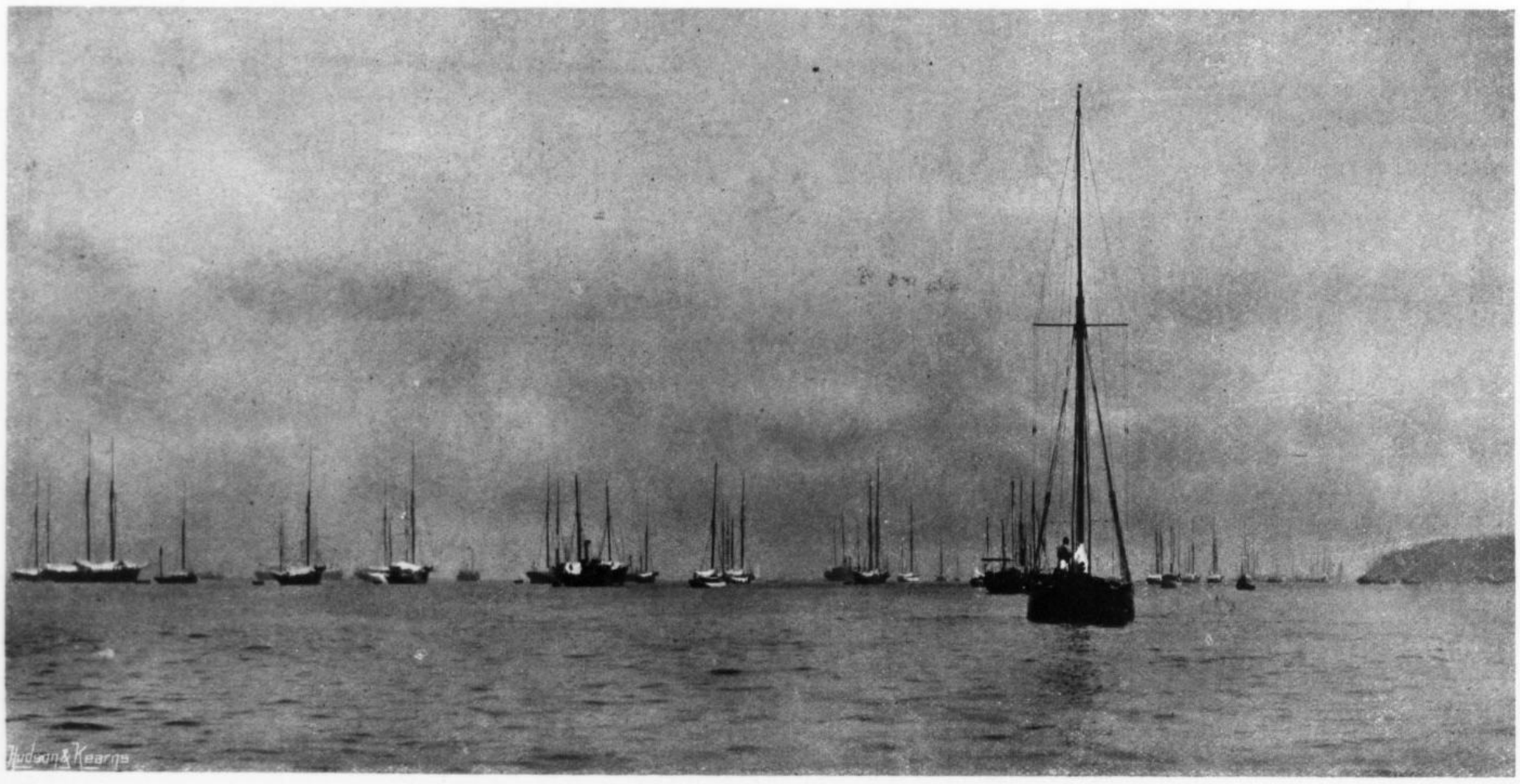
minute it is at the level of one's mouth, while the next it is somewhere in the region of one's feet. Soon after our appetites had been satisfied darkness came on, and side lights were placed in position. The dingey was now sent ahead, and in this way we were slowly towed up to Hythe Pier, where we dropped anchor. The next day (Friday) proved to be an excellent one for sailing, for there was a nice breeze from the south-east, which gave us a tack down Southampton Water. Before we had proceeded very far we came upon a yawl which was going in the same direction as ourselves. The owner, who was at the helm, must have been a man of remarkably pugnacious disposition, for several times he tried to give us a lee bower, but without success. This put our skipper on his mettle, and we soon left our self-imposed antagonist far astern. We anchored off Warsash, famed for its crabs and lobsters, where teas in which those savoury shell-fish form no small part can be obtained, judging by the various advertisements with which the lower part of the village is placarded. The wind kept steady all day, and as we again stood over towards Calshott we observed the massive old castle standing boldly up on the end of the great spit of shingle running from the adjacent shore. We had a clean run up to Southampton, and on reaching that place had an opportunity of trying our new kedge-chain and its attendant gear, and were pleased to note it answered admirably. Last season we used warp and kedge which had to be taken out in a boat; but we found this a great nuisance, and moreover it knocked the dingey about considerably, and smothered all employed in the work with mud and water. With the new arrangement both anchors can be dropped from the deck, which is by far the most convenient plan. We spent Saturday in a general clean up in preparation for a start for Weymouth and the Westward.

