

## A CHANGE OF VIEWS.

As a sporting event and a wicked gambling proceeding, the Derby is naturally out of my line. A serious writer, I am well aware, should be careful how he contaminates his pen with such a subject—and especially if he doesn't understand it—but he may go some lengths if actuated by a moral purpose. This may be seen any day in the way in which the most respectable journals handle the most disreputable topics. "They only touch upon the matter in the interest of morality" or "for the purpose of holding it up for public reprehension"—just as though a barn-door should apologise for the polecat nailed upon it. I, however, have an excuse for alluding to so sad a thing as a race-course which is more than valid; the two Derbys I have in my mind are indissolubly connected with a reverent, if not a sacred subject, in the person of the Rev. Theodore Pyx. On the first occasion when I stood beside him on Epsom Downs he was not, indeed, a clergyman, but he was very near it. He was not the rose, but, so to speak, stood in the next pot to it; for he had passed his "voluntary," and was to be "japanned" in a fortnight. That was the expression which, I am grieved to say, he used in those unregenerate days for the ceremony of ordination.

We went together from London on a drag, with a good many University men, and Pyx was not the greatest of the party. He had never been remarkable for gravity, and this was almost the last occasion when he would be at liberty to indulge his natural instincts for liveliness and larks. He called it, with a touching pathos, his "last fling"—and it was a tolerably high one. There was nothing that he did not do that Derby day that was to be done—throwing at his Aunt Sally up to losing "the tenner," which another aunt had sent him (on hearing he had "passed his Vot") in backing the first favorite. I can see him now, with his hat stuck round with dolls, having his fortune told by a gipsy, who, with all her talents for prevision and desire to promising him that he should be one day Archbishop of Canterbury; he looked so exceedingly unlike even the very earliest formation—the merest chrysalis—of any development of that nature. He did not come back on the drag, but inside of it, along with the empty hampers, by reason of our solicitude for his personal safety. Though his equilibrium was out of gear, the native geniality of his disposition remained unimpaired; and we could hear him singing all the way underneath us, no doubt at the top of his voice, but mellowed by distance and his position so as to resemble the lay of the humble-bee between two panes of glass. The last I saw of Theodore Pyx that day was his legs; he was taken out head foremost at his lodgings in Bury street, St. James', and put to bed by two charitable undergraduates, whom he intreated to make an apology for him to Dr. Paley, with whom, he said, he had made an engagement to sup that evening at Cremorne. In this impression of course mistaken; but I mention it since it shows that his recent course of theological study had not been obliterated, though he just then confused it with matters of a somewhat different character.

I had some slight acquaintance with this gentleman during his college career, where he had distinguished himself as a good billiard player and a mellifluous and flowery speaker at the Union; but we had not much in common together. He belonged to a fast set, and rather looked down upon me, as being only fast by fits and starts—as in that expedition to the Derby (which was my first one, by the way); he had a knowledge, too, of practical mathematics, which enabled him to make a book upon every great racing event of the year—although it did not suffice to make him win. A tall, handsome young fellow he was, and, though not of an aristocratic type in other respects, had fine white hands, which at that time we thought little of. They were not noticed much in dealing at Loo or Vingt-et-un, where it is one's own hands only in which one takes any particular interest; but they afterwards served him in some stead. He did not make much money by those games, I believe, and had none of his own to start with; but those who knew him best were wont to aver that Theodore Pyx was a shrewd fellow—an opinion which, though I did not share it, I am bound to say, has since been amply justified.

About four years after I left the University I happened to be spending a few weeks' holiday at a certain seaside town on the south coast, with an aunt of mine who was given to ritualism. She attended matins and vespers every day at the district church, and was rather scandalized at my not accompanying her on those expeditions.

"I hope, at all events, my dear," she said, "that on Sunday you will not go to any church save St. Ethelburga's."

"This I really promised, since it left me more alternatives than she was aware of, which she presently added, which decided me at once on accompanying her, 'that I should then have the privilege of listening to that most eloquent or theologians, Mr. Theodore Pyx.'"

