

PERSONAL.

The Lord Chancellor's elevation to an earldom has recalled the fact that he is one of the not very large number of conspicuous men who have never yielded to the seduction of "My Lady Nicotine." Mr. Montagu Williams, who once shared his rooms when they were on circuit together, had to go out in the evening to smoke his after-dinner cigar in the open air. Next morning he had his revenge; for his comrade waited breakfast for him, and he did not appear until it was nearly time for the court to sit. The future Lord Chancellor's reproaches were met by Mr. Williams's statement: "I never eat breakfast: I don't care for it. So why should you? You don't smoke, you know." That evening Mr. Williams sat at the hearth and smoked the pipe of peace.

Prince Alexander of Teck has just left for South Africa, to rejoin his regiment, the 7th Hussars. His brother, Prince Francis, who is a Captain in the Royal Dragoons, has applied for permission to join the Egyptian army.

Sir Algernon West finds a sermon in the stones which make the refuge at the top of St. James's Street, opposite the famous bay window of White's Club. It is a monument to the vanity of the human wishes of Mr. Pierrepont, a member of White's, who felt, as his years increased, the danger of that crossing. He asked the Vestry to erect a refuge. The Vestry was ready to comply with his request if he would bear the expense. This he agreed to do; the refuge was built, and his name embossed on one side of it. One day, however, as he was proudly showing it off to a friend, a passing coach knocked him down, and killed him—to him the refuge became a monument.

Four peers, who are now minors, attain their majority in the present year. These are the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Wicklow, the Earl of Rothes, and Lord Hindlip. The mortality among members of Parliament has just been commented on as unusually large of late. But the Upper House does not share this disability; and the number of peers' eldest sons who become of age this year is larger than that of peers. That important date will be reached in 1898 by the heirs to the earldoms of Clarendon, Carnwath, Gosford, Morley, and Suffolk, and to the baronies of Dunally, Coleridge, Cromer, and Monteagle of Brandon.

Sir Benjamin Stone, one of the members for Birmingham, has formed a remarkable collection of Parliamentary photographs. He always has a camera handy when Parliament is sitting, and has persuaded many of his most distinguished fellow-members to pose on the spur of the moment. It is a new and welcome distraction from the weight of public affairs. Tea on the Terrace in the summer enables the bored legislator to kill a good deal of unnecessary time, but he can be photographed by Sir Benjamin Stone any afternoon before the House is up. Perhaps some daring spirit will try fortune-telling as another Parliamentary entertainment. An ingenious Sibyl might mitigate the ennui of long debates by unfolding the book of destiny to rising young politicians.

General Edward Mourrier Boxer, F.R.S., late of the Royal Artillery, who died on Sunday at Upton, near Ryde,



Photo Debenham, Ryde.
THE LATE GENERAL E. M. BOXER.

time of his death had been a widower for thirteen years.

The revival of fancy-dress balls and of private theatricals still goes on apace in the great houses. Many of the costumes used at Devonshire House a few months ago did duty again at the Christmas theatricals at Blenheim Palace, in which the hostess and Lady Randolph Churchill took parts. Lady Londonderry's, at Wynyard, and Lady Jeune's, at Arlington, were particularly successful; and at Chatsworth all the best available dramatic talent has been pressed into the service of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire for the amusement of their guests, the Prince and Princess of Wales.

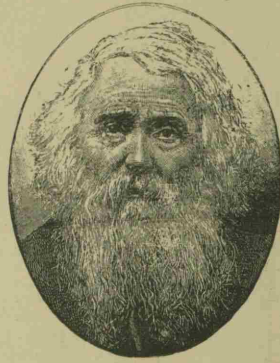
Sir Edward Bond, Principal Librarian of the British Museum, who died the day after he had received the dignity of K.C.B. among the New Year's Honours, leaves five daughters, who are also granddaughters of Mr. Barham—better known as a witty poet than as a London rector—and are all married.

Sir Squire Baneroff, whose readings from Dickens have enriched so many charities during the last few weeks, is to have Princess Louise as one of his audience. This will be at St. James's Theatre on the last day of this month, and the entrance-money will go to swell the funds of the East London District Soldiers' and Sailors' Family Association. The title, a long one enough, will explain the interest taken in the success of the entertainment by the Hon. Frances Wolesey, who has been industriously selling tickets to her friends.

At Kanturk, County Cork, John Lineham has just died at the age of one hundred and twelve years. His eldest son is eighty-five years old, and his great-grandchildren number sixty.