SEAMEW.

West and Son, *THE SOLENT.* *Southsea.*



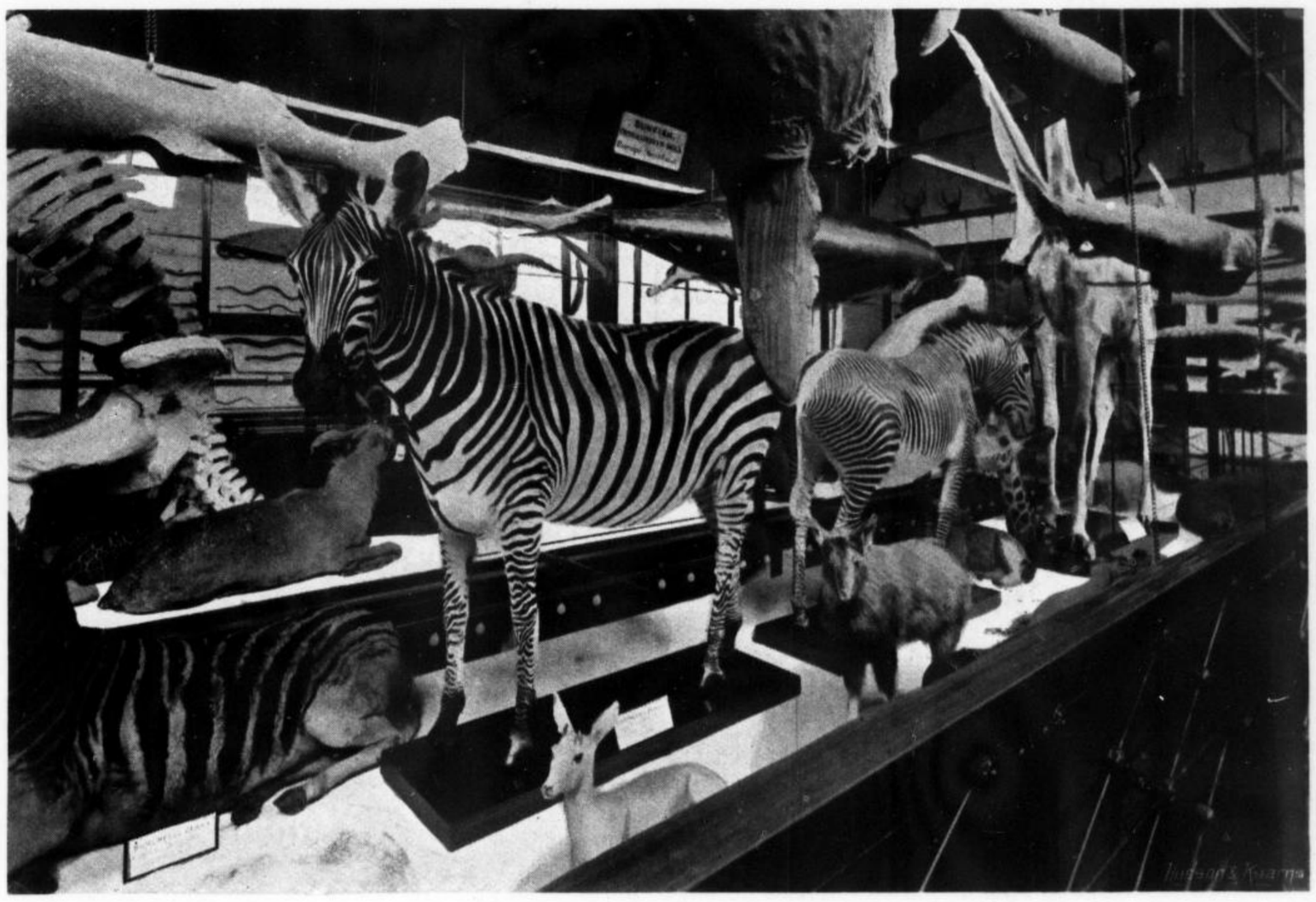
West and Son, *COWES ROADS.* *Southsea*

The Rothschild Museum at Tring.

NATURALISTS are now in general agreement as to the form which a museum of zoology should take. It should consist of two parts, with entirely different objects. One, the public portion, represents the known facts. The other, the scientific storehouse, contains material for enquiry into the unknown. The former may be seen most beautifully set out in the central hall and galleries of the South Kensington Museum, the object being not to instruct the scientific naturalist, but to set out in the most clear and striking way what the scientific naturalist has discovered. The second and larger part of a zoological museum is that in which are accumulated the specimens for the scientific naturalist to use in making further study. It is the storehouse or mine in which the naturalists work, each in his particular "lode." The Tring collection is a *private* museum, and, as such, there was not the slightest necessity for its owner to develop the public side at all. Birds, butterflies, and moths are the objects to which the scientific side of the Rothschild Museum is mainly devoted; and a "side study" very thoroughly carried out is the collection of antelopes and tortoises. But the museum has the striking feature of exhibiting a very large collection to general visitors. This is not only a very public-spirited course on the part of the owner, but one carried out with great judgment, by the exhibition of specimens often of great rarity, nearly all most

beautifully mounted and stuffed, and of especial interest to the field naturalist and the sportsman.

The art of taxidermy is applied in a way not equalled in any public or private museum in this country. Sir William Flower, the Director of the Zoological Museum at South Kensington, has always maintained that for this department of a museum taxidermy, or what is generally called "stuffing animals," should be looked on as a fine art, and that all the creatures shown in the cases should be made as life-like as possible. What has only been begun in the ordinary galleries at South Kensington is completed at Tring. Every bird and animal wears its fur and feathers as nearly as possible as it did in life: its skin, claws, beak, eyes, or lips are of the natural colour, and not a wrinkle is put in or smoothed away. In some instances the services of well-known animal painters have been employed to attain the right colouring of beaks and wattles; artistic modern taxidermists have "set up" the birds and beasts; and the result is a more beautiful series of images of birds and of life-like presentations of beasts than can be adequately described, with the aid even of pen and camera.