"Why, good gracious, I know him!" cried I. "I am truly glad to hear it," returned she, gravely; "for it shows that your acquaintance have been well chosen." There was a reproach in her voice which I at once understood to have been evoked by my having alluded to her favorite divine in a too jocular and even somewhat disparaging tone, and I hastened to remove this unfortunate impression.

I said he had been a most admirable speaker at the Union, and she replied, to my surprise, "that he was so now whenever opportunity offered." I subsequently discovered that she meant that respectable assembly of High Churchmen called the Church Union, and she was much pleased to find, or rather to infer, that even in my undergraduate career I had been a constant attendant at it.

I confess I looked forward to the ensuing Sunday with even more than the wonted enthusiasm that the prospect of hearing a fashionable preacher always awakens within me, for in the meantime I had gathered many interesting particulars of my old college friend. From the rich widow, Lady Gergoyle, who had erected and endowed the church, down to my aunt's ancient handmaiden, Betty, his congregation it seemed adored the Rev. Theodore Pyx. He might have had a pair of slippers worked by fair hands for every day of the

year if he could have brought himself to wear them; but his habits were ascetic. He wore tight boots, not to show off feet (though they certainly, as I had afterward observed, looked smaller in them), but for the sake of the discomfort. Under his buttonless silk waistcoat it was understood that he had a horsehair shirt, and there were whispers abroad that in the cupboard of his private oratory hung a scourge that had drunk deep of poor Theodore Pyx's blood. What was so charming about him, however, said my aunt, was that you would never guess these things to look at him; to the outward eye, he appeared comfortable enough; there was nothing to speak of fastings and watchings in his appearance, nor did he ever allude to them himself, except in such confidential communications with certain members of his congregation as were almost—though not quite—under the seal of the confessional.

When, indeed, I had the opportunity—or "privilege," as it was the custom, I found, to turn it—of seeing the Rev. Theodore Pyx in his pulpit, he appeared to me to be in particularly good case, and to have suffered little or nothing from those mortifications of the flesh to which it was his habit to submit himself.

He had, indeed, certainly made flesh, whether it was mortified or not; his hands were considerably plumper and one of them wore a ring—perhaps a pastoral ring—with a fine diamond in it, which I am quite sure he had never possessed as a layman. He was said to be a very "earnest worker," and it is certain that he worked with his hands and that in a very attractive and graceful manner; when he raised them in supplication my aunt said that they reminded her of a dove with folded wings, which in the act of benediction became a pair of ditto. His voice was really a good one; only when it dropped to a sweet murmur, or solemn coo, I could not help recollecting how it had sounded among the hampers under the drag upon that Derby day. It was very illogical and uncharitable in me to revert to such a matter, for the wildest undergraduate may become the best of men and clergymen in time, and Theodore Pyx had not been so very wild. Only somehow, as I watched him, those lines about the "snowy-banded, delicate-handed, dilettante priest" would come into my mind and I could not quite believe in that hair shirt, nor yet in the scourge in his cupboard.

I called upon him the next day, and sent in my card, but he was compelled to decline to see me; it was the eve of St. Bungay the Elder, who, it seemed, was his patron saint, on the anniversary of whose martyrdom he was bound to be "in retreat" for twenty-four hours. He accepted, however, the invitation I carried to him from my aunt to dine with us on Wednesday and renew his acquaintance with his old college friend; and at the hour appointed he arrived.

His hostess received him as though he had been a prince of the blood royal who had taken holy orders from conscientious convictions, and set before him, I must needs confess, a much better dinner than she had hitherto thought it worth while to provide for her nephew.

Perhaps I was piqued at this, but his mode of receiving my welcome when we first met had not pleased me; it had not been frank, and had suggested apprehension; as though it was just possible I might have told some stories of his career before the blessed St. Bungay the Elder had taken him under his immediate protection.

