is the sentimental couple about whom we are tempted to weave a romance, until we discover that there is something radically wrong about the young man's necktie and that his hair is not cut correctly. It is foolish to let such trifles turn us against him, but they do; and we could wish the girl, who is not bad looking, a better fate. We feel sure she will "repent at leisure" if she decides to sit opposite that tie, or one like it, for the rest of her natural life. There is a sprinkling of the Hebrew persuasion, and then there is the largest element of all—the families—mothers and fathers, with troops of sunburnt, happy-faced children. Our watering-place makes a specialty of children of all ages and ranks, and they, at least, are thoroughly enjoying themselves. The wind doesn't trouble them a bit; they race about on the shore on donkeys and in goat-carriages; they paddle in the water, and carry home in triumph large trophies of sea-weed, which are hung up behind the back-door in their city homes to tell them what the weather is going to be.

There is this great charm about "our watering-place," that when one gets weary of its sea-aspect there are numbers of inland rambles. Off every road are inviting field-paths leading to little villages; shady by-ways which seem to take one nowhere in particular, but if followed on will bring us either to one of the prosperous looking farmsteads, which seem to survive the decadence of English farming generally, or to the distant Downs. There is a fascination about these Downs. They always form the