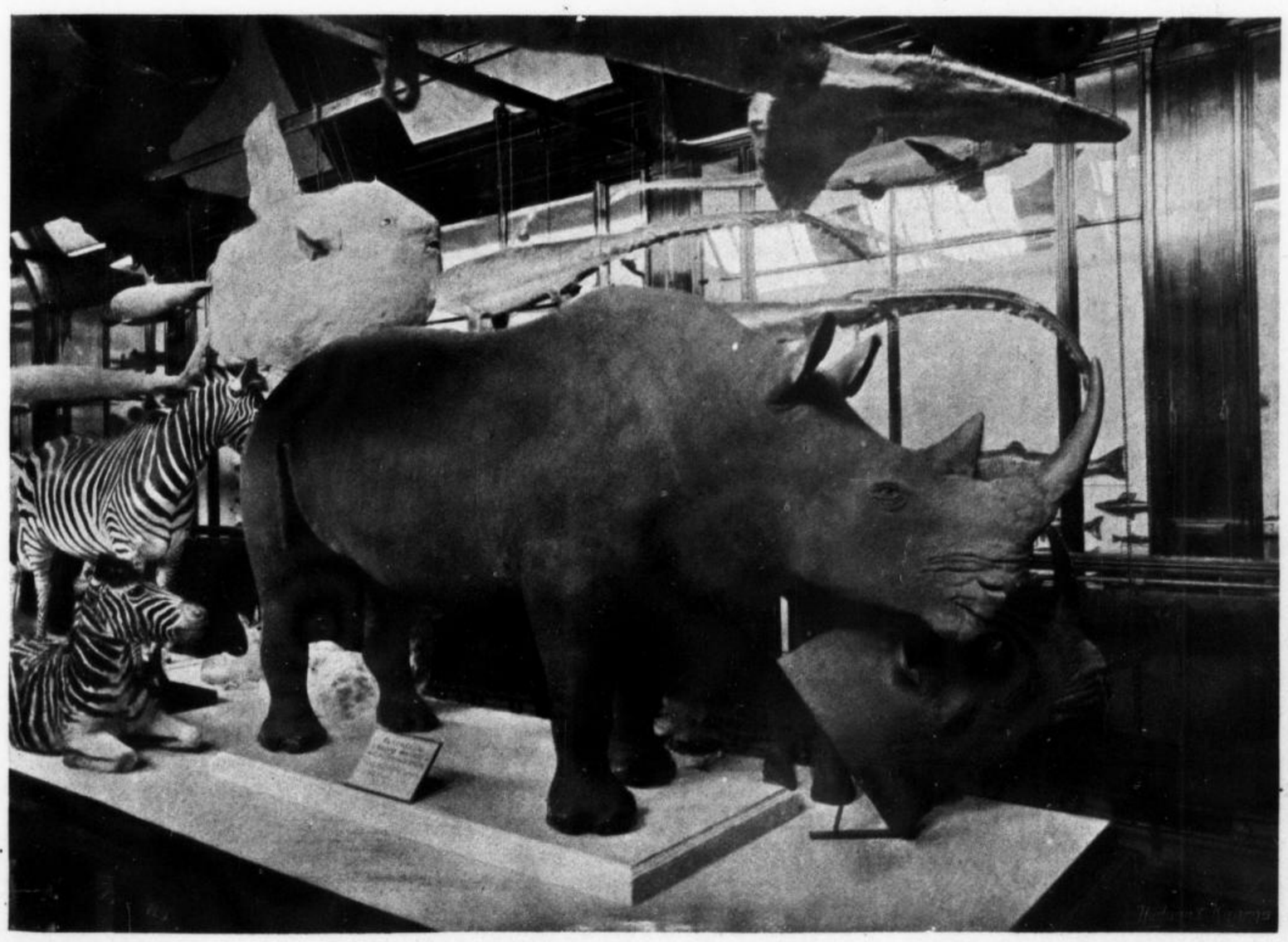


J. T. Newman. *SOME SPECIMEN ZEBRAS.* Copyright

Except in the department of birds, antelopes, and English fishes, the "exhibition" side is not intended to be more than representative of different classes. But the specimens chosen are all worth looking at, and in many cases are almost or quite unique, either for rarity, size, or perfect preservation.

As examples the visitor may take the following. Over each door of the central hall, for entrance and exit, is an enormous elephant's head. One is that of an Indian tusker, so large as to suggest new ideas even as to the size of elephants. But this is quite put out of court by the head of an African elephant over the opposite entrance. The tusks are 9ft. long, and the base of the trunk like a small oak tree.