His conversation at dinner was confined to the two graces (by which I mean, of course, his benedictions) and the new painted window at St. Ethelburga's which Lady Gergoyle was putting up in memory of her late husband; which, combined with the way in which he put aside with a gentle sigh any allusion to our college days, I confess exasperated me. I felt like Hotspur when the courtier shined him.

He made me mad to see him shine so brisk and small so sweet, and talk so like a waiting gentlewoman.

When my aunt left the room I said, rather curtly, "Now, Pyx, have a cigar. This is one of the old brands you used to like so."

"Thank you, no," he answered, gently; "I have quite given up smoking."

"You don't object to other people doing it, I hope?" It was clear by the look he cast at his long silk waistcoat, that he did, but I had already lit my regalia, which I was glad to think distributed a fine full flavor of tobacco-smoke such as no incense would readily take away from that garment. "And billiards?" I continued; "I suppose you never touch a cue now."

He shook his head with a sad smile. "I should hardly know which end to strike with."

"And yet what a dab you used to be at pool, Pyx! Do you remember how you used to laugh at Jones 'for putting his trust in Providence,' as he called it, when he used to go in for a fluke?"

"I am thankful to say that I have forgotten those matters," said he, taking a sip of port. "What a noble character is your dear aunt!"

"Yes; she's a jolly good woman," said I, cheerfully. "I hope you are not thinking of marrying her."

"My good friend," he answered, smiling, "I have a wife already."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed I, with astonishment. "That's not generally known, is it?"

"You mistake me," said he. "I mean that I am already wedded to the Church."

"Oh, I see; you go in for celibacy of the clergy?"

"Must certainly I do. A priest should be vowed to heaven. Perhaps you have not read my little work upon that subject?"

"No; but I should like to read it immensely. I hope it has a portrait of the author for its frontispiece."

"Well, yes, it has," said he, with an imperturbable gravity; "it was by desire of my congregation that it was inserted."

If he had not been sitting at my own table, I think I must have burst out laughing; as it was, I only said, "Well, that was rather hard upon the ladies, Pyx. It appears to me that they adore you—as indeed they always did."

A roseate flush spread over my companion's features. "Let us recall, my friend, no humiliating antecedents."

He was thinking, I knew, of the milliner in the High street whom he certainly would have married at college, only, as he had frankly owned, he had not the money to pay for a special license, and to have put up the banns would have been ruin.

I felt that, though Pyx was a humbug, it would still be inhospitable to roast him further, so I hastened to assure him that nothing I had known to his disadvantage in his salad days would ever pass my lips, and then turned the conversation to his parish.

And so we parted good friends.

Six months after my return to town I had a letter from my aunt which contained the following postscript: "We have all been greatly distressed here by the conduct of your friend, Mr. Theodore Pyx; it will be a sad blow, I fear, to the cause with which he has been so unhappily identified. You doubtless saw yesterday's Post."

I had seen nothing about Pyx in the paper in question, and rushed down to the club at once to look at it. There was nothing about him in the police reports, nor yet in the proceedings of the Divorce court, which my eye naturally sought in the first instance. What could he have done? At last I found it under a special heading, "Marriage in high life." The Reverend Theodore Pyx has been united in the bonds of wedlock (with full choral service) to Emily, relict of the late Sir Anthony Gergoyle, K. C. B., formerly Governor of Patagonia.

It was not without some difficulty, for I was interrupted by several paroxysms of laughter, that I could write the required letter of sympathy and condolence to my aunt upon the backsliding of her favorite divine. I said I blushed for him as though I were the painted window put up by Lady Gergoyle to the memory of her late husband; a metaphor which pleased my respected relative very much, by the way, and gave her a higher opinion of my intelligence than she had been hitherto pleased to entertain.