The Duke of Bedford has given to the Zoological Society's Gardens a fine male specimen of the Persian deer. It has come from the Caucasus to Regent's Park, where it is at any rate unique. In 1865 a pair of these animals was presented by the Earl of Ducie, and from them eight young ones were bred. But they were all dead, parents and children, within ten years.

Mr. William James Linton, whose death occurred on the last day of the old year at New Haven, Connecticut, deserves



THE LATE MR. W. J. LINTON.

special notice in these columns, where much of his early work as a wood-engraver appeared. He was born in London in 1812, and after serving his apprenticeship with Mr. E. W. Bonner, speedily gave signs of his talents. He promptly took his place among the most skilful engravers on wood, and in *The Illustrated London News* on its establishment found a congenial outlet for his talents; and to his admirable work it owed much of its success in its earlier years. In politics Mr. Linton was an enthusiastic Chartist, and was the intimate friend of Mazzini, the privacy of whose letters had been violated by the British Post Office. In 1851 he founded the *Leader*, a paper which might be said to have been born out of due time, of which the late Mr. E. F. S. Pigott was the editor, and in which Mr. G. H. Lewes, under the pseudonym of "Slingsby Lawrence," wrote the dramatic criticisms. It was the organ of the advanced and philosophical Radicals of the time, but although supported by many clever writers, never attained a large circulation.

Mr. Linton subsequently founded *Pen and Pencil*, of which he was both the editor and manager for some time, and was also a contributor to the *Nation*, then edited by Mr. Duffy. He had also published "The English Republic" (1851-55), "The Works of Deceased British Artists" (1860), "Claribel and Other Poems" (1865). In 1866 he left England for the United States, and lived for some time at New York, but subsequently settled at New Haven, where he established a large engraving house of business, and carried the art to a high degree of perfection. He was, at the same time, enthusiastically devoted to schemes for the social improvement of his fellow-men, on which he spent large sums of money, but with little visible result. He continued to write in prose and verse up to the close of his laborious life, and amongst his most important works were "A History of Wood Engraving in America" (1882), "A Manual of Wood Engraving" (1884), and a magnificent volume, "The Masters of Wood Engraving" (1889). He also wrote a *Life of Whittier*, the American poet, and published a volume of *Reminiscences* two years ago. In 1858 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite, Cumberland, better known as Mrs. Lynn-Linton, the accomplished novelist and essayist. Mr. Linton was also a painter in water colours, but his work as such is better known in the United States, where he was a member of the Water Colour Society and of the National School of Design.

Sir John Batty Tuke, the newly knighted President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, has won his chief fame in a service which has enlisted many bearers of his name—the service of the mentally afflicted. It was a member of the Tuke family, Mr. William Tuke, of York, who established the first asylum in which was inaugurated a more humane treatment of lunatics, till then treated with much mistaken barbarity, incarcerated, chained, and often beaten. Other bearers of the name who have pursued the science of mental maladies include the late Dr. D. H. Tuke, author of "The Influence of the Mind on the Body," who, by the way, we see wrongly described in Chambers's "Biographical Dictionary" as the grandson, instead of the great-grandson of Mr. William Tuke, the pioneer Asylum Reformer already named.

Mr. George Dixon, whose name has been familiar to Birmingham for at least thirty years, is to receive the gift of the freedom of that city. Mr. Dixon made Birmingham a password among friends of undenominational education; and he is almost as much a part of the city's history as John Bright and Cardinal Newman were, or as Mr. Chamberlain is to-day.

Madame Novikoff has been lecturing us again on the inferiority of our institutions to those of Russia. There is Parliament, for instance. How poor a thing compared with the Russian autocracy! What we need is "an enlightened Autocrat," and Madame Novikoff thinks the Jubilee showed that Britons are yearning for an absolute monarch. This is an original and humorous view of our public opinion. It would be instructive to know how far Madame Novikoff thinks it is the business of "enlightened" autocracy to countenance religious intolerance. Probably that is also one of the Russian institutions which put Western Europe to shame.

Lord Charles Beresford is carrying on a vigorous campaign at York, where he is the Unionist candidate. Lord Charles says he does not want to hear anything more about the *Condor*. His handling of that gun-boat during the bombardment of Alexandria is naturally utilised by his supporters at York, but he says it has nothing to do with the election. What would become of elections if every irrelevant personal element were eliminated? If Lord Charles Beresford should win the seat at York it is his quality of gallant sailor which will put him at the head of the poll.

Mr. Ivor Guest, the Unionist candidate for Plymouth, is only twenty-four years of age. But he has the local advantage of being Lord Wimborne's son, and of having a sort of political godfather in Sir Edward Clarke. At Plymouth, as elsewhere, when a particularly youthful candidate addresses a meeting, an interrupter shouts, "Does your mother know you're out?" And the correct reply, which brings down the gallery, is, "Yes; and she will know that I am in."