Here, then, is part of the museum's contribution to the idea of the "limits of animal size." Probably not one person in a million has ever seen alive so huge an animal; and very few have ever even beheld an equally imposing inanimate presentation of such gigantic life. This elephant was shot by Colonel Walker, who was afterwards killed by a lion in Somaliland. Passing from gigantic size to eccentric form, there is among the antelopes a creature so surprising that it would certainly rank as a naturalist's dream if seen only in a picture. This is a gazelle which is *becoming a giraffe*. Its neck is elongated almost into the relative proportions of that of the giraffe. The legs are also like stilts, but the shoulders have not yet developed the strange slope of those of the giraffe. He is still a level-backed animal. This creature is "Waller's gazelle." Another notable specimen of the central hall is the white rhinoceros, one of two shot by Mr. Coryndon in North-East Mashonaland. These were among the very last survivors of the white rhinoceros, and the only perfect specimens in England. One is at South Kensington, the other being the Tring specimen. It is very well mounted, and shows the broad square nose, smooth skin, and long horn characteristic of this almost extinct monster. Five or six were shot later in an almost inaccessible swamp in Zululand; and it is very doubtful if one remains in Africa. An example of a species which has been absolutely destroyed in the memory of man is the quagga, of which there is a capital specimen among what is an absolutely unrivalled collection of zebras and other wild asses. As even the best mounted and best preserved skin cannot be kept in good condition for any great time, one looks with a mixture of feeling on this, one of the very few concrete evidences of the existence of this fine "wild horse," for he is much more like a horse than is the zebra. The Tring quagga is one of two which remained in a continental museum. The skin is in good condition both as to colour and coat. This creature, which man has presumed to remove from the face of God's earth, was rather larger than Burchell's zebra. Its colour was brown and yellowish-grey—not black and white like the zebras—with very loosely defined stripes and wavy marks. Its legs were as free from striping as any dun horse's, though the mountain zebra's legs are striped down to the hoof as finely as a black and white agate. Gazing at this last relic of a race of beautiful animals, killed off by "skin hunters," and at the mountain zebra, now so rare, I heard my companion, a naturalist and a traveller in many lands, saying half to himself, "Man, and especially half educated man, when left face to face with the beasts, is the most cruel, the most selfish,