I neither saw nor heard anything of Pyx again till last Derby day, which found me, for the second time in my life, upon Epsom Downs. It is no matter why I thus revisited a scene of pleasure so unsuited to my own respectable habits. I disdain to protest that I patronized it because the institution tends to improve the breed of horses; suffice it to say that I was there, and that there I met Theodore Pyx—once more upon a drag—his own drag—and in very pleasant company. He had a red silk tie, which contrasted with a well cut white waistcoat that set off his appearance to great advantage, but certainly detracted from it in an ecclesiastical point of view.

In answer, however, to my astonished stare, he at once informed me that he had "out the church," to the health of which, nevertheless, and to show that there was no ill-feeling, he would be very happy to drink a glass of champagne with me.

"But where," said I, "is Mrs. Pyx?"

"Hush! she retains her maiden—I mean her courtesy title: Lady Gergoyle is inside." And he introduced me to her through the open window accordingly.

She was a fine woman, but older than her present husband: I should say five-and-twenty years older. She had some cold chicken and salad on her lap, and a tankard of claret-cup in her hand, and seemed to be enjoying herself exceedingly.

"You must come down to our house in the country," she said, and stay a week with your old college friend."

"There's a capital billiard-table," added Pyx, "and you will find me in pretty good practice again."

And he winked unutterable things. I felt myself in quite a false position, for it was evident not only that Pyx had been playing his late ecclesiastical game for something like the very thing he had gained by it, but also that he thought it one which all sensible persons, including myself, must sympathize with and admire.

"You offered me a weed the last time I saw you, my good fellow," he said; "now take one of mine; and he gave me one of the very longest cigars I ever saw, except the one he had in his own mouth, which was its twin brother.

When he gave up celibacy, it seems, he resumed tobacco. What he had done with his hair-shirt and his scourge—if they ever existed—I know not; perhaps he had left them as relics to the shrine of St. Ethelburga.

It is very improbable that I shall revisit Epsom again; but the association of it with the Rev. Theodore Pyx will abide with me forever; it seems, so to speak, to hallow those two Derbys.—James Payn, in Belgravia.

Another outbreak of milk-scarlatina is reported from Dundee, Scotland. For the last few weeks, scarlatina has been unduly prevalent in the town amongst families in good circumstances and with healthy surroundings. It has now been discovered that a female servant employed at a dairy visited a house in which was scarlatina, and was attacked by the disease, which was communicated to a person connected with another dairy. From these two sources the disease spread to the customers supplied with milk from each dairy!

The Middlesex county poorhouse, near Strathroy, was opened on Wednesday week. The G.W.R. placed a car at the disposal of the County Councillors and others who went out from London to attend the formal opening; and Messrs. Stiff and Dawson, who represented the staff of the road, were repeatedly complimented on the excellence of the arrangements of the line for securing the safety and comfort of the travelling public.

The handsome brick residence of Mr. William Moffatt, "Scotch Block," Ancester, together with one of his children, had a narrow escape the other night by the explosion of a coal oil lamp. Mrs. Moffatt, with great presence of mind, kept the flames under subjection until assistance arrived, without which a total loss of dwelling would have been the result.

A Bombay despatch says the cause of the illness from which Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India, is suffering in that city was sunstroke, resulting from the exposure to which he was subjected while attending to his official duties. He is now in better condition and his early recovery is confidently predicted by his physicians.

Mons. De Lessops read a paper sometime ago before the French Academy, stating that he believed he had discovered the actual place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. A French priest, thinking his arguments conclusive, is appealing for funds for dredging purposes, in order to bring to light any remains of Pharaoh's army which may be under the sand.

It is a rare thing to find a case of diphtheria except in houses where there is defective plumbing.

## REVOLUTION IN LOCOMOTIVES.

The New Fontaine Engine, of Which So Much is Expected.

