

PERSONAL.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes, who has just celebrated his Jubilee as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge,



Photo. Windsor and Grove.  
SIR GEORGE G. STOKES.

is in his eightieth year. Sir George is the youngest son of the Rev. Gabriel Stokes, Rector of Skreen, and was educated at Bristol College and at Pembroke College. In 1841 he was Senior Wrangler, and the same year was elected Fellow of Pembroke, of which he is now President. In 1869 he was President of the British Association, and from 1887 to 1892 he represented Cambridge University in Parliament. He is a Fellow of the

Royal Society, and has been President and Secretary. His writings on physical and mathematical subjects are chiefly contained in the Transactions of various scientific societies. From 1890 to 1892 he was Gifford Lecturer at Edinburgh.

Out of the evil of the Czar's advisers cometh good for the British Empire. Already the Finns, sturdiest and most enduring of agriculturists, are preparing to flock in thousands to the wild but fertile regions of North-Western Canada. It is a curious fact that Canada has owed to Russian oppression some of her most worthy immigrants. Ten thousand Mennonites, who found it contrary to their religious beliefs to serve in the armies of the Czar, found a refuge in Manitoba and the other Provinces. They have proved most successful farmers. The Doukoboors, or Russian Quakers, were next driven from their fatherland, because they would not conform to the orthodox belief, and found freedom and homes in the wild North-West. And now the Finns are following them. The loss of the Slav is the Saxon's gain.

Nicola Tesla, the Servian inventor, is talking of communicating with Mars by wireless telegraphy. Mars is fifty millions of miles away; but distance does not matter. Some day the inhabitants of Mars will be astonished by electrical disturbances, apparently intended to attract their attention. Their scientific men will no doubt discover that these signals come from the Earth, and will do their best to favour us with useful information about their own planet. They may even be able to give "tips" to party leaders without a policy.

The Bishop of Hereford has appealed to the nobility and gentry who support the Turf to discourage betting. He paints the evils of gambling in colours which are not too strong, but he does not suggest any plan by which horse-racing may be divorced from "the odds." He might as well appeal to the Peace Conference to discourage armaments. Nothing the Conference may do, says M. de Staal significantly, will prejudice the "ulterior hopes" of the States who intend to gain something some day by the strong hand. Nothing, it may be feared, will quench the "ulterior hopes" of the public that backs horses.

Few men were better known and more respected in Liverpool than the late Mr. George Fosbery Lyster, Engineer-in-Chief to the Mersey Dock Estate, who died on Thursday, May 11. In a great Atlantic terminus like Liverpool, the Docks are the town, and Mr. Lyster was recognised by all Liverpudlians as one of the most efficient contributors to the prosperity of the great commercial city of the North-West. It was amid unique expressions of respect and goodwill that he was buried on May 16, close by his Welsh residence, to which in life he was so devoted.

The conclusions of M. Ballot-Beaupré's Report, read this week before the Court of Cassation, point clearly to revision. His argument is that there has been a terrible judicial error, that Dreyfus was the victim of a conspiracy, that the bordereau was written by Esterhazy, that the Court has no power to annul the sentence, and that Dreyfus must be retried by court-martial. It is significant that all the experts predict a verdict of acquittal by that tribunal. Dreyfus will be tried somewhere in Western France, away from the turmoil and intrigue of Paris. His judges will be officers in no way personally concerned in the long struggle. And he will be tried on charges carefully defined by the Supreme Court. There will be no more opportunities for hocus-pocus.

M. Déroulède wished to persuade a Paris jury that he is rather an estimable person than otherwise. He admits that he wanted General Roget to overturn the

Parliamentary Republic. General Roget mildly hinted that he thought M. Déroulède an ass, but that patriot explained to the jury that he was really the saviour of his country. The whole procedure in this case is a farce.

Major Marchand is expected by some fiery spirits to do what General Roget refused to do when M. Déroulède took hold of his bridle-rein. The African explorer, who has arrived in Paris, is told in so many words that he has just come in the nick of time to save the army and upset the Parliament. This programme includes the upsetting of President Loubet. Major Marchand will probably feel that the thickest African jungle is a safer place than Paris for a man who should attempt the enterprise which the Anti-Semites have kindly mapped out for the national deliverer.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, portrayed in his riding habit as he lives while rusticated in the Isle of Thanet, chats pleasantly in the June *Pall Mall Magazine* of his early connection with *Fun*, and of the droll "Mokeana" burlesque which, good-naturedly illustrated by the late Sir John Gilbert, proved an instantaneous success in *Punch*. Mark Lemon, full of bonhomie, and Thackeray, who was most friendly to the future Editor of *Punch* at the outset of his career, live again in the bright pages of Mr. Burnand's *Punch* recollections in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. James Mortimer's new penny paper, the *Anglo-Saxon*, has for its laudable mission the cementing of the union which binds the "great English-speaking nations." The *Anglo-Saxon* starts well. It has not only an encouraging send-off from such distinguished men as Lord Dufferin, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins), and Sir Evelyn Wood, but also contains a thoughtful signed article by Sir Charles Dilke on a vital question—how would England be fed in time of war?

Major-General Sir Claud Alexander, of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, who died at his London residence on May 23, was the eldest son of the late Mr. Boyd Alexander, and grandson of Sir B. Hobhouse. He was born in London in 1831, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1849 he entered the Grenadier Guards, and, after attaining his Captancy, served through the Crimean War, being present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol. For his services in that campaign he was decorated with the medal and clasp. From 1874 to 1885 he represented South Ayrshire in Parliament. He was very popular with his constituents.



Photo. Dickinson.  
THE LATE MAJOR-GEN. SIR CLAUD ALEXANDER.

Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, has notified his intention of making the annual inspection of the Duke of York's Royal Military School at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, July 5. The annual fête and sports will take place on Thursday, July 6, commencing at 3 p.m. Mrs. A. H. King has kindly consented to present the prizes.

It will no doubt be welcome news to every soldier in Her Majesty's Army that a new universal pattern cap for field service is about to be adopted for all ranks. The wretched, trumpery folding cap which has been worn by the infantry of the line for all purposes save full-dress parades for some time, and by cavalry and artillery in field order, was roundly condemned as useless by the Commander-in-Chief in his report on the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres. The new cap will somewhat resemble the head-dress at present worn by postmen, with a prominent peak both in front and behind. For "walking out," the folding cap will be retained in the infantry, and the forage-cap in the other branches.

Perhaps the most serious question to Londoners at the present time is that which concerns the choking of the Thames. It may be too much to say that London depends upon its river, but, if the river were taken away, London would cease to be, what it is at present, the commercial capital of all the world. Many a town of importance formerly has been left high and dry, far inland, by a gradual retreating of the waters. Does a similar fate threaten the great modern Babylon? Certain it is that some of the seaward channels—notably the Duke of Edinburgh Channel—are being silted up. But opinions differ as to the cause of this disquieting phenomenon. Some assert that the trouble is entirely due to the vestry contractors, who persist in dumping their street refuse in the lower reaches. The contractors, on the other hand, say that the damage to the channel is entirely the work of the London County Council, which daily sends thousands of tons of sewage from Barking and Crossness to the Middle Deep. Whatever it may be that causes this danger to navigation in the Thames Estuary, it remains for the Trinity House authorities, who control those waters, to ascertain the truth at once in the interests of the nation at large.

It is curious that whilst Mr. Kruger's proposed reform of the Transvaal franchise is evidently worthless, and whilst even that is bitterly opposed by many of the older Boers, General Joubert is for the largest concession. He would admit every Outlander to the franchise after four years' residence, and the taking of a simple oath to maintain the independence of the Republic. At the meeting with Mr. Kruger at Bloemfontein, Sir Alfred Milner must

have had some entertainment in contrasting these views with those of the President.

By the death of Don Emilio Castelar, Spain, not over-rich at present in able men, has lost a remarkable personality. Though greatness of the first order was denied to Castelar, he was yet no mere windbag, and in his day served his country well. Castelar was a native of Cadiz, and was born in 1832. He obtained a University education, and became a teacher under Government. Turning his attention to politics, he made himself known by his eloquence during the military outbreak of 1854, and was appointed Professor of History at Madrid. After the abdication of Don Amadeo, Castelar was practically Dictator of Spain, and there can be no doubt that his strong action saved the country from utter ruin. He quelled the Cantonalists of the South, the Carlists of the North, but thereby offended the majority of the Cortes, and he returned to his duties as Professor. He was several times in exile, and finally withdrew altogether from active public life, contenting himself with quietly directing the "Possibilista" party, which favoured any Liberal reform, and with his literary occupations. Castelar was a true orator, the greatest, indeed, that modern Spain has known. Whatever his faults, he was emphatically an honest man.



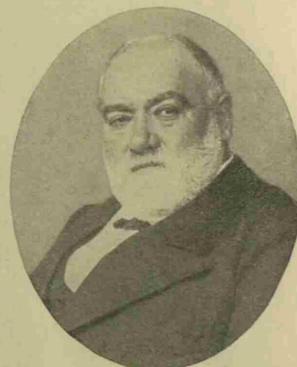
THE LATE DON EMILIO CASTELAR.

Sir Walter Besant says the Authors' Society may consider the expediency of agitating for the withdrawal of advertisements of their books from journals which attack the society. This suggests an odd conception of the uses of an advertisement. When a book is advertised, this is in order to attract public attention to its merits, not to the merits of the corporation to which the author belongs. The public may not care a fig for the Authors' Society, but a great many figs for a book which one of those authors has written. This distinction seems to be worthy of Sir Walter Besant's notice.

Among new companies with sound prospects, that of Carl Hentschel, Limited, certainly claims consideration. For the last fourteen years Mr. Carl Hentschel has carried on with conspicuous success the business of a photo-etcher at 182, Fleet Street. "Process" was made successful in London by Mr. Hentschel's father, and his son Carl has developed the concern to its present extent. One hundred and ninety hands are now employed. The business began with nine, and so extensive and efficient are plant and workmen that 75 per cent. of the firm's work is delivered the same day. Recently Mr. Hentschel turned out, in nine hours, nine full-page illustrations, measuring in all thirty square feet, for a daily paper. The new company has a share capital of £60,000. The history of the firm is such as to inspire every confidence in its continued and extended success.

The late M. Francisque Sarcey, whose death we have already announced, was born at Dourdan (Seine et Oise) in 1828. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne and at the Ecole Normale, where he won a distinguished place among such compeers as Taine, Libert, About, and Lamartine. For a time he followed the profession of teaching, but some articles which he wrote in a local journal when Professor of Philosophy at Grenoble brought about his resignation, and led Edmund About to introduce him to the *Figaro*. From that moment he found himself a journalist. Critical essays on contemporary history at first occupied his pen, and afterwards he wrote dramatic criticism for the *Opinion Nationale*, which he left in 1867 to take charge of the dramatic feuilleton of the *Temps*. His writings had a polemical turn that involved him in frequent duels. In the columns of the *Dieu-neuvième Siècle* he fulminated daily against the abuses of magistracy, administration, and clergy. A great character and the last representative of a famous tradition departs with "Uncle" Sarcey.

The new historical tableau of the execution of Charles I., just added to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, realises that memorable scene in a vivid manner. Mr. John Tussaud, indeed, presents the public with a group remarkable for scholarly and painstaking accuracy of accessories, costumes, and portraiture. No wonder this old-established centre of amusement and education was rewarded, during Whitsun week, with an attendance which has beaten all records.



THE LATE M. SARCEY.