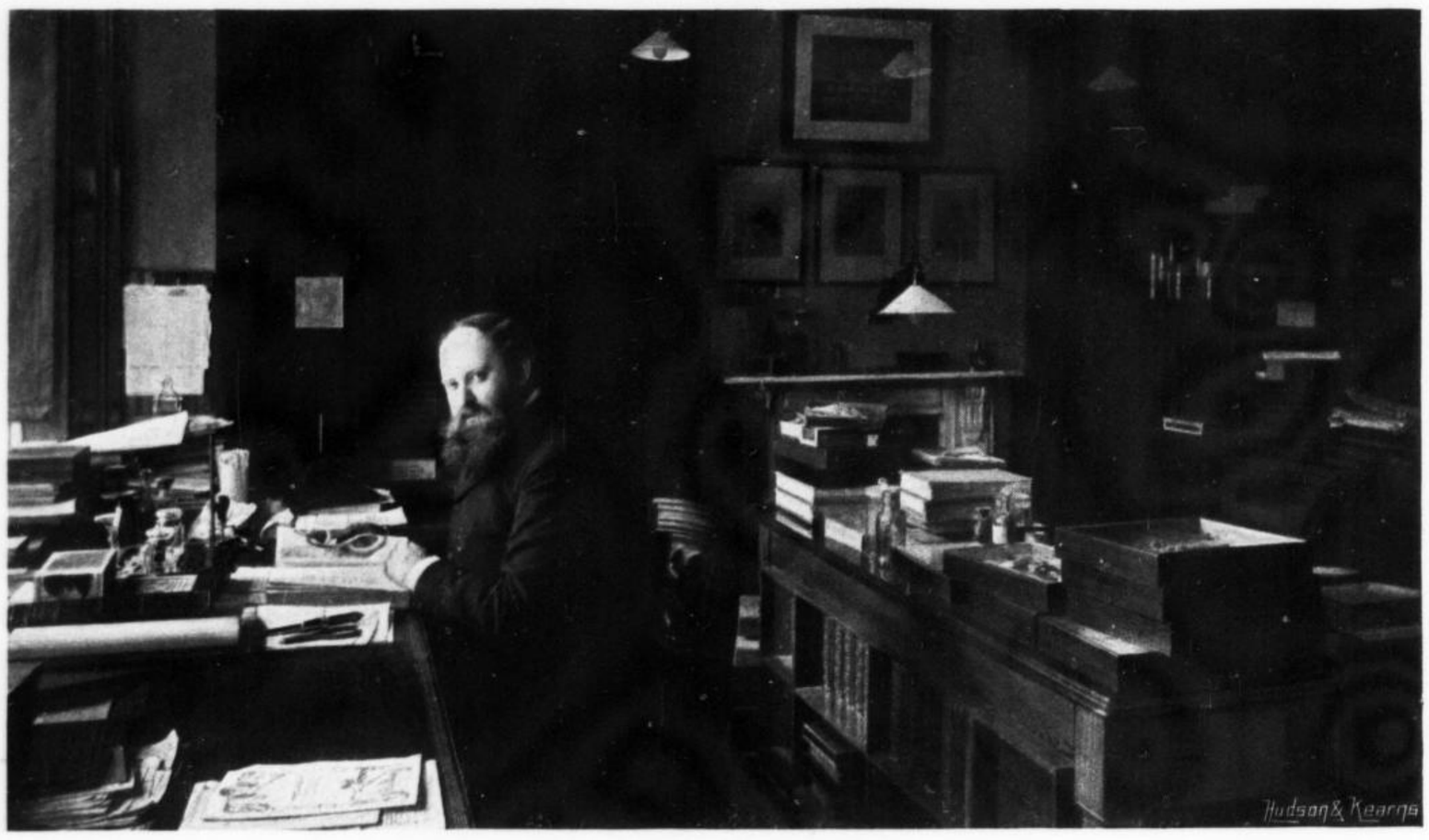


J. T. Newman. *THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.* Copyright

the most greedy, the most wasteful, the most reckless of what is to come, the most deadly enemy of animal life and happiness of all living beings."

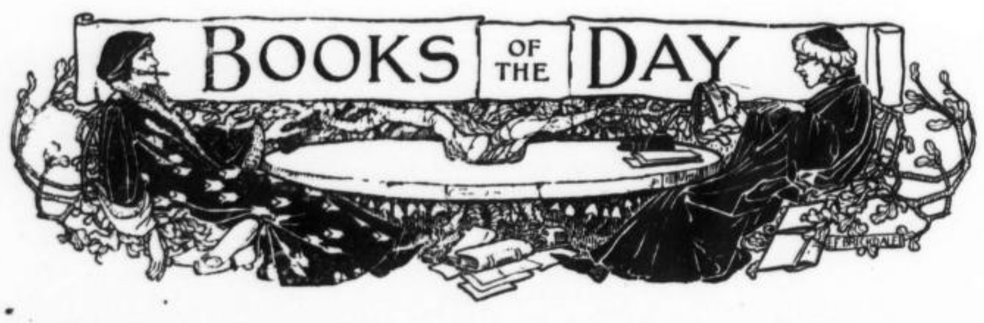
Besides the mountain zebra and the common Burchell's zebra, the collection contains other species of a height and bulk which would bring them under an altogether different class as beasts of draught. One of these is from Northern Mashonaland, which looks big enough to draw a van; the other is "Grevy's zebra," from Somaliland. The size and girth of this specimen owe nothing to the "stuffer's" improvements. There is one in Paris quite as large. If the Chartered Company or their agents wish to breed zebra-mules, as new beasts of burden proof against the tsetse fly, this is clearly the race of zebra which should be selected for the experiment. Those who are curious as to the origin of the horse will find here ample material in a small space to compare the various varieties of colour, coat, ears, tail, hoof, and form which by "blends" may possibly have developed the horse from the zebras and wild asses. Among other points it is worth noticing that a Burchell's zebra kept in London, which died in the winter, and now, stuffed, in the Tring collection, has assumed a rough winter coat. The fine, short, close coat for which the zebra is noted in its native condition, a coat as smooth as that of a thorough-bred in training, is replaced by an almost woolly growth on the flanks. It is not nearly as thick as the winter coat of a Kiang, the Central Asian wild ass, stuffed close by, but is clear evidence of the way in which minor physical changes occur in these breeds to suit their environment.