At Detroit the other day an influential assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, including representatives of the G. W. R. and other prominent railways, took place at the Detroit & Bay City road. They were invited to take a trip on a train drawn by the new Fontaine engine, to which reference has already been made in the TIMES. The engine, which was manufactured in Paterson, N. J., arrived in Detroit from Fort Wayne, Ind., on Wednesday, it having been subjected to a trial in Fort Wayne. In going to that city from Jackson the engine is reported to have run one mile in forty-eight seconds. The Fontaine engine differs from other locomotives, in the fact that it has four drive wheels instead of two, that is to say, the drive wheels themselves revolve above the boiler and turn upon a smaller wheel below, which rolls along the track. The drive wheels in the air revolve upon a flange of the lower wheel, which revolves one and three-quarter times to every revolution of the upper wheel. The engine is a very handsome piece of work, and the wheels which revolve so far above the boiler make it very imposing. It is, however, not a large sized engine, and weighs but 800 pounds over forty-two tons, which is the weight of common engines. The train made thirty-six and a half miles in thirty-two minutes, including a stop at Utica of four minutes and one at Air Line Junction of three minutes, but no particular effort was made to increase the speed. Eugene Fontaine, the inventor, is 46 years old. He was born in the country near Quebec, of French Canadian parents, and at the age of 18, without knowing a word of English, he went to Rouse's Point, in New York, to learn the trade of a machinist. After his apprenticeship he roved over the United States and worked at engineering and the machinist's business. Going to Detroit five years ago he was given charge of the Pin Works on Grand River avenue, and in April last he began making the drawings for the new engine. He received little encouragement from brother mechanics and machinists, but when he showed his plans to some capitalists of the city he found no difficulty in organizing a stock company, the result of which is the Fontaine engine.

## TRICHINOSIS.

Lethal Death—Millions of Parasites in the Victim's Body.

New York, Dec. 7.—A young butcher named Franz Axler, 19 years old, came to the dispensary attached to Bellevue Hospital on November 21st, and asked for medical treatment for rheumatic pains and fever from which he said he was suffering. Dr. Hemmingway, the dispensary physician, sent Axler to the ward of Dr. Geo. H. Muller, jun., where a day or two afterward Dr. Muller discovered that Axler was not suffering from rheumatic pains but from trichinosis. The faculty of the hospital became interested in the case, and Prof. Janeway cut a piece of muscular tissue the size of an old-fashioned three-cent piece from the patient's arm. It was found to contain, when subjected to microscopic scrutiny, no less than thirteen trichinae. On Saturday Axler died, and to-day an autopsy was made of his body. His entire system was found to be impregnated with trichininae; the muscles and tissues of the body were filled with them, and in his intestines were found parent trichininae in various stages of reproduction. There were millions of parasites in his body, which were subjected to the microscope, when it was found to be fairly alive with them.

## Lung Diseases in Ontario.

The Canada Health Journal for this month has an article on the prevalence of the disease of consumption in Ontario. The average proportion of deaths from this most destructive of diseases during the past three years was about 11.5 per cent. During these three years the deaths of 6,918 farmers were registered, and of these 916, or 13.2 per cent. were from consumption. Of laborers, 2,102 were registered, and of these 348, or 16.5 per cent. were consumptives. Of shoemakers, 240 died, and of these 40, or 16.6 per cent. were from the same cause. Of the 80 carpenters registered, 19.5 per cent. were from consumption. Over 25 per cent. of the merchants registered was from this onomy. Of servants the percentage was over 30; of teachers 37.4 per cent.; and of book-keepers and clerks (classed together) 91 out of the 227 registered were from consumption, or a proportion above 40 per cent. According to the same authority, during the past four years there were over 22,000 deaths in this province from lung diseases of one kind or another. The great common cause of nearly all these attacks is re-breathing air. The worst months for these diseases are March and April. The article concludes: "No intelligent individual who will study the facts in relation to this important subject will doubt that with abundance of fresh air permitted into all dwellings, schools, shops, etc., and with attention on the part of each individual to the condition of the skin, a very large proportion, if not nearly all, these deaths from lung diseases might be prevented."

## Schools and Teachers.

The South Wellington Teachers' Association have resolved to memorialize the Minister of Education in favor of requiring only a portion of English history to be taught in the public schools, instead of the outlines of the whole of it. At the same meeting a resolution was carried, after a spirited discussion, in favor of allowing English spelling to take its course in the future as it had done in the past, and in opposition to the so-called "spelling reform" movement.