The thirty years' ministry of the Rev. R. H. Haweis at St. James's, Marylebone, is to be commemorated by a fancy dress ball and skating carnival, the proceeds of which will be applied to the annual deficits in the social work which Mr. Haweis has carried on with so much spirit. Skating in fancy dress may seem a paradoxical method of celebrating a ministry, but Mr. Haweis has always taken a liberal view of amusements, and we hope the figures cut on the "real ice" at the carnival will be helpful to his "evenings for the people."

The Esterhazy mystery still lingers. After an inquiry it has been decided that Major Esterhazy shall be tried by court-martial. The nature of the charge is not yet clear, but it probably concerns the letters in which Major Esterhazy expressed the wish that he were a Prussian Uhlan sabring French soldiers. Whether the resemblance of his handwriting to that upon which Captain Dreyfus was convicted of treason will come before the court-martial nobody knows; but it is curious that some of his friends are now asserting that he was used in the Dreyfus case as an instrument of the War Office.

General Weyler's performances since his return from Cuba are to be the subject of an inquiry by court-martial. The Sagasta Cabinet is naturally uneasy when this officer takes it upon himself to denounce America on the part of the Spanish army and to demand satisfaction for the military honour of Spain. General Weyler must either hazard a *pronunciamiento* or allow himself to be snuffed out. He should remember the fate of Boulanger.

Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers, who has entered upon his ninety-seventh year, is as active as Mr. Gladstone, who is about ten years younger. Mr. Villiers was called to the English Bar seventy years ago, and is the oldest member of the House of Commons, which, in its modern aspect, may be called his contemporary. It is probable that Mr. Villiers's life will embrace the entire nineteenth century.

The statement which has been made in several quarters that a Liverpool clerk is to raise a claim to the Winton Peerage (now held by Lord Eglinton) is denied. The Wintons, it may be noted, come from the same stock—the Setons—as the ducal Gordons, for late in the fifteenth century Elizabeth Gordon, the heiress of her house, married Sir Alexander Seton, who was raised to the "peerage" of the day as Lord Gordon, and became the ancestor of Byron.

The death of General Sir James Talbot Airey, K.C.B., took place last Saturday morning at his residence in Victoria Street, Westminster, after an illness of only a few hours. The son of Lieutenant-General Sir George Airey, K.C.B., by the sister of the second Lord Talbot de Malahide, he entered the Army in 1830, served as aide-de-camp to Elphinstone in Afghanistan in 1841-42, had his horse shot under him at the storming of the Khoord Kabul Pass in 1841, and passed Christmas Day as a hostage to the Afghans. After a great deal of Indian service, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and went through the Crimean War as Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Right Division. At Alma, again, his horse was shot through the neck. In 1855 he commanded the Kerch Expedition, returning to Sebastopol in time to take part in the attack on the Redan. From these engagements he came with medals and clasps, and was made a Colonel, a C.B., and a Knight of the Legion of Honour. In 1868 he was made Major-General, in 1877 Lieutenant-General, and General in 1881, in which year he was placed on the retired list. Since 1886 he has been Colonel of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



Photo Mowll and Fox.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR J. TALBOT AIREY.

Arctic exploration promises soon to be as simple as a picnic—as far as its culinary arrangements are concerned. An ingenious lady, Miss H. Stormont Murphy, is bringing out a patent "Arctic Cooker," from suggestions made by Mr. Jackson, the Arctic explorer. One of Miss Murphy's Arctic Cookers is on view in the Map Room of the Royal Geographical Society, but the present one is an improvement on that, and only weighs a few pounds. It is circular, and contains frying-pan, saucepan, kettle, condiment-box, lamp, knives and forks, plates, snow-melter; the lower part is a drawer for three slow-combustion bricks, which, if dipped in paraffin and wrapped in canvas, can be used two or three months after soaking, if kept in air-tight box; they will blaze for half-an-hour. The Princess of Wales has recently paid Miss Stormont Murphy the compliment of purchasing her newly patented Afternoon Tea-Fire Tray, which is intended to keep tea and coffee hot, whilst cakes can be heated in the oven drawer under the tray.

Dr. Bruce, of Dingwall, who is to go to Egypt with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg as his medical attendant, is a member of a remarkably clever family. One of his brothers is the well-known physician, Dr. Mitchell Bruce, and several others are among the greatest cattle-breeders of the North. Dr. Bruce's eldest son is in the Indian Civil Service.