A big Alaskan bear is among the rarities shown. This monster has a wider forehead, and a more pointed nose, than "Old Ephraim." Probably any hunter or trapper would call him a grizzly, and his skin would anywhere be accepted as a grizzly's skin. But he clearly is not of that species, while he differs from the ordinary brown bear or the black bear. The American naturalists call him "Ursus Dalli," but how he comes to be on the border line between two species, whether he is only a kind of colourable imitation produced by proximity to grizzly bears, and what is his exact place, it is difficult to say.



J. T. Newman. *THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD.* Copyright

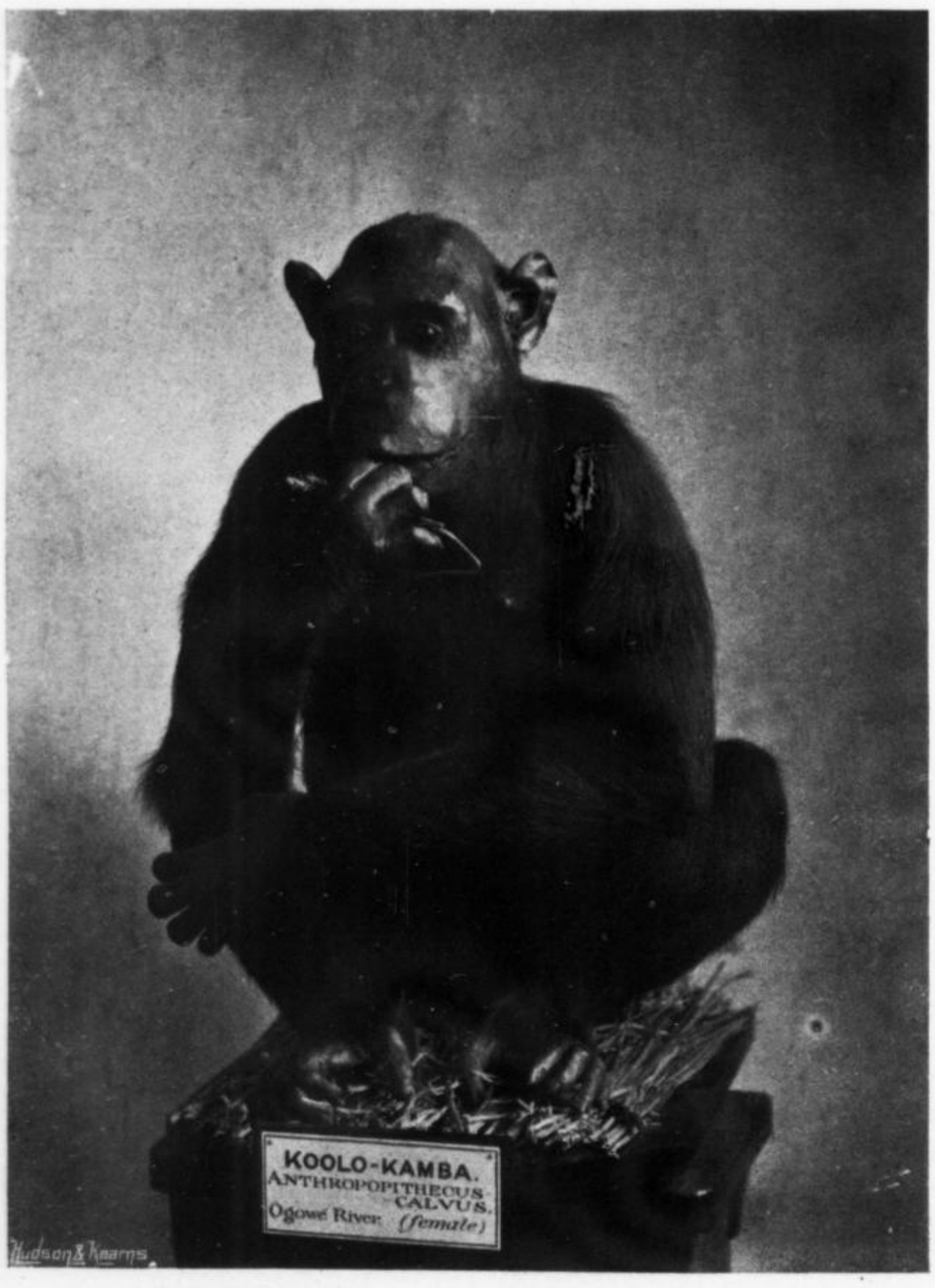
(To be continued.)



WHEN last I wrote there was almost a famine in the book world, and voracious readers were clamouring for something new. Now a rich feast has been spread before them. Since the publication of the Greville Memoirs the lovers of good gossip about famous men and women have not enjoyed such a treat as "Collections and Recollections by One who has kept a Diary," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Who the author may be I know not, but the *Daily News*, which on a matter of this kind is quite likely to be well informed, suggests that Mr. George Russell might be able to throw some light upon the question. After all, what does it matter so long as the stories are good? And there is no question about it that they are of the first order of merit. In these charming pages you meet all sorts and conditions of men—Cardinal Manning, the Master of Balliol, the present Prince of Wales as a child, Lord Beaconsfield, "Soapy Sam," Lord John, Sydney Smith, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, the accomplished Lord Houghton; in a word, everybody. The book is absolutely full of good stories, and some of them have a distinct historical value as tending to show the improvement in the tone and manners of polite society which has taken place in the course of the century. Here, for example, is a story of Georgian Princes:—"At Mrs. Vaneck's assembly last week, the Prince of Wales, very much to the honor of his polite and elegant Behaviour, measured the breadth of Mrs. V. behind with his Handkerchief, and shew'd the measurement to most of the Company. Another Trait of the P. of Wales' Respectful Conduct is that at an assembly he beckoned to the poor old Dutchess of Bedford across a large Room, and, when she had taken the trouble of crossing the Room, he very abruptly told her he had nothing to say to her. The P. of W. called on Miss Vaneck last week with two of his Equerries. On coming into the Room he exclaimed, 'I *must* do it; I *must* do it.' Miss V. asked him what it was that he was obliged to do, when he winked at St. Leger and the other *accomplice*, who lay'd Miss V. on the Floor, and the P. possitively wipped her. This extraordinary behaviour was occasioned by a Bett wch. I suppose he had made in one of his mad Fits. The next day, however, he wrote her a penitential Letter, and she now receives him on the same footing as ever."

We have improved upon that; but on Jowett's and "Soapy Sam's" repartees we shall never improve. I thought I knew them all, but this one is new to me:—"The scene was the Master's own dining-room, and the moment that the ladies had left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Everyone sat flabbergasted. The Master winced with annoyance, and then, bending down the table towards the offender, said in his shrillest tone, 'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?' and rose from his chair. It was really a stroke of genius thus both to terminate and to rebuke the impropriety without violating the decorum due from host to guest." On the whole a most charming and delightful book.

From the same judicious and famous establishment comes a sensation in the shape of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale." A book from her pen is always much discussed, and "Helbeck" is no exception to the rule. It has all the characteristics and all the faults one has learned to expect in Mrs. Ward's work. That is to say, it is grimly and terribly serious—the work of a woman of high ideals and intense earnestness of purpose. But it lacks humour, which is the salt of life. That is the characteristic failing of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Whether she can see a joke in private life I do not know, but certainly in her books she never makes one. She is too awfully in earnest. She is never in lightsome mood. Life is to her one long series of gloomy problems, and



J. T. Newman. *"SALLY"—FROM THE ZOO.* Copyright