Mr. O'Connor has vacated the head mastership of the Harriston high school to assume a similar position in Owen Sound, the previous head master of the latter school taking the position of classical master. Mr. O'Connor is a mathematician.

It is reported that the half-time system is giving great satisfaction at Ottawa. The children are said to make more progress under the new system than under the old, while the change has led to a saving of \$600 a year in the management of the schools.

## Latest British and Foreign News.

Lord Odo Russell, the well-known diplomat, will shortly be raised to the peerage.

Labouheriana: "What distinguishes radicals is their frankness. I am a radical; therefore I am frank."

The Order states that Queen Victoria has invited the Empress Eugenie to spend the winter with her at Windsor.

Colonel Peard is dead. He was at one time well known as "Garibaldi's Englishman" and did good service in the Garibaldi campaign of 1860.

"What is this I hear," asks Lifo, "about the heir to a baronetcy being on the point of offering his hand and heart to the fair manageress of one of our metropolitan theatres?"

A Russian priest named Betschnaistari, who at the age of 113, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, died on board the Lloyds' boat Espero on the way from Alexandria to Jaffa.

It is not a little curious that Prince Bismarck's two greatest enemies, Prince Gortschakoff and Count Harry Arhim, are both staying at the same hotel at Nice, where they intend to pass the winter.

An English paper has on the best authority that her majesty has no intention whatever of issuing a medal to the troops who took part in the relief of Capt. Boycott—in local words, in the invasion of Mayo.

Freemasonry is as much detested in Greece as it is honored in Sweden. The last insult which one Greek applies to another is to call him a Freemason. "My brother, you are a thief, a liar, a cur—a Freemason!"

In Magdeburg there have been forty cases of trichiniasis caused by the eating of uncooked sausage. The cases have been comparatively mild—that is to say, no death has occurred. They are all attributed to the same source.

Of female beauty the late Sir Alexander Cockburn was an appreciative admirer; but to win his good graces a lady had to be witty as well as beautiful. "Belle, mais par trop bete," was his verdict on one of the professional beauties who had been seated by his side during a dinner party.

The marriage of Prince William of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince, with Princess Augusta Victoria of Augustenburg, seems to be definitely fixed for the 25th of February. The royal pair, it also appears, will reside at Potsdam in summer, in the Marble Palace, and in winter in the Schloss.

A tragedy occurred at the Poitiers Theatre the other night. In the last act of the drama, "Les Pirates de la Savane," the actor who took the role of Andre shot his comrade, Martigne, dead. How the accident arose is not explained, except that he was unaware that the weapon used was loaded with shot.

The other day a convert to Roman Catholicism took a house in London which had been tenanted by a beautiful lady who, after an interview with Sir James Hannen, had been released from the bonds of matrimony. Before taking up her residence in the house the 'vert called in a priest to sprinkle it with holy water in order that it might be purified.

The Emperor of Germany has been very sad since the death of his trusted and beloved General Goeben. It was noticed at the recent Cologne fetes that the emperor paid marked attention to the deceased general. Lieutenant-General von Dannenberg, the commandant of the 2nd infantry division, is spoken of as the successor to General Goeben.

Gambling is very greatly increasing in London. At a club, which is sufficiently well known to all who take an interest in such matters, a gentleman lost at baccarat—and paid—no less than £5,000 in ready cash the other night. What makes it more serious is that this same gentleman had previously lost some £9,000 at the same game at the same club.

Dr. Oscar Lenz, the Austrian explorer, who started from Morocco, has reached Senegal via Timbuctoo. He is the fourth European who has visited Timbuctoo, his predecessors being Major Laing, in 1826 (he was murdered and his papers were lost); Caillie, a Frenchman, who in the same year started from the south and reached Morocco, and Barth, a German, in 1